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THE

CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

CONTAINING CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF
VARIOUS EVANGELICAL DENOMINATIONS.

THE SEED.

A SPRING MEDITATION.

WHAT human bosom, not overwhelmed with hopeless despair, does not beat more lightly on the approach of spring? The joy of harvest may be more substantial, but the gladness of spring-time is more fresh and buoyant. Nature now awakens from her long and death-like slumber, and, decking herself in her gayest attire, comes forth with light step and smiling face, breathing balmy odours from her rosy lips, scattering the sweetest flowers from her lovely hands, and filling the fields and woodlands with a voice of the richest melody. All animate creation hails her approach, and the voice of inspiration itself bids her welcome. "For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." Reader, are you not conscious of the exhilarating influence? "Let us go forth into the fields, and lodge in the villages." No scenes are richer in Scripture imagery than those of this lovely season. Every field which we now traverse seems to remind us—"Ye are God's husbandry." Its opening furrows reiterate the admonition, "Break up your fallow ground." The busy teams appear to say, "He that ploweth shall plow in hope;" while the "sower" that "goes forth to sow," and the "precious seed" that he scatters, consecrated as these are by the lips of Him who "spake as never man spake," present the most appropriate and familiar symbols of the origin of spiritual life, and the diversified reception and interesting results of gospel truth, in our waste and barren world. Here, indeed, all is hallowed ground. Wherever we tread we trace the Master's footsteps; and he has left us little else to do than to gather up those beautiful and expressive emblems of divine things that have dropped, already assorted, from his blessed hands. We do not propose to follow him over all the interesting field, but, confining ourselves to the "seed," as emblematical of the origin of spiritual growth, we may trace a few points of resemblance, not a little striking, and highly instructive.

How small is the seed compared with its future produce!—What is the acorn to the oak, or the "handful of corn" to the "prosperous fruit" which shakes on the fertile field? Yet in that small shell, these few tiny grains, are wrapped up germs of vegetable life, which require nothing but the opportunity of expansion to clothe the valleys with waving harvests, and cover the mountains with magnificent forests. And what is the origin of spiritual life? Just a similar embryo—"faith as a grain of mustard seed." To a stranger, it is often imperceptible; by the possessor himself it may be questioned, and its presence be obvious only to that microscopic eye which searches the reins and the heart; but, though its beginning be small, its latter end shall greatly increase. "The bruised reed he will not break, and the smoking flax he will not quench, until he send forth judgment unto victory." "Despise not, then, the day of small things," is the universal language of Nature and of Grace. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." One evil principle admitted into the human heart, may soon deprave all its emotions, poison the fountains of action, and corrupt the whole man; and, blessed be God, a single good principle implanted by his hand, and maintained by his grace, can be made effectually to counteract such wide-spread depravity, restore spiritual vitality to the dead soul, and produce "a new creation." "For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature"—" but faith, that worketh by love." "For the kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field, which, indeed, is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the fowls of the air come and lodge in the branches of it."

Good seed must be sown.—At first, indeed, the earth, at God's command, produced spontaneously all the different forms of vegetable life, and still the seeds of many of these are so profusely scattered by the hand of Nature, that they seem to spring of their own accord. These are all, however, comparatively of a noxious or useless character—an affecting memorial of that sentence on fallen man, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth unto thee." On the contrary, all useful vegetables must now be planted or sown by the hand of man. A mere sample of these might otherwise be preserved, but no quantity of them could be reared for the support of the human family. What a striking symbol of the origin of all spiritual life in the now depraved and cursed soil of the human heart! Once, its spontaneous product was abundant and unmingled good—now, it is only evil, and that continually. Every good principle that is found there is implanted by supernatural agency. "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." Springing out of the divine Word like the radical out of the kernel of the seed, this vital principle of spiritual growth is found only where that Word, thrown broadcast on the field of the world by the hand of the divine Husbandman, has obtained a lodgement in a renewed heart. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." Happy, then, those favoured spots of our accursed earth upon which, in the sovereign mercy of God, this seed is scattered, and happier still those faithful hearts into which, by the grace of God, it has found access! Like the oasis in the desert, like the cultivated patch in the midst of the wild, they smile with spiritual beauty and fertility, while all around is a "waste and howling wilderness." "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day, and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted" "For this cause thank we God without ceasing, because, when ye received the word of God, which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of man, but, as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh in you that believe."

Good seed requires a soil prepared for its reception.—This is no less necessary than the sowing of the seed. Weeds, indeed, will grow anywhere. We see them readily striking root through the green sward, the unbroken heath, and the crevices of the barren rock; but, without previous cultivation, useful grain would be entirely thrown away. For the proper vegetation of the spiritual seed, is required a heart similarly prepared. Evil principles, like weeds in cultivated ground, no doubt, often attain. under mental and moral cultivation, a giant growth—but they also grow up freely in the wildest state of our common nature; whereas no principle of vital godliness will take root but in a soil that has been subjected to a special process of spiritual culture. This is one of the special lessons taught us by our Lord's beautiful parable. Of the four species of soil there alluded to, three were entirely unproductive. And why? Because they were unbroken and uncleared. In one only, the cultivated soil—the soil of an honest and good heart—did the divine seed "take root downward, and bear fruit upward." "Break up," then, is the emphatic language of the great Husbandman: "Break up your fallow ground, and sow not among thorns." As soon may you expect a crop from the highway, the flinty rock, or the uncleared heath, as the fruits of righteousness from the unbroken heart of man, or the soul that is engrossed with the cares of this world. But "the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit." In the heart that has been torn up by the ploughshare of conviction, moistened by the tears of godly sorrow, and saturated by the grace of God, the gospel seed finds a genial soil, and brings forth fruits meet for repentance. "When they heard this, they were pricked in their hearts, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then they that gladly received his word were baptized, and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls."

The seed after it is scattered must be buried in the earth.—"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." Some seeds indeed spring on the surface, but they immediately strike their roots downward, and unless they penetrate to a considerable depth their hol will be temporary and their vegetation transient. To cover the seed sufficiently is, therefore, one of the first cares of the husbandman, and, within certain limits, the strength of the stem and the abundance of the produce are usually in proportion to the depth of its covering. So is it with spiritual seed. A superficial acquaintance with divine truth, as emphatically symbolized by the stony ground, is productive of no permanent benefit. A fair show of good may follow it for a time, but the root soon withers, and the blossom goes up as dust. "They hear the Word, and with joy receive it, but having no root they believe for a while, and in time of temptation fall away." How different the experience of him who can say, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I sin not against thee;" or of her of whom it is declared, "The Lord opened her heart, that she attended to the things that were spoken of Paul." Let these sayings, then, sink down into your hearts. Rooted in the inmost sentiments and warmest affections of the spiritual man, the Word of God becomes a living and vigorous principle, and its products are always fresh and always abundant. "For this cause I bow my knees before the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ—that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith—that ye, being grounded and rooted in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled with all the fulness of God."

The seed lies for a time under the earth.—The time varies, indeed, according to circumstances. In some cases, where it is fostered by special genial influences, the blade appears a few days, or even hours, after it is sown. If buried too deep, however, or obstructed by other causes, it may remain months and years in a dormant state; and, when all hope of its vegetation is lost, some favourable conjuncture may bring it to the surface. The vitality of seeds in such circumstances is truly wonderful. Wheat has been found to vegetate which has lain for three thousand years in the case of an Egyptian mummy; and seeds have sprung dug up from alluvial soils which had been deposited there probably during the flood. So various is the germination of the spiritual seed. Sometimes it seems to spring almost instantaneously. "If there come into your assembly one that believeth not, or one unlearned, and all prophesy, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all, the secrets of his heart are made manifest; and so, falling down on his face, he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth." "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." More frequently, however, its operation is slow. It is when pondered in the heart that the quickening power of the Word appears; nor are there wanting many instances where, after being buried for years under confirmed habits of cold indifference, or aggravated iniquity, by the blessing of God, it revives, and yields a glorious return. It was after a long time, and many scenes of disappointment, that the prodigal "came to himself," and resolved to "arise and go to his father." Many long years of hardened profligacy seemed to have eradicated from the mind of Manasseh all impression of the instructions of his pious father, and the remonstrances of God's faithful servants; but when, in his affliction, he sought the Lord, and humbled himself before the God of his fathers, he was entreated of him, and heard his supplication, and Manasseh knew that the Lord he was God. O what an encouragement to parents, and teachers, and ministers of the Word! Often do they sow in tears, and long wait in vain for a return; but if, even in the natural world, it is often verified, "One soweth and another reapeth"—if he who cast in the seed is sometimes laid in the dust himself even before it spring—shall we not expect the same in the spiritual field. Still, however, the assurance may be depended upon, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days"—"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." How often has that been verified: "I hid me and was wroth, and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart. I have seen his ways, and will heal him, and will restore comfort to him and to his mourners."

The seed once sprung makes steady progress towards maturity. That progress is, indeed, mysterious and gradual. Not only is it generally a considerable time in making its appearance, but how many and how striking are the gradations through which it passes before the fruit is matured! In some favoured positions vegetation is rapid, in others less favoured it is slow; but in all it is imperceptible, except by the comparison of different stages. "A man casts seed into the ground, and sleeps, and rises night and day, and it springeth and groweth up, he knoweth not how, first the blade, then the ear, afterward the full corn in the ear." "So is the kingdom of God." Of all species of increase, spiritual growth is the most mysterious, and, perhaps, the most varied; but, though presenting the most striking contrasts in different individuals, and in the same persons at different times, its reality may always be ascertained by its progressive development. "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree, he shall grow like the cedar of Lebanon. They shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine." We are not always to expect a rapid increase—one that may be visible, as it were, from day to day; but, assuredly, if the comparison of different periods gives no evidence of progress—much more, if it seems to intimate decay—we may be satisfied that there is some worm at the root of our spiritual vitality. Holy jealousy here is of the most salutary effect. These are searching, but most useful questions and memorials—"What do ye more than others?"—"Ye did run well, what hindered you?"—"Grow in grace, if you would make your calling and election sure." "For those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat, and flourishing: to show that the Lord is upright, and there is no unrighteousness in him."

The progress of the seed depends entirely on the influence of Heaven.—Nothing is more striking, and nothing should be more gratifying, than to observe the entire and visible dependence of the husbandman on the bounty of Heaven. How astonishing, when you think of it, that an ungodly farmer should ever be found! He prepares his soil; he commits his seed to the earth; he carefully covers it; but without the influence of the sun and rain, he cannot evoke one blade from under the sod, nor bring one grain to maturity. While even the mechanic is moulding and fashioning his work in all its parts, he must sit down in patience and wait for the former and the latter rain. No doubt, he calculates upon these in their season; but upon what ground does he do so? Solely, if he reflect aright, on the faithful promise of Him who says, "I will hear the heavens, and the heavens shall hear the earth, and the earth shall hear the corn and the wine, and they shall hear Jezreel." How strikingly with this corresponds the experience of the spiritual husbandman: "Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God giveth the increase!" What a lesson of humility! What a call to earnest prayer! What a ground of sure hope is suggested to us by the constant alternation of sunshine and showers, on which we feel we are so dependent, and by God's fidelity in keeping his covenant, with heaven and with earth! Nothing will come up in the garden of God itself but briers and thorns, till the Spirit of God be poured out from on high; but let only his dews and rains descend, and the bright shining of the Sun of Righteousness break forth, and "the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Blessed be God, these also are matters of promise: they are pledged in a covenant surer than that which, since Noah's days, has so faithfully secured the succession of seed-time and harvest; and nothing is required but an earnest memorial presented to the great Promiser, to see them verified in all their extent. "I will be as the dew unto Israel, and he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon"—"I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground. I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring, and they shall spring up as among the grass, and as willows by the water-courses."

The seed, when matured, yields a rich return.—We observed in our first remark the smallness of the origin: it is proper we should now note the greatness of the increase. All seed, indeed, yields not the same return. It varies greatly according to diversities of climate, season, and soil; but it is a bad season and a wretched soil that, with ordinary culture, does not yield many returns. In those fertile regions from which the imagery of Scripture was originally borrowed, it was no extraordinary thing to have a double crop, and the literal verification of "in some thirty, in some sixty, in some an hundred fold." There is no husbandry, however, to be compared in this respect with the spiritual husbandry. No doubt here we find as great diversity and nowhere more melancholy miscarriages; but when the blessing of God rests upon it there is always an ample, and, when we think of its nature, an incalculable, return. "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it to bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that proceedeth out of my mouth. It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." O what a golden harvest, believer, to be reaped from so small a seed—"Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your soul!" "Weary not, then, in well-doing, for in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not." You may, indeed, have to sow in tears, and to many privations may you be subjected before the harvest come; but be patient, stablish your heart. "That will come, and it will not tarry;" and amidst the eternal joys of that bounteous return, how soon will all these privations be forgotten! "How great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee, which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee, before the sons of men!" "They shall receive an hundred-fold in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

In fine, the produce always agrees with the seed sown.—Nothing is more striking than the vast variety of seeds, and yet the exact correspondence between each and its return. Cultivation improves different species of grain and plants, but the generic distinctions it can never obliterate. "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles." You know what sort of grain you have sown; you do not need to wait till autumn to know what sort you shall certainly gather. You will not reap wheat for tares, neither will "cockle grow instead of barley." The same moral certainty attends the results of the spiritual seed-time. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; what a man soweth, that shall he reap. He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; and he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." This exhibits a new aspect of our figure, and opens up a tempting field of practical reflection; upon which, however, we cannot enter. Like our Lord's beautiful parable of the tares and the wheat, it presents every man as a sower. Awfully solemn contrast of a double sowing and a double harvest! How many, alas! are there among the busy hands we see on every side that are engaged in the first and most fatal seed-time! They sow the wind, and they reap the whirlwind. One sows to ambition, and reaps mortification: "All this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate." Another sows to sensuality, and reaps a diseased body, an impoverished family, ruined credit, and a distracted mind: "Who hath woe, who hath sorrow, who hath contentions, who hath babbling, who hath wounds without cause, who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine." A third sows to avarice, and reaps real or self-inflicted poverty: "They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." Another sows to selfish passions, and he reaps perpetual broils. His hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him: "Whence come wars and fighting among you? Come they not from your lusts that are in your members?" In fine, many sow to religion itself, as they vainly imagine, but it is seed of their own gathering. They reap a barren form of godliness without the power: "Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks: walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of mine hand; ye shall lie down in sorrow."

But, reader, have you chosen the wiser alternative? Are you sowing to the Spirit of God, having embraced Christ by faith, and hid his word in your heart? Are you seeking, through the aid of his Spirit, to bring forth fruits unto holiness? Fear not, you shall reap as you have sown. "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." "The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness shall be quietness and assurance for ever." Remember, however, that it is not only necessary that the seed be good, but that it be also abundant. A niggard seed-time makes often a scanty harvest. "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." "Therefore, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience brotherly-kindness, and to brotherly-kindness charity; for if these things be in you, and abound, they shall make you that ye be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ; for so an entrance shall be administered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

MEMORIAL OF THE REV. A. N. SILVA,

PASTOR OF THE MADEIRA REFUGEES.

THERE was a time when Jesus was the object of popular devotion. The multitude looked upon him as the Messiah of their ambitious dreams. He was the son of David, about to ascend the throne of Israel, drive out the Roman, and establish Jerusalem the crown and joy of the earth. But never for a moment did he encourage the pleasing delusion, or appear in the least degree attracted and flattered by popular favour. On the contrary, it was just at this time that he took occasion to announce the terms of discipleship, in a manner that, at first sight, appears even stern and forbidding. "And there went great multitudes with him; and he turned and said unto them, If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple." It is a great demand this—that we give up all that is most precious to our natural human heart, nay, that we lay down our sweet human life itself; but men have ever, in opinion at least, deemed it a worse thing to possess them all under conditions involving the loss of honour—the loss of upright character, than to lose them all and yet preserve these. Orators and poets speak of things which are dearer than life with all its endearments; and history records the admired examples of philosophers and heroes, who sacrificed all things else, rather than sacrifice principle.

When our Saviour announced this high devotion to his cause as the test of discipleship, he meant not merely to expound the exalted nature of his religion, and the all-absorbing energy of its doctrines and life, and thus to discourage the attentions and professions of the time-serving, the selfish, and the ambitious; but he meant also to prepare his genuine disciples for the conflicts in which they were about to engage, and the extremities to which they were about to be brought. These sacrifices would soon be stern realities. Christ did not entrap them into his service, but he did everything calculated, on the ordinary principles of human action, to deter them from it. He demanded of them to follow him for his truth and benevolence—for the very life of self-sacrificing duty which he enjoined—for the very purity, spirituality, and unworldliness, which he revealed in his own character, and which he required as the fundamental elements of theirs. The history of Christianity in the age of the apostles, and in many subsequent ages, furnishes glorious illustrations of the intense devotion which Christ requires. It became necessary to forsake one's kindred—to suffer the loss of all earthly possessions—to lay down life itself, for Christ's sake. The Church furnishes the noblest examples of devotion to truth and duty. It is a moral heroism before which all other heroism fades away. It is the more sublime, because unattended with those external circumstances which throw around the earthly hero such an inspiring and sustaining glory. To die like Leonidas in the pass of Thermopylæ, is a very different thing from dying on the cross, or at the stake, an object of the world's scorn. The one is borne up by the expectation of a deathless fame—the other, by the consciousness of rectitude, and the expectation of reward where the voice of the world is not heard. The latter is unquestionably the greater; but the man must triumph over himself ere he can feel its power.

These instances in our day are rare, and we almost cease to look for them. When they do occur, perhaps we are the less affected by them, from the fact that they do not seem to belong to our times. We are prone to look upon them as something novel, rather than as containing the vital spirit of our religion. Is it not in this way that we are to account for the feeble impression, compared with what might have been expected, produced by the presence among us of seventy Portuguese refugees, a part of six hundred, driven from the island of Madeira, by a Romish persecution, which reminds us of the worst days of the Inquisition, and proves that Rome only wants the power to renew her ancient atrocities? It is well for us to remember, after all, that this persecution, although a novelty, is nevertheless a reality. These refugees are among us, making a silent and meek appeal to our holiest sympathies; and affording us, at the same time, such an illustration as we have never before looked upon with our eyes, of the words of Christ above quoted.

Among these, the case of the Rev. A. Nicos de Silva, their pastor, is remarkable for the extent and the severity of the trials suffered for Christ's sake. He was a merchant of Madeira, of large fortune and high standing. While the persecution was in progress in that island, he was struck by the enthusiastic devotion, the patience, the lofty courage, the marvellous virtue, of the persecuted. He felt the curiosity of an ingenuous, candid, and enlightened spirit, to inquire into these unusual moral phenomena. What made these people so willing to suffer all things if they might only possess the Bible—so earnest, and yet so gentle—so courageous, and yet so free from violence? What cause of offence was there in their conduct? They were good subjects, falling behind no men in all diligence and faithfulness in every office of society; and they asked nothing more than to read God's Word, and to worship God after their own conscience, without molestation. Nicos de Silva visited Dr Kalley, the English missionary engaged in distributing God's Word, and inquired of him, like Nicodemus of old, what these things meant? The result of these inquiries was, that he too embraced the Word of God, and cast in his lot among God's persecuted people. His family, consisting of a wife and daughter, remained inveterate Romanists, whilst he, forsaking his possessions, wife and child, and all other kindred, was compelled, with his brethren in suffering for Christ's sake, to flee to the island of Trinidad. He there became the pastor of the persecuted flock, being ordained by some Protestant clergymen of the Free Church of Scotland. Thenceforth he lived only for his flock and the glory of his Lord. He did not cease to write to his family, to warn and to entreat, while with tears he offered many prayers to God in their behalf. But he felt that God had now given him his houses and lands, his wife and children, father and mother, sisters and brethren, in the persecuted saints committed to his ministry.

It was that he might provide a way for their settlement in this country that he visited our shores. While engaged in this object, in connexion with the pastoral oversight of those who had already emigrated, his health failed. By privations, labours, and sufferings manifold, and exposure to a climate for whose severities his constitution and circumstances made a poor preparation, he declined rapidly, and found a blessed termination of all his trials in the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." Last Friday, the hands of kind and devout men laid his body in the grave, and mourned with his mourning flock. The funeral services were performed in the Dutch Reformed church in Lafayette Place. Dr Dewitt opened with prayer. Rev. H. Norton, corresponding secretary of the American Protestant Society, made an address. The Rev. Mr Gonsalves, missionary of the Society among the Portuguese, made an address to the Portuguese in their own language. Then they arose and sung a hymn in the Portuguese. Another prayer was offered, and the services ended.

In his last sickness he was uncomplaining, full of patience and love, and fervent in his prayers for his wife and child, and his beloved flock in Trinidad and around him. Thus this dear servant of our Lord laid down even his life for his Master's cause. He did not die at the stake, but his death was superinduced by labours and sufferings. He has undergone literally the test of discipleship. To him the Master may say, "Thou hast borne, and hast patience, and for my name's sake hast laboured, and hast not fainted." Sweet is the sleep of the wearied, worn-out servant. He rests from his labours. But, oh! let us not forget, that we, if not tried like him, must possess the same spirit. Can we show our sympathy with an example so Christ-like and exalted, in a way more just and appropriate, than by taking under our protection, and cherishing the flock which this martyr of Christ has left us as his legacy?—*New York Evangelist.*

DEATH ON THE SABBATH.

About the year 1830, Charlotte Elizabeth penned the following lines—and sixteen years afterwards, on Sabbath the 12th July, 1846, entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God:—

"I will no more drink of the fruit of the vine, until I drink it new in my Father's kingdom."

Thou cup of blessing, fare-thee-well,
 My lips shall kiss thy brim no more;
Mid shadows I no longer dwell,
 Nor diet on the temple's store.
I go to quaff, in heaven above,
The wine of my Redeemer's love;
In pastures where the Lamb doth lead
His ransom'd flock, I go to feed.

Ye Sabbath bells, your early chime
 Again shall sweetly wake to-morrow,
To melt the heart of pardon'd crime,
 To calm the heaving sigh of sorrow.
Mine eyes shall see this Sabbath day
The hand which wipes my tears away.
O Sabbath of unknown delight!
O day that cannot merge in night!

Farewell to my Redeemer's cross,
 To struggling sin, farewell for ever;
On life's wild wave no more I toss,
 And passion's storm shall vex me never.
The chain is rent—my conflicts cease,
All, all is pure, eternal peace—
Up to my Saviour's throne I soar,
To rest and sing for evermore.

HELEM AND SHELESH.

BY REV. JOHN TODD.

[At a cottage at the foot of Mount Horeb, towards the close of Solomon's reign.]

Helem.—Why, my son, thou hast stayed at the city longer than I expected! We began to fear lest zeal in politics would lead thee to enlist in the army, or somehow or other to enter the service of the king. Long life to him! But what impressions hast thou received?

Shelesh.—Go to now, my good father. Thou art more than half right. I had some knowledge of the history of our nation through thee and the holy writings, but never got the idea of what we are, and are to become, till I went to Jerusalem. Now I know that nothing can check or thwart our destiny. Mine eyes have seen, and therefore I know!

Helem.—Well, let my ears hear, for they are open.

Shelesh.—So will thine eyes be shortly. Thy few lines on the parchment addressed to Shobah, the king's keeper of fowls, introduced me to the very heart of things. Already is Solomon the wonder of the earth, and yet our nation has but just begun its career of glory! I went over the mountains to Joppa, and stood on the wharf when his ships came in from Tarshish. Such ships I never dreamed of! Why, there was a fleet of them! Some had elephants alive, some were filled with the white horns of the elephant! some with apes—what a chattering they made! some with peacocks—what a screaming! Some had silver, and some gold! Such heaps and bags of gold! and all for Solomon! They had been gone three years! Then came a long row of kings with their presents. Such harnesses for horses and chariots—such plates and bowls and dishes of silver and of gold—such horses and mules—such robes of silk and linen—such crowns and sceptres as the kings brought! It seemed as if all the beautiful things of the earth were at Jerusalem, in the king's treasury. Then there is a regular chariot running between Jerusalem and Egypt, and anybody can ride up and down for six hundred shekels of silver, or a man can take passage on horseback for one hundred and fifty shekels, for the king raises his horses there. The kings of the earth come to Jerusalem to do him homage. He has fourteen hundred war chariots, and four thousand stables for his horses, and twelve thousand horsemen. He has whole cities devoted to his chariots. But that is not all. Solomon has the greatest family—three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines, selected from all the great families of the earth—so that it is for the interest of all people to maintain the honour and the glory of our people. At Ezion-geber, too, he has an overwhelming army, all equipped with spears, and swords, and war-clubs—the very perfection of naval equipment, and such, probably, as the world will never excel. But what I especially rejoice in at this time is, that he has just concluded a treaty by which he extends his dominions all the way across the desert to the great river Euphrates! —a country vastly larger than all the original territory of the twelve tribes. Oh! many times greater. Then in the middle of it, he has built the great city Tadmor of the wilderness, where the caravans can stop, and where the army can lodge, who are stationed there to defend the caravans from the robbers. That Tadmor is a wonder! And now, what thinkest thou father?—with such a king, with so much political talent, with such revenues, such an army, such a navy, such a territory, what can stop our destiny? I can see no end to our greatness—and our destiny is to fill Asia, and perhaps to crowd out all other people as we did the Canaanites, and fill the world. Glorious destiny! Not a king in the world dares lift a finger against us. The union of our tribes is now for ever secure. We are bound together by the glorious temple of Solomon, by the treasures which he hath laid up, by our commerce by sea and by land, by the families allied to Solomon by marriage, and by our preparations for war. Nothing *can* ever weaken this glorious union of our tribes. We have only to fulfil our destiny. They already talk of extending our dominions so as to take in Ethiopia.

Helem.—Didst thou hear anything of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat?

Shelesh.—Yea, father, I heard his name mentioned. He hath fled to the lower parts of Egypt and enlisted as a soldier there, and can never return here, if he be not already dead. They laugh at some folly in the form of anointing him, which took place a great while ago.

Helem.—Didst thou hear anything said of Solomon's piety, my son?

Shelesh.—Why, no. He is getting old, and what with all the kings that come to see him and his wives, who are related to them, and what with all his company, and concubines, and wealth, and glory, they say he doesn't get time to go up to the temple. But some say he reads good books at home on the Sabbath. The high priest shakes his head and mourns much, but they think it's because he is growing very old, and Solomon's example keeps almost all Jerusalem away from the temple. In fact it's unfashionable, and but few go there now, except strangers.

Helem.—Ah! my son, mine ears have drunk in heavy tidings. I grieve for my people, for my king, and for thee, my child. Where thou seest glory, and destiny, and strength, and eternal perpetuity, I see shame and weakness, disunion, and the curse of our fathers' God.

Shelesh.—Let not my father say so.

Helem.—Hast thou not read that the king whom thou shalt set over thee "shall not multiply horses to himself, nor cause his people to return to Egypt, to the end that he should multiply horses; neither shall he multiply wives to himself, that his heart turn not away; neither shall he greatly multiply to himself silver and gold?" According to thy showing, our aged king hath had his heart turned away from the law and the worship of his God. The great and the wise one, spending his time and money in importing an army of apes and peacocks! Instead of making God the support of his throne—filling the kingdom with horses and chariots of war! Instead of instructing and enlightening his people—trying to extend his sceptre over the wide deserts, and making those fierce, wandering, ignorant tribes of the desert a part of his people! And talking of taking in Ethiopia, thou sayest! Why, Shelesh, I am old and grey-headed; thou art young: I have ever lived here at the foot of Horeb, and have never gone to Jerusalem, except to worship: but, mark me! I shall not long lie in my grave, ere the curse will begin to fall upon our people. I fear that the sceptre will fall from the hands of David's line, and bright jewels fall from his crown. I fear that Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, or some other scourge, will be let loose, to bring ruin over these tribes. God can make the very temple, wherein thou trustest, the cause of disunion. He can give these chariot-cities and these war preparations into the hands of an usurper, and they will only increase his power. And that great territory a bond of union! Why, the wild sands will blow there, and the robber tribes will rove there, and it will only be held for a short time. That Tadmor of the wilderness will become a pile of ruins, where the traveller shall stop to admire the broken columns, and hear the serpent hiss, and startle the owls and the bats. "Them that honour me I will honour," saith the Lord. And when the plain commands of God are trampled on by the ruler of his people, he will cause the throne of power to crumble, and the sceptre to break, and will roll in woes like a river.

Shelesh.—Thou speakest in harshness.

Helem.—Not in harshness, but in sorrow, my son; for I know that the very mercies which we have enjoyed will, if perverted, bring a curse equally great. But it is time for the evening sacrifice. The shadows of Horeb have gone over the valley. Let us turn our faces towards beloved Jerusalem, and worship.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

BY THE LATE REV. W. NEVINS, BALTIMORE.

We make a profession of Christianity, and go along from day to day, and perhaps from year to year, supposing that we are Christians, and that all is well with us—that we are equipped for the encounter of death, and prepared to meet our Judge, and take our place in heaven—when it may be we are not able to answer till after long consideration, and then with not a little doubt and misgiving, so simple a question in Christian experience as "Lovest thou me?" Peradventure the utmost we dare say, after all our reflection and self-research, is, "I really do not know how it is. I hope I love him." This will never do. The question, "Lovest thou me," is one which every person, making any pretensions to Christianity, ought to be able to answer affirmatively at once. Indeed, we ought not to give our Saviour any occasion to ask the question. It is very much to our discredit—it should make us blush and be ashamed—that our manifestations of love to him are of so equivocal a character as to leave the very existence of the affection doubtful, and to render it necessary for him to interrogate us in reference to it. There are many less lovely beings than Christ that have not to ask us if we love them. We act in such a manner towards them, that they cannot for a moment doubt the fact of their being dear and precious to us. They do not want our words to assure them. They have our uniform conduct and deportment making the silent yet more forcible declaration. Has your parent to ask you if you love him, or your child? Have husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, and friends, to ask this question of each other? O no!—none but Christ has to ask us if we love him! And he has not only to ask the question, but to wait, sometimes a long while, for an answer. We have to consider, and go into examination, and call up our conduct to the bar of judgment, and dissect our very hearts, before we can venture an answer. This is strange. It is not so in other cases. If a relative or a friend, more for the gratification of a renewed expression of our love, than from any doubt of its existence, ask us if we love him, do we keep him waiting for an answer? Do we say, "Well, I must consider. I must examine myself. I hope I do." No, indeed. We are ready with our affirmative. Nor is it a cold *yes* we return; but we express our surprise at the question. "Love you!" And we assure the person in the most emphatic and ardent language that we love him, and all our manner shows him that we speak out of the abundance of the heart. But we do not express surprise that our Saviour should ask us if we love him. We do not wonder at the question from him. We know too well how much reason we give him to doubt our affection.

Why should there be such a difference in favour of the earthly objects of our love? Is not Christ as lovely as those other beings—as deserving of affection—as attractive of love? He is *altogether lovely*. Are they? He possesses infinite loveliness. Nor does that express all. He *is* essential Love. Nor love at rest, but in motion; nor far off, but near exerting infinite energy in action, exercising infinite fortitude in suffering—earth the scene, and man the object. It is he who asks, "Lovest thou me?" And he of whom he asks it is this man, the intelligent spectator of all this love, ay, its chosen and cherished object.

If Christ were not nearly related to us, as those other beings are, that might be the reason of the difference in their favour. But who is so closely related to us, so intimately joined to us, as Christ? He formed us, and in him we live, move, and have our being. Does not that imply nearness? Is he divine, while we are human? He is human as well as divine—one of the brotherhood of flesh and blood. He came down to earth to take our nature on him, nor went up to heaven again without it. There it is—our humanity allied to divinity, divinity radiant through it, on the throne. Is he not related to us? He says of every one who does the will of his Father, "The same is my brother, and sister, and mother." That alone relates us to him more than all human ties. But that is not all. Christ is the husband of the Church. He is one with it. If we are his disciples, he is the vine, and we the branches—he the head, and we the members. Yea, "we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." Does not this express a near and intimate relation? Now it is one so near to us, so joined to us, who asks, "Lovest thou me?"

Have our friends, whom we are so conscious of loving, done more for us than Christ, or made greater sacrifices for us? Are we under greater personal obligation to them?

> "Which of all our friends, to save us,
> Could or would have shed his blood?
> But this Saviour died to have us
> Reconciled, in him, to God."

And yet we know we love those friends; but this friend! we know not whether we love him or not!—we only hope we do!

Do other beings find such difficulty in loving Christ? and are they at such a loss to know when they do love him? O no! His Father testifies, "This is my *beloved* Son, in whom I am well pleased." And he is called also his *well-beloved*, his *dear* Son. All the *angels* of God love and worship him, and delight to ascribe infinite worthiness to him. It is only *men* who find any difficulty in loving Christ. It is only the *human* heart that hesitates and hangs back. Is there any reason for this—any reason why men should be the last to love Christ, and why they should love him least of all who behold his loveliness? I see none; but I think I see reasons many, and strong, and tender, why we should be first, and most forward, and warmest in our affection to him. How many worlds he passed to alight on this! How many created natures he rejected, when from all of them he chose the *human* to be united to divinity! Others have sinned, yet not their sins bare he, but ours. It may be said of other creatures, "He loved them;" but of men only can it be added, "and gave himself for them." And yet who is so backward to love him as redeemed man? Not tardy merely. O how parsimonious of his love—loving him so little, that often he cannot ascertain if he loves at all! Shame, where is thy blush? and Sorrow, where thy tear?

O how different Christ's love to us from ours to him! We have not to ask him if he loves us. If any one should ever ask that question of Jesus, he would say, "Behold my hands and my feet." He bears on his very body the marks of his love to us. But what have we to point to as proofs of our love to him? What has it *done* for him? What *suffered*? O the contrast! His love, so strong!—ours, so weak! His, so ardent!—ours, so cold! His, so constant!—ours, so fickle! His, so active!—ours, so indolent! So high, so deep, so long, so broad his love, its dimensions cannot be comprehended, it passeth knowledge—while ours is so limited, and so minute, it eludes research!

A WORD SPOKEN IN DUE SEASON.

A few years since I took up my abode at a farmhouse, not many miles from the city of ———, for the purpose of recruiting my health, which was much impaired from a long residence in a tropical climate. Being advised, by the physician who attended me on my arrival in England, to travel by slow stages to my native air, I selected a village in the county of ——— for my abode; and it being the summer season when I arrived thither, most of my hours were spent in walking about the fields and lanes, for it was a retired and delightful spot.

One morning after rambling from field to field till I was fatigued, I sat myself down on the side of a bank, near a labouring man turning a muck-heap. After making an observation upon the fineness of the weather, and the laborious task he had in hand upon so hot a day, we were interrupted by a poor travelling man on foot, who was on his way to the next village, which was about two miles off. Having placed his bag upon the ground, he seated himself by the side of the muck-heap, and began to converse with the man, who at that instant had ceased from labour, for the purpose of eating his dinner, which consisted of bread and pork. A piece of this (for he was what his fellow-servants were accustomed to call a good-hearted, liberal fellow) was offered to the stranger, who very readily and thankfully accepted the kind offer, for he said he had travelled a long way, and was both tired and hungry. But, before he tasted a mouthful, he begged he might be permitted to ask a blessing of God, as he was accustomed to do on every such occasion.

The man whom he addressed looked with wonder and astonishment, first at the traveller, and then at me, and laughed, saying, "Were I to offer up a prayer every time I partake of a meal's victuals, I should lose more time than I could afford. What think you, sir, of all this nonsense," as he called it, "of saying grace?" I paused, and, after remonstrating for some time upon his profane language, I tried to impress upon his mind the utility and duty there were for offering up our thanks to that Divine Being from whom we receive our life, and breath, and all things, and to whom we are indebted for that health and strength by which we are rendered capable of performing our daily labour.

My health being reinstated, I quitted this pleasant village before I had an opportunity of seeing whether this advice had a due effect upon this poor, though not altogether ignorant man, for he could both read and write tolerably well; and for the space of five years I never saw or heard of him. Being then again in that part of the country, I met the labourer, and, after saying how glad and delighted he was to see me once again, as well as I can remember, he addressed me nearly in the following words: "Pray, sir, do you remember the travelling man to whom I once gave a mouthful of victuals, and who refused to eat till he had asked a blessing from God for what he was about to partake?" I replied, "Perfectly well." "Well, sir, would you believe it?—shortly after you left our part of the country, to go to sea, I began to think seriously about asking a blessing for what I ate and drank; and particularly the remark you made, and the advice you afterwards gave to me, that even "if it could do no good, it would do no harm;" and so I began to think I was in the dark, and he in the light; and now, good sir, I can safely say I never eat a meal's victuals without imploring the Divine blessing upon the food which God provides for me, as well as thanking him for bestowing upon me and my family our daily bread. And I see the infinite wisdom of God in sending the travelling man to awaken me to a sense of my duty towards my good Benefactor, as well as to open my eyes, and afterwards in having enabled me to make known the gospel of his Son; for perhaps, sir, you are not aware that I sometimes speak to my neighbours, and on a Sunday hear the children in the village read their Bibles, and endeavour to instruct them in the way that leadeth unto eternal life."—*Tract Magazine.*

MOURN, BUT DO NOT MURMUR.

When a holy and beloved object of our affection is removed by death, we ought to sorrow; humanity demands it, and Christianity, in the person of the weeping Jesus, allows it: and the man without a tear is a savage or a Stoic, but not a Christian. God intends, when he bestows his gifts, that they should be received with smiles of gratitude, and when he recalls them, that they should be surrendered with "drops of sacred grief." Sorrow is an affection implanted by the Creator in the soul for wise and beneficent purposes; and it ought not to be ruthlessly torn up by the roots, but directed in its exercise by reason and religion. The work of grace, though it is *above* nature, is not *against* it. The man who tells me not to weep at the grave, insults me, mocks me, and wishes to degrade me. I do weep; I must weep; I cannot help it: God requires me to do so; and has opened a fountain of tears in my nature for that purpose; and it is the silent, pure, unsophisticated testimony of my heart to the excellence of the gift he gave in mercy, and in mercy, no doubt, as well as judgment, has recalled. Without sorrow we should not improve by his correcting hand. Chastened grief is like the gentle shower, falling first upon the earth to prepare it for the seed, and then upon the seed to cause it to germinate; though wild, clamorous, passionate sorrow is like the thunder-shower of inundation, that carries away soil and seed together. Can we lose the company of one whose presence was the light and charm of our dwelling—whose society was the source of our most valuable and most highly valued earthly comfort—whose love, ever new and fresh, was presented daily to us in full cup by her own hand—who cheered us with her conversation, bore with our infirmities, solved our doubts, disclosed to us in difficulty the path of duty, and quickened us by her example—is it possible, I say, to lose such a friend and not sorrow?

But, then, though we mourn, we must not murmur. We may sorrow, but not with the passionate and uncontrolled grief of the heathen, who have no hope. Our sorrow must flow, deep as we like, but noiseless and still, in the channels of submission. It must be a sorrow so quiet, as to hear all the words of consolation which our heavenly Father utters amidst the gentle strokes of his rod—so reverential as to adore him for the exercise of his prerogative in taking away what and whom he pleases—so composed, as to prepare us for doing his will as well as bearing it—so meek and gentle, as to justify him in his dispensations—so confiding, as to be assured that there is as much love in taking the mercy away, as there was in bestowing it—so grateful, as to be thankful for the mercies left, as well as afflicted for the mercies lost—so trustful, as to look forward to the future with hope, as well as back upon the past with distress—so patient, as to bear all the aggravations that accompany or follow the bereavement with unruffled acquiescence—so holy, as to lift the prayer of faith for divine grace to sanctify the stroke—and so lasting, as to preserve through all the coming years of life the benefit of that event which in one awful moment changed the whole aspect of our earthly existence.—*James.*

AN EASTERN TALE.

(*From "Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope."*)

My reliance is in God; and if it is his will to get me out of my difficulties, he will do it in spite of them all. My only trouble is sometimes about my debts; but I think all will be paid, and from England too. So here I am, and we will now talk of something else; but I must first tell you a little Eastern story:—

"There was a man who lived in affluence at Damascus, surrounded by a happy and prosperous family, when some reverses in business ruined his fortune, and he was reduced to the necessity of exerting his talents and industry in order to try to maintain his station in life. As he wanted neither, he flattered himself that, from his numerous connexions, he should soon re-establish his affairs; but a fatality seemed to hang over him, for, just as he was about to begin business again, the plague broke out in the city, and his wife and daughters were among the victims.

"Unable to bear the sight of a place where such afflictions had overtaken him, he removed to Beyrout, a seaport of some consequence even at that time, although much more so now, and there, with his son and a faithful servant, he opened a small shop, stocked with such wares as he could procure without much advance of capital. But here again he was unsuccessful; for, his son becoming answerable for the debts of a man who had befriended him, and being unable to pay, his father's little all was disposed of to save him from prison, and, by degrees, beggary overtook them. He then engaged himself as clerk to a merchant, next turned schoolmaster, until, his sight failing him, he at last became stone blind, and, in despair, he resolved to quit a country where, in spite of his exertions, his position every day had grown worse and worse.

"Accordingly, he embarked with his son for Damietta, in a vessel where there were fourteen passengers besides himself, and among them two divers—people who get a living on these coasts by diving for sponges, which they bring up from the bottom of the sea. It was the winter season, and the weather proved tempestuous. In crossing the bar of Damietta, where the current of the Nile, opposed to the waves of the sea, often makes a dangerous surf, the vessel foundered, and every soul perished, except the old man, who, when the others took to the boat, being blind, was unable to shift for himself, and clung to the wreck, from which he was removed the day afterwards.

"Struck with the singular decree of Providence, that an old blind man should have escaped the dangers of the sea, when even divers were drowned, he piously raised his eyes to heaven, and said, 'I see where my fault has been: I have relied on my own exertions and the help of man, when I should have trusted in God alone. Henceforth I will put my faith in him, and no one else.' His peculiar case became known among the merchants of Damietta, and a subscription was made for him; so that, in a few days, he had more money at his disposal than all his friends, and all his exertions, when he relied on them alone, had ever procured for him. His serenity of mind returned, a small but sufficient subsistence was secured to him, and he spent the remainder of his days in pious gratitude to the Almighty, whose wholesome chastisements had brought him to a proper sense of the futility of human plans, unless we confide in his goodness to second our endeavours."

THANKFULNESS.

A THANKFUL Christian is a happy man, and brings peculiar glory to God. Thankfulness is something better than mere cheerfulness. It is a pleasant sight to see a merry, gleesome child, or a placid, contented man; but pleasant as it is to see, it scarcely needs a soul to make a creature cheerful. You may see cheerful sights by cottage fires, and on village greens, on the harvest-field, and amidst the vintage heaps; but you may see the exact equivalent as often as you look on a bright summer's day at a flock of sheep, or a dancing minnow-pool, or a cloud of insects swinging mazily to and fro in a field of balmy air. If you reckon the mere gladness, the sensation of delight, beasts are as capable of it as ourselves; and, for anything I know, the swift shrieking out his ecstasy as he glances round the steeple, or the bee murmuring all his noontide musings into the ear of an opening flower, may be as full of gladness as you ever were when your pulse was bounding bravely, and the joy of felt existence was swelling every vein. I believe that God can fill the tiniest and most transient thing as full of its proper happiness as he can fill the heart of man; for he can fill it brimful, and human bosom can hold no more. What advantage, then, has man in his enjoyments over the beasts that perish? Why this: his best joys should be spiritual and intellectual —a domain peculiar to himself. They should be more lasting, also—a tinge of immortality should run through them; and as they are sublimer and more enduring, so they should awaken *gratitude*. Our gladness should take the form of thankfulness. Gratitude is the grace which hallows gladness, and by giving it an upward, God-ward direction, makes it both noble and safe. A joy in which gratitude does not mingle is a dangerous thing; for it is atheistic and God-provoking. And it is a degraded thing; for nature's high-priest, that spokesman and interpreter who should embody in articulate praise the homage of a voiceless universe, and whose adoring capacity is only lower than that of the angels, ingratitude makes him lower than the oxen—for the ox knoweth his owner, and feels his own kind of thankfulness; and duller than the stones—for rocks and mountains have their silent anthems, and rather than that none should utter "Glory in the highest," the stones would cry aloud.—*Hamilton*.

PRIVATE PRAYER.

"GOD'S morning smiles bless all the day." Account for it as you may, I believe the fact is unquestionable—that private prayer so regulates and tranquillizes the mind, gives it such a balance, self-possession, and reliance on Divine aid, that it happily fits a person for the performance of his most common duties, and enables him to accomplish more, and do it better, than he otherwise could. What but prayer gave Nehemiah such firmness in building the walls of Jerusalem amid insult and opposition? What else enabled Daniel to brave the lions' den? Sir Matthew Hale, that upright judge, in his letters to his children, says, "If I omit praying and reading a portion of God's blessed Word in the morning, nothing goes well with me all the day." Boerhaave, the celebrated Dutch physician, said, that "his daily practice of retiring for an hour in the morning, and spending it in devotion and meditation, gave him firmness and vigour for that whole day." Dr Doddridge used frequently to observe, "that he never advanced well in human learning without prayer, and that he always made the most proficiency in his studies when he prayed with the greatest fervency."

What *examples*, then, recommend this practice! But what are these to the example of Christ? He also was not only a man of sorrows, but a man of prayers.

> "Cold mountains and the midnight air
> Witness'd the fervour of his prayer."

And can you have the mind of Christ, and be partakers of his spirit, if there be no love to prayer?

Permit me, then, to ask you, Are you in the habit and love of private prayer? Have you stated and regular times for this duty, and do you keep them? Are you suffering the cares of a family, the engagements of business, or the pursuits of labour, to interfere with this exercise? Have you special seasons for prayer? Do you enjoy the devotions of the closet? Have you the *spirit* of prayer? Have you ceased to pray? If so, why? Is it the indulgence of sin, the pleasure of the world, or some mistaken view of duty? Oh! do examine. The soul that is neglecting private prayer is in an awful state of backsliding from God. Are you, in such a state, *happy*? Are you ready for death—meet for heaven? Can you be willing to have it recorded against you in the book of God's remembrance—"This is the man that once bowed unto me in his closet—asked for pardoning mercy—that once sued for an interest in his Saviour's love; but afterward shut, no more to open, his closet door—broke his most solemn vows—committed again the sins for the pardon of which he prayed, and turned away from the Saviour." Oh! my dear friends, return, return speedily to prayer!

HEAVENLY MELODY.

METHINKS when we are singing the praises of God in great assemblies, with joyful and fervent spirits, I have the liveliest foretaste of heaven upon earth, and could almost wish that our voices were loud enough to reach through all the world, and to heaven itself. Nothing comforts me more in my greatest sufferings, nor seems more fit for me while I wait for death, than singing psalms of praise to God; nor is there any exercise in which I had rather end my life. Lord, tune my soul to thy praises now, that sweet experience may make me long to be where I shall do it better! Wherever there is any excellent music, I see men naturally flock to it, and hear it with delight. Surely had I once heard the heavenly choir, I should echo to their holy songs, and think it the truest blessedness to bear my part. My God! it is the inward melody of thy Spirit, and my own conscience, that must tune me for the heavenly melody.—*Baxter.*

THE LOST SON.

The following incident may serve to impress on the minds of parents, especially of mothers, the deep and solemn responsibility which God has laid upon them, to be faithful to the souls of their children. It is not long that sons and daughters are certain to remain under the parental roof, or within the influences and teachings of a praying mother. The silver cord may be loosened in a moment:—

"Some time since," says a well-known pastor, "I knew a youth of about sixteen years of age, who was of generous but froward temper, and he resolved to go to sea. His friends were therefore constrained to make an arrangement to suit his wishes. He was tenderly beloved by his mother; and she had educated him with as much religious care as most parents bestow on a child so young. No sooner, however, was he placed beyond her reach, than memory and conscience were busy with her, and she thought bitterly of the many things she might have said, and had not—of the many occasions which might have been improved for his spiritual welfare, and were not. She reproached herself, but found present relief in the sincere resolution, that on his return she would surely, and without delay, be more in earnest for his full conversion to God. Alas for her!—he never returned! he was lost at sea. The shock laid her prostrate, and left her distracted. It was not merely that her son was lost to her, but that he was lost to God, and that she had been a guilty party to his ruin. What she regarded as her negligence rose on her mind like the great waters, and threatened to overwhelm her. And still that tender and gracious spirit is battling, in doubtful conflict, with unavailing regrets, and bitter accusations, which no earthly hand can subdue. Ah! pray to be spared the agony of losing a beloved relative without hope in his death—pray to be spared the greater agony of feeling that, if lost, you have not done what you might and ought for his salvation.

Death removes us from time into eternity. All our relationships have a bearing on that eternity. We are all immortal, and must dwell for ever in a state the most wretched or blissful. Do we entirely believe this great truth? Can anything equal its solemnity? Should it not be your chief, your uttermost desire through life, that all your beloved connexions should awake to a glorious and blessed immortality? Can anything equal the honour, the bliss, the joy of the appearing as a redeemed family—a holy family—a united family—a family in heaven? Would you not willingly encounter all toils, any sufferings, any death to realize it?

SECRET SINS.

"Who can understand his errors?" that is, those sins which he commits out of ignorance and inadvertency. Hence the Psalmist concludes, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." He doth not mean faults which he committed privately, and so were secrets to others, but faults which he had committed ignorantly, and so were secrets to himself: that is, they were sins of ignorance. And I conceive he means not only such sins as he had committed ignorantly, but then knew that they were sins, but even such sins as he was ignorant whether ever he had committed them or no; that is, he prays for the pardon of all those sins which possibly he might have committed, though to him, as yet, altogether unknown and undiscovered. —*Caryl.*

TRUST IN DARKNESS.

We must learn to depend upon the bare word of God when all other props and stays shall be pulled away from us—to trust him upon his bare promise, without pledge or pawn; else we deal with him no otherwise than any usurer will with the veriest beggar or bankrupt that is, when he cometh to borrow money of him.—*Gataker.*

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

There are, probably, no four lines in the English language that are repeated so many times daily as the following:—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

And it is not only children and youth that repeat them. Many whose heads are "silvered over with age" have been accustomed to repeat them as their last prayer before closing their eyes in sleep, every night since they were taught them in infancy. The late ex-president of the United States, John Quincy Adams, was among that number. An eminent pastor of the Methodist Church, in addressing a Sabbath-school, told the children that he had been accustomed to repeat that little prayer every night since his mother taught it to him, when he was a little boy.

In conversing recently with a ship-master, over seventy years of age, and who has been for many years a deacon in the Church, he said that when he followed the seas, and even before he indulged a hope that he was a Christian, he never lay down in his berth at night without saying, with great seriousness, and he thought sincerity,

"Now I lay me down to sleep" &c.

MEN THE HAND OF GOD.

Ps. xxvii. 14.

Think not the government is out of Christ's hand, when men are doing many sad things, and giving many heavy blows to the work of God. No, no; men are but his hand; and it is the hand of God that justly and righteously is lying heavy upon his people. Look above men, then; you have not to do with them: there is a turn of matters, just as he is pleased to turn his hand.—*Ralph Erskine.*

THE REBUKING.

BY THE REV. HORATIUS BONAR, KELSO.*

It is worth while noticing the word which is used in the two well-known passages which speak of chastisement: "Neither faint when thou art *rebuked* of him;" "As many as I love, I *rebuke* and chasten." A little inquiry into its meaning, and a little comparing of texts, will help to set it in its true light.

It is the same word used in Matt. xviii. 15: "If thy brother trespass against thee, go and *tell him his fault*." It is the same word used in Luke iii. 19, when John is said to have *reproved* Herod. It is the same word used in John xvi. 8, "When He cometh, He will *reprove* the world of sin." We learn, then, from these expressions, that rebuke is not simply some stern word or frown implying displeasure on the part of God, but such a frown as "tells us our faults"—such a frown as reproves or convinces us of sin. It is God's way of pointing out what he sees to be amiss in us, of calling our attention to it as a thing which displeases him, and on account of which, if not put away, he must certainly deal with us in chastisement.

The word *rebuke* seems to imply something more gentle than chastisement. And it is of some importance to consider it in this light. I know not a better illustration of it than Christ's address to the churches of Asia. The especial preciousness of these lies in this, that they show us what the heart of Christ is when reproving. What a discovery do they give us of this! Let us hear him addressing them. Thus he rebukes the angel of the church of Ephesus: "Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love; remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent." Thus he rebukes the church of Pergamos: "I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam; repent, or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth." In like manner we might quote his other rebukes to the other churches as illustrations of our meaning. But these are enough. They show the gentleness of the reprover both in the manner and the language. They are faithful, indeed; but how delicate, how tender, how mild! They point out what is amiss with all distinctness and directness, yet in a manner the most fitted to win, and in language the least likely to offend. He begins each of them by making most gracious mention of the past services and excellent deeds of the angel of the church, as if desirous to show how willing he was to praise in so far as he could, and how unwilling to blame save when it could not be avoided. In listening to this voice speaking from heaven, we seem to hear the same meek and lowly one that once spake on earth in the house of Simon the Pharisee. Wishing to reprove him for his evil thoughts of the woman who stood behind the Lord, and washed his feet with her tears, he began thus mildly his rebuke, "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee."

Yet while the rebuke of God is thus mild and loving, it is both faithful and solemn. It is faithful, for it hides nothing from us. Its tone is soft, yet the words are full of meaning. They are quite explicit in their condemnation of the sin perceived in us. And the rebuke of Jehovah is a solemn thing. It is not the rebuke of wrath, for that has passed away; yet it makes us stand in awe. The rebuke of love is as solemn a thing as the rebuke of wrath. A parent's rebuke is much to a loving child; how much more is the rebuke of our God—the God who made heaven and earth!

Many are the rebukes which he administers. Some of them are lighter, and others heavier; yet in both he is laying his finger upon sin, and intimating distinctly his desire that we should turn from it. To the former kind, I fear, we oftentimes give but little heed. The touch of transient pain, a brief illness, a slight indisposition, a passing weakness, some common domestic vexation, some trivial casualty, some few days' parting from one we love, some unkind word where least we looked for it, some disappointment or annoyance,—these are all fatherly rebukes of the lighter and more gentle kind. They are not so sharp as many others; yet they are not the less on that account the indications of a Father's will. They are apt to be overlooked, for they are slighter and commoner than many, and do not force themselves upon our notice; yet surely it is worth our while to point them out, and to make them the subject of special and prolonged consideration.

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* From the author's precious work entitled, "The Night of Weeping."

It is difficult to understand why we should so much undervalue them. To one who weighs them aright, they cannot but seem peculiarly precious and affecting. Their frequency makes us familiar with them, and on this account we slight them. Sad and strange! Does not their frequency show the unwearied pains that God is taking with us, giving us precept upon precept, line upon line? Should that very thing in them which displays God's untiring earnestness, his assiduous vigilance, and intense anxiety for our welfare, tempt us to disregard such dealings? Their mildness, also, as well as their frequency, tends to make us undervalue them. Unaccountable perversity! They are so slight and so gentle; therefore they are not to be owned as the laying on of a Father's hand! Had they been sharper and heavier, they would have been recognised as such; but being so tender, they are hardly worthy of our serious notice!

On this point, I am persuaded, an admonition is much needed, not merely by a heedless world, but even by the saints of God. The point adverted to is a much-neglected one, and yet it is one which every day's events press upon our notice. A raging fever prostrates us. Our strength gives way. Our life is despaired of. Then we say, This is the finger of God,—this is his rebuke. But we take a slight cold, or sustain some slight injury,—there is no danger, and perhaps no piercing pain; then, alas! we do not own the doing of God, or, at the most, we own it vaguely and carelessly. The gentleness of the infliction makes us feel at liberty to undervalue it, and to forget it as coming from God. Ah! it is thus that we "despise his chastenings."

And what is the consequence? We draw upon ourselves severer chastisement. We provoke God to visit us with heavier blows. We compel him to *chastise* by our heedlessness of his rebuke. We make bitter trial absolutely necessary.

Let us never forget this: It is our own frowardness and negligence that impose a necessity for the infliction of suffering. Affliction is not a desirable thing in itself. It would be better could it be avoided. God afflicts not willingly; but we constrain him. Many a sorrow we might escape, were we not so heedless and unbelieving.

Most slowly and reluctantly does God stretch out his hand to chasten. For awhile he wounds most slightly and mildly. If we may speak after the manner of men, he just hints or whispers his reproof. He is most unwilling to employ sharpness. He tarries long. He lingers on his way to smite. He tries other means. He sends milder trials at first, that we may be led to self-searching and repentance, and that he may be spared the necessity of inflicting a heavier blow. But we trifle with these; and then, at last, he lifts up his voice and speaks in a way which can neither be overlooked nor mistaken. How sad that we should thus so stubbornly persist in filling the cup of sorrow, which God would fain have spared us!

Let us open our ears to the rebuke of God. His "still small voice" should be as effectual as the lightning or the earthquake. Let us learn the meaning and use of slighter trials. Let us count no touch of pain or grief, however mild or transient, too insignificant for our most serious thought. This would save us much. It would teach us many a blessed lesson in an easy, pleasant way. Every trouble, however light, comes fragrant with blessing. Shall we, then, overlook it or thrust it away? It is a new opportunity of getting nearer God, and learning more of his love. How foolish, how sinful, to disregard it! God is saying to us, Improve this light cross, and you will not need a heavier. But we are deaf. And oh, how much this deafness costs us!

It is not, however, our deafness under lighter troubles only that draws on us the heavier. We are too heedless even of these heavier ones, and this prepares for us heavier still. The easy way in which some get over trials is very sad. There is a vehement outburst of feeling at the moment; and occasionally there may be a recurrence of this for some time after the calamity has spent itself; but, with the exception of such fits of grief, there is nothing like laying the trial to heart. To lay a visitation solemnly to heart is something very different from indulging in wild bursts of grief. Hence it will generally be found that those who give way to these are often, during the intervals between them, very easy and mirthful. This unequal pressure of trial is not only in itself injurious to the soul, but it neutralizes the right influence of trial, and thus renders necessary another and more stunning blow.

Hence it is that we so often observe, that when God takes up a case in earnest, if one may so speak, it is either by a succession of strokes, following each other closely, or else by a long-protracted sorrow. And it is we who "procure these things unto ourselves, in that we have forsaken the Lord our God when he led us by the way." Billow after billow breaks over us; but we ourselves have called forth the storm, and it is our perversity that is keeping it awake; nay, perhaps, raising the surges higher, till we are wellnigh overwhelmed. Had we but yielded to God at once, and allowed him to bless us as he desired, one wave might have been enough, and ere evening the storm-breeze might have died away.

Yet still, even in this, there is consolation. Our foolishness is making our voyage a rough one, but it is homeward still. All these many blasts and billows are *towards* Canaan, not away from it; and sometimes, from their topmost crest, we get a brighter glimpse of our eternal heritage than from the level calm of more unruffled days. It brightens the blackness of the tempest, and disarms it of many a terror, to know that each blast, however fierce, is bearing us homeward; that each billow, however rough, is carrying us more swiftly to our desired haven.

THE VALUE OF ONE NIGHT IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

AT the first public meeting of the Sabbath School Teachers' Union in Edinburgh, the Rev. C. H. Bateman addressed the teachers present "*On the value of even one night in the Sabbath school.*" He showed them that they ought not only to be regular in their attendance, but that each teacher should give such a full and clear view of the gospel *every* Sabbath night, as that any one being present for the first and only time, might receive truths which, by the blessing of God, might be the means of their salvation. More fully to explain what he meant, Mr Bateman related to them the following anecdote:—

A little ragged boy was one day seen loitering near the door of a Sabbath school. The teacher, with his usual kindness, invited him in, and set him down beside some other little boys like himself. He had never been at a Sabbath school before, and seemed particularly pleased with the exercises. There was something serious in the aspect of the child, which greatly interested the teacher, as he went on telling him of the blessed Jesus who came from heaven to earth, and suffered a cruel death to save such poor little boys as he was, and to take them to heaven to be with himself.

The tidings seemed strangely new to the child, and his young heart was touched. God the Spirit sent the arrow of his word into a sure place, and none were able to pluck it out. The boy asked permission to be a scholar, and for this purpose gave his name and address to the teacher. On the following Sabbath the teacher looked for the little wanderer, but he was not there. Good impressions on young minds are easily effaced, and to this cause he imputed the child's absence. He intended to call and enquire for him during the week, but other cares and duties made it pass from his mind, and it was not till the second Sabbath when he again missed him that he remembered the circumstance. On one of the days of that week, however, he was found threading his way through the habitations of the poor, the vile, and the worthless, in search of the home of the little stranger. At last he found it in a miserable attic room at the top of a long dark stair. He had been accustomed to scenes of misery and wretchedness, but here there was something more than mere want. The room had the appearance of complete desolation, which was rather enhanced than diminished by the presence of a squalid drunken-looking woman, the only living being in the apartment. "Does J—— B—— live here?" said the teacher, as he entered the dark abode of the little boy. She turned round, and pointing to a corner, shrieked out, "Ay, there," evidently with less of sorrow for the child than a feeling of her own wretchedness at the time. And "there" the teacher turned, and saw, not the beaming intelligent eye which had interested him so much a few days before, but his little friend stretched on some straw, a cold and lifeless corpse.

Upon enquiry he found the child had died of fever, caught a few days after the teacher had last seen him. During his illness he had talked frequently of the precious truths he had that night heard at the Sabbath school, and greatly desired to see the teacher; a desire which either the carelessness or the apathy of his mother had never gratified. Oh, how gratefully would the sick child have welcomed the present visit had it been a few days sooner! That had been the *first* and *only* time he had ever been at a Sabbath school—but that short *once* to him how precious! He had received so much of the gospel as had, we believe, been the means of his conversion.

Mr Bateman's address and simple story made a deep impression on all who heard them, particularly on a Sabbath school teacher who was present, and from whom we collected the following particulars.

After listening to the above address from Mr Bateman, she felt deeply humbled when she reflected on the many evenings spent in *her* Sabbath school in which *the gospel* had not been taught. Time had been spent in exercises, which, though profitable in themselves, had too often supplanted others of much greater importance. Sometimes little strangers might have wandered into her school, but what had *they* carried away with them; whereas, had the essence of the gospel, or "Christ and him crucified," formed a portion of *every* Sabbath evening's exercises, then no one needed to have come there in vain, they must have heard something which at least *might* be the means of their salvation.

It was with such feelings as these, and after earnestly asking divine help to be useful to the little ones under her charge, that she went to her school on the following Sabbath. After the usual lessons were over, and the children quietly seated round her, she began to tell them about the little boy who had been only *once* at a Sabbath school, and then tried to make it useful to them. "There are none of you here to-night," said she, "who have never been here before, but there may be some present *now* who may never be here again." She then simply and earnestly unfolded to their young minds the Saviour's doctrine of the atonement. She told them that by Adam they had not only lost heaven and all earthly good, but were brought under the curse of a just and holy God, and how the blessed Jesus had fulfilled the law, and given the perfect obedience required, in order to buy heaven and all good back again for his people;—how he had suffered their punishment, and had bled and died on Calvary, that little children like them might be saved from endless misery, and taken to everlasting glory. She then told them that this salvation was offered to each of them, and that they had only to believe these simple truths—to trust in this kind Redeemer, and they would be saved. She also told them how they were to know whether they really believed and trusted in the Saviour or not, which was by trying to do all that Jesus bade *because they loved him*. It was sure, she said, that they would not do this of themselves, but if they would only ask it of God, he would give his Holy Spirit to help them. She then tried to show them how anxious Jesus was that little children should come to him and be saved, and long and earnestly pleaded with them to give themselves to Jesus *that very night*. "Oh, come *now!*" said she, "for this may be the last time he may ever invite you; some of you may never be here again, and Jesus himself is now waiting to see whether any of you are willing to be his children or not."

It was a full and free surrender of themselves to the Saviour that she pleaded for; nor did she plead in vain. The little band were by this time deeply interested; the teacher's own heart glowed with that love she wished to enkindle in theirs, and as she looked on the beaming faces and glistening eyes around her, she *felt* that the Lord was indeed in the midst of them. The full effects produced on these children that night, eternity alone will unfold. Some gave subsequent proof that they had given themselves to Jesus. Of these some are now in glory, others bearing a living testimony to the truth; while some, alas! are still in the "gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity;" and, notwithstanding all the warnings and entreaties of their teacher, are still pursuing the downward path. *Their* guilt will only be the greater that they were present on that memorable Sabbath evening.

Among those present that night, was Jessie P——, a little girl about eight years old, a regular and attentive scholar. Jessie heard, believed, and loved. She resolved to give herself to Jesus; and her Lord very soon after took the gift home to himself. The above evening was the last time she ever entered the Sabbath school; and the blessed effects produced on her mind on that occasion might never have been known, had it not been for the peculiar circumstances connected with it at the time. But, though it was the last time she was to listen to the glad message upon earth, it was to be her portion early to enjoy it in heaven. Before the next Sabbath Jessie took ill, and in a short time was seized with all the symptoms of scarlet fever. It was of a malignant kind, and ended fatally. But her's was a happy death. She talked much of what she had heard on the previous Sabbath, and spoke of having "given herself to Jesus." As long as she was able, she delighted in singing or repeating those sweet hymns she had been accustomed to sing at the Sabbath school; and often, when suffering under pain or sickness, did she make the lowly room in which she lay resound with the voice of joy and praise.

One day, as her mother stood weeping by her bedside, she said, "Dinna greet for me, mother, for I'm no fear'd to die." On her mother asking her *why* she was not afraid to die, she answered, "Because I have given myself to Jesus, and I am going to *him*." Sweet confidence! It was the language of the trusting love of a devoted child. "Are you not sorry to leave us?" said her mother to her at another time. "I am going to heaven," was her simple reply; but on seeing her mother look disappointed, she added, "I hope to see you all there soon, mother." As if she meant to say, "We shall not be *long* separated." Then turning to a younger sister she said, "Oh! Tina, be a good girl, and do what mother bids you." She also requested an elder sister to be regular and attentive at the Sabbath school, and earnestly entreated her "to give herself to Jesus," and added, "It is a *happy* thing to do so."

Sometimes during the silence of the night, when all were asleep but her watchful mother, she was heard frequently engaged in secret prayer, and often repeated such hymns as "The happy land," and "Oh, that will be joyful!" &c.; and often during the day she requested her sisters to sing them for her. "What hymn do you like best?" said her mother to her one day after she had asked some of those around her to sing. "I like 'The happy land,'" said she; "and, O mother! I like that verse the best which says:—

Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die!"

She felt *she* was dying, but rejoiced that *love* would never die; and though *her* eye was now sunk and dim, yet in that "happy land" to which she was hastening *every* eye was bright.

Her teacher, unfortunately, was prevented by indisposition from visiting her all this time. As soon as she was able, however, she repaired to the humble dwelling. She was not at that time fully aware of the happy state of Jessie's mind, and it was with hope and fear that she arrived at the cottage. Alas! she came too late. "The lily had been gathered," and little Jessie was now beyond the reach of all human aid. But, blessed be that love which hears and answers prayer, the seed so lately sown had taken root, sprung up, and borne much fruit in a little time. The shock of corn had become fully ripe, and was already removed to the garner above.

The teacher had come trembling and hoping to little Jessie's cottage, intending to *sow* the good seed; she left it weeping and rejoicing at the rich sheaves which had been gathered in. She had come expecting to find Jessie suffering bodily pain; but, instead of that, there she lay, beautiful even in death, with a calm and placid countenance. Well might it have been said of her, "She is not dead, but sleepeth."

She had suffered much before her death, and was quite insensible for some time previous; and it was a comfort to those around her when the Lord relieved her from her earthly sufferings, and took her home to glory—to that "happy land" where every eye is bright, and where love will never die.—*Scottish Sabbath School Teachers' Magazine.*

SOPHISTICAL OBJECTIONS AGAINST THE DOCTRINE OF THE BIBLE REGARDING SIN.

BY THE REV. CHARLES HODGE, D.D., PRINCETON.

A CHIEF cause of the indifference of men to the charge of sin may be found in the objections which they urge against the truth. Such objections, indeed, are more frequently and effectually urged to perplex the advocates of religion, than to quiet the uneasiness of conscience. Still men endeavour to impose upon themselves, as well as to embarrass others. And the objections referred to, doubtless, are often obstacles in the way of the inquirer; or opiates to the consciences of those who desire to be deceived. It is objected, "That we are what God made us; that our character is determined either by our original constitution, or by the circumstances in which we are placed, and therefore we cannot be responsible for it; that, inasmuch as neither our belief nor our affections are under the control of the will, we cannot be accountable for either; that it is in vain to use means to escape the judgment of God, since what is to be, will be; that we must wait till God sees fit to change our hearts, since it is declared in Scripture to be *his* work."

It will be observed, that these and similar objections relate to the reconciliation of different truths, and not to their separate validity or evidence. The proposition that men are responsible for their moral character, taken by itself, is so capable of demonstration, that all men do in fact believe it. Every man feels it to be true with regard to himself, and knows it to be true with regard to others. All self-condemnation and self-approbation rest on the consciousness of this truth. All our judgments regarding the moral conduct of others are founded on the same assumption. It is, therefore, one of those truths which is included in the universal consciousness of men, and has in all ages and nations been assumed as certain. Men cannot really doubt it, if they would. On the other hand, it is no less certain that our character does depend, in a measure, upon circumstances beyond our control, upon our original constitution, upon education, upon prevalent habits and opinions, upon Divine influence, etc. All this is proved by experience and observation. Here, then, are two facts resting on independent evidence, each certain, and each by itself securing general assent. Yet we see men constantly disposed to bring up the one against the other; and argue against their responsibility because they are dependent, or against their dependence because they are responsible.

In like manner, the proposition that man is a free agent commands immediate and universal assent, because it is an ultimate fact of consciousness. It can no more be doubted than we can doubt our own existence. Side by side, however, with this intimate persuasion of our moral liberty, lies the conviction, no less intimate, of our inability to change, by merely willing to do so, either our belief or our affections, for which, as before stated, every man knows himself to be responsible. Perhaps few men—perhaps no man—can see the harmony of these truths; yet they are truths, and as such are practically acknowledged by all men.

Again: all experience teaches us that we live in a world of means; that knowledge, religion, happiness, are all to be sought in a certain way, and that to neglect the means is to lose the end. It is, however, no less true, that there is no necessary or certain connexion between the means and the end; that God holds the result in his own hands, and decides the issues according to his sovereign pleasure. In all the ordinary affairs of life, men submit to this arrangement, and do not hesitate to use means, though the end is uncertain and beyond their control. But in religion they think this uncertainty of the result a sufficient excuse for neglect.

It is obvious that this method of reasoning, or rather of cavilling, which consists in bringing up one well-established truth against another, is unworthy of a rational being. We ought to (and practically we must) receive every truth on its own evidence. If we cannot reconcile one fact with another, it is because of our ignorance; better instructed men, or higher orders of beings, may see their perfect harmony. Our want of such knowledge does not in the least impair the force of the evidence on which they separately rest. In every department of knowledge, the number of irreconcilable truths depends on the progress of the student. That loose matter flies off from revolving bodies, and that every thing adheres to the surface of the earth, notwithstanding its rapid revolution, are irreconcilable facts to one man, though not to another. That two rays of light should produce darkness, or two sounds cause silence, are facts which many may be entirely unable to reconcile with other facts of which they are certain, while the philosopher sees not only their consistency, but that they are the necessary consequences of the same cause.

If the evidence of the constant revolution of the earth round its axis were presented to a man, it would certainly be unreasonable in him to deny the fact, merely because he could not reconcile it with the stability of every thing on the earth's surface. Or if he saw two rays of light made to produce darkness, must he resist the evidence of his senses because he knows that two candles give more light than one? Men do not commonly act thus irrationally in physical investigations. They let each fact stand on its own evidence. They strive to reconcile them, and are happy when they succeed. But they do not get rid of difficulties by denying facts.

If, in the department of physical knowledge, we are obliged to act upon the principle of receiving every fact upon its own evidence, even when unable to reconcile one with another, it is not wonderful that this necessity should be imposed upon us in those departments of knowledge which are less within the limits of our powers. It is certainly irrational for a man to reject all the evidence of the spirituality of the soul, because he cannot reconcile with that doctrine the fact, that a disease of the body disorders the mind. Must I do violence to my nature in denying the proof of design afforded by the human body, because I cannot account for the occasional occurrence of deformities of structure? Must I harden my heart against all the evidence of the benevolence of God, which streams upon me in a flood of light from all his works, because I may not know how to reconcile that benevolence with the existence of evil? Must I deny my free agency, the most intimate of all convictions, because I cannot see the consistency between the freeness of an act and the certainty of its occurrence? Must I deny that I am a moral being, the very glory of my nature, because I cannot change my character at will?

It is impossible for any man to act, in any department of knowledge, upon the principle on which these cavilling objections to religion are founded. From youth to age we are obliged to take each fact as it comes, upon its own evidence, and reconcile it with other facts as best we may.

The unreasonableness of this method of arguing is further evident from the consideration, that, if it were universally adopted, it would render all progress in knowledge impossible. It would be tantamount to a resolution to know nothing until we know all things; for our knowledge at first is confined to isolated facts. To classify and harmonize these facts, is the slow work of the student's life. This is a most benevolent arrangement of Providence. It at once stimulates the desire of knowledge, and imposes on us the constant exercise of faith. And it is in virtue of these two important principles of our nature that all valuable knowledge is obtained. The desire of knowing, not merely facts, but their relations and harmony, leads to the constant effort to increase the number of known truths, and to obtain an insight into their nature; and the necessity we are under of believing what we cannot understand, or cannot reconcile, cultivates the habit of faith—of faith in evidence, faith in the laws of our nature, faith in God. It is thus our heavenly Father leads us along the paths of knowledge; and he who refuses to be thus led, must remain in ignorance. God deals with us as children; though as rational children. He does not require us to believe without evidence; but he does require us to believe what we cannot understand, and what we cannot reconcile with other parts of knowledge. This necessity of implicit faith is not confined to any one department of knowledge, but, as already stated, is constantly demanded with regard to all. The simplest objects in the physical world are surrounded with mysteries. A blade of grass has wonders about it which no philosopher can clear up; no man can tell what fixes the type of each species of plant or animal; by what process the materials of leaf and flower are selected and arranged; whence the beautiful tints are borrowed, or how applied; what conducts the silent process of formation of the eye or hand. Every thing we see is, even to the most enlightened, the index of something unknown and inscrutable.

If the visible and tangible forms of matter are replete with things past finding out, what may we expect when we turn our eyes on the world of spirits? Even that little world in our own bosoms which is pervaded by our own consciousness, the facts of which are most intimately known, is full of wonders; of phenomena which we can neither comprehend nor reconcile. Who can understand the secret union of the soul and body, which establishes their reciprocal influence? Why should the emotion of shame suffuse the cheek, or that of fear send the blood to the heart? Why does the soul suffer if the body be injured? What conception can we form, either of matter or mind, which is consistent with their mutual influence and communion? The operations of our rational and moral faculties are not less beyond our comprehension. We know certain facts, but the reason of them, or their consistency, we cannot understand.* We know that certain feelings follow certain perceptions; the feeling of confidence, the perception of truth; the feeling of pleasure, the perception of beauty; the feeling of approbation, the perception of what is morally right. Why these feelings should thus rise, no one can tell. Such are the laws of our being; laws which we did not originate, and which we cannot control. That is, we cannot prevent the feeling of confidence or faith attending the perception of truth; nor that of pleasure the perception of beauty; nor that of approbation the perception of moral rectitude. Yet the consciousness of self-agency mingles with all these operations. We are free in being subject to the laws of our own nature. The necessity under which we form such judgments, or exercise such feelings, produces no sense of bondage. In these involuntary or necessary judgments or feelings, however, our moral character is largely concerned. If two men see an act of cruelty, and the one smiles at it, and the other is indignant, no sophistry can prevent our condemning the former and approving the latter. The feeling excited by the act arises in each spontaneously, and by an inward necessity, which neither, at the moment, can control. The knowledge of this fact does not interfere with our judgment in the case. And that judgment is not merely, that the feeling which produced the smile is an indication of a state of mind, or of previous conduct, worthy of disapprobation, but that the feeling itself was wrong. Moreover, the feeling of disapprobation which arises thus spontaneously in our bosoms at this delight in suffering is itself a moral feeling. We should condemn ourselves if it did not arise; we approve ourselves because of it. There are therefore, in our own breasts, enigmas which we cannot solve, depths which we cannot fathom. Must we, then, in order to be rational, deny these facts? Must we maintain that our nature is an illusion, and our constitution a falsehood? Shall we, on the one hand, deny that we are subject to the laws of our being, or, on the other, that the acts which result from those laws are not our own, do not express our character nor involve responsibility? This, happily, cannot be done; for faith in our own consciousness is one of the laws of our nature from which we can never effectually emancipate ourselves.

If, then, there are in our own nature so many things which we cannot comprehend, how can we expect to understand God—to know the reasons and relations of his acts, or to be able to reconcile in all cases his works with his attributes? To do this would require a more thorough knowledge of God than we have of ourselves. It would require a comprehension of his purposes, and of the mode in which he accomplishes them. It would require, in short, a knowledge which no creature can possess. "For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God."—(1 Cor. ii. 11.) We, then, who are the least and lowest of God's rational creatures, may well expect to be required to live by faith; to receive as true, on his authority, much that we cannot understand and cannot reconcile. It is not, however, blind belief which is required of us. We are not required to believe any thing without adequate evidence; but, on the other hand, we are not allowed to reject any thing simply because we cannot understand it. We must not reject the existence of God, because we cannot comprehend self-existence; we must not deny his eternity, because we cannot conceive of duration without succession; nor his omnipresence, because we cannot see how a being can be equally and entirely in all places at the same time; nor omniscience, because we cannot see how free acts can be foreknown. In like manner, we are not required to believe in God's goodness without abundant evidence of his benevolence; but we are required to believe it, whether we can reconcile it with the existence of evil or not. We are not required to believe in the providence of God without evidence; but our being unable to reconcile his government with our liberty, is no rational ground of unbelief. The same remark might be made with regard to the apostasy of our race and the corruption of our nature; our inability and obligation to obedience; the necessity of Divine influence and the use of means. We are required to believe nothing on these, or any other subjects, without adequate proof; but we are not allowed to make our ignorance of the relations of these truths an excuse for either unbelief or disobedience. God gives to the glow-worm light enough to see its own path, though not enough to dispel the darkness of the night. Thus, too, he shows us where to put our foot down in each successive step towards heaven, though he may not enable us to comprehend the Almighty unto perfection.—(*To be continued.*)

LIVING WATER.

The fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The further it pursues its course
The nobler it appears.
But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply;
The morning sees them amply fill'd,
The evening sees them dry.

THE TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.

It was a cold frosty evening in December, about six or seven years ago, that the inhabitants of a country town seemed in an unusual state of excitement. The town was always a busy, bustling place; but the great number of carriages which were hurrying to and fro the wide street, showed that something unusual was going forward. The large inn of the town was brilliantly lighted, and a number of poor people were standing around the ways which led into the inn, to watch the company as they alighted from their carriages. It was the evening of a ball.

Although a cold evening, yet the sky was beautifully clear and blue, and the moon and stars shone out brightly upon the busy town. How differently were they regarded by different persons! It was a night on which the astronomer would be busy in making his calculations of the number, and distance, and size of the stars. Happy if he mingled with his contemplations the feelings of love and adoration of their great Creator; and as "night unto night showed him knowledge," could, with the Psalmist, exclaim, "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth, who hast set thy glory above the heavens!" Many a pious and humble Christian, on such a night, looked to the blue firmament, and, beholding its starry grandeur, could say, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" Perhaps some one who lay upon his dying bed looked up to the bright sky, and thought upon that glorious city to which he was hastening, which "had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb was the light thereof."

But other thoughts than these crowded into the minds of the gay party who were hastening to the ball. A young lady (whom I shall call Katherine) was now just mounting the stairs which led to the assembly room. She was carefully protected from the cold air, and, with a countenance blooming with health and gaiety, was proceeding on her way. A gentleman standing by the staircase with a number of tracts in his hand, advanced, and offered her one. She took the little book, and was putting it into her reticule, when the gentleman said to her, "Will you, ma'am, promise me one thing?—it is that you will read this tract." With cheerful good-humour the young lady promised to do so, and, passing on to the busy assembly, was soon engaged in the mirth and pleasure of the evening.

Whether Katherine at that time performed the promise she had made I have no means of ascertaining, but, as she was a person of strict integrity, we cannot doubt that she kept her word. Most probably she read it carelessly over, and was perhaps little interested in its contents. It is quite evident that she did not value her little book, for it was thrown carelessly into a drawer, and its first page was torn off and lost. If the giver of that tract had seen it lying there, he would have thought his effort had been in vain. But God had a great work to do through that little messenger of mercy.

Although Katherine's blooming countenance seemed to give hope of long life, though her eye was bright and her step was firm, yet disease was insidiously lurking beneath these fair appearances. One symptom of illness, and then others, gradually showed themselves, and long months of languor and debility followed. Not only was the young lady withdrawn from the gaieties of life, but the calmer and more simple pleasures which she had enjoyed, were now denied to her. She could not take the long cheerful country walk. Music, and even reading, fatigued her now, nor could she share with her family the conversation of the fireside. In the quiet of her chamber, she was left to her own silent, and sometimes sorrowful, reflections. It was one day, when thus alone, that she took up the torn and crumpled tract, given her long since. Katherine's attention was arrested, and she read it carefully. The tract told her that she was a sinner—that we are all by nature enemies to God. That she might be amiable, and just, and dutiful to her parents, and kind to the poor; and yet, if she did not love God supremely, if she had not faith in Christ, she would be undone for ever. It proved, from the Scriptures, that man is in a fallen condition, that "our very righteousness" (the good works in which Katherine would have trusted) "are as filthy rags" in the sight of a pure and holy God: that our very devotions are mingled with sin: that the "thoughts of man's heart are only evil, and that continually." That "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Katherine must have heard these things before, for she had always been accustomed to attend at church, at least once on every Sunday, and had often joined in the solemn response, "Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" but never, till now, had she felt any thing of the sinfulness of her own heart, or the necessity of so great a change, as that which the Scriptures describes as being "born again." She called to mind how many days had passed without one thought of God; how she had been amused by passing events, and never experienced one feeling of holy gratitude to the Lord of glory, who had come down on this sinful earth to die the death of the cross, that we might be saved. But the tract did not tell the sinner that he was guilty before God, in order to leave him there. It told also the blessed truth that life and salvation are offered by the gospel. It showed that it was for the sinner that Christ's sacrifice was offered. "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die; but God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were sinners, Christ died for us." It showed, that while God could not pardon the transgressor with justice, except a Mediator between God and man had appeared, that God's only beloved Son had become that Mediator, and that "if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous." Christ's own words invited the sinner to come to him. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and ye shall find rest to your souls." "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." Katherine found that God's Holy Spirit was promised to sinners, to bring them to God. That he was to 'guide them into all truth;" and that our Saviour had said, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall God give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

Every passage, as she read it, seemed to bring some new light to Katherine's mind God was teaching this poor child. He who had died for her soul was revealing himself gradually to her. Her illness was a long one; but she found, in communion with God, and in the study of his promises, a deep and lasting happiness. The bed of pain and sickness was to her the prelude to everlasting glory, and she longed to be absent from the body, that she might be present with the Lord.

Many months after she thus read the little tract, Katherine's happy spirit entered into the joy of her Lord. But the good done by the tract did not end here.

Katherine had found "the pearl of great price," and she did not conceal it. She called on others to rejoice with her on finding it. She had one friend (whom I shall call Emma) who was much with her during her long illness, and who had been her companion from her childhood. Katherine endeavoured to lead her to God; she entreated her to come as a sinner to the Saviour, and to seek the Holy Spirit by prayer. Emma had not before thought seriously of religion, but from this time she began to study the Scriptures for herself. She was led to embrace the offers of the gospel, and became a devout and humble child of God.

It is less than a twelvemonth since, that the writer of these pages was called to attend the sick-bed of Emma. Emma was an old friend and schoolfellow, and her illness was a source of deep sorrow to the writer. But the invalid's countenance bore no traces of sorrow or regret. The bright eye, and hectic flush, and continual cough, gave certain indications that consumption had made great advances in her delicate frame. Emma knew this, and although sometimes, amid the changes of that flattering disease, she thought she might recover, the more permanent feeling was that she should die. Yet she had no fear of passing through the dark valley, for she knew that God would be with her, and that the valley of the shadow of death would be made light by his presence.

Emma possessed great talents and mental attainments; but it might truly be said of her that she "received the kingdom of God as a little child." Her faith was most simple and child-like. It was enough for her that God had said in his word that Christ would save the sinner. She had a firm conviction that "God is love," and the belief made her calmly, quietly happy. The medical attendant said of her, that she must have died much earlier in the course of the disease, but that her happy and quiet spirit enabled the body to resist its advances. "Thy will be done" was not only the expression of her lips, but the feeling of her heart. She had many friends whom she tenderly loved; yet, without an anxious thought, she commended them all to her Father in heaven. Emma would often on her sick-bed regret, that she had not from her childhood diligently studied the Scriptures. She said that she so often could remember the spirit of some text, but could not recollect the exact words, nor could she readily find it. She said, if life were spared, she thought she should try and learn all the New Testament by heart. One day, when speaking of the Bible, she said, "It is so different from other books. If I read any other book two or three times, I seem to know its contents, but every reading of the sacred volume seems to throw new light upon it; one finds out the meaning of its passages more and more." Her friend said to her, "Yes, that has always struck me as a proof of the Divine authority of the sacred writings." She replied, "My own heart gives me abundance of proof that they are true."

It was a beautiful summer morning on which Emma looked her last on the world. She had always been a great admirer of nature, and had loved to trace the hand of God in adorning the earth and sky with beauty. A few hours before she died, she asked that the blind might be drawn up, that she might look out upon the garden and meadows once more. She gazed earnestly on them, as if to take a last farewell. She then beckoned to her friends, bade each a solemn and affectionate adieu; her last words were, "Happy, willing." She made signs that prayer should be offered, and while those around her were praying that her dismissal should be without pain, and that a glorious entrance might be granted into the heavenly kingdom, she quietly breathed her last, and her happy spirit entered the world where sin and sorrow never enter.

The mode of Emma's death literally exemplified the Scripture description: "She fell asleep in Jesus," and her friend was reminded of the words of the good John Bunyan, in describing the passage through the dark river, which was taken by the pilgrim—"And the river was very calm at that time."

Many friends visited Emma during her long sickness. There was the decided Christian, who, if ever he feared death for himself, might look on this deathbed and see how God supports his people in their hour of need. There were some who had but lately begun to enquire of the way of salvation, some thoughtless ones whose whole souls were engrossed by the vanities of life; and some who, though thoughtful, yet, among all their considerations of other things, forgot the "one thing needful." Perhaps the last great day may reveal the fact, that some of these learned, by the dying bed of Emma, those blessed truths which she had before learned from Katherine. O, who shall say how far the influence of that little tract may extend itself to future years? Reader, are you a tract distributor? Perhaps you have for some years been employed on this errand of mercy. It may be that you have never known an instance in which your labours have been blessed. You may have sometimes hoped that attention has been awakened, but you have been disappointed, and you are ready to say, "Surely I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought." Think of Katherine and Emma. The gentleman who gave the tract at the door of the ball-room, never knew the history of its result. Remember the old adage, "Duty is ours, events are God's;" and forget not the command and promise of Scripture, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Tract Magazine.*

AN EXAMPLE OF LIBERALITY.

It is taken from the records of Christianity. And yet it is not in any history of the modern church that I find it. They are not the Christians of the present day that I am going to hold up as a model of bountifulness. The reader will find the account in the eight and ninth chapters of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. It relates to the Christians of Macedonia. Paul, wishing to excite the Corinthians to the exercise of liberality, tells them what their brethren of Macedonia had done—how liberally they had given. The account is very remarkable in several respects.

1. These Macedonian Christians gave, though they were *very poor*—in "deep poverty." (Chap. viii. 2.) They had the best of all excuses for not giving. *They* might, with the greatest propriety, have pleaded poverty. I do not see, for my part, how they gave at all. But somehow or other they made out to give, and to give liberally. Their poverty does not seem to have stood in their way in the least. It is even said that "their deep poverty *abounded* unto the riches of their liberality." Now, if their deep poverty so abounded, it occurs to me to ask, what would not their *great riches* have done, had they been as wealthy as some *modern* Christians? The truth is, as the proverb says, "When there is a will, there is always a way." Having it in their heart to give, they contrived by dint of some ingenuity, and not a little self-denial, to get it into their power to give. Such liberal souls had they, that it made their very poverty abound unto the riches of their liberality.

2. They gave not only to the full extent of their ability, but even beyond it. "For to their power (I bear record), yea, and beyond their power," they gave. So testifies the Apostle. The Christians of our day do not give *more* than they are able. I wish it could be said that they give according to their ability. *Now* the idea of giving as much as one any way can, is almost laughed at. But it was no joke in former times. But how did they contrive to give *beyond* their power? some one will ask. This looks a little contradictory. Well, I suppose it means that they gave beyond what, on the usual principles of computation, would have been judged to be their ability; and that on the score of justice, and even of generosity, they might have been let off for less.

"What improvident persons!" some will say. "How they must have neglected their families! Are we not told to provide for our own? and that he who does not, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel?" Yes, we are told so. But, for all that, it does not appear that these Macedonians were censured as worse than infidels. They were even commended as Christians, whose example was worthy of all imitation.

3. They gave *willingly*, verse 3. They did not give beyond their disposition, though they did beyond their ability. They had it in their hearts to give even more. It was done, "not grudgingly, or of necessity." No one said, as is sometimes said now, "Well, I suppose I *must* give you something." Nor was their willingness the effect of any appeals made to them. They were "*willing of themselves*," the Apostle testifies. It was entirely spontaneous. The Apostle had not to entreat them to give; but they had earnestly to entreat the Apostle to receive their gift. "Praying us with much entreaty that we would receive the gift." It is not so now. Now the *begging* is too much on the other side.

4. They gave altogether beyond the Apostle's expectations. "Not as we hoped," says Paul. Our agents are not often so agreeably disappointed. Their fears are more apt to be realized, than their hopes exceeded.

5. But I see how it was they came to give so liberally. It was owing to the "grace of God bestowed" on them, as it is said in verse 1. That always makes people liberal. Grace is a generous principle. There is nothing opens the heart like it. Under the influence of this grace they "first gave their own selves to the Lord." Now, when a man has given away *himself*, it is easy to give what only appertains to him. The great matter is to give the *person*. The *property* follows as a matter of course. Indeed, it is included in the first gift. I suppose the reason that some give no more property to the Lord's cause is, that they have not given themselves to him. They have not begun right.

6. I suppose also that these Macedonians were influenced to the exercise of liberality by the consideration which Paul uses with the Corinthians in verse 9. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich," &c. They thought that the disciples ought to do like their Master. I conclude, moreover, that they held the doctrine, that giving is *sowing*, and that men reap in proportion to what they sow; and, since they wished to reap bountifully, they sowed bountifully. They knew, too, that God was able to make all grace abound toward them; that they, always having all sufficiency in all things, might abound to every good work. (Chap. ix. 8.) They were not at all concerned about the consequences of their liberality.

It should not be forgotten that they gave for the benefit of people a great way off—the poor saints at Jerusalem. They might have said that they had objects enough at home, and where was the necessity of going abroad for them? But it seems *distance* had not that weight with them that it has with some now. The wants of the poor saints at Jerusalem touched their hearts, and they contributed to their relief, though they were poor, very poor themselves. I don't know but I might have made it with propriety a distinct head, that they seem to have been even poorer than those for whom they gave; for theirs was *deep* poverty. When *we* give to evangelize poor souls in heathen lands, we don't give to those who are as well off as we are. We have no such objects at home as they are. Finally, what a noble example of liberality is here! How worthy of imitation by *modern* Christians! We need much that the spirit of these men of Macedonia should come over and help us.—*Nevins.*

DEATH OF WESLEY.

When the venerable Wesley, after a long life of unparalleled labour and usefulness, having been sixty-five years in the ministry, came to die, he concluded his arduous career, as might have been expected, in great peace and holy joy. In the forenoon of the day before he died, he said, "I will get up." While they were preparing his clothes, he broke out in a manner which, considering his extreme weakness, astonished all present, in singing,

> "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
> And when my voice is lost in death,
> Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
> My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
> While life, and thought, and being last,
> Or immortality endures!"

Having got him into his chair, they observed him change for death. But he, regardless of his dying body, said, with a weak voice, "Lord, thou givest strength to those that can speak, and to those who cannot. Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that thou loosest tongues." He then sung,

> "To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
> Who sweetly all agree,"——

Here his voice failed. After gasping for breath, he said, "Now we have done all." He was then laid in the bed, from which he rose no more. After resting a little, he called to those who were with him to "pray and praise." They kneeled down, and the room seemed to be filled with the divine presence. Soon after, he again begged they would pray and praise. Several friends that were in the house being called up, they all kneeled down again to prayer, at which time his fervour of spirit was manifest to every one present. But, in particular parts of the prayer, his whole soul seemed to be engaged in a manner which evidently showed how ardently he longed for the full accomplishment of their united desires. And when one of the preachers was praying in a very expressive manner, that if God were about to take away their father to his eternal rest, He would be pleased to continue and increase his blessing upon the doctrine and discipline which he had long made his servant the means of propagating and establishing in the world, such a degree of fervour accompanied his loud amen, as was every way expressive of his soul's being engaged in the answer of the petitions. On rising from their knees, he took hold of all their hands, and with the utmost placidness saluted them, and said, "Farewell, farewell."

A little after, a person coming in, he strove to speak, but could not. Finding they could not understand him, he paused a little, and then, with all the remaining strength he had, cried out, "The best of all is, God is with us;" and soon after, lifting up his dying arm in token of victory, and raising his feeble voice, with a holy triumph not to be expressed, he again repeated the heart-reviving words, "The best of all is, God is with us." Being told that his brother's widow was come, he said, "He giveth his servants rest." He thanked her, as she pressed his hand. At another time he said, "He causeth his servants to lie down in peace." Then, pausing a little, he cried, "The clouds drop fatness!" and, soon after, "The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge!" He then called those present to prayer; and, though he was greatly exhausted, he appeared still more fervent in spirit. These exertions were, however, too much for his feeble frame; and most of the night following, though he often attempted to repeat the Psalm before mentioned, he could only utter,

> "I'll praise——I'll praise!"

On Wednesday morning the closing scene drew near. Mr Bradford, his faithful friend, prayed with him, and the last words he was heard to articulate were, "Farewell!" A few minutes before ten, on the 2d of March 1791, while several of his friends were kneeling around his bed, without a lingering groan, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, this man of God, this beloved pastor of thousands, entered into the joy of his Lord.

THE LIFE OF FAITH.

The excellency of a life of faith discovers itself in these four particulars:—

(1.) It is a secure life. (2.) It is a sweet life. (3.) It is an easy life. (4.) It is an honourable life.

(1.) The life of faith is a secure life, the only safe life. "He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be in the ammunition of rocks." How securely doth he dwell, whose fortifications are impregnable, inaccessible rocks—rocks so high that none can scale them! In the Hebrew it is, He shall dwell in heights, or in high places: munition of rocks, or rocks so high that none can scale them; rocks so thick that no breach can be made in them, rocks within rocks; ammunition of rocks; and rocks so deep that none can undermine them. Surely a people or person rocked on every side, need not fear storming. *Objection.* But though rocks may be a good fence they are but ill food, a man cannot feed on rocks; rocky places are barren, though impregnable; he may be starved, though he cannot be stormed! No, the words following relieve that fear also, "Bread shall be given him;" he shall have bread enough, and it shall cost him nothing; it shall be given him; and whereas a rock is but a dry situation, without either spring or streams, and thereupon a man might be exposed to perishing for want of water, thirst will slay as well as hunger; therefore it is likewise added, "His waters shall be sure." He shall have waters which neither summer's heat nor winter's frost shall be able to dry up; never-failing waters shall fill his cisterns from day to day; "His waters shall be sure." Under such an excellent metaphor is the security of a life of faith described; and this metaphor is expounded Isa. xxvi. 1, "Salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks." Walls and bulwarks shall not be their salvation, but salvation their walls and bulwarks; how safely do they dwell who are walled about with salvation itself, the bulwarks are salvation, and that salvation is Jehovah; for so it follows, "Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength;" or the Lord Jehovah is the Rock of ages. His place of defence is the munition of rocks; and the Lord Jehovah is those rocks, a Rock of ages. Ages pass away one after another, but the Rock abides, and abides for ever; "In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." He that rained manna in the wilderness, will give bread; and he that fetched water out of the rock, will be "a never-failing Fountain, his waters shall be sure." Oh the security of a life of faith!

(2.) It is as sweet as it is safe. Is it not a sweet thing to fetch all our waters from the fountain, from the spring-head, before they be degenerated or mudded by the miry channel? Why, "All my fresh springs are in thee," saith faith to God, Psa. lxxxvii. 7. Is it not sweet to be fixed and composed in the midst of all the mutations and confusions that are under the sun? Why, this is the privilege of him that liveth by faith: "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord," Psa. cxii. 7. And again, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee," Isa. xxvi. 3. Heb. Peace, peace; that is, multiplied peace, pure unmixed peace, constant and everlasting peace, is the portion of him that liveth by faith, so far as he liveth by faith; unless sense and reason break in to disquiet, he liveth in a most sweet and immutable serenity.

(3.) It is an easy life. It is an easy life to have all provisions brought into a man without any care or trouble. Why, such is the privilege of a believer; he hath a support that supersedes all his cares. "In nothing be careful; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God," Phil. iv. 6. Faith leaveth a believer nothing to do but to pray and give thanks; to pray for what he wants, and to give thanks for what he hath—that is all he hath to do. It is true, believers must labour and travail in the use of means, as well as the rest of the sons of Adam; but first, it is without care—"In nothing be careful;" without anxious, heart-dividing, soul-distracting care. Oh! that is the thorn, the sting, which the sin of man and the curse of God hath thrust into all our labours, care and distraction; and this faith pulls out; so that now all the labour of faith is an easy labour, like the labour of Adam in Paradise. Faith useth means, but trusteth God; obediently closeth with the providence of means, but sweetly leaveth the providence of success to God. Yea, faith can trust God when there are no means to use, and say, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation," Hab. iii. 17, 18. Faith can live upon God, when there is a famine upon the whole creation. The peace of God is as a court of guard, to fence the heart from all surprises of fear and trouble; "In nothing be careful; but in every thing pray and give thanks: and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus," Phil. iv. 7. As faith enjoyeth God in all things in the greatest abundance, so she can enjoy all things in God in the deepest want.

(4.) The life of faith is an honourable life. It is the honour of the favourite that he can go immediately to his prince when strangers must trace the climax of court accesses. Yea, without all peradventure, it is an honourable life to live as God himself liveth; and this is the glory of God, that he liveth in himself and of himself; and truly in their proportion such honour have all the saints. They live in God and upon God here by faith; and they shall live in God and upon God hereafter by sight, in the beatifical vision.

This is the excellency of the life of faith, and this the people of God experience by their sufferings; whereby God calls them out of the world, and taking them into himself, he doth reveal to them by degrees the mystery and privilege of living upon God, and upon God alone.—*Case.*

NOVELTY IN RELIGION.

The age in which we live has been frequently and justly called an age of progress; and from the rapid advance which has been made in all those sciences which relate to our outward life, the most extravagant expectations are entertained by many, of a corresponding progress in the science and practice of religion. Perhaps there is hardly any thing by which our times and our community are more distinctly characterized, than by a passionate craving for new views in religion, and a readiness to welcome any theory respecting God, or man's relations to the universe, which have the stamp of novelty to recommend them. We do not think that this desire to bring the doctrines of the Bible into harmony with the restless and searching spirit of the age, arises from a sincere love of truth, and a willingness to receive and obey the laws of God, however and wherever made known; but rather from a disposition to get rid of the Bible, and to lose sight of the old paths in which the saints of God have walked from the beginning. It is desired that human reason may have the merit of discovering a religion for itself, and the liberty to change its gods as often as passion or caprice may require. And this thirst for novelty, not truth—this desire of freedom from old obligations, not of progress in holiness and divine knowledge—is met by a host of teachers ever ready to prophesy smooth things to those whose itching ears cannot endure sound doctrine. The pulpit, the press, and the lyceum, are continually announcing some new discovery in religion, in morals, or in the philosophy of life; and the young, especially, are in imminent danger of being fatally misled by the confident tone in which the old religion of their fathers is condemned and ridiculed.

SIN.

It is the mischievous property of sin, that it not only puts the soul into hell, but puts hell into the soul.

That should be our chief trouble which is the cause of all the trouble in the world.

Nothing worth having is got by sin. Nothing worth keeping is lost by holiness.

'Tis bad trading with sin and Satan, since we ourselves must pay for all at last.

By suffering we may avoid sinning; but we cannot by sinning avoid suffering.

Fools make a mock at sin, but it will be bitterness in the end.

He that makes light of small sins, is in the ready way to fall into great ones.

If we would not fall into things unlawful, we must not venture to the utmost bounds of things lawful. To tread upon the edge of a precipice is dangerous, if not destructive.

'Tis folly for a person to do that now which he must shortly undo by repentance, or be himself undone for ever.

Carefully avoid those vices which most resemble virtue: they are a thousand times the most ensnaring. *Covetousness*, which looks very much like *prudent care*, is *idolatry!*

Never do evil that good may come thereby. That would be serving the devil that God may serve thee.

SAYINGS ON REPENTANCE.

While we live in a sinful world, and carry about with us a body of sin and death, repentance must be the work of every day.

We brought sin enough into the world to be humbled for all our lives, though we had never actually sinned; and we sin enough every day to sorrow for it, though we had brought none into the world.

If repentance on earth be bitter, what will be remorse in hell?

He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.

Repentance is a plank thrown out after shipwreck: he that neglects it sinks inevitably.

Worldly joy ends in sorrow: spiritual sorrow ends in joy.

Let none defer repentance till another day: He that hath promised pardon on our repentance hath not promised life till we repent.

If we put off repentance to another day, we have the sins of another day to repent of, and a day less to repent in.

Repentance begins in the humiliation of the heart, and ends in the reformation of the heart and of the life.

Repentance is the tear of love dropping from the eye of faith, when it fixes on Christ crucified. "They shall look on Him whom they have pierced, and shall mourn."

Sincere repentance is never too late, but late repentance is seldom sincere. The thief on the cross repented and was pardoned in the last hour of his life; but we do not know that he had ever before been favoured with a gospel call to repentance. If he had been frequently so called, and had refused to hearken, we have no reason to conclude that he would then have been called again.

MODERN IDOLATRY.

Modern idolatry has raised two altars, to which a crowd of idolaters press forward. One of these is the altar of matter, the other that of intellect. Upon both human victims are offered; for all idolatrous worship is murderous worship. The adoration of intellect has its barbarity as well as the adoration of matter. The man of intellect finds his account in sparing nothing. He who despises most passes for having the most sagacity. It has been said that the heart often has intellect, but that the intellect has no heart. In the unrestrained pleasures of the intellect, as in the unrestrained pleasure of the senses, the heart dries up; the man becomes cruel. The whole truth must be told; he becomes even stupid. There are so many things of which we can only judge with the heart, that whenever the heart happens to fail, reason goes astray. To know to what degree the heart gives intelligence, to what degree also the worship of the mind lowers the intellect, set a man of intellect and a man of piety to decide a case of conscience. "Thy law, O God! gives wisdom to the simple; they looked, and were lightened."—*Vinet.*

HANGING OVER THE PIT.

"A wicked man is like one that hangs over a deep pit by a slender cord, which he holds with one hand and is cutting with the other."

A gentleman much addicted to profane swearing accompanied a pious miner to see one of the mines in Cornwall. During his visit to the pit he distressed his companion by many profane and abominable expressions; and as they ascended together, finding it a long way, he flippantly said, "As it is so far down to your work, how far do you suppose it is to hell?" The miner promptly replied, "I do not know how far it is to hell, sir; but I believe that, if the rope by which we are drawn up should break, you would be there in one minute."

RICHES.

He is the richest man who desires no superfluities and wants no necessaries.

To have a portion in the world is a mercy: to have the world for our chief portion is a misery.

Wealth is a common gift of God's hand; but wisdom to improve it is a special grace from his heart.

We put a price upon riches, but riches cannot put a price upon us. We must answer for them, but they cannot answer for us.

The contented man has two heavens—one here in his own bosom, another hereafter in Abraham's bosom.

There is no miss of the creature where there is a full enjoyment of the Creator, any more than of a candle when the sun shines at noonday, or of a cistern when we have the fountain at command.

THE TEMPLE OF GOD.

Be diligent. Sometimes speak to God, at other times hear him speak to you. Let him regulate your soul. Whom he hath made rich, none shall make poor. There can be no penury with him whose heart has once been enriched with celestial bounty. Roofs arched with gold, and palaces adorned with marble, are vile in comparison with that house which the Lord has chosen to be his temple, in the which the Holy Ghost dwells. Illuminate this house with the light of righteousness. Its ornaments shall never fade, and it shall dwell hereafter in spotless beauty and eternal majesty.—*St Cyprian.*

WAGES OF SIN.

The wages that sin bargains with the sinner are life, pleasure, and profit; but the wages it pays him with are death, torment, and destruction. He that would understand the falsehood and deceit of sin, must compare its promises and its payment together. —*South.*

TRUE RELIGION.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Are there no bitters in true religion? doubtless there are; but they spring not from religion, but from self.—*Howels.*

SLANDER.

This crime is a conjugation of evils, and is productive of infinite mischiefs: it undermines peace, and saps the foundation of friendship: it destroys families, and rends in pieces the very heart and vitals of charity; it makes an evil man party, and witness, and judge, and executioner of the innocent.—*Bp. Taylor.*

ARE YOU AT PEACE WITH GOD?

[FROM AN OLD AUTHOR.]

Peace with God! sure it is worth the sinner's having; or else the angels were ill employed when they welcomed the tidings thereof into the world at our Saviour's birth, with such acclamations of joy, "Glory to God, on earth peace."—Luke ii. 14. Yea, Christ himself was deceived in his purchase; who, if a sinner's peace with God be not of high price and value, hath little to show for the effusion of his heart-blood, which he thought well spent to gain this. But this we cannot believe; and yet to see how freely God offers peace and pardon to the sons of men through Christ, and how coy, yea, sullen and cross, they are to the motion, one that does not well know them both, God's infinite goodness, and wretched man's horrible baseness, might be ready to think it some low-prized ware which lay upon God's hands; and this to be the cause why God is so earnest to put it off, and man so loth to take it off his hands. Ah, poor deluded wretches! who is the wicked counsellor that hardens your hearts from embracing your own mercies? None, sure, but a devil can hate God and you so much. And hath he sped so well in his own quarrel against God, that he should be hearkened to by thee, poor sinner? Can he give thee armour that will resist God's bullets? how then is it that he is so unkind to himself as to let them lie in his own bosom, to his unspeakable torment? or will he lend thee any pity when thou hast, by his advice, undone thyself? Alas! no more than the cruel wolf doth the silly sheep, when he hath sucked her blood, and torn her in pieces. Think, and think again, poor sinner, what answer thou meanest to send to heaven before God calls his ambassadors home, and the treaty break up, never to be renewed again. And that thou mayest not want some seasonable matter for thy musing thoughts to enlarge upon on this subject, let me desire thee to treat with thy own heart upon these four heads.

First, Consider what it is that stands before thee in offer. Secondly, Who it is that offers it. Thirdly, How he offers it. Fourthly, What thou dost when thou refusest it.

First, Consider what it is that is offered thee, "Peace with God." A thing so indispensable, thou canst not have less; and so comprehensive, thou needest have no more than this. And what cometh with it, to make thee truly, fully happy? Of all the variety of enjoyments with which it is possible thy table can be spread, this is a dish that can least be spared; take away peace, and that but of an inferior nature, outward peace, and the feast is spoiled, though it be on a prince's table. David's children had little liking to their royal dinner, when one of them was slain that sat at the board with them. And what taste can you have in all your junkets, while God is in array against you, many sinners slain before your eye by God's judgments, and the same sword that hath let out their blood at thy throat while the meat is in thy mouth? Methinks your sweet morsels should stick in your throat, and hardly get down, while you muse on these things. Would you not wonder to see a man at his sport, hunting or hawking, and one should tell you this man is to be hanged to-morrow? Truly God is more merciful to thee than thou canst promise thyself, if he stay the execution till another day. I confess when I meet a man whose life proclaims him an unreconciled sinner, and see him spruce up himself in his fine clothes, entertain himself with the joy of his children, estate, honour, or the like, in this life; it administers matter of astonishment to me what such a one thinks of God or himself. Canst thou think it is long thou shalt sit at this fire of thorns thou hast kindled, and not God fire thee? Must it needs provoke a creditor to see his debtor live high, and go gaily all at his cost, and all the while never think of getting out of his debt, or make his peace with him? much more doth it God, to see sinners spend upon his bounty, lead joyful, jovial lives in the abundance of outward enjoyments he lends them, but take no thought of seeking peace with him in whose debt-book they are so deep in arrears. What folly had it been for the Jews, when Ahasuerus had sealed the warrant for their destruction, to have gone and painted their houses, planted their fields, and let out their hearts in the enjoyment of their estates, without taking care in the first place to get that bloody decree reversed? a worse sort art thou that dost all these, while thou carriest the sentence of death from God's mouth about thee in thy own conscience. O were it not thy wisest course to begin with making thy peace, and then thou mayest soon lead a happy life! We say, "He that gets out of debt grows rich." I am sure the reconciled soul cannot be poor. As soon as the peace is concluded, a free trade is open between God and the soul. If once pardoned, thou mayest sail to any port that lies in God's dominions, and be welcome; all the promises stand open with their rich treasure; take in, poor soul, full lading of all the precious things they afford, even as much as thy faith can bear, and none shall hinder thee. As a man may draw the wine of a whole vessel through one tap, so faith may draw the comfort of all the covenant out of this one promise of reconciliation. If reconciled, then the door is open to communion with God in all his ordinances. God and thou, being agreed, may now walk together; whereas before thou couldst not look into God's presence, but his heart rose against thee, as one at the sight of his enemy, ready to draw upon thee with his judgments. All the attributes of God, thy ally, are thine; "his horses and chariots are thine," as Jeho-haphat told Ahab. Whenever any enemy puts thee in fear, you know where to find a riend that will take part with thee; all his providences, though, like bees, they fly some his way and some that, yea, one contrary to another, as thou thinkest impossible to trace them, yet they are all at work for thee, and thy soul is the hive wherein they will unlade the sweet fruit of all their labour, though possibly it may be night, the evening of thy days, before thou findest it. In a word, if reconciled, hou standest next to heaven. "Whom he ustifies, them he glorifies"—(Rom. viii. 30)—hou art sure to be there as soon as death rends he veil of thy flesh, which is all that interposeth between thee and it.

Secondly, Consider who it is that offers peace o thee,—the great God; and it is hard to say which speaks the greatest wonder, God to offer or thee to refuse what he offers. We marvel not to see the undutiful child on his knees, labouring to soften his father's heart with his tears, which he hath hardened against him with his rebellion; nor a condemned traitor prostrate at his prince's foot, begging for his life, now forfeited to the justice of the law: but it is something strange to see the father become suppliant to his child; more for the traitor to open his dungeon door, and find his prince standing there, and that upon no other errand than to desire him to accept of a pardon. And yet self-love may be the great motive for this seeming self-denial. The parent doth but love himself when he steps below his place to gain his child, that carries so much of its parent's life about him. And such necessity of state there is sometimes, that great princes are forced to stoop to the meanest, yea, worst of their subjects. A prince's safety may be so intimately concerned in a traitor's life, that he cannot cut off his head without imminent danger to the crown which stands upon his own. But none of these straits forced God to entertain thoughts of peace to his poor creature; no, they are the birth of free condescending love. And now think again, sinner, before the great God hath a denial from thee: if a neighbour, the poorest in the town, and he one that hath done thee wrong, and not received it from thee, comes to thee, and desires peace, shouldst thou reject the motion, would not thy conscience reproach thee to thy dying day? How then wilt thou endure to look God or conscience in the face, if thou refusest peace at God's hands; that doth not treat like men when their sword is broken and they cannot fight, but when he hath absolute power over thy life, which is ever in his hands, yea, a God that hath received the wrong, and never did thee any; yea, should have done thee none if he had long before this hanged thee up in chains of darkness among the damned?

Thirdly, Consider how God offers thee peace. *First*, he doth it sincerely; he covers not fraud under a treaty of peace. Among men there hath been horrible juggling in this case. The flag of peace is oft hung out only to draw them within the reach of their dagger, which is ready to smite them, as Joab did Abner, under the fifth rib. In all the civil wars of France, the poor Protestants found peace more costly to them than war; they beat the Papists in the field, when open enemies, but were betrayed by them in the chamber, when false friends. But for thy comfort know, it is a God of truth thou treatest with; never did he shed the blood of war in peace, or give a soul to the sword of his wrath after quarter taken and peace given. If we confess, he is just and faithful to forgive; his promises are not yea and nay, like the devil's, who lays them so that he may have the credit both ways: no, the very heart of God may be seen as through a crystal window in the promise,—"they are all Yea and Amen in Christ," 2 Cor. i. 20.

Secondly, He offers peace affectionately; his heart is deeply engaged in the tenders of mercy to poor sinners; which will appear, First, In his contriving a way for reconciling sinners to himself. What men strongly desire, they stretch their wits to the utmost how to accomplish. "The liberal man deviseth liberal things."—(Isa. xxxii. 8.) It shows the heart exceeding large in charity when a man shall sit down and study how he may find out ways for the exercise of his charity; whereas most men, alas! beat their brains how they may save their purses, and escape with giving as little as may be to the poor. O, what a rare invention hath God found out for showing mercy! which hath so many mysterious passages in it, that angels themselves are put hither to school, that by studying this mystery of God's reconciling sinners to himself by Christ, they might "know the manifold wisdom of God."—(Ephes. iii. 10.) Secondly, By the early discovery he made of this to the sons of men. That prince might well be admired for his merciful heart, if any history could show such a one ever to have swayed sceptre in the world, which I think it cannot, who, upon some horrid treason plotted against his crown and royal person, and that by one obliged to him with the highest favours possible, could yet not only find in his heart to pardon the rebel, but also stoop so far as to be himself the messenger that should carry the news of this his gracious purpose to the traitor in prison, before ever he relented or had it in his thought to sue for his mercy, and this the same day in which the villanous attempt was made, that the poor wretch might not languish so much as one night under the horror of his despairing thoughts; certainly such a prince would pass for a nonsuch in mercy among the sons of men. How, then, must our thoughts be quite swallowed up into an admiration of this stupendous act of mercy which the great God expressed to fallen man, wherein he did all this for his rebel creature! for no sooner had man broke the peace, and taken up rebellious arms against his Maker, but the Lord's heart relented towards him, and could not let the sun go down in his wrath against him, but must in the very same day that he sinned let him hear of a Saviour, by preaching peace to him "in the seed of the woman."—(Gen. ii. 15.) Little did Adam think God had such a message in his mouth for him when he first heard him coming towards him, and for fear ran his head into a bush, meditating a flight from him, if he had known whither to have gone. O that "Adam, where art thou?" sounded, no doubt, in his guilty ears like the voice of an avenging God, calling him a malefactor, to execution; but it proved the voice of a gracious God coming, not to meet man in his way returning to him, but to seek him out who had lost all thoughts of him, that he might give some ease to his own gracious heart, now full of mercy to his poor creature, by disclosing to him the purposes of grace which he had there conceived towards him. Surely his heart was very full, or else this would not have burst out so soon.

Thirdly, The great ordinance of the gospel ministry which God hath set up in the church, on purpose to treat with sinners upon a peace, speaks his deep affection to the work. One would have thought it had been enough to print his thoughts and purposes of mercy in the Scripture, though he had done no more. Princes, when they put out a statute or a law, expect all their subjects should enquire after it; and do not send one to every town, whose office shall be to give notice thereof, and persuade people to submit to it; yet this the great God doth. What is the minister's work from one end of the year to the other, but to beseech sinners to be reconciled to God? And in this observe, (1st,) The persons he sends to preach. Not angels, foreigners to our nature, who though they wish us well, yet are not so intimately concerned in man's fall as to give them the advantage of preaching with those melting bowels, that God would have them filled with, who go on this errand. No, he sends men with whom we may converse familiarly, creatures of like passions, whose nature puts them under the same depravation, temptation, and condemnation, with ourselves; who can, from the acquaintance they have with their own hearts, tell us the baseness of ours; from the fire of God's wrath which hath scorched them for their sins, tell us the desert of ours, and danger we are in by reason of them; as also from the sweet sense that the taste of God's love in Christ hath left on their souls, can commend the cheer and feast they invite us to upon their own knowledge. Did not God, think you, desire good speed to his embassage, when he chose such to carry it? (2d,) Observe the qualifications required in those he employs as ambassadors to offer peace to sinners, 2 Tim. ii. 24: "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves." O how careful is God that nothing should be in the preacher to prejudice the sinner's judgment, or harden his heart against the offer of his grace!

If the servant be proud and hasty, how shall they know that the master is meek and patient? God would have them do nothing to make the breach wider, or hinder a happy close between him and them. Indeed he that will take the bird, must not scare it. A froward, peevish messenger is no friend to him that sends him. Sinners are not pelted into Christ with stones of hard provoking language, but wooed into Christ by heart-melting exhortations. (3d), Look into the commission God gives his ambassadors, and still his heart appears in the business, whether you consider the largeness of it on the one hand, or the strictness of it on the other. First, the largeness of it, "Go and preach," saith Christ, "the gospel to every creature." Make no difference, rich or poor; great sinners or little, old sinners or young; offer peace to all that will but repent and believe; bid as many come as will, here is room for all that come. Again, the strictness of it on the other hand. O what a solemn charge have they to deliver their message faithfully! Paul trembles at the thoughts of loitering: "Woe unto me if I preach not!" What an argument doth Christ use, fetched from his very heart, to persuade Peter to be careful: "If thou lovest me, feed my sheep." As if he had said, Peter, thou now art in tears for thy cowardice in denying me, thou hast yet one way left, for all that unkindness, to demonstrate thy love to me, and that is by feeding my sheep: do this, and trouble not thyself for that. Christ shows more care of his sheep than of himself. (4th,) The joy God expresseth when poor sinners come into the offer of peace. Joy is the highest testimony that can be given to our complacency in any thing or person; love is to joy as fuel to the fire: if love lay little fuel of desires on the heart, then the flame of joy that comes thence will not be great. Now God's joy is great in pardoning poor sinners that come in, therefore his affection great in the offer thereof. It is made the very motive that prevails with God to pardon sinners, "Because he delighteth in mercy," (Micah vii. 18): "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? he retaineth not his anger for ever, for he delighteth in mercy." God doth all this, "because he delighteth in mercy." Princes very often pardon traitors, to please others more than themselves, or else it would never be done; but God doth it chiefly to delight and glad his own merciful heart. Hence, the business Christ came about, which was no other but to reconcile sinners to God, it is called "the pleasure of the Lord."—(Isa. liii. 10). The Lord takes such joy and pleasure in this, that whereas other fathers whose love to their children sinks infinitely beneath any comparison with the love of God to Christ, mourn at the death of their children (and most of all when violent and bloody), God takes content in his Son's death; yea, had the chief hand in procuring of it, and that with infinite complacency: "It pleased the Lord to bruise him." And what joy could God take in his Son's death, but as it made way for him and his poor creatures that were fallen out, and at open war one against another, to fall in again by a happy accord? And now speak, O sinner! if God doth so affectionately desire to be reconciled with thee, doth it not much more behove thee to embrace the peace than it doth him to offer it?

Fourthly, There is but one thing more I would desire thee, sinner, to consider, and then I leave thee to thy own choice. Consider what thou dost when thou refusest peace with God. Determinations of war or peace use to be the result of the most grave counsels and mature deliberations possible. Think and think again what thou dost, before thou breakest off the treaty of peace, lest thou makest work for repentance when it will be bootless. But lest thou shouldst not be so faithful to God and thy own soul, as to give thy conscience liberty to speak freely in this matter, I shall do it for thee, and tell thee what thou dost when thou rejectest peace. Thou justifiest thy former hostilities against God, and declarest that thou wilt vouch what thou hast done, let God right himself as well as he can. He that refuseth a pardon, either denieth he hath done wrong, or, which is worse, stands to defend it: thou hadst as good say thou desirest not to be friends with God, but hast a mind to perpetuate the feud between God and thee; like Hamilcar, who was such an enemy to Rome, that when he died he made his son Hannibal swear to his hatred against them. Is it not enough thou hast fought so many battles on earth against thy Maker, but wilt thou keep the quarrel up in another world also, where there is no more possibility to put an end to it than to eternity itself? Thou throwest the greatest scorn upon God that it is possible for a creature to do; as if God's love and hatred were such inconsiderable things that they need not, when cast into the scale of thy thoughts, preponderate thee either way, the one to move thy desire, or the other thy fear. In a word, thou consentest to thy own damnation, and desperately flingest thyself into the mouth of God's flaming wrath, which gapes in the threatening upon thee. God is under an oath to procure thy destruction, if thou diest in this mind, which God forbid. Death is the trapdoor which will let thee down to hell's dungeon, and when once thou art there thou art where thou wilt have space enough to weep over thy past folly, though here thou hast neither mind nor leisure to make God thy friend. The very thoughts of those offers of peace which once thou hadst (but no heart to embrace them), will be like so much salt and vinegar, with which thy accusing conscience will be continually basting thee, as thou liest roaring in hell-fire, to make thy torment the more intolerable. I know this language grates in the sinner's ears, but not so ill as the gnashing of the sinner's own teeth will in hell. I have read of a foolish, I may say cruel, law among the Lacedemonians, that none should tell his neighbour any ill news befallen him, but every one should be left in process of time to find it out themselves. Many among us, I think, would be content if there were such a law, that might tie up ministers' mouths from scaring them with their sins, and the miseries that attend their unreconciled state. The most are more careful to run from the discourse of their misery, than to get out of the danger of it; are more offended with the talk of hell, than troubled for that sinful state that shall bring them thither. But, alas! when then shall we show our love to the souls of sinners if not now? seeing that in hell there remains no more offices of love to be done for them. Hell is a pest-house, that we may not write so much on the door of it as, "Lord have mercy upon them" that are in it; nay, they who now pray for their salvation, and weep over their condition, must then with Christ vote for their damnation, and rejoice in it, though they be their own fathers, husbands, and wives they see there. O now bethink yourselves, before the heart of God and man be hardened against you!

SOPHISTICAL OBJECTIONS AGAINST THE DOCTRINE OF THE BIBLE REGARDING SIN.

(*Concluded from* p. 19.)

It may be said, that we have not answered one of all the objections to which reference has so often been made. We have done far better than answer them, if we have made the reader feel the necessity of an humble, trustful spirit towards God. This is the appropriate state of mind for every learner, whether in the school of nature or of Christ. It is that state which the feebleness of our powers, and the difficulty of the things to be learned, render not only reasonable, but indispensable. A second impression which we have laboured to produce is, that it is one of our primary duties to submit to the truth, to form the purpose and to cherish the habit of yielding the mind to evidence. Faith without evidence is irrational; but unbelief in despite of evidence is not less so. There is a great difference in the temper of different men in relation to this subject. Some resist the truth as long as they can; they cavil at it, and oppose it. Others are candid and docile; they are willing to admit the force of proof as far as they perceive it. This is the only way in which true knowledge can be obtained. It is thus the philosopher is accustomed to act. He carefully interrogates nature for facts; these facts are received; they are classified and harmonized as far as the investigator is able thus to reconcile them. But he rejects none, because he cannot make it fit into a system. He waits for further light. It is thus we are bound to act. We, too, are called upon to receive every truth upon its own evidence; to harmonize our knowledge where we can, but to reject nothing simply because of our ignorance of its consistency with other truths.

A third lesson which it is very important for us to learn is, what is adequate evidence of truth, and when we are bound to rest satisfied. This may be a question which it is difficult to decide; but, as far as religion is concerned, the case is sufficiently plain. By the laws of our being, we are imperatively required to confide in the well ascertained testimony of our senses; to rely upon the veracity of our own consciousness; to receive the unimpeachable testimony of our fellow men, and to abide by those truths which are matters of intuitive perception or the necessary conclusions of reason. These are laws of belief impressed upon our constitution by our Creator, and are therefore the authoritative expressions of his will. To refuse obedience to these laws is, then, not only unreasonable, it is rebellion against God. They are the adamantine bars by which he has closed up the way to universal scepticism; and those who break through them do but prematurely enter upon the outer darkness. We are obliged, then, as rational beings, to receive every truth which rests upon the testimony of our senses, upon the authority of consciousness, the unimpeachable testimony of witnesses, or the intuitive perceptions or necessary deductions of reason. Whether we can systematize and reconcile all the truths thus arrived at, is a very different question. Our obligation to receive them does not rest upon this power, but upon the evidence afforded for each separate truth. Our consciousness tells us that we are sinners; it also informs us of our helplessness. We may fight against one or the other of these truths as the ocean chafes the rocks; they cannot be moved. When the mind has been drugged with false philosophy, it may for a time disbelieve; but the infidelity lasts no longer than the intoxication. As soon as the man is sober, the truth reappears in greater clearness and authority than ever. Nothing, therefore, can be eventually gained by resistance to the truth; and it is the part of wisdom to submit at once to the laws of belief which God has impressed upon our nature.

Besides this rule of faith, if it may be so called, which God has given us in the constitution of our nature, we have his word and his providence, authenticated by all kinds of adequate testimony. There can be no higher ground of faith than the authority of God. Even confidence in the testimony of our senses or the dictates of consciousness, resolves itself into confidence in the veracity of God, by whom the laws of nature have been established. Any truth, therefore, which is sustained by a well-authenticated revelation of God, or upon the actual dispensations of his providence, must be considered as fully established; and every objection which can be shown to militate against either, must be considered as fully answered. It was thus that the sacred writers answered objections. It was enough for them that God asserted any truth, or actually exercised any prerogative. Any further vindication they deemed unnecessary. We should act on the same principle, and quietly submit to all that God says, and to all he does. Some men complainingly ask, Why were we born? Surely it is enough that they are born. The fact cannot be denied, whether they can see the wisdom and design of their creation or not. Or they ask, Why were we born in a state of sin, or in a world in which sin is universal and inevitable? This, to human reason, may be a question impossible to answer. But as the fact stares us in the face, is there any use in denying it? But it is further asked, If we are born in such a state, that either from our nature or circumstances sin is inevitable and universal, how can we be responsible? Whatever difficulty there may be in showing how we are responsible, there is no doubt as to the fact. We feel ourselves to be responsible, and can no more free ourselves of the conviction than we can get rid of the consciousness of existence. Where, then, is the wisdom of quarrelling with facts? Why should we spend our lives like a wild beast in a cage, for ever chafing against the bars of its prison, which nevertheless remain? Let us learn to submit to what we see to be true; let us remember that our knowledge does not embrace all truth; that things may be perfectly consistent with each other and with the attributes of God, though we may not see how. Our knowledge will continually increase; and those facts which give us most difficulty will be found to be so analagous to others, the justice of which we are able to recognise, that if we never come to see all thigs in their harmony, we shall at least see that they must be consistent, being parts of that system which is every where luminous with the manifestations of the wisdom and love of God. Let us remember that we are children, the children of God; that he gives us abundant evidence of every thing which he requires us to believe, though he renders it necessary for us to exercise confidence in him, to feel assured that what he says is true, and that what he does is right; that though clouds and darkness may be round about him, justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne.—(Psa. lxxxix. 14; xcvii. 2.)

The last general remark to be made in reference to these objections is, that they are almost always dishonestly urged; that is, they are urged with an inward conviction of their fallacy. As in many cases we know things to be true which we cannot prove, so we often know objections to be fallacious which we cannot answer. If a man denies his own existence, or the distinction between right and wrong, it is in vain to argue with him. There can be nothing plainer than the truth denied, and therefore there can be no means of proving it. So also, if, to escape the charge of guilt, he denies his responsibility, he denies a fact of consciousness, which cannot possibly be made plainer. Or if he plead his inability as an excuse for not repenting and obeying God, he presents a plea which he knows has no validity. He knows that however real this inability may be, it is of such a nature as to afford no excuse for his continuing in sin, because the conviction of its reality coexists in his own consciousness with a sense of guilt. It is a plea, therefore, that does not avail at the bar of his own conscience, and he knows that it will not avail at the bar of God. In like manner, when men object to the strictness of the Divine law, they do so with the inward persuasion of the righteousness of that law. Its requirements commend themselves to their conscience. They know that, as God is infinitely wise and good, it is right that we should regard him with supreme affection, and implicitly submit to all his directions.

All such cavilling objections men know to be false. God has not left himself without a witness. His voice has an authority which we cannot resist. When he tells us that we are sinners, we know it to be true. When he tells us that we are worthy of death, we know it to be a righteous judgment. When he tells us that we have no strength to save ourselves, and that our salvation depends upon his will, we know it to be even so. Whenever he reveals himself, our mouths are shut, not from fear merely, but from an intimate persuasion of the justice of all his ways. It is, then, both foolish and wicked to urge objections against the truth, which we ourselves know to be futile, whether this be done with a view to perplex our fellow men, or in the vain endeavour to silence the accusations of conscience and the word of God.

Such is the power of truth, that neither the natural insensibility of the heart, nor the want of consideration, nor the direct efforts which men make to suppress serious thoughts, nor the whole array of sophisticated objections, can avail to counteract the secret conviction in the breast of the impenitent, that they are in the road to eternal death. This conviction is often very weak. When men are engrossed in the concerns of this world, it is overlooked. Still it is there; and it is ever and anon waking up to trouble them. Nor can the suggestion that God is merciful, and, peradventure, will not be strict to mark iniquity, quiet this uneasy apprehension. This suggestion, therefore, avails but little. It is counteracted by the sense of ill desert, by the irrepressible conviction that those who commit sin are worthy of death, by the plain declarations of Scripture, and by the evidence which even providence affords that God is righteous. The vague apprehension of coming wrath therefore, in despite of all their efforts, still haunts the path of the impenitent. It chills their joys, and gathers strength whenever the world seems to be receding from their grasp.

Most men are driven to enter the plea of guilty before the bar of conscience, and content themselves with praying for a delay of judgment. They are forced to admit that they are not fit to die in their present state; that they are bound to comply with the requirement of the gospel; but they plead for time. "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."—(Acts xxiv. 25.) Conscience is more easily deluded by this plea, which seems to admit its demands, than by any other. It is, therefore, the most dangerous snare for souls. Men do not reflect on the wickedness of pleading with God for liberty to continue a little longer in sin; to be allowed to break his commandments, to disregard his mercies, to slight his love, and to injure the cause of truth and righteousness. They do not think of the indignation with which they would reject such a plea from an ungrateful and disobedient son or servant. Nor do they remember, that every such act of procrastination is a great aggravation of their guilt, as it supposes a consciousness of the evil of their present course, and a recognition of the righteousness of all the demands of God. Nor do they consider that the difficulties which beset the path of their return to God are all increased by delay. If the work of repentance be irksome to-day, it will be more irksome to-morrow. If the heart be now hard, it will become yet harder by neglect. If the power of sin be now too strong for us to resist, it will become still stronger by indulgence. If the motives to repentance now fail to secure obedience, they will act with constantly increasing disadvantage hereafter. If God be justly displeased now, he will be more and more displeased by continued disobedience. Every day's procrastination therefore increases, at a fearful rate, the probability of our final perdition.

THE VOICE OF HOME.

(*From "The Gift Book for the Young."*)

In the hollow of a small retired glen, in the county of Perth, and at a short distance from the shores of Loch Tay, whose blue waters might be seen glancing in the sunbeams, rose a humble cottage. One side rested against the face of the rock, that towered high above its crooked chimneys, and sheltered it from the fierce winds that at times rushed down the mountains, and shook the thick fir-trees and pines that clothed their sides. In the front of this dwelling was a small patch of greensward, at the end of which ran a little brook, whose waters, issuing from between some lichen-covered rocks, a few yards higher up the glen, leaped exultingly along, as if rejoicing in their escape from the dark and secret depths of the mountain, through which they had wound their silent and solitary way.

In the cottage, whose situation I have described, the present occupant had grown up from his birth, as had his father and grandfather before him. The spot around was endeared to James G—— by many time-honoured and hallowed associations, not only because there he had been born, and there his parents had died; but there was an historical interest attaching to it, of no trifling nature to him.

James G—— was a Scottish peasant of the highest grade, or, as in England he would be called, a small farmer. He had received the usual education of his class in Scotland. To this he added an extensive acquaintance with a variety of subjects; and possessed a sound judgment, and a warm, benevolent heart. With these excellences, natural and acquired, was associated a deep-rooted piety, that threw a halo of brightness and beauty over all the other features of his character; and which displayed itself in all his intercourse with his fellow men, and especially in the bosom of his family. James G—— had an admirable wife, and both most carefully and prayerfully brought up their offspring in the fear of the Lord. Five children gathered around the parental board, and although its provisions were of the simplest kind, never did a happier group assemble at a meal. The eldest boy, who was of a gentle spirit, and of a contemplative turn of mind, his father fondly hoped would be a future minister of the gospel; the noble and natural wish of many a devout, though poor, Scottish peasant's heart. Often as the youth sat by the side of the brook that murmured before their door, absorbed in the perusal of some old and worn volume from his father's well-selected, though scanty shelves, did the mother's eye gleam with tears, as softly she breathed the prayer of her inmost heart, that he might realize their fondest wishes. And not in vain were all their yearnings and hard toils to secure for Gilbert the education that should qualify him for the solemn office they hoped he would choose to fill. With a devout, though trembling heart, he sought counsel of God, and consulted with others, until at length a path was opened for him to enter the university of Glasgow, where, after passing with honour through the several courses of study prescribed, he was ultimately introduced into the ministry.

We follow the footsteps of the second boy and third child of the family, William. He was in all respects the very opposite of his elder brother: lively even to boisterousness; hasty in his temper, but speedily subdued; disinclined to study, while very quick in his apprehensions; eager after the attainment of any object on which he had set his heart, although wanting in that quiet, plodding perseverance which so distinguished his elder brother, and which, with a moderate share of abilities, generally accomplishes more than even genius, which puts forth, only at intervals, that amount of energy which must be continuous to insure success. At the time his brother left for college, he had reached an age when it was deemed necessary to decide on some step as to his future prospects. His father was desirous that he should follow his own occupation, in which, indeed, as had his elder brother before him, he had been partially engaged. To this the youth consented, and most probably but for an offer, which was shortly after made to his father, of an advantageous kind, he would have lived and died a Scottish peasant.

His mother had a distant relative residing at Paisley, who had amassed some property by the manufacture of shawls, who was desirous of having in his office a youth in whom he might confide, and in whose advancement he might feel an interest. The communication, by which he made known to James G—— his intentions with respect to one of his sons, caused a little excitement in the domestic circle at the cottage. It was an opportunity for William's worldly advancement, of which the father was unwilling to deprive him; while, at the same time, he was not insensible to the dangers to which he would be exposed in the midst of a dense population, and subject to so many unhallowed influences, which, in spite of the utmost vigilance on the part of his relations, might unhappily affect the youth, and produce tastes and habits altogether opposed to the purity of his morals and the peace of his soul. In nothing had G—— and his wife shown so much solicitous care as in the religious education of their children. Knowing, from experience, the incalculable worth of Divine knowledge, and drinking daily of the sweet waters that flow from the throne of God, they were assiduous in their attempts to lead their children to the same sources of holy enjoyment; and, by well-grounding their minds in the truth, to guard them against the insidious snares of the infidel and the worldling, and the not less dangerous foes, their own depraved passions and appetites. In the case of their eldest child they had the pleasure of witnessing the beautiful flowers of genuine piety unfold themselves in his heart, and diffuse a fragrance around his every action. But it was not so with William. With no vicious habits that they had observed; with no hankering after gayer society than he found at home—this, perhaps, the seclusion of their dwelling would have rendered impracticable, had he wished it—they yet discerned nothing that indicated any religious feeling; any due appreciation of the infinitely momentous nature of eternal things. It was this that made them tremble at the prospect of his leaving the parental roof.

Many days did the father and mother muse on the offer that had been made, and many fervent prayers did they present to Heaven for direction. At length a second, and yet more urgent request, together with reiterated assurances of watchfulness over his kinswoman's child, led them to resolve to send him to Paisley. This resolution was communicated to William, who, charmed by the novelty of the prospect, looked forward, with his characteristic eagerness, to his change of position and engagements. The preparations for his departure were soon made, and a day fixed for his father to take him to his new abode.

It was on the evening preceding his departure that the family were grouped around the deal table, on which "the big ha' Bible" lay. His father read a portion of Divine truth appropriate to the occasion, and, bending the knee, supplicated, in ardent petitions, the blessing of the Great God on his child. His voice faltered as he adverted to the dangers to which his boy would be exposed, and the ill-supressed sobs of the mother told how deeply her maternal heart sympathized in the anxiety of her husband. William felt the warm tears gushing through his closed eyelids, as he listened to the weeping and requests of his parent; and his heart trembled as his father continued to pray, that he might not by any untoward behaviour, by any false step, "bring down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." When the prayer had ended, each one, as if by mutual consent, remained for a short time in a bending posture, and at that moment of solemn quiet, the setting sun, bursting through a dark cloud, poured a stream of glory into the room, and, resting upon the uplifted countenance of him whose voice had just ceased, almost unconsciously his lips uttered the language of the prophet, "At evening time it shall be light." He knew not, at the moment, how truly prophetic were the words.

At break of day, William set out on his journey, accompained by his father. It cost him no small pain to leave the home of his childhood, where so many happy hours had passed, to enter upon another and a novel scene, in the midst of strangers, where all was uncertainty both as to his actual position and future prospects. The last words of his father's prayer yet rang in his ears, and during the long hours of a sleepless night, he seemed to have made an advance in thoughtfulness at which he himself was surprised. Not only did he feel sorrow at leaving the friends of his youth, and the home of his childhood, but a deep and undefinable feeling of regret pervaded his heart as he turned away from the different objects around his home with which he was so familiar. The lake had never appeared so calm and beautiful; the hills, whose heathery sides he had so often climbed, never so bold in their outline; and the air, laden with the sweets rifled from the beds of wild thyme, never so fragrant and reviving. Old Jock, the house-dog, leaped before him as if to prevent his leaving them; and the blue-bells, dripping with the dew, hung their heads, as if sad at his departure. But leave he must, and with a loving farewell of his mother, he joined his father at the entrance of the glen, where he was waiting for a conveyance to carry him to his destination.

Arrived at Paisley, James G—— gave his son into the hands of his relation, reiterating to the youth the solemn injunctions he had addressed to him as they rode together during their ride. On the same day he returned home.

Left to himself, the first night, as William retired to rest, he mused on his altered position. He was now in the midst of strangers; had taken the first step into the busy world, of which he had heard so much in the quiet of his cottage home; and whose dangerous paths, of which he had been so often warned, he was about to traverse. He had read of many who, with fair prospects, had fallen; the hopes of whose anxious friends had been blasted, and their once happy hearth made desolate. Should he ever bring a gloom over his father's house? This was an agitating question that shook his soul. How was he to act to avert so dreaded an evil? How guard against the many dangers of which his father spoke? And then he recollected with vividness the instructions he had so often received from the lips of his mother; the wise cautions, the affectionate and urgent appeals, she addressed to him. Her form seemed to stand before him, as on the preceding night, she uttered, with pale and trembling lips, her maternal blessing on her beloved child; and as he thought of that mild, blue eye, that ever looked so lovingly on him, even in his most passionate moments, he almost believed she was near him; and that again, as when he laid his head on her bosom, and wept his farewell, he felt her warm breath on his cheek, and heard her earnest solemn words. It was his own heart that spake—that echoed her parting benedictions. It was the voice of home before which his spirit bowed. He bent his knee in prayer, and sought blessings for himself and those who were dear to him; and, when he sunk to sleep, it was to dream of home.

The details of the everyday life of a clerk in a counting-house, where the light of heaven, struggling through dingy windows, falls languidly on desks and ledgers, and walls wainscoted with shelves and cupboards, are not likely to be very full of interest to any one. William G—— soon understood the nature of his duties, and was very efficient in their performance, manifesting a commendable diligence, which obtained the favourable notice of his employers. Their favourable opinion was also conveyed to the cottage; gladdening the hearts of all its inmates. But upon matters of religion there was no apparent, and, indeed, no real progress.

In the same establishment with himself, was a young man from Edinburgh, of the name of H——, who thought it a mark of superior intelligence and wisdom to question that which most people, and they the most sober-minded and sensible, allowed; and to reject all doctrines that did not harmonize with his own inclinations. With a knowledge of the utter hostility of Mr C——, his master, to these principles, he had carefully concealed them. But now that he was hourly in the society of a youth, a year or two his junior, he began to draw his toils around William G——, by uttering insinuations of such a nature, that while they tended gradually to undermine the faith of a partially-informed mind, did not suddenly shock him, even though he had never before heard the truth of Divine things questioned. By degrees, the tempter advanced on his victim. Small publications, advocating sceptical opinions, with a show of philosophy and reasoning, were placed in his hands, and eagerly read by the thoughtless youth. The more these were studied, the less his Bible was perused, and the shorter his devotional exercises became. He regularly communicated with home, but not one word did he write of the nature of the subjects on which he was reading. The plague was spreading through his soul; and none but the cruel author of the mischief that was going on, at all suspected it.

More than twelve months had elapsed since he had come to Paisley, and a change had passed over him, which, had his friends known it, would have filled them with inexpressible sorrow. But God was working out his own counsels with infinite wisdom, and was about to save poor William G—— from the tremendous gulf of hopeless and gloomy infidelity into which he seemed ready to plunge.

It was his second birth-day since he had left his father's roof; and the morning of it brought him a letter from his mother, filled with expressions of maternal tenderness, and words of sound and judicious advice. She spake of the pleasure she hoped he enjoyed in the study of his Bible, of the duty of prayer, of the dangers to which the young were exposed in the midst of a large population, where the loosest opinions on questions of morality and religion were rife: she painted, in liveliest colours, the anguish and shame, the deep, unutterable agony with which the defection of any of her children from the way in which they had been trained, would give her and her husband; and expressed her joy that, hitherto, her hopes had not been disappointed; and then, in a strain of holy and affectionate fervour, invoked the blessing and protection of heaven upon her child.

William read the letter with a pale cheek, a quivering lip, and tearful eye; and, as he finished the perusal, the folly and guilt of his recent conduct rose before him. That tone of confiding love in which his mother's letter had been written; and that happy ignorance of his alienated condition which evidently existed, affected him more than the severest upraidings, or the calmest and clearest reasonings would have done. Could he bring wretchedness to that parent's heart? Doom her to bitter sorrow and to a premature grave? And for what? For a system of iniquity, which his judgment had often despised, though his unchanged heart had yielded to its seductive influences. He walked about his room in great agitation, and, as he did this, his eye fell on the small copy of the Scriptures which his mother had placed among his clothes at the time he first left home. He took it from the place where it had rested for several months, unopened; and, wiping off the dust, he sat down to read. His eye lighted upon the words of Solomon, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." It was as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet. With whom had he been walking? with the very fools of whom revelation speaks; who say—"No God?" With a burning brow and pained heart, he knelt and exclaimed, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight;" and his sobs mingled with his petitions. His spirit had heard, and had bowed as it heard, the thrilling "voice of home."

The next day he burned the publications, in the perusal of which he had spent many precious hours; bitterly reproaching himself for his insufferable folly in allowing his mind to be deluded by such shallow sophistries. He shunned the society of his former associate, whose transference to another part of the premises, during business hours, relieved him from a great part of the danger to which he had been exposed, from the frequent and artful insinuations, which, at intervals, he managed to breathe into his ear in the course of the day. H—— soon observed an alteration in the manner and conversation of William, and was not slow in asking questions as to the cause. A hasty expression of unwillingness to enter upon the subject, with a hint that he had heard from home, was followed by a sneer of contempt from H——, who supposed that it was a direct communication, relative to the subjects on which they had so often conversed, that had been received by William from his friends; and not that it was the conviction of his own mind, which had been roused to so great an extent by the confiding and earnest tone of his mother's letter, that had led him to abandon the false and dangerous opinions he had been imbibing from his treacherous friend. From this time, H—— sought other associates, and William was left unmolested.

Years rolled on, and though scrupulously honest and upright in his conduct, there were no symptoms of real religion in the heart of William G——. This, which was noticed with pain by the keen eye of his watchful and anxious mother, whenever he visited his home, was, to her and his father, a source of no small grief. And this was not the less poignant when, by a change in the circumstances of his employer, it was deemed necessary he should reside in London, whither he was desirous William should accompany him. It was with great reluctance James G—— and his wife acceded to this proposal; but as their son appeared to regard it as opening before him yet brighter prospects, with a heart filled with some painful forebodings, they consented, and he left his native land.

Arrived in London, he busied himself in his duties, and for two years nothing of importance occurred. He regularly attended a minister of the Scotch Church, to whom he bore letters of recommendation from one of the elders of his father's kirk; but his was an attendance without devotion, and consequently without profit. Into some of the various scenes of amusement with which the metropolis abounds, he, with two or three of the young men in his establishment, went from time to time. But happily these were not congenial to his taste; and often he reproached himself for mingling with crowds, where, with nothing to improve the mind, there was so much that was calculated to injure the heart. Letters from home often excited a temporary compunction, although, alas! too brief to lead him to fling off the associates who were the principal cause of his visits to these places. But an hour was approaching when the voice of home should be heard as aforetime, and in tones more loud, and distinct, and emphatic.

William was ever a delicately-formed youth. Even amid the healthy breezes of Perthshire there were symptoms of premature decay, which his residence at Paisley had not removed. Still it was hoped he might outgrow this feebleness, and, for some time, the fond desires of his friends appeared likely to be realized. But at the close of his second year's residence in London, unmistakeable signs of consumption appeared. The rupture of a bloodvessel in the lungs laid him on a sick-bed for weeks, and then, in the hours of leisure which this affliction afforded him, his mind looked back to the past, and contemplated the future. It was a solemn scrutiny he undertook, and a deeply painful season to him; for conscience spoke loudly of past neglect; of the misimprovement of early privileges, and of the witness which his parents could bear against him. And now the lessons of childhood recurred forcibly to his memory: the morning and evening hours of family devotion; and, above all, that sacred time on the Sabbath afternoon, when, one by one, his mother took her children and prayed with them alone; and to which devotions she so often referred in her letters. He groaned in spirit as he reflected; the voice of home seemed floating around, and with a bursting heart he cried to God. Alas! that man should need affliction to remind him of his obligations to his Maker, and check the froward spirit in its career of folly!

Poor William grew worse. A physician recommended a change of air; and his heart yearning again to visit the scenes of his childhood, he resolved to go back to Scotland. He went to Liverpool by the railroad, and thence to Glasgow by sea; whence, by easy journeys, he reached his father's house. How different had been his prospects when he left it! Buoyant with help and hope, with the world before him, peopled by his active imagination with scenes bright, and pleasant, and prosperous! And now, how had they faded! He returned a feeble invalid—to die! He felt assured of this, for each day he grew weaker; and when, therefore, he laid his throbbing head on his mother's breast, as she received him into her arms, he exclaimed, "O death will be easier here, mother!" With a swelling heart, yet from fear of exciting him too much, endeavouring to hide her agitation, she kissed his pale brow, and said, "God, my child, can yet restore you."

"Never in this world," said William; "help me to prepare for the next."

Long was the conference that evening between the parents and their sick boy; and when the latter had retired to rest, it was with a strong faith, though with a bleeding heart, they bent the knee together; and while all the other inmates of the house were slumbering save the invalid, they pleaded long and ardently for him. His quick ear caught their words, and the tones of yearning fondness and anxiety; and it seemed as if he were again a child, and all the past had been a long and confused dream. What a host of associations these familiar voices of his home had aroused! the impressions of his boyhood, when with reverential awe he listened to the parental injunctions, were revived; and his pillow was wet with the tears of the penitent, as with fervency he prayed, "Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy, remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O Lord!"

Eagerly did he peruse his Bible from day to day; and when too weak to do this himself, he listened to the gentle voice of his only sister, or to the mellow tones of his beloved mother, as they read its blessed truths. Month after month he lingered; the "outward man" decaying, but, happily, the "inward man" was "renewed day by day." He bent at the Saviour's feet for pardon, and his prayer was daily to the Spirit of grace for that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord."

The chill autumnal gusts were heard on the hills, and William's frame quivered under their influence. Rapidly, at last, his disease advanced, and the close of an October day witnessed his departure. One hand was clasped in both his mother's; the other was grasped by his sister. Slowly and distinctly the pale lips of his brother, the minister, who had joined the family, uttered, "Jesus said, 'I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' Believest thou this?" The dying youth opened his eyes, which had before been for some time closed, turned them on the speaker, then slowly on each of the members of his family gathered round his bed, fixed them on his mother's face, and feebly exclaimed, "Yea, Lord, I believe;" closed his eyes again, gave a gentle sigh, and his spirit fled.

"Even so, Lord, for so it seemeth good in thy sight," exclaimed the father; while his wife, whose tears had been so long repressed, now with deep sobs laid her face near that of her child, and wept with that sorrow which a bereaved mother only can know.

God had answered James G——'s prayers. At evening time there was light. And "the voice of home," which had again and again struck on the smitten heart of the youth, had not been heard in vain. Oh that none of our young readers who have been blessed with a holy, happy fireside, may ever know the anguish William G—— felt, when the remembrance of his sin smote him for his neglect of the instructions received there! And remember, where one like him is snatched as a brand from the fire, not a few perish for ever, through their neglect of the lessons of childhood and youth.

PETER THE NEGRO SHIP MISSIONARY.

A MINISTER of the gospel has recorded the following account of one who, as we speak of a home missionary and a foreign missionary, may well be called the ship missionary.

"The negro of whom I am about to tell, was steward of a vessel which was a regular trader between one of our ports in North America and Liverpool. In this vessel I engaged a passage on my return to my native country. I soon found that neither the captain nor my fellow-passengers, would afford me that assistance in my Christian walk which the feebleness of my infant steps at that time so much required. The first few days of the voyage were more than irksome, and I was often with sadness reminded of my late neglected privileges of Christian worship and Christian communion. One day, however, I overheard the captain speaking in terms of the highest commendation of his black steward; but adding, that he was so addicted to praying and singing psalms, that he had often threatened to build a steeple over his steward's pantry or cabin; the captain, I grieve to say, and all my fellow-passengers, were scoffers and blasphemers. This conversation seemed to put new life in me, and I hoped that there was one at least on board with whom I might converse respecting the things which pertain to our everlasting peace. I had observed the meekness and kind attention of the steward; but had not expected to discover a brother in Christ, in one whose office and manner of life seemed so uncongenial to the growth of pure religion. After what I had heard, I speedily made myself known to him as one who was under the same guidance, and, I hoped, travelling the same road as himself; and many were the happy hours I spent, many the pure lessons of gospel wisdom I received in that little spot, which the captain, in his scorn, had described as worthy of a steeple. But the benefit I derived from my negro brother did not stop here; he not only preached the word to me in his little cabin, but was instant in season, and out of season, reproving, rebuking, and exhorting me, with all long-suffering and doctrine. I was then but very young in the family of Christ, and was often much inclined to deny my Master in the presence of his enemies; but never, after my first interview with Peter, did I seem to acquiesce in the sentiments of my ungodly companions when ranged round the cuddy table, or shrink from reproving the profane expression, without a word of Christian counsel from my faithful brother. I think I see him now as he waited upon us at table, casting upon me the pitying and sorrowful eye, when he found me ashamed of my Master and his cause. He would afterwards seize the first opportunity afforded him of speaking to me alone, and would always commence his address (knowing that the voice of conscience was heard within) in these words, "Ah! Massa, no get peace that way;" "Massa no get peace by being ashamed of Jesus." One could not be displeased with the reproof, however troublesome so faithful a monitor might at times appear, his manner being so very respectful, and at the same time his affectionate interest so apparent. But I found I was not the only object of his Christian labours on board the vessel; his master (the captain), the other passengers, and every member of the ship's company, heard from the lips of Peter, at one time or another, the words of eternal life. His consistency and open confession of the truth, caused his exhortations to be received without offence, and to be listened to with attention. All respected pious Peter, and he embraced all within the circle of his charity. People could not but love him, especially one who, like myself, had so largely been blessed through his instrumentality. I often thought of his trying situation, exposed so continually to the close contact of persons so notoriously addicted to blasphemous and evil conversation as are the common sailors, especially when in the service of a man whose constant habit was the holding forth to the ridicule of others his steward's religious feelings and habits. To add to the misery of his situation, as I conceived, he was, moreover, utterly deprived of the benefit of the ordinances of God's house, except while the vessel was in port; and one day I spoke to him on the subject, expressing my surprise that he should choose such an occupation as his present one. I asked him how he came to be so situated; he answered, "I don't know, massa; God call me to this place." "But," I replied, "I wonder you remain in it; surely you might serve God with more comfort in any other sphere; what causes you to continue as a ship's steward?" "What, don't you know, massa?" he said, "Not I," I replied. "Why, massa, don't you know? Every voyage we have fresh passengers, fresh crew; so you see, massa, every voyage we have a new congregation; I preach to new people." Here was the secret disclosed why this man of God was the steward of the "Corsair." O, that we all had the missionary spirit of pious Peter!

WHY DO YOU NOT GO TO THE PRAYER-MEETING?

TRADESMEN often say they have no time; they cannot leave their business: that is, they will not. I am aware that it is not, and could not, by any contrivance and forethought, be always made convenient for tradesmen, especially shopkeepers, to be at the house of God on a week-day evening; but could it not be oftener done than it is? Would not a settled purpose, a good plan, and a little preparation, *generally* leave the way open for such persons to the sanctuary? Is it not enough time given to the world, to carry on its concerns till seven o'clock in the evening? If there be a party to be joined, or some public business to be attended to, cannot tradesmen find time for this? Oh! brethren, try, try. Be anxious to throw off the cares of the world time enough to be found in your place at the house of God, on the evening of the weekly service.

But *your residence is too far in the country to enable you to attend.* Then why go so far? Why sacrifice the pleasure and improvement to be gained in the sanctuary, for the enjoyment of rural scenes? The modern taste for a country residence is making sad work with piety. How many are there, who, on this account, can attend only *one* public service even on the Sabbath! And has it not proved a snare in other ways, leading to a neglect of their trade, and to expenses which their income was not adequate to meet? Your salvation, professing Christians, your salvation is, or should be, the great business with you; and every thing else should be subordinate to it.

Some who will read this Address are the MOTHERS of large families, and imagine they find in their domestic and maternal cares an insurmountable obstacle in the way of such services as I now recommend, and a sufficient excuse for neglecting them. I readily allow that in many cases this is admissible. Duties cannot be in opposition to each other. There is no religion in neglecting a dependent family, and allowing home to be a scene of confusion, even though it be to attend public worship; and if this *must* be the result, judgment and conscience being witnesses, your way is clear, and the place of your duty is home. But be quite sure that you could not by method, diligence, preparation, and judicious delegation, attend to every duty of home, and yet leave opportunity for one weekly visit to the sanctuary. I have known mothers and mistresses, who were patterns of devotedness to home duties, and at the same time were exemplary in their attendance at the house of God. The devoted mother wants an occasional relaxation from her assiduities; and what so refreshing as an hour spent in the house of God?

A more difficult case is that of the WIFE *whose husband is inimical to religion altogether*, and especially so to its week-day engagements. Constant attendance, in such circumstances, can hardly be expected; and many thus situated must forego the privilege, and seek to make up by renewed diligence in the use of the private means of grace, the loss they are compelled to sustain of the public ones.

LABOURING MEN, I am aware, are under a strong temptation after a day's hard toil, to imagine they are too tired for a sermon, and that they will be excused by God for going home to spend the evening in their own house, instead of his. In many, very many cases, this is not an excuse, but a sufficient reason for their neglect; their labour is so great and so exhausting, as to utterly incapacitate them for that mental application which is necessary for a profitable attendance upon the means of grace. In this case the gracious Redeemer himself makes the same defence for them as he did for his slumbering disciples, and says the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

Suffer, then, dear brethren, the word of exhortation on this important subject; renounce all excuses: endeavour to be in a state of mind which shall not prompt you to seek after them. Be in earnest, far more in earnest, than are the generality of professors, about your soul's concerns. Give all diligence to make your calling and election sure. Hunger and thirst after righteousness. Live the life of faith. Set your affections not on things on the earth, but on things above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Be not satisfied with mere external religious decorum, and a consistency in which the world, or your fellow professors, can see no flaw. Let your conversation be in heaven; feel and act as the citizens of the celestial state. Walk with God; rejoice in hope of the glory to be revealed; and steadily look at eternity. In order to keep up such a state of mind, comply with the admonition of this Address. Let it be matter of conscience, not of taste merely, to attend the week-day services. You need them; and they will help and bless you. Be *regular* in your attendance. Do not let it be a mere occasional thing to be there, when an admonition has been delivered on the Sabbath calling upon you for the performance of this duty, or when something extraordinary is to be heard. This is the case with too many. We see them sometimes, but oftener miss them. *Be it with you* AN ORDINANCE FIXED AS THE SABBATH; keep the evening free from all occupation; make no other engagement. When invited to something else, say, "No, that evening is given to God." "The diligent soul," I repeat, "shall be made fat." *This* is diligence. May it be yours.—*James.*

TIRED OF THE MINISTER.

THE faithful minister of the gospel has no sinecure. He has plenty of labour, no less anxiety, and little encouraging success. Not the least of his troubles arise from the humours of unreasonable men. Let us take an example. We give it in the form of a colloquy:—

A. We are getting very tired of our minister. For my part, I have received no benefit from his preaching for a year past. He never touches my feelings, and the fact is he often preaches me to sleep. We must try to get rid of him, or the church will go down.

B. I am very sorry to hear that there are grounds of complaint against Mr T., for he certainly appears to be a very good and conscientious man. I have been told by those who have been in his family, that he is a man of much prayer, and that he by no means neglects his study.

A. Well, it is just as I tell you. I go to church regularly, and I come away just as I went. It seems as if I had [illegible] feeling while he is preaching.

B. Did it ever suggest itself to your mind, that the fault was sometimes more in the hearer than the preacher?

A. How can that be? I am always in my pew, and surely it must be Mr T.'s fault if I am not benefited.

B. Will you suffer me to ask you a few questions?

A. Certainly.

B. Well, then, have you not, during the past year, greatly enlarged your business?

A. I certainly have.

B. Has it not required so much of your attention, that you sometimes have to go out in the morning without secret prayer, and even without calling your family together for social worship? And are you not often so hurried and fatigued at night, that you drop into your bed without first going to your knees to implore a blessing? And still further, does not the reading of one chapter in the Bible now satisfy you for several days? and are you not sensible that the world has got full possession of your mind?

A. Who told you this? I am not disposed to make you my father confessor.

B. You need not. Answer the questions to your own conscience. Presuming, however, that I am not far wrong in my surmises, I ask you frankly, if it be not possible that *poor hearing*, rather than *poor preaching*, is the true cause of your not being edified under the ministry of Mr T. He is no worker of miracles. How can you expect the good seed to take root in your heart which you have been filling with weeds all the week? You take six days in stupifying your conscience by devotion to the world, and complain that he cannot, in one hour, raise your thoughts to heaven. You ask too much. Mr T. is not omnipotent. He cannot melt stones. If you harden yourself against instruction, the fault is your own.—*Presbyterian.*

MORNING THOUGHTS.

The solemn stillness of the morning, just before break of day, is fit and friendly to the cool and undisturbed recollection of a man just risen refreshed and in perfect health. Let him compare his condition with half of the world, and let him feel an indisposition to adore and admire his protector, if he can. How many great events have come to pass during the hours I have reposed! I feel my insignificance. The heavenly bodies have moved on; the great wheels of nature have none of them stood still; vegetation is advanced; the season is come forward; fleets have continued sailing; councils have been held; and on the opposite side of the world, in broad noonday, what revolutions have taken place, without my consent, concurrence, or knowledge! Great God, what am I in the world? An insect—a nothing! In the morning, O Lord, thou Great Being! unto thee will I look up.

How many of my fellow creatures have spent the last six hours in praying in vain for one hour's sleep! How many in racking pain, crying, "Would to God it were morning!" How many in prison! How many in commission of great crime! How many have been burnt out of house and home! How many have been wrecked at sea, or lost in untrodden ways on land! How many have been robbed and murdered! How many have died unprepared, and are now lifting up their eyes in torment!—And here I stand, a monument of mercy, "the living," to praise God. In the morning, O Lord! thou gracious and merciful being, unto thee will I look up. I will bemoan the vices, and sympathise with the distresses of my fellow creatures. I will try this day to show my gratitude to my Preserver, by taking care not to offend him.—*Robinson.*

WARMTH FOR THE COLD.

I had a letter and comfortable tidings from my dear father (Philip Henry), as also four directions how to keep warm within in this cold season.

1. Get into the sun, that is Christ. Under the beams of this blessed Sun of righteousness there are warmth and comfort.
2. Walk to the fire, that is, the word of God. "Is not my word like fire?" How many warming, comforting passages are there!
3. Keep in motion and action; stirring up ourselves and the gift and grace of God that is in us.
4. Christian converse and communion. How can one be warm alone?—*Life of Mrs Savage.*

NOVEL-READING.

So long as the slightest shade of uncertainty rests upon a question, we are not fond of dogmatizing; but there is, at least, one deliverance about works of fiction, in the safety and soundness of which we feel altogether confident. Did we hear of any one acquaintance who had now bidden his conclusive adieu to them all, we should not have the slightest apprehension lest either the moral or intellectual of his nature should at all suffer by it. Did we hear of him, on the other hand, much and greedily addicted to the perusal of them, we should tremble for the deterioration of both.—*Dr Chalmers.*

Fragments.

Across the night of Paganism, philosophy flitted on like the lantern fly of the tropics—a light to itself, and an ornament; but, alas! no more than an ornament, of the surrounding darkness.—*Coleridge.*

O! the grandeur and the littleness, the excellence and the corruption, the majesty and the meanness of man!—*Pascal.*

When we are to execute the fierce anger of the Lord upon our sins, yet we are kind-hearted and spare Agag—the reigning sin, and the splendid temptation.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Our heart is impatient of seeing its own stain, like the elephant which tramples in the pure stream and first troubles it, then stoops and drinks, when he can least see his huge deformity.—*Ibid.*

Death ends not the life of Christians, it only ends their sins.—*Ambrose.*

Some Christians resemble the moon rather than the sun; less heat and less light, and subject to many changes.

THE ANGELS' TEXT;

A Sermon.

BY THE LATE REV. AUGUSTUS WILLIAM HARE, A.M.*

LUKE ii. 14.—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

SUCH was the text of the angels on the night of our Saviour's birth; and to that text our Saviour's life furnished the sermon. For it was a life of holiness and devotion to his Father's service, a life spent in doing good to the bodies and souls of all around him; and it was ended by a death undergone on purpose to reconcile man with God, and to set earth at peace with heaven. Here is a practical sermon on the angels' text, the best of all sermons—a sermon not of words, but deeds. Whoever will duly study that practical sermon, whoever with a teachable, inquiring heart will study the accounts of our Saviour's words and actions handed down in the four Gospels, will need little else to enlighten him in the way of godliness. Nevertheless, since it has pleased God that faith should come by hearing, and hearing by the multitude of preachers, I will say a few words to you on each of the heads into which this, the angels' text, divides itself.

The first words of it are, Glory to God! and a most weighty lesson may we draw for ourselves, from finding the angels put that first. A world is redeemed. Millions on millions of human beings are rescued from everlasting death. Is not this the thing uppermost in the angels' thoughts? Is not this mighty blessing bestowed on man the first thing that they proclaim? No, it is only the second thing: the first thing is, Glory to God! Why so? Because God is the giver of this salvation; nay, is himself the Saviour, in the person of the only-begotten Son. Moreover, because in heavenly minds God always holds the first place, and they look at every thing with a view to him. But if this was the feeling of the angels, it is clear we cannot be like angels, until the same feeling is uppermost with us also. Would we become like them, we must strive to do God's will; as it is done in heaven; that is, because it is God's will: and because we are fully persuaded, that whatever he wills must needs be the wisest and best and rightest thing to do, whether we can see the reasons of it or not. We must have God ever in our thoughts, just as most men have themselves ever in their thoughts. I do not mean that we should be always considering what God is like; any more than a selfish man is always considering what he himself is like. But the selfish man does every thing with a view to self, to his own pleasure, to his own interest, to his own profit and convenience, and no more dreams of crossing his own wishes, or his own will, than of cutting and maiming his body. This, you must be well aware, is the way most men look to themselves Now I would have you look to God exactly in the same manner. But why say, *I* would have you? The Bible would have you, Jesus Christ would have you, make a habit of trying to obey and to please God in every thing, and thereby offering and devoting to him all your daily doings. Whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do, you should do all to God's glory. Then will you be like the angels, who began their text with Glory to God!

The next branch of the text is, Peace on earth. Our Saviour is especially called the Prince of Peace, because his great purposes were to bring down peace to man, and to plant and foster peace within man. He brought down peace to man; for he came with a message of free pardon from the Father to proclaim that God was willing to reconcile the world to himself, and would not impute their trespasses to men, if they would only turn to him and believe in him. Had not Jesus brought us this blessed message he would not have been the Messiah. For it was prophesied of him in the Psalms, that he should speak peace to his people, and to his saints (lxxxv. 8); and again in the prophet Zechariah, "He shall speak peace to the heathen" (ix. 10); and more strongly still in that sublime passage of Isaiah, where the prophet says, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God: speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished." Here is a plain proclamation of peace: for the warfare is said to be accomplished, or to be at an end. But when war is over, peace begins. This, however, is not all. The prophet adds how the war was to end: "her iniquity is pardoned." From these last words we learn that the war is a war with God; and that he puts a stop to it by a pardon. Well then might the angels sing, Peace on earth! when He was appearing upon earth who was the ambassador of peace with Heaven.

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* From "Sermons to a Country Congregation."

But Jesus was not content with proclaiming peace to man. He further made it one of his prime objects to plant and foster peace within man. Peace was his legacy to his apostles. "My peace I leave with you," were his words to them the night he was betrayed. But what kind of peace? Truly every kind which man can enjoy: peace of conscience, such as a man enjoys who knows his sins to be forgiven: peace of heart, such as a father may feel even in the hour of his bitterest sorrow, if he knows that the child whom death has just taken away is only sleeping, as the daughter of Jairus slept, and that Christ will hereafter come to wake him; peace of a mind at ease about worldly matters, such as befits persons who have been taught that only one thing is really needful to a reasonable and immortal spirit, that our heart and treasure should both be in heaven, and that, with regard to our earthly wants and wishes, every thing here below is in the hands of God, who cares for us, has no pleasure in afflicting us, and has promised to make all things work together for our good, if we will only love and fear him; lastly, peace and union between brethren, that we may all make up one body under Jesus Christ our head.

This is the fourfold peace which our Saviour came to plant and foster in the hearts of men. Now let each of us ask himself with all seriousness, Do I feel any thing of this godly peace? Ask yourselves, for instance, whether you have the peace arising out of the humble hope that your sins are pardoned. But remember, it is impossible to arrive at this, without being first convinced of sin. He that knows not the danger and the misery of being at war with God, will not feel the blessedness of being at peace with him. Ask yourselves again, whether you have the peace of heart and mind growing out of a thorough trust in God through Christ. Do you look to him as a child looks to its parent for the fulfilment of all your wishes? When he thwarts you, do you bow down? When he chastens you, do you kiss the rod? When he blesses you, do you ascribe the blessing to the only Author of every good gift? When he takes away some object of earthly love, which has struck its roots so deep into you, it tears your very heart to part with it, do you, instead of weakly sinking under the blow, or proudly hardening yourself against it, do you meekly sorrow over it, with a patient and hopeful sorrow, like men who know that the spirits of such as die in the Lord are blessed; and that it is good for the departed to be taken away, though it is bitter for the survivor to be left behind?

There is still another kind of peace, concerning which you should examine yourselves: I mean, peace and union with your Christian brethren. Let each ask himself whether he feels any thing of that. It is no common good-fellowship, it is no weak tie that will suffice. We are to love our neighbour as ourselves: so says Christ. We are to love him, not in word only, but in deed and in truth: so says St John. We are to be one with our Christian brethren, so as all to make up one family. Nay, this is not enough. St Paul's words are still stronger: he would have us all be as it were one body, one in interests, one in affections, one in heart and mind and soul and spirit. This can only be brought about by our emptying ourselves of ourselves, that the love of Christ may flow into us, and fill us all with the same affections and desires. Have we thus emptied ourselves? But it is useless to ask the question. Of course we have not. This is the last and highest step toward Christian perfection, which a man is allowed to take here below: and of course we have not taken it. But have we ever so much as made the attempt? Have we ever begun to fight against our own selfishness? Have we ever determined to deny ourselves, to mortify ourselves, to esteem others better than ourselves, to look not only to our own feelings and interests, but also to those of others? Have we ever begun to seek this peace and union, far as we may be from having attained to it?

If we have not done so, if our hearts cannot bear us true witness that we have any of these different kinds of peace within us, what share have we in Christ's coming? What good is it to us that peace on earth has been proclaimed, if we are still lying under God's wrath, still a prey to eating cares, still tossed about and torn by raging passions, so that our hearts are full of war? The same holy book, which tells us in one place that the angels proclaimed peace on earth, tells us likewise in another place, "There is no peace, saith God, to the wicked." Yet, brethren, though Christ may have failed on all former occasions to bring home peace to some of you, let him not fail of doing so now. He has come to you once more to-day. Once more have we been permitted to hear the story of his birth, the message of the angels, the song of the heavenly choir. We have followed the shepherds to the humble stable; and our souls have looked on the wondrous babe, the Son of God, the Maker of the world, lying, where none of you would suffer a child of yours to lie, among the cattle in a manger, and all to bring us peace. Will you again refuse the precious gift which he has come from beyond the stars to offer you? Accept it this time for his sake, for your own sakes. Begin now, whatever you may have done heretofore, to seek his peace, and to pursue it.

There is a third part of the angels' text,—namely, "Good-will to men:" and a very important part it is. For it sets forth the ground of our salvation. It was no excellency or merit of ours that drew our Saviour down from heaven; for we were full of nothing but demerits. It was the wretchedness of our fallen state, the seeing how impossible it was for us ever to recover by our own strength, that moved Almighty God in his infinite loving-kindness to send his Son to rescue and redeem us. He saw that there was none to save: therefore his own arm, the arm of God, brought us salvation; the righteousness of God was manifested to sustain us. Well then might the angels proclaim good-will to man at Christ's birth; since his birth was so great and wonderful a showing forth of God's good-will to us. For herein, as St Paul tells us, "God commendeth, or showeth forth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—(Rom. v. 8.) To the same purport are the words of St John: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."—(1 John iv. 10.)

But though this love of God for his sinful creatures is worthy of all gratitude and praise, the good-will declared in the angels' text means something more than mere love. The word which we translate good-will is a word very full of meaning, and signifies that mixture of goodness and kindness and wisdom which leads to good and wise plans. The good-will then in the angels' text is no other than the great and merciful purpose of our redemption: and had one of the angels enlarged on the text, we may conceive him expressing himself after the following manner:—"This night, O man! is our Father and your Father carrying into effect that wonderful plan which he has prepared ever since the fall of Adam. The prophecy to Adam, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head,—the prophecy to Abraham, that in his seed all the nations of the earth should be blessed,—the prophecy of Malachi, that the Sun of Righteousness should arise with healing on his wings,—these and all the other prophecies which speak of the Messiah's coming, are now fulfilled. The eternal counsels of the Lord are now about to take effect. His faithfulness, his truth, his righteousness, his mercy are coming down from heaven to dwell among men, that men may see with their bodily eyes, and hear with their bodily ears, the goodness of their Father and their God, who has brought to light a marvellous way of reconciling his justice with his mercy, and of proving himself the eternal and implacable enemy of sin, at the very moment when he is most forgiving to repentant sinners. It is this union of goodness, of wisdom, and of mercy, that we now proclaim and announce to you, under the name of good-will to men."

Now, to apply this part of the angels' text to ourselves, have we any proper sense and feeling of this good-will? If we have, we shall be humble; inasmuch as we are saved, not by our merits, but by the love of God, in spite of our manifold demerits. We shall be thankful; for surely kindness like this ought to fill our hearts with gratitude. God's love toward us should beget in us love toward him. Above all, we should be full of faith, trusting that he who has begun so excellent a work will bring the same to good effect,—that he who for our sakes gave his only Son to live a poor and humble life, and to die a painful and shameful death, will together with that Son freely give us all things. We cannot suppose it was a pleasure to the Son of God to suffer the pains of infancy, the labours and mortifications and trials of manhood, the pangs of a cruel death. It was no pleasure to him to quit the glories of heaven in order to dwell in lowliness and contempt. Why then did he undergo all this? From good-will to save man. And think you he will leave this salvation imperfect, and so render his incarnation, and birth, and human life and death, of no avail? O no! he must desire to finish his work; he must be anxious to make up the crown he has toiled and bled for, by placing in it all the jewels, all the souls he can gather. He will never be wanting to us, if we are not wanting to ourselves.

Thus have I spoken to you on the angels' text, and in so doing have spoken of man's salvation. The end of the whole is God's glory; the means is peace on earth; the sole motive is goodness and loving-kindness to us miserable sinners. But there are still three words in the text which I have not noticed. The angels did not simply say, Glory to God; but Glory to God *in the highest*, that is, in heaven. Here is a wonderful, a glorious, a soul-sustaining scene opened to us. The angels in the very presence of God are moved by our sufferings and our redemption. Even to them, with all their knowledge of God, and his divine works—even to them, that the Word should stoop to be made flesh, unfolded new views of the eternal Father's goodness, and furnished a fresh theme for their songs of praise. Even the angels strike their golden harps at the joyful news of man's salvation. Shall they glorify God for his goodness to us? and shall we forget to glorify him for his goodness to ourselves? Shall they rejoice over us, and feel for us? and shall we be so insensible, so deaf-hearted, as neither to rejoice nor to feel for ourselves? Our Saviour threatened the impenitent Jews, that the men of Nineveh should rise up in judgment against them and condemn them. A more glorious and awful set of witnesses, if we are impenitent, will be arrayed against us. The very angels will testify against us, and condemn us: because, when they had proclaimed glory to God in the highest, he was forgotten and dishonoured among men; because, when they had announced the coming of peace on earth, men rejected the blessed offer, and remained at enmity with God, and with themselves, and with each other; because, when they had assured us of good-will from God to men, our bosoms did not echo the answering cry of love, and gratitude, and obedience from man to God. Brethren, may none of us be among the wretched multitude against whom this testimony will be offered! Let us bethink ourselves in time, and be reconciled to God in time, that, as Jesus on this day brought the Godhead down from heaven to earth, so, by the work of his Spirit on our willing and obedient hearts, he may raise us up from earth to heaven.

WHAT IS REPENTANCE?

Repentance is not mere sorrow for sin, or hell would be the most penitent world in the universe. Not a lost soul there but is sorry for the course which led to so fearful a termination. Scarcely ever has a culprit brought himself to the gallows, without being sorry for his crimes. I have conversed with many a hardened profligate who has assured me that he was sorry for his sins, and I have given him credit for sincerity in that acknowledgment. Yes, he was sorry for his sins, but he would have been more sorry to part with them; he was sorry for his sins, but much more sorry to know that the "wages of sin is death." Romans vi. 23).—*D. E. Ford.*

UNDESIGNED SCRIPTURAL COINCIDENCES IN THE BOOK OF JOSHUA, &c.*

Moses being dead, Joshua takes the command of the armies of Israel, and marches them over Jordan to the possession of the land of Canaan. It was a day and a deed much to be remembered. "It came to pass, when the people removed from their tents, to pass over Jordan, and the priests bearing the ark of the covenant before the people; and as they that bear the ark were come unto Jordan, and the feet of the priests that bare the ark were dipped in the brim of the water (for Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest), that the waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon an heap very far from the city Adam, that is beside Zaretan: and those that came down toward the sea of the plain, even the salt sea, failed, and were cut off: and the people passed over right against Jericho. And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan."—(Josh. iii. 14–17.)

Such is the language of the Book of Joshua. Now in the midst of this miraculous narrative, an incident is mentioned, though very casually, which dates the season of the year when this passage of the Jordan was effected. The feet of the priests, it seems, were dipped in the brim of the water; and this is explained by the season being that of the periodical inundation of Jordan, that river overflowing his banks all the time of harvest. The *barley*-harvest is here meant, or the former harvest, as it is elsewhere called, in contradistinction to the *wheat*, or latter harvest; for in the fourth chapter (v. 19) we read, "the people came up out of Jordan on the tenth day of the *first month*," that is, four days before the Passover, which fell in with the barley-harvest, the wheat-harvest not being fully completed till Pentecost, or fifty days later in the year, when the wave-loaves of the first-fruits of the wheat were offered up. The Israelites passed the Jordan then, it appears, at the time of *barley*-harvest. But we are told in Exodus, that at the plague of hail, which was but a day or two before the passover, "the *flax* and the *barley* were smitten: for the barley was in the ear, and the flax was bolled. But the wheat and the rye were not smitten, for they were not grown up."—(Exod. ix. 31.) It should seem, therefore, that the flax and the barley were crops which ripened about the same time in Egypt; and as the climate of Canaan did not differ materially from that of Egypt, this, no doubt, was the case in Canaan too; there also these two crops would come in at the same time. The Israelites, therefore, who crossed the Jordan, as we have seen in one passage, at the harvest, and that harvest, as we have seen in another passage, the *barley*-harvest, must, if so, have crossed it at the *flax*-harvest.

Now, in a former chapter, we are informed, that three days before Joshua ventured upon the invasion, he sent two men, spies, to view the land, even Jericho.—(Ch. i. 2; ii. 1–22; iii. 2.) It was a service of peril: they were received by Rahab, a woman of that city, and lodged in her house: but the entrance of these strangers at nightfall was observed: it was a moment, no doubt, of great suspicion and alarm: an enemy's army encamped on the borders. The thing was reported to the king of Jericho, and search was made for the men. Rahab, however, fearing God—for by faith she felt that the miracles wrought by him in favour of Israel, were proofs that for Israel he fought—by faith, which, living as she did in the midst of idolaters, might well be counted to her for righteousness, and the like to which, in a somewhat similar case, was declared by our Lord enough to lead those who professed it into the kingdom of God, even before the chief-priests and elders themselves—(Heb. xi. 31; Matt. xxi. 31)—she, I say, having this faith in God, and true to those laws of hospitality which are the glory of the eastern nations, and more especially of the females of the East, even to this day, at much present risk protected her guests from their pursuers. But how! "She brought them up to the roof of her house, and hid them with the *stalks of flax*"—(Ch. ii. 6)—the stalks of flax, no doubt just cut down, which she had spread upon the roof of her house to steep and to season.

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* We take the following interesting specimens of the undesigned coincidences of Scripture from the Hulsean Lectures for 1831, by the Rev. J. J. Blunt.

Here I see truth. Yet how very minute is this incident! how very casually does it present itself to our notice! how very unimportant a matter it seems in the first instance, under what the spies were hidden! enough that, whatever it was, it answered the purpose, and saved their lives. Could the historian have contemplated for one moment the effect which a trifle about a flax-stalk might have in corroboration of his account of the passage of the Jordan? Is it possible for the most jealous examiner of human testimony to imagine, that these flax-stalks were fixed upon above all things in the world for the covering of the spies, because they were known to be ripe with the barley, and the barley was known to be ripe at the passover, and the passover was known to be the season when the Israelites set foot in Canaan? Or rather, would he not fairly and candidly confess, that in one particular, at least, of this adventure (the only one which we have an opportunity of checking), a religious attention to truth is manifested; and that when it is said, the feet of the priests were dipped in the brim of the water, and when a reason is assigned for this gradual approach to the bed of a river, of which the banks were in general steep and precipitous, we are put in possession of one unquestionable fact at least, one particular upon which we may safely repose, whatever may be said of the remainder of the narrative, and that assuredly truth leads us by the hand to the very edge of the miracle, if not through the miracle itself?

The Israelites having made this successful inroad into the land of Canaan, divided it amongst the tribes. But the Canaanites, though panic-struck at their first approach, soon began to take heart, and the covetous policy of Israel (a policy which dictated attention to present pecuniary profits, no matter at what eventual cost to the great moral interests of the commonwealth) had satisfied itself with making them tributaries, contrary to the command of God, that they should be driven out (Exod. xxiii. 31); and accordingly they were suffered, as it was promised, to become thorns in Israel's side, always vexing, often resisting, and sometimes oppressing them for many years together. Meanwhile the tribe of Dan had its lot cast near the Amorites. It struggled to work out for itself a settlement; but its fierce and warlike neighbours drove in its outposts, and succeeded in confining it to the mountains.—(Judg. i. 34.) The children of Dan became straitened in their borders, and, unable to extend them at home, "they sent of their family five men from their coasts, men of valour, to spy out the land and to search it." So these five men departed, and directing their steps northwards, to the nearest parts of the country which held out any prospect to settlers, "they came," we are told, "to Laish, and saw the people that were therein, how they dwelt careless after *the manner of the Zidonians*, quiet and secure; and there was no magistrate in the land, that might put them to shame in any thing; and they were far from the *Zidonians*, and had no business with any man."—(Judg. xviii. 7.) Thus the circumstances of the place and the people were tempting to the views of the strangers. They return to their brethren, and advise an attempt upon the town. Accordingly they march against it, take it, and rebuilding the city, which was destroyed in the assault, change its name from Laish to Dan, and colonize it. From this it should appear that Laish, though far from Sidon, was in early times a town belonging to Sidon, and probably inhabited by Sidonians, for it was *after their manner* that the people lived.

Such is the information furnished us in the eighteenth chapter of the Book of Judges.

I now return to the third chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy, and I there find the following passage. "We took at that time," says Moses, "out of the hand of the two kings of the Amorites the land that was on this side Jordan, from the river of Arnon unto Mount Hermon—*which Hermon the Sidonians call Sirion*, and the Amorites call it Shenir."—(Deut. iii. 9.) But why this mention of the Sidonian name of this famous mountain? It was not near to Sidon—it does not appear to have belonged to Sidon; but to the king of Bashan.—(Josh. xii. 4, 5.) The reason, though not obvious, is nevertheless discoverable, and a very curious geographical coincidence it affords between the former passage in Judges and this in Deuteronomy.

For Hermon, we know from St Jerom, and from others, was just above Paneas, the seat of Jordan's flood. And Paneas, we are told by the same authority, was another and more modern name (as Cæsarea Philippi was the most modern of all) for this very Dan or Laish. Now Laish, we have seen, was probably at first a settlement of the Sidonians, after whose manner the people of Laish lived. Accordingly it appears—but how distant and unconnected are the passages from which such a conclusion is drawn—that although this Hermon was far from Sidon itself, still at its foot there was dwelling a Sidonian colony, a race speaking the Sidonian language; and, therefore, nothing could be more natural than that the mountain which overhung the town should have a Sidonian name, by which it was commonly known in those parts, and that this should suggest itself, as well as its Hebrew name, to Moses.

Connected with the circumstances of this same colony of Laish is another coincidence which I have to offer, and I introduce it in this place because it is so connected, for otherwise it anticipates a point of Jewish history, which, in the order of the books of Scripture, lies a long way before me. The construction of Solomon's temple, at Jerusalem, is the event at which it dates.

In the seventh chapter of the First Book of Kings, I read: "And king Solomon sent and fetched Hiram out of Tyre. He was a widow's son of the tribe of *Naphtali*, and his father was a man of *Tyre*, a worker in brass: and he was filled with wisdom and understanding, and cunning to work all works in brass. And he came to king Solomon, and wrought all his work."—(V. 13.) But in the parallel passage in the second chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles (v. 13), where we have the answer which king Hiram returned to Solomon, when the latter desired him to "send him a man, cunning to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass," I find it running thus:—"Now I have sent a cunning man, endued with understanding, of Huram my father's (or perhaps Huram-Abi by name), the son of a woman of the daughters of

Dan, and his father was a man of Tyre, skilful to work in gold." It is evident that the same individual is meant in both passages; yet there is an apparent discrepancy between them: the one in Kings asserting his mother to be a woman of the tribe of *Naphtali;* the other, in Chronicles, asserting her to be a woman of the daughters of *Dan*. The difficulty has driven the critics to some intricate expedients in order to resolve it. "She herself was of the tribe of Dan," says Dr Patrick; "but her husband was of the tribe of Naphtali, by whom she had this son. When she was a widow, she married a man of Tyre, who is called Hiram's father, because he bred him up, and was the husband of his mother." All this is gratuitous. The explanation only serves to show, that the interpreter was aware of the knot, but not of the solution. This difficulty, however, like many others in Scripture, when once explained, helps to confirm its truth. We have seen in the last paragraph, that six hundred Danites emigrated from their own tribe, and seized upon Laish, a city of the Sidonians. Now the Sidonians were subjects of the king of Tyre, and were the selfsame people as the Tyrians; for, in the fifth chapter of the First Book of Kings, where Solomon is reported as sending to the king of *Tyre* for workmen, he is said to assign as a reason for the application, "Thou knowest that there is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the *Sidonians*."—(V. 6.) The Tyrians therefore, and the Sidonians, were the same nation. But Laish or Dan, we found, was near the springs of Jordan; and therefore, since the "outgoings" of the territory of Naphtali are expressly said to have been at Jordan, there is good reason to believe that Laish or Dan stood in the tribe of Naphtali. But if so, then is the difficulty solved; for the woman was, by abode, of *Naphtali*, Laish, where she dwelt, being situated in that tribe; and by birth she was of *Dan*, being come of that little colony of Danites which the parent stock had sent forth in early times to settle at a distance. Meanwhile the very circumstance which interposes to reconcile the apparent disagreement, accounts no less naturally for the fact, that she had a Tyrian for her husband.

Now, upon what a very trifle does this mark of truth turn! Who can suspect any thing insidious here?—any trap for the unwary inquisitor after internal evidence, in the domestic circumstances of a master-smith, employed by Solomon to build his temple?

THE BLOOD WHICH SPEAKETH BETTER THINGS THAN THAT OF ABEL.

It speaks to him better things than that of Abel—far better things indeed.

1. *The blood of Christ speaks of a brother's love, not of a brother's hatred.*—It has no voice for him but that of love—love strong as death, nay stronger. Its language is, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." It has a voice which says, "Fear not, I am the first and the last; I am he that liveth and was dead, and am alive for evermore."

2. *It speaks of peace returned, not of peace fled away.*—Abel's blood seemed to say that peace had left the earth, and in its place all discord and revenge and fierce variance had come. But this better blood tells us that peace has again found an abode on earth, that the broken links between man and man are to be re-knit, and that the sunshine of genial harmony between heaven and earth is displacing the dark discord that threatened to reign for ever. It speaks of reconciliation between God and the sinner—reconciliation upon securest grounds—the reconciliation of a covenant ordered in all things and sure.

3. *It speaks of grace, not of wrath.*—In Abel's case it was all wrath; the blood cried for vengeance out of the ground; this blood breathes no vengeance, no wrath. All in it is grace—grace to sinners—grace to the murderers—grace to the uttermost. Free love to the unloveable and the unloving is the very essence of the message which it brings.

4. *It speaks of forgiveness, not condemnation.*—It calls up no thunders. It wields no lightnings to execute the sentence of righteousness against the ungodly. "Forgive," is its only utterance. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Its burden is, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."—(Heb. viii. 12.)

5. *It speaks of the blessing, not of the curse.*—"Bless, and curse not," is the commission with which it is entrusted in its embassy to man. It has borne the curse; it has absorbed it; it has transmuted it into a blessing—a blessing which it is pouring freely out on all who will but receive it. Its message is, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—(Isa. i. 18.)

6. *It speaks of life, not of death.*—Cain's blood-guiltiness seemed to seal up man's ruin, and shut him up to helpless death. There seemed nothing in reserve but death. Even a brother's heart could meditate death against a brother, and a brother's hand inflict it. But in this better blood all is life—life everlasting—life that has come to us through death—the death of the substitute. It is this blood which says, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die."—(John xi. 25.)

7. *It speaks not to alarm but to soothe the conscience.*—Abel's blood must have been echoing in the ears of Cain all his days. He might go out from the gate of Eden, the presence of the Lord, but he could not get beyond the sound of that voice. It would keep his conscience ever open, ever bleeding, ever tortured. But this better blood speaks peace. It purges the conscience and lays its alarms to rest. It heals, it restores, it gladdens. To be sprinkled with it is what the conscience desires. To hear its voice is what the conscience feels to be necessary for comfort and rest. Its still small voice can in a moment calm the tumults of the most torn and troubled breast.

8. *It speaks not of man the fugitive and vagabond, but of man restored to Eden.*—It was the blood of his brother that chased Cain from the gate of paradise. It would not allow him to dwell even within sight of it, though outside the sacred fence. But this better blood brings back the sinner to the gate of paradise again—nay brings him in, or at least gives him the pledge that he shall one day re-enter these blessed gates, and dwell within these blessed bowers. It transforms him from a fugitive and a vagabond, such as he is by nature, into a fellow-citizen with the saints and an heir of the incorruptible inheritance, the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.*

* The following quaint old stanza may help to illustrate some of the preceding remarks.

"Abel was silent; but his blood was strong;
Each drop of guiltless blood commands a tongue,
A tongue that cries—'tis not a tongue implores
For gentle audience. 'tis a tongue that roars
For hideous vengeance, 'tis a tongue that's bold
And full of courage, and that cannot hold.
Oh! what a noise my blessed Saviour's blood
Makes now in heaven! how strong it cries! how loud!

Realizing these things, the saint moves on his joyful course. The blood is ALL to him. It is his peace; it is his medicine; it is his daily comforter. And resting in it he rejoices in hope of the glory to be revealed. Contrasting the blood of Abel with that of Christ, and comparing the blood of the sacrifices with that of the Lamb of God, he daily gets new insight into its wondrous excellencies, and is made to feel its full and perfect sufficiency. He needs no more to keep his soul in perfect peace, even when conscious of no common unworthiness and pollution. He needs no more to heal all his wounds, to cleanse away all his defilement, to strengthen him for every toil, and to enable him to conquer in every battle with the enemy.

And in proportion as he learns to enter more fully into the thoughts of God concerning the blood, in that proportion does his peace deepen and his joy overflow.

All its suitableness and manifold riches are not disclosed in a single day. He is ever making new discoveries in this illimitable field: ever digging into new veins in this unfathomable mine. His song on earth is, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood; to him be glory and dominion for ever."—(Rev. i. 5.) His song in heaven will be the same, only louder and fuller, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and nation, and tongue, and people; and hast made us unto God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth."—(Rev. v. 9.)—*The Blood of the Cross, by the Rev. H. Bonar.*

But not for vengeance. From his side has sprung
A world of drops; from every drop a tongue.
O sinner, hear of Jesus' blood the cry,
God wills to save thee; wherefore wilt thou die!"
Francis Quarles.

A STORY FOR ALL.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

I WAS very young when I left the parental roof, and was separated from my mother. My father lived in one of the finest regions in France, and passed all the year upon his estates, which obliged him, for the sake of my education, to separate me from him when I had attained my ninth year, and to place me in a college at Paris. Until this age, my mother had the sole care of my education. Each day she devoted several hours to giving me lessons, and often made me read, after her, portions of the Holy Scriptures, which she afterwards explained to me in a persuasive and touching manner. This exercise, and the prayers I had been accustomed to repeat morning and evening, together with the sermons which I heard on Sundays, were the only means of improvement which I enjoyed. I had been three years in college, when my father requested one of his friends to bring me to Languedoc, a province in France, to pass the time of my vacation there. The health of my mother was so much impaired, that the physicians felt the greatest anxiety on her account. She was so changed that I hardly recognised her. Although very young, I felt the deepest sorrow, and could not bear to fix my eyes upon those pale and faded features that I had formerly seen animated with such an expression of happiness.

One day my mother sent for me earlier than usual, about six in the morning. I found her sitting in bed, and leaning upon the pillows. She held the Bible open before her, and an expression of peace and hope shone in her pale countenance. The window was open, receiving the perfume of flowers, and the song of a thousand birds celebrated the infinite greatness and goodness of God, the Creator of the universe. My feelings were strongly excited, I hardly dared to approach the bed of my mother: she stretched forth her hands, clasped me affectionately to her bosom, and when I kneeled beside her, she raised her eyes towards heaven, and prayed fervently. "My dear child," said she to me, with a calm and firm tone, "I wished to see you early this morning, because there remain to me now but a few moments to live. Do not let this trouble you; even the longest life is very short, compared with eternity! We shall soon be reunited for ever, my son! God will not forsake you, but you must consecrate yourself to him to serve him."

My mother's voice ceased for a moment, a tear dropped from her eye, when she added, with a trembling voice, "You must serve him better than I have done." I looked surprised.

"Yes, my son," replied my mother, "and at this moment, when the world is receding from me, when I am going to render an account to God of my works, I can say, that the Lord allows me to go in peace; that I commit my soul into his hands, with a firm assurance of having part in his mercy; for the blood of my Saviour has atoned for my offences, and, believing on Him, I am justified. Still I regret one thing, which I hope to repair by the promise I wish to obtain from you." Then my mother pointed with her finger to a verse of the Holy Scriptures, which I read: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

"See what I ought to have done," continued she, "and what I have not done. I have served God in my heart, but have never established his worship in my family. Oh! what blessings this sacred duty would have conferred upon me, and upon us all! My son, perhaps you will one day become the father of a family; promise me that you will call to mind the last moments of your mother, and that then you will honour the Lord by daily family worship." Bathing my mother's hands with tears, I promised to comply with all her wishes. She seemed satisfied, and enjoined on me not to forget my promise.

I will not retrace the afflictive scenes which followed this interview: my mother slept in Jesus. A few weeks after, I again left my father's roof: it was the abode of sorrow, but had become dearer than ever to me. I had a sister, three years younger than myself, and two brothers of an intermediate age: they understood not the loss they had sustained; alas! I knew it not myself.

I resumed my studies, and several years glided away before I returned to Languedoc. My father came to Paris yearly to visit me. These journeys served to divert him from the grief which time had not diminished. When I was eighteen years of age, I left college, and returned home. I had not seen my brothers and sisters since the moment of our sad separation, and I found them so much grown, that I had, as it were, a new acquaintance to make; but a tender affection soon united us perfectly,

My sister bore a striking resemblance to my mother. The faculties of her mind were early developed: she sought, as far as was in her power, to fill the station, and discharge the duties of a mother. But all her efforts were insufficient, and I was deeply grieved to observe the absence of that order, peace, and harmony, which once prevailed. A melancholy sorrow settled down upon my father's heart, which indisposed him for domestic duties; he, however, devoted most of his time to the superintendence of his children's education, but this was chiefly confined to their intellectual instruction.

During the hours of study, he exacted an indefatigable application: at other hours, he imposed no restraint, but left them to grow up without any care, except for their protection.

He left his domestics still more to themselves: and they abused his confidence, quarrelled with one another, and set a bad example to the inhabitants of the village. One evening, feeling dejected on account of some unhappy scenes which I had witnessed, I desired to visit my mother's chamber: it was generally locked, and I entered it with an emotion of awe. Every thing remained as it was: my heart beat with violence as I took a view of the objects around me: I fell upon my knees near the bed, and wept freely; the last words of my mother rung in my ears; I heard her trembling voice saying, "My son, you must consecrate yourself to God; you must serve him." "Yes, Lord," I cried, "I make this sacred engagement; but how many difficulties surround me? How shall I fulfil the wishes of my dying mother! Assist me, O God! sustain my weakness."

I remained a long time, imploring the assistance of Him who is strength and power: by degrees, my feelings were calmed, and an inexpressible peace came over me. I rose full of confidence, and seeing the claims of duty, I went without hesitation to my father, who, at this hour, was always alone in his study. I was embarrassed and troubled as I approached him; but, raising my heart to God, I felt strengthened. As I approached my father, he perceived my emotion; looking kindly upon me, he inquired the cause of my agitation.

"The fear of re-awakening your grief has often hindered me from speaking of my mother; but now duty urges me to speak of her, and mention circumstances of which you have been ignorant." My father appeared desirous that I should proceed. I recounted to him all that had taken place, without omitting a single word of my mother. I finished the recital with a calmness of manner, which proved to me, that we never ought to doubt the assistance of God; he will grant it to all who need it.

My father could not immediately answer, but soon replied. "My son, why have you communicated these painful particulars? Do you depend upon me to accomplish the last wishes of your mother?"

I replied, "Yes."

My father paused; he seemed to be lost in deep and troubled thoughts. To establish family worship, especially to take it upon himself, seemed impossible, though he expressed a wish that it might be done. "To-morrow, my son, I will give you a decisive answer; meanwhile, leave me to myself."

I left my father; but before retiring to my chamber, I went for my mother's Bible, which I found in her room, upon the same table where she always kept it: I took it with me, and employed the greatest part of the night in perusing the same passages which she had often explained to me; they were all marked and underlined with her own hand. While thus employed, I felt that we were not separated, but that my mind was united with the already happy and glorified spirit of my mother. The next day I was very calm, and when I met my father, it was with the firm assurance that God would direct all things for our greatest good. My father led me into the garden, and spoke a few words, nearly in these terms:—

"I cannot, my son, comply with the desire that you expressed yesterday; I desire that my children should love religion, and obey God; but I ought to guard against every thing that will give to their piety an appearance of pride and ostentation. All that God requires of us is, to serve him cheerfully, by conforming our hearts and lives to the precepts of the gospel. Any thing more than this, I think, tends only to exalt the heart with pride and self-sufficiency."

I was very much grieved at this reply of my father's; but felt that I could not change his opinion, or touch his heart. My only resource was prayer. My father perceived my sorrow, and, taking my hand continued:—

"It is impossible for me, in the midst of my domestic employments, to attend to the duties of a pastor; this ought not to surprise you, my son: still, I do not object to your sister's attending to these things when you are away, and doing for your brothers all that your mother did for you; she may read the Bible with them; she may pray with them, if she desires it; all that I shall wish is, that it be done without confusion, and with the greatest simplicity, and in a private manner."

My father left me as he said these words. I hastened to my sister, to whom I related all that had passed between us. She listened with interest and attention; and desired me to guide her in a matter so solemn. It was from the Holy Scriptures that I endeavoured to make her understand the importance of the charge that was intrusted to her.

The next day we met again, in the chamber of my mother, and humbly prayed to God to accept our worship, and to teach us himself, by his Spirit, to serve him every day of our lives. I then read a chapter in the Bible, and closed by again calling upon the Lord. For some days, I performed this duty with much pleasure; but it was soon necessary for me to quit my home, and again return to Paris, to attend to the study of the law. My sister promised to persevere in praying, and reading the word of God. As yet, however, our hearts were not affected by Divine truth: we were actuated rather by a deep feeling of filial respect for our mother, than by a desire to please our heavenly Father.

On my return to Paris, I persevered in the plan of commencing each day by an hour of prayer and meditation. By degrees light shone into my heart: I felt my misery, my state of sin, and condemnation before God; I felt anguish of soul at the thought of meeting my God in judgment; but soon I felt the joy of deliverance, and I received, with eagerness, all the assurances of mercy which were presented in Jesus Christ. From this instant every thing was changed within me; an invisible power calmed my troubled passions, and diffused quietness, peace, and happiness, through all my being. It was a new life to me, and I felt guided by the hand of God, though I had often cause for sighing over my ingratitude and spiritual want.

The following year I returned to Languedoc, and then I witnessed fresh manifestations of the Divine mercy. For some time past, the letters of my father and sister had led me to anticipate the joy which I was soon to experience; for they always closed with expressions of a serious and religious cast. From the moment of my arrival, I was struck with the change which a few months had made in our family. The mild and modest air of the domestics, their becoming and grave demeanour, the extreme neatness of their clothing, at once attracted my attention. My sisters and brothers received me with joy: inward happiness was exhibited in all their looks. My father received me with great tenderness; his eyes were filled with tears; but the sweetest smile animated his countenance, instead of that dark expression of sorrow which had so long settled there. As soon as I was alone with my sister, I eagerly questioned her upon what had passed during my absence.

"O my brother!" said Henrietta to me, "how grateful you will be, when you know what the Lord has done for us! How true are the words, 'Continue in prayer, and watch in the same, with thanksgiving.' —(Col. iv. 2). 'Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find.'—(Matt. vii. 7). After you left us, I continued the performance of family worship; our brothers were every day more and more interested in my reading: they became more attentive, and sought to understand the meaning of the Scriptures. Often, during the day, they conversed together; and when a particular passage struck them, they repeated it to their nurse. She soon asked permission to be present at the exercise, and appeared to listen with attention. Soon after, she begged me earnestly to lend her a Bible, and commenced reading it with great interest. Soon the attention of the other domestics was awakened by the change which they observed in her; for, instead of wasting her time in idle conversation, she retired frequently to her chamber to read the sacred word. At first they mocked her, but she replied, with calmness and firmness, that she had a soul, and must attend to its salvation; she then spoke of the reading of the Bible, and mentioned the impression it had made upon her. I know not what expressions she made use of, but they were such, that almost all her companions expressed a strong desire to unite with us in our morning service. I was much pleased when Marianne told me this, but at the same time I thought that our father would disapprove of it. I asked his permission, however, and, after a little reflection, he consented. The first time, when I saw myself surrounded by so many, I felt a good deal embarrassed, and was even much troubled: for I was called upon to speak to those who had lived at a great distance from God.

"I sought in the Scriptures for those passages where the Lord speaks of the hardness of the heart, and invites us to repentance; it was for my hearers that I read these words, but God caused me to see that they applied equally to me. They revealed me to myself, and made me know my sin and my misery. I felt what cannot be described; that the whole heart is opposed to God, until it has been renewed by the Holy Spirit, and reconciled by the blood of our Divine Saviour. The words of the Scriptures which speak of our corruption, the constant rebellion of natural and unregenerated man, appeared to me perfectly just and true. I understood then the admirable work of *redemption*. I have felt, I trust, what it is to be reconciled to God. A deep feeling of my weakness and frailty has convinced me that of myself I can do nothing; that my works, however apparently good, cannot rescue me from condemnation; that the doctrine of free salvation by Christ can alone quiet the troubled conscience, allay the terrors of the soul, and inspire us with a sincere and true love for our God and Creator. This God of mercy has heard my ardent prayer; his grace has penetrated my heart; I feel that Christ has become my salvation; and my heart is full of happiness and peace.

"That the Lord has blessed our worship and our family, is daily visible. Our domestics, formerly so rude and quarrelsome, have become peaceable and quiet, and, we hope, new creatures in Christ Jesus; and the aspect of our family has entirely changed.

"My father noticed the improvements, and, one evening, requested me to tell him when I commenced prayers the next day. When all the family were assembled, I went to my father's room; he was agitated, and said that this day was the anniversary of mother's death; that he desired to unite in our prayers, and to see me fulfil her dying request. He added, that he hoped I should make no change in the exercises on his account; but go on just as usual. I acted accordingly, and when the prayer was finished, my father appeared much affected, and immediately left the chamber. When we met again, he said nothing of the exercise, but merely wished that I would give him notice when we commenced to-morrow. Since that time he has regularly attended."

When my sister ceased speaking, we both united in prayer and thanksgiving to our heavenly Father. The following day I assisted in the exercise which God had blessed so much. When we were all assembled, and after some moments of silent and serious meditation, my sister arose, and we followed her example. She asked that God would be in the midst of us, by his Spirit, according to his promises; that he would fix our attention, and touch our hearts, and bless the reading of his word. We took our places, and my sister read a chapter from the Holy Scriptures, to which she added an explanation of those phrases and words which could not be easily understood. She also repeated other passages, which rendered still more plain the portion which she read, and ended with some simple and touching reflections, on the application we might make of the truths we had just heard. She then selected some verses of a psalm, which we all sung; and then, kneeling down together in prayer, we thanked God for all his benefits; we confessed our sins, and asked him to forgive them, and to sanctify us by his word, and to send joy and peace to our souls.

I was much moved by the attentive and thoughtful air of the children and domestics; but especially by the calm and solemn expression which appeared on the features of my father. I followed him as he left the room: he saw what my feelings were, and smiling, said, "My child, your desires are gratified, you see that I consent to your plan of family worship; and I can increase your joy by telling you, that these moments of meditation and prayer are the happiest of my life. Perhaps your sister has already informed you of the effects of the family worship which you have established; but, probably, she has not told you of the deep impression her example has made upon those who know her. Fulfilling her duties with still greater care, her mildness and goodness increased every day. She has become an example to all, of charity, patience, and humility. Surprised at her rapid improvement, I observed her with more attention; I saw that one desire only filled her heart; that her supreme object was to do good; that she daily became more cheerful, and more kind and attentive to the wishes of others. The domestics, and inhabitants of the village, always spoke of her with affection. I wished to see her in the performance of family worship; and while she prayed and read the Holy Scriptures, I felt an unknown pleasure pervade my heart—this heart which had been so long oppressed with sorrow. I returned the next day to the same relief, and it is thus that I have learned to draw consolation from the only true source. Till then, I had opposed His will, who had taken from my side her whom I loved. I murmured in my sorrow: I accused God of injustice: I felt not how full of compassion he is, even when he afflicts us. I was professedly a christian, but did not understand the extent of the obligation which this name imposed upon me. Filled with the idea of a sophistical and proud philosophy, I confined my views of christianity to the narrow limits of my own unenlightened reason. I treated with indifference or contempt all those who laid stress on any particular belief, and considered the precepts of the gospel only as a code of the purest and most complete morals. I trusted to my own strength, thinking that the claims of virtue and duty would keep me right. But this system I found to be vain and insufficient in the hour of affliction. It did not afford me the consolation which I needed. All this I have found now in the blessed gospel. My son, God has dissipated the darkness which obscured my understanding; he has opened my eyes, and I have felt his pity. May all who are unhappy receive the same favour which God has granted unto me, in answer to your prayers!"

I asked my father why he did not himself serve God, by conducting the family worship, instead of leaving it to my sister. He replied, "I was prevented by a false shame; but, from this time, I will overcome it: to-morrow, I will perform with you the most sacred and the sweetest of duties."

In short, my father commenced, on that day, a regular service, which God blessed more and more to all those who were admitted to it. His example was quickly followed; and in almost every cottage in the neighbourhood, family worship was established. Many souls were called to the knowledge of salvation; they served the Lord with reverence and godly fear, enjoying the blessings of this life, and having hope of the life to come.

THE LITTLE ITALIAN.

An English lady had stopped at a hotel in Naples, that large and noisy city of Italy, situated on the beautiful bay which bears its name, on the opposite side of which rises up Mount Vesuvius, the ever-burning mountain. It was a lovely scene that was there presented at that early hour of the morning, when the brilliant sun, not yet come forth in its full strength, threw its softer beams upon the sparkling waters.

While occupied in gazing at the beautiful prospect, a soft voice and light step interrupted the lady's meditations, and a little girl, of about nine years old, who had knocked at the outer door without being heard, gently entered the room, with a small basket on her arm, and bidding the lady good-morning in the Italian language, told her that she had brought her back some linen she had given to be washed. The lady smiled at the child as she took the clothes, and gave her a little piece of money for herself.

Instead of retiring in silence, as a little English girl would probably have done, the Italian child stood and gazed upon the English lady, whose light-coloured hair and eyes, being so different from those seen in the girl's own country, appeared to fill her with wonder and interest.

"The lady is beautiful!" she said at last, with a look of innocent admiration; "beautiful hair! beautiful eyes!"

"My child," said the English lady, smiling kindly at her, "my hair and eyes are not beautiful in England."

"Oh! they are beautiful in Naples," cried the child, but directly changing the expression of her face, her own dark eyes assumed a more earnest and anxious look, as the asked in her sweet native voice and manner, "Is the lady a foreigner?"

"Yes; I am English," was the answer.

"English," said the Italian child, and cast down her eyes, which seemed to speak without words, so plainly did they express each changing sentiment of her young mind.

There was a silence, and the lady had moved away, when she heard the gentle, earnest voice again: the little Italian girl stood beside her with eyes raised in deep interest to her face, and bending forward with a natural and expressive movement, said, in a tone that showed anxiety for the reply, "Does the signora believe in God, the great God?" she added, with a light motion of the hands towards the fair scene beyond the windows, "the great God who made all things?" and her little fingers fluttered upwards towards the bright skies; "Does the signora believe in the great God?"

The lady was surprised, and even affected at such a question, and at the deep earnestness of the young speaker.

"Yes, my child," she replied, "I do believe in God."

"Oh! that is good," cried the child; "the lady is English, but she believes in God!"

She was silent for a moment, as if in reflection, but yet did not seem to be satisfied. She drew nearer to the English lady, and with her little hands joined together and pressed upon her breast, and her expressive eyes fastened in deep earnestness on her face, she asked again,

"But the good Saviour Jesus Christ; oh! he is good; he is the Redeemer of our souls; does the lady believe in the good Saviour?"

With a tear almost springing to her eye, the lady answered, "Yes, dear child, I do believe in the good Saviour Jesus Christ; he is good; he died for us; his blood cleanses from all sin."

"Oh! yes, he is good," cried the little girl; "the lady believes in the good Saviour."

Again there was a silence, and the Italian girl continued to gaze upon the English lady, and seemed puzzled by some thoughts which she could not clear up to herself. The lady, too, surprised and pleased by the interest which the little stranger showed in her, was occupied in endeavouring to trace its source.

The child spoke again, and this time in a still more doubtful voice, as if she had been thinking, and had at last almost found out what it was which the English stranger might not believe in. "But the holy mother" (la santa madre), said she, in a more trembling manner, "does the lady believe in her?"

"My child," said the lady, "you mean without doubt the mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, the virgin Mary. You ask me, do I believe in her? Yes; I believe that such a blessed woman lived, and that God chose her to be the mother of our blessed Saviour's human nature; and the Bible tells us that she was thus 'highly favoured among women,' and that is nearly all we are told about her; but I believe that she is now with God, and with her Saviour, and with all those whom he has redeemed from sin and suffering."

"And the lady goes to church, and prays to the blessed virgin?" said the child, with anxious eagerness.

"I go to church, dear child," said the lady, "but I do not pray to the blessed virgin; for the virgin Mary was a woman like myself, though a better and holier one; but I do not pray to her, for we are told to pray to God through Jesus Christ only, and we are told to ask pardon of our offences through Him only, and we are told that God gave us one Saviour only, and that Saviour was his well-beloved Son; and Christ told his disciples that whatsoever they asked of God in his name should be given to them; so that there is no use in praying to any one but to God who made us, and to Christ who died for us; for if Christ loved us well enough to die for us, he will hear us, and pity us, and forgive us, and save us, when we cry to him to do so; and if God loved us well enough to give his dearly-beloved Son to die for us, he will accept us, and receive us for his sake alone, and for the good of the creatures he formed, and would not have to perish. Therefore I do not pray to the blessed virgin, nor to any other saint, but only ask God, for Christ's sake, to pardon me, and to instruct me, and to lead me in the way I should go."

The child looked very thoughtful; after a little she said, "The lady does not pray to the holy mother, but she believes in God, she believes in the good Saviour, she goes to the church, and prays to the great God, and to the good Saviour; will she never pray to the holy mother?"

"No, dear child, for the mother of our Lord was a mere mortal woman like ourselves, and if I should pray to her I should make her equal to God, who alone is the hearer and answerer of prayer; and if I made her equal to God, and to Christ, who is one with God, I should break the first of the commandments, which declares, 'Thou shalt have none other gods but me.'"

The Italian child listened in silence, then suddenly seizing the English lady's hand, she pressed it to her lips, saying only, "The signora is good;" and she went away.

The English lady thought much of her afterwards. How unusual the interest which that little stranger took in her spiritual state! She had heard evidently, that England was a nation of heretics; she believed, like many other devout and ignorant people in Roman Catholic countries, that Protestants had no faith in God, or in Christ, and were no better than infidels. Thus arose her concern and anxiety to know that lady's belief; and how sweetly, how tenderly was it expressed! how little of self appeared! while the dear child, never saying one word of what she believed, of what she had been taught, or of what she did, showed so earnest and affectionate an interest in the religious condition of a stranger!

Poor little girl! brought up in a land of superstition and bigotry, she is taught to believe in many things which God's word does not authorise. Yet may we not learn a lesson from her, of deep concern for superstitious Romanists, unbelieving Jews, and ignorant idolaters.

Perhaps this remembrance of the little Italian girl may not be useless to some more favoured English child.—*Tract Magazine.*

JESTING.

How strikingly the apostle cautions us against "foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient!" Indeed they are not; and it may be questioned which is greatest, the folly of jesting or the mischief arising from it. A jester is a most contemptible or a most dangerous person: no one either respects or trusts him. He who delights in puns, scruples not to make himself the ape or the buffoon of a company. He who indulges a more pungent and malignant kind of evil-speaking, spares neither the feelings nor the character of others—

"Who, for the poor renown of being smart.
Would stick a dagger in a brother's heart."

Another poet has it—

"Laugh at the reputations she has torn,
And held them dangling at arm's length in scorn."

The contemptible light in which jesters are held by all men of sound wisdom, is evident in many cautionary maxims left on record, such as, "Commit no business, no secret of importance, to a jester."—"Let not a fool play with you in the house, lest he play with you in the market."—"The joking of wits, like the play of puppies, often ends in snarling."—"He that makes himself the common jester of the company, has but just wit enough to be a fool."

The jester has seldom any reverence for sacred things; the sacred name of God, or some sentiment or precept of his holy word, is often perverted to give point to the strokes of his profane levity. "It may be wit to turn things sacred to ridicule, but it is wisdom to let them alone."—"Sin is too bad, and holiness too good, to make sport of; the one demands repentance, and the other reverence."—"They are fools who mock either at sin or holiness."

It is a great pity that even religious people sometimes indulge themselves in repeating the puns or mistakes of others on the words of scripture, which are thus associated in the mind with improper and ludicrous ideas; and the sacred influence of the passage is entirely lost. Some ministers have declared themselves precluded from preaching on one or more very solemn and weighty passages of scripture, from being unable to divest them of some ludicrous association imprinted on the mind, perhaps in the days of youthful vanity and folly, or perhaps, which is still more to be lamented, presented more recently by some one who ought to have had enough of sacred wisdom to restrain this frivolous wit.—*Family Book.*

IN CHAINS.

On a Sabbath evening, when the services of the day were over, and I directed my steps towards the next appointment, I alighted at an inn, and was ushered into the common room appointed for travellers. It was nearly dark, and the only light in the room was that proceeding from the fire, around which a number of persons were sitting. Taking my seat among them, my eyes were soon arrested by the sight of two persons sitting together, with downcast eyes, sad and sorrowful: and soon after I perceived that their hands were manacled, and themselves bound fast to each other, and, on enquiry, learned that they were on the way to the penitentiary of our State, there to remain for ten or twelve years, for robbery committed in concert. The one was an old man, the other a young one. Shall I inform my readers that they were a father and his son? What a sight! and who, think you, was first and chief in guilt? Was it the father or the son? Did the son say to the father, Father, let us steal? Impossible. The lips of a son could scarce utter the words, except first taught by the father. Is it the son that teaches the father to utter words of blasphemy, that raises the accursed cup to his lips, and says, Father, drink? Or, is it not the father who teaches his infant child by precept perhaps, as well as example, to swear, and pour the first fatal drop into his opened lips? The scene I have described followed me for a long time, from day to day, from church to church, and seemed ever before my eyes. I could not rise up in the pulpit, and look upon the congregation, but it seemed to be renewed before me. I thought I saw parents and children, husbands and wives, sitting side by side, bound by invisible chains of sin stronger than links of iron, and going onward, not to some temporary prison, but to an eternal one, from whence there is no escape. What a thought, that on some Sabbath-day, and in some house of God, parents and children may be sitting side by side, and moving onward as fast as the wings of time can bear them, to some eternal abode of darkness and misery, the parents leading the way in guilt and suffering! Let all parents examine themselves well, and see how deeply guilty they are by reason of their evil example.—*Bishop Meade.*

SOCIALISM.

"'Call it not socialism, call it devilism, for it has made me more a devil than a man!' exclaimed a poor dying man in my neighbourhood," says the Rev. J. A. James, "to one of our town missionaries who visited him on his death-bed. 'I got into company that led me to socialism, and to drinking. I rejected the Bible, denied the Saviour, and persuaded myself there was no hereafter; and as the result, acted the part of a bad father and a bad husband. I have the testimony of my master, that I was a steady and respectable man until I listened to the Owenites; but since that time I have become a vagabond, and they who formerly knew me have shunned me in the streets. The system of the Owenites is worse than that of Paine.' Such," adds Mr James, "is the testimony of a dying victim and martyr of socialism, and a similar confession has been made by many others. I have seen the husband, once moral, happy, and useful, as long as he professed religion; and have seen him in his misery, poverty, and ruin, since he has thrown it off; I have heard the impassioned accents of his heart-broken wife, so far as weakness allowed her to be impassioned, exclaiming, as she looked at her miserable companion, 'Oh, sir, he has been a changed man ever since he went among the Owenites!' Such is socialism!"

UPON THE HEARING OF A LUTE WELL PLAYED ON.

There may be (for aught we know) infinite inventions of art, the possibility whereof we should hardly ever believe if they were before reported to us. Had we lived in some rude and remote part of the world, and should have been told that it is possible only by an hollow piece of wood and the entrails of beasts, stirred by the fingers of men, to make so sweet and melodious a noise, we should have thought it utterly incredible; yet now that we see and hear it ordinarily done, we make it no wonder. It is no marvel if we cannot fore-imagine what kind and means of harmony God will have used by his saints and angels in heaven, when these poor matters seem so strange to our conceits, which yet our very senses are convinced of. O God! thou knowest infinite ways to glorify thyself by thy creatures, which do far transcend our weak and finite capacities; let me wonder at thy wisdom and power, and be more awful in my adorations than curious in my inquiries.—*Bishop Hall.*

UPON THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A FELON.

With what terror doth this malefactor stand at that bar! his hand trembles whilst it is lift up for his trial; his very lips quake whilst he saith, Not guilty. His countenance condemns him before the judge, and his fear is ready to execute him before his hangman: yet this judge is but a weak man, that must soon after die himself; that sentence of death which he can pronounce, is already past by nature upon the most innocent; that act of death which the law inflicteth by him, is but momentary; who knows whether himself shall not die more painfully? O God! with what horror shall the guilty soul stand before thy dreadful tribunal in the day of the great assizes of the world! Whilst there is the presence of an infinite Majesty to daunt him; a fierce and clamorous conscience to give in evidence against him; legions of ugly and terrible devils waiting to seize upon him; a gulf of unquenchable fire ready to receive him; whilst the glory of the Judge is no less confounding than the cruelty of the tormentors: where the sentence is unavoidable, and the execution everlasting. Why do not these terrors of thee, my God, make me wise to hold a private sessions upon my soul and actions, that, being acquitted by my own heart, I may not be condemned by thee; and being judged by myself, I may not be condemned with the world?—*Ibid.*

UPON THE WHETTING OF A SCYTHE.

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe—to sharpen the edge of it; which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He therefore that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow, and his seed starve: as contrarily, he that always toils, and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; labouring much to little purpose: as good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work go forward when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted that it may cut, and so cuts that it may have the help of sharpening. I would so interchange, that I neither be dull with work, nor idle and wanton with recreation.—*Ibid.*

I AM NOT TO BE TRACED.

Upon some affair of great consequence, which had occurred in some providential dispensations, Luther was very importunate at the throne of grace to know the mind of God in it; and it seemed to him as if he heard God speak to his heart thus: "*I am not to be traced.*" Referring to this incident, one adds, "If He is not to be *traced*, He may be *trusted*; and that religion is of little value which will not enable a man to trust God where he can neither trace nor see Him. But there is a time for every thing beneath the sun, and the Almighty has his 'times and seasons.' It has been frequently with my hopes and desires, in regard to Providence, as with my watch and the sun, which has often been a-head of true time; I have gone faster than Providence, and have been forced to *stand still and wait*, or I have been *set back painfully*. That was a fine sentiment of Flavel, 'Some providences, like Hebrew letters, must be read backwards.'"

WHAT IS IT TO BE CAST AWAY?

BY THE LATE REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE, DUNDEE.*

I. WICKED MEN SHALL BE CAST AWAY BY GOD.

"Depart from me, ye cursed."—Matt. xxv. 41. "Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power."—2 Thess. i. 9.

1. *Away from Christ.* At present ungodly men are often near to Christ. Christ stands at their door and knocks. He stretches out his hands to them all the day long. He speaks to them in the Bible and the preached gospel. He says, Come unto me, and I will give you rest. Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. But when Christ pronounces that sentence, "Depart from me, ye cursed," there will not be one knock more—not one invitation more—not one sweet offer more. Christ is the only way to the Father; but it shall be then closed for ever. Christ is the only door; but it shall then be shut for evermore. It is the blessedness of the redeemed that they shall be with Christ. "To-day shalt thou be *with me*. Having a desire to be absent from the body and present *with the Lord*. So shall they be ever *with the Lord*. His servants shall serve him, and they shall see *his face*." It is this that maintains the eternal calm in the bosom of the redeemed. But the ungodly shall be cast away from all this. "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness."

2. *Away from God.* True, the wicked can never be cast away from the presence of God. "If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there."—(Ps. cxxxix. 8.) Job says, "Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering."—(xxvi. 6.) His almighty power creates it, His breath kindles it. "The breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it."—(Isa. xxx. 33.) But they shall be banished,

First. From the possession of God.—God said to Abraham, "I am thy shield and thine exceeding great reward." God makes himself over to the believing soul, saying, I will be thy God. David says, God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. Who can tell the joy of those who enjoy God—who have God—the infinite God—as their portion? From this the Christless shall be cast away. You will have no portion in God. God will not be your God. His attributes will be all against you.

Second. From the favour of God.—"In thy favour is life." The favour of God is what believers feel on earth. A beam of God's countenance is enough to fill the heart of a believer to overflowing. It is enough to light up the pale cheek of a dying saint with seraphic brightness, and make the heart of the lone widow sing for joy. From all this the Christless shall be cast away for ever; and, instead of it, Jehovah's frown shall light on them for ever. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

Third. Cast away from the blessing of God.—God is the fountain of all blessing. No creature is good or pleasant any more than God makes it to be so. The sun warms us—our food nourishes us—our friends are pleasant to us—because God made them so. All the joys in the world are but beams from that uncreated light. But separate a man from God, and all becomes dark. God is the fountain of all joy. Separate a man from God finally and no creature can give him joy. This is to be cast away, cut off from God for ever and ever. Though there were no lake of fire, this of itself would be hell.

II. WICKED MEN SHALL BE CAST AWAY BY THE HOLY SPIRIT.

It is not often thought of, but it is true, tha the Holy Spirit is now dealing and striving with natural men. All the decency and morality of unconverted men is to be attributed to the restraining grace of the Holy Spirit.

1. *The Holy Spirit works on natural men through the ordinances.*—The ordinance of family worship is often greatly blessed to restrain wicked children, so that they are kept from vicious courses and outbreaking sins. The ordinance of the read and preached word is also greatly blessed in this way to restrain wicked men. The awful threatenings of the word—the sweet invitations and promises of the gospel—have this effect on unconverted

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* This outline of a sermon, taken from Mr M'Cheyne's *Memoir and Remains*, was published some time ago as a tract by the American Presbyterian Board of Publication, and we are induced to insert it in our pages by observing a statement to the effect that in the tract form it has been largely blessed.

men, that they are greatly restrained from going to extreme lengths in wickedness.

2. *The Holy Spirit also works through providences in restraining wicked men.*—He places them in such circumstances that they cannot sin as they otherwise would do. He often reduces them to poverty, so that they cannot run into the vices they were inclined unto; or he lays sickness on their body, so that their keen relish for sin is greatly blunted; or he terrifies them by bereavements, so that they are kept in the bondage of fear, and dare not sin with so high a hand as they otherwise would do.

3. *The Holy Spirit also restrains through convictions of sin.*—Many men have deep wounds and convictions who are never saved. Many are pierced with arrows of the word from time to time, and then are driven away from their wicked companions and saved from open sin. Restraining grace is an amazing work of God. It is more wonderful than his setting a bound to the sea that it cannot pass over. Think what a hell every unconverted bosom would become, if the Spirit were to withdraw and give men over to their own heart's lusts. Think what a hell an unconverted family would become, if the Spirit were to withdraw his bands. What hatreds, strifes, murders, would take place? Think what a hell this world would become, if every Christless man were given over to the lusts of his own heart.

Now this is to be a castaway. "My Spirit shall not always strive with man."—(Gen. vi. 3.) The Holy Spirit, I believe, strives with all men. "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost," (Acts vii. 51;) but he will not always strive. When the day of grace is done—when the sinner sinks into hell—the Spirit will strive no more.

First. The Spirit will strive no more through ordinances. There will be no family worship in hell—no Bibles read—no Psalms sung. There will be no Sabbath in hell—no preached gospel—no watchman to warn you of your sin and danger. The voice of the watchman will be silent—the danger has come—your doom will be past, and no room for repentance.

Second. The Spirit will no more strive through providences. There will be no more poverty or riches—no more sickness or bereavements—no kindly providences restraining the soul from sin—nothing but anguish and despair unutterable.

Third. There will be no more convictions by the Spirit. Conscience will condemn, but it will not restrain. Your hearts will then break out. All your hatred to God, the fountains of contempt and blasphemy in your heart, will be all broken up. You will blaspheme the God of heaven. All your lusts and impurities that have been pent up and restrained by restraining grace and the fear of man, will burst forth with amazing impetuosity. You will be as wicked and blasphemous as the devils around you.

O the misery of sin! it is an evil thing and bitter. The way of transgressors is hard. Ah! sinners, you will yet find sin the hardest of all masters—you will yet find your grovelling lusts to be worse than the worm that never dies. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still."—(Rev. xxii. 11.)

III. WICKED MEN SHALL BE CAST AWAY BY ALL THE CREATURES.

The state of unconverted men at present, although a very dreadful one, is yet not hopeless. The angels watch the unconverted, to see if there is any sign of repentance. It is believed that the holy angels are present in the assembly of God's worshippers.—(1 Tim. v. 21.) And if so, no doubt they watch your faces, to see if a tear starts into your eye, or a prayer trembles on your lip. There would be joy this day among the angels, if one sinner was to repent.

The redeemed on earth are peculiarly interested in unconverted souls. They pray for them night and day, many of them with tears; many a child of God wets his pillow with tears in behalf of perishing souls. Jeremiah wept in secret places for their pride. David says, "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes." They wish your conversion more than any personal benefit. Ministers are set apart to seek after lost and perishing souls. "Go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." If ministers are like their Master, this will be their great errand—"that by all means we may save some." But when the day of grace is past, all holy creatures will cast you away. "Reprobate silver shall men call them, for the Lord hath rejected them."

The angels will no longer take any interest in you. They will know that it is not fit they should pity you any more. You will be tormented in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb.

The redeemed will no longer pray for you, nor shed another tear for you. They will see you condemned in the judgment, and not put in one word for you. They will see you depart into everlasting fire, and yet not pray for you. They will see the smoke of your torments going up for ever end ever, and yet cry, Alleluiah!

Ministers will no more desire your salvation.

It will no more be their work. The number of the saved will be complete without you; the table will be full. Ministers will bear witness against you in that day.

Even devils will cast you off. As long as you remain on earth, the devil keeps you by his side; he flatters you, and gives you many tokens of his friendship and esteem; but soon he will cast you off. You will be no longer pleasant to him; you will be a part of his torment; and he will hate you and torment you, because you deceived him and he deceived you.

IV. WICKED MEN SHALL BE CAST AWAY BY THEMSELVES.

It is said, they shall wish to die, and shall not be able. "They shall seek death, and death shall flee from them." I believe that some suicides experience the beginnings of hell. I believe Judas did; he could not bear himself, and he tried to cast himself away. This will be the feeling of lost souls. They will not be able to bear the sight of themselves; they will be weary of existence; they will wish they had never been. At present, unconverted men are often very self-complacent. They love to employ their faculties; the wheels of their life go smoothly; their affections are pleasant. Memory has many pleasant green spots to look back upon. How different when the day of grace is done! The understanding will be clear and full to apprehend the real nature of your misery. Your mind will then see the holiness of God—his almightiness—his majesty. You will see your own condemned condition, and the depth of your hell. The will in you will be all contrary to God's will, even though you see it add to your hell; yet you will hate all that is God's law, and love all that God hates. Your conscience is God's vicegerent in the soul. It will accuse you of all your sins. It will set them in order, and condemn you. Your affections will still love your kindred. "I have five brethren," you will say. Earthly fathers who are evil know how to give good gifts to their children. Even in hell you will love your own kindred; but ah! what misery it will cost you, when you hear them sentenced along with you. Your memory will be very clear. You will remember all your misspent Sabbaths—your sermons heard—your place in the house of God—your minister's face and voice—the bell—though millions of ages after this, you will remember these, as if yesterday. O how you will wish you had never been! How you will wish to tear out your memory, or these tender affections, or your accusing conscience! You will seek death, and it will flee from you. This, this is to be lost! This is everlasting destruction! This is to be a castaway.

Hell will be intolerable. I have not spoken of the lake of fire, of the utter darkness, and the worm that never dies. I have spoken only of the mental facts of hell; and yet these by themselves are intolerable. O who can tell what it will be, when both meet, and meet eternally? Who knows the power of thine anger? O do not keep away from Christ now! Now he says, Come; soon, soon he will say, Depart. O do not resist the Holy Spirit now! Now he strives, but he will not always strive with you. Soon, soon he will leave you. O do not despise the word of ministers and godly friends! Now they plead with you, weep for you, pray for you. Soon, soon, they will be silent as the grave. O do not be proud or self-admiring! Soon you will loathe the very sight of yourself, and wish you had never been.

If you would avoid so terrible a doom, flee to Christ—flee to Christ NOW!

DAVID ROUGE.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

BY REV. G. DE FELICE OF BOLBEC, FRANCE.

DAVID ROUGE was a journeyman of Plainchamp, a small village in the canton of Vaud, Switzerland. God had given him health, but he gave himself up to intemperance, uttered the most shocking blasphemies, and often fell into the most violent paroxysms of rage.

One day, having laboured long in the water, near the torrent of Vevay, he was seized with violent rheumatism. The disease made rapid progress. His body was swollen in a frightful manner; and soon after he was struck with a general paralysis, and became so emaciated as to resemble a living skeleton. The unhappy man could not move one of his limbs, but lay with his arms extended as if upon a cross, and suffered the most excruciating pains.

This was his condition for two years. He murmured, he cried out, he blasphemed, he was transported with rage. Did not God know that he needed his limbs to labour and support his family? What had he done to be chastised in this manner? Were not his sufferings more than he could endure? Sometimes he gave himself up to despair. "Death!" he cried, "Death, kill me! life is hateful to me!" He cursed the day of his birth, and attempted to kill himself; but as he could scarcely move it was wholly beyond his power. His friends tried to console him, but in vain. His wife wished sometimes to read to him passages from the Bible, but he would not listen to her. "What avails the Bible?" said he; "will the Bible heal me? It is health I want, not the Bible."

At length a pious lady, who came to Vevay to spend Saturday and the Sabbath of each week, heard of his situation and visited him.

"Ah! I wish I could tell you," said David afterwards, "the good which her visit did me. There was something in her manner that consoled me, without my knowing how. She offered to read to me from the Bible, where alone she said I could find consolation. I could not refuse, and from that hour that dear, dear lady, forgetting that she had come here to breathe the fresh air, passed at my bedside nearly the whole of the time she was in the village. She read the Scriptures to me, choosing the portions which she thought suited me best, then explaining what she read, often praying with me, and begging the Lord to instruct and comfort me."

He now began to see his sins, and to feel that he must sink under the weight of them for ever. He was pointed to the promises of the gospel.

"But are these addressed to me?" cried David.

"Yes, they are addressed to you," replied his pious friends, "Christ says to all, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"But I have despised the Saviour to this day; I have openly offended him from my youth," continued David, "so that I dare not now go to him."

"Fear not," replied his friends, "Christ is ready to receive all who come to him. He has said in his word, 'I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'"

This was a ray of life for the paralytic. "Now," cried he with joy, "I understand the design of Jesus Christ's coming upon earth. Yes, now I see that he can save 'the chief of sinners.' He has said it, and he is able to accomplish it."

He cast his soul on Christ, to be washed and purified through his atoning blood. His faith in Christ brought peace to his mind, and peace of mind gave him patience to bear his sufferings. His wife no longer viewed him as the same person; she was astonished to see how this man, before so impatient, so irritable, had become in a short time so mild and so resigned to the will of God. Oh, what a precious treasure to know Christ and to believe in him! Then all is changed in our heart; what appeared to us an evil we regard as a good; afflictions which caused us to murmur excite us to bless the Lord; and the sick man on a bed of suffering is more happy when he has chosen Christ for his portion, than are kings on their thrones.

David now became an object of deep interest to all who had the opportunity to visit him. It was, indeed, instructive to find in a small, obscure, damp chamber, confined for ten years upon a bed, where through a small window he merely got a glimpse of the sky and of an old tree that shaded his room, a man not only submissive to the will of his Creator, but contented with his lot, and who testified, both by the expression of his countenance and by his discourse, that his soul possessed true happiness. It was delightful and affecting to see the open and much worn Bible lying upon the table, as if to invite some friend of his soul to read to him; and to hear from a body, wasted to a skeleton and exhibiting the livid aspect of death, a voice blessing God, and saying with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." It was impossible, on seeing this contentment in a situation apparently so wretched, not to recognise the power of faith, the truth of the promises of God, and the reality of the agency of the Holy Spirit in the heart of him who believes and prays. The sight of this poor paralytic extolling the mercy of God was so powerful on the heart, that several who came to see him were awakened from their indifference and hopefully converted to God.

"Do not deceive yourselves," he would say to them. "Take care; do not live as I have done, who made light for forty years of eternal punishment, not reflecting that because it is eternal we should use all our effort to escape it. Believe me, what I say can be despised by none but the thoughtless or profligate. Hear, though the warning comes from so vile a creature as myself, 'Flee from the wrath to come!' But this you can never do in your own strength. Jesus Christ must pardon your sins, and keep you to the end. Trust in him and you shall find mercy. He has said, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Do not put off to another day the things which concern your peace."

The report of the paralytic soon spread into all the surrounding region. Every one admired the wisdom and goodness of God, who could glorify his name by the mouth of a man so poor and wretched in the eyes of the world. From all parts people came to see him, to hear him, and profit by his instructive exhortations. Pastors of churches went to learn the power of the gospel from this humble paralytic, for they thought with reason that all their studies and all their learning were not worth the simple, unaffected faith of David Rouge; they came to him that the pride of human reason might be humbled, and they returned strengthened, rejoicing and blessing God.

David Rouge lived eight years after his conversion, to be a living witness of the effects of Christian faith. He experienced much uneasiness and pain in his whole body, particularly his legs and arms. It was often necessary, in order to give him ease, to rub them till the skin was blistered; he had also on his back and feet great sores, which gave him much pain. He rarely slept more than fifteen minutes at once, and to a friend who spoke of his long and tedious nights he said, "God is with me; when I think on him, and on the mercies he has shown me, and reflect on all his promises, I am not tired." He longed, indeed, to depart and be with Christ, but he committed himself to his disposal, and could say with the apostle, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

At length the time of his deliverance arrived; he felt symptoms which he had not felt before; and about fifteen days previous to his death said to his wife, "Now I believe, thanks to God, my hour is come. Behold the moment I have so long expected." During these days he suffered much, but enjoyed peace of mind. The day before his departure he exhorted his youngest son, who was attending him, "to enter into the strait and narrow way that leads to eternal life." Only a moment before he died he had a short delirium, and even then holy thoughts occupied his mind; all at once he intimated to his wife that he was about to depart, and said to his son, "Hear me, we all go to God by faith."

Thus did David Rouge give up his last breath, and entered into rest, after ten years of sickness and sufferings. Ten years of pain! a long period; but oh, how short compared with eternity, on which he has now entered, and where he will sing the song of redeeming love for ever! Let no one murmur against God in suffering, which may be sent in great mercy; and let no one postpone repentance and faith in Christ till the day of sickness and death, lest he thus resist and grieve the Holy Spirit, and the sorrows of a death-bed be exchanged but for the deeper sorrows of eternal despair.

INSTABILITY IN RELIGION.

(*From the Family Book.*)

"Beware of itching ears," was a caution frequently given by our venerable friends, especially to young and ardent professors of religion.

About two miles from our village, a minister preached who was famous for saying wonderful, new, and startling things, such as proved very attractive to those who had a smattering of religion, but who were but scantily and superficially instructed in its general scope and bearings, and thus were ready to be carried about with every wind of doctrine. This minister was famous for crying down all the neighbouring ministers as dry, dark, cold, and legal. He dwelt much on those matters about which the Bible says but little; laid down his assertions with great positiveness; and regarded all who questioned them as opposers of the truth. He was much more concerned to bring people up to a set round of expressions, or to high-flown notions and impressions of personal revelations and assurances, than to lead them to examine the scriptures humbly and impartially; and as new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that they might grow thereby. This person made a great noise for a time, and had many hearers and many followers. *Some*, previously altogether unacquainted with the gospel, were drawn together by curiosity to hear some new thing. Of these, some went away to ridicule sacred things which had been set before them, clothed in rash and coarse expressions; *others* took up a hasty profession of a cheap religion, which required little more than the adopting a few set phrases, eagerly following their leader through thick and thin, and bitterly denouncing all who followed not with them.

There were others who had begun to run well, but who, on listening to the instruction that causeth to err, were soon transformed from humble, modest learners, to self-conceited and censorious disputants, and such as caused their best friends to weep and to stand in doubt and dread of them.

Very few there were who had resisted—still fewer who had not been tried with the bait—"Do go and hear him, if it is only for once. You never heard such a preacher in your life. How can you know what it is, if you have never heard him?"

Among others, I was pressed by two young friends to go and hear this "new light," as he was called. One of these young friends had frequently been, and was wrapped up in her new teacher, and spoke with contempt of those to whom she had formerly listened with reverence, delight, and profit. The other young person had been once; she scarcely knew what to think; from some things she had heard her mind revolted; but he said many things that were very good. Her companion observed, that it would be uncandid to condemn for one hearing, or for a few expressions that she might not approve or understand. She ought to go again, and then she would be better able to judge for herself. Thus she was induced to go again and again; every time her mind becoming increasingly unsettled, and unable to profit by the more sober ministrations of her own pastor. She could no longer find spiritual enjoyment in reading the Bible, because, by the new friends with whom she had associated herself, she was taught to read it for other objects than those for which it was given. She did not read that she might be made wise unto salvation, and use it as a light to mark the daily path of duty, but that she might learn to speculate and dispute, and support a certain set of opinions by a few detached passages of scripture, without regard to the general bearing and practical tendency of the whole. I knew these persons many years, and I lived to see the former altogether abandon her religious profession and attendance on the means of grace. I have heard that she could even utter scoffs at religion; but I cannot bear to admit the thought. The latter was, I believe, a really conscientious woman; but I question if she ever after that period knew much real enjoyment of religion. She was like a bird that had wandered from its nest, and had forsaken her own satisfaction and comfort. She looked shy at her minister, and fancied that he looked shy upon her, or that his ordinary admonitions and cautions were intended as public reproofs of her. Then she would absent herself awhile, and try some other place of worship; or come only occasionally when a stranger preached. By and by she would be convinced that the fault was in herself. Then her mind would be harassed and distressed with apprehensions that she had never known the grace of God in truth. Her own course afforded her no satisfaction. She had too real and deep a concern about her soul to be satisfied with the bold assurance and enthusiastic impressions of which some of her acquaintance boasted, and on which they were content to risk their eternal all; yet she could rarely divest herself of all other associations, and venture simply as a poor perishing sinner on the mercy of God in Jesus Christ. To the end of her days she was tossed about with winds of doctrine and changeableness of frames. We hope she was saved, though it was "*so as by fire*" or shipwreck. She certainly did not enjoy that *abundant entrance* into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which is generally reserved as the especial privilege of those who have held fast the profession of their faith without wavering, and whose religion has been more eminently that of the heart and life, than that of the head and tongue.

For myself I am thankful to say, that on the occasion to which I have referred, I was thrown into the way of good friends, and was induced to ask their judicious advice, and to abide by it.

It is folly to follow preachers for the sake of merely hearing something new, and with an evident danger of hearing something questionable; and even where the change is merely from one sound preacher to another, the love of novelty is in itself hazardous, and should be guarded against.

Every prudent Christian will wish to have a *home;* a society on which he has established claims, and to which he is responsible; in which he has obligations to sustain, and duties to perform. This need not be his prison, yet he will seldom feel inclined to wander from it; while cherishing every feeling of good-will towards other denominations, and other congregations, he will habitually be found at home. Though he may sometimes miss an occasional excitement, such an individual will generally be found the most steadily growing, established, fruitful Christian. "As as bird that wanders from his nest, so is a man that wanders from his place;" but "those that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God."

FAMILY SEPARATIONS.

Oh, how soon must the most happy and united family be separated! They who were fondled in the same arms, who played beneath the same green tree, who encircled a father's fireside in the cheerful sports of childhood, must soon be scattered. Their homes far distant, a new world of cares will grow up around them, till the scenes of their early years will only remain in their minds as the indistinct impressions of a dream. And where will be their graves? A poet has endeavoured to follow, in imagination, the wanderings of a family, and in pathetic strains has sung, "The graves of a household." But upon such a subject as this there is no pathos like the truth. Follow out the history of any family of united and affectionate children; what a sad breach does the lapse of twenty years make in their numbers and their happiness! Some are mouldering in the grave. One has perhaps gone amid darkness, and storms, and howling tempests, to the depths of the ocean; another is perhaps far separated from his early friends, and struggling with adversity. Another, who was a playful and light-hearted girl—the life of a domestic circle, is now the feeble mother of a numerous family: her constitution is broken by watching and care; her pale countenance and slender form proclaim to all, that her sands of life have nearly run. The little boy, who was so full of vivacity, and who repaid a mother's love by so much affection, is now perhaps a victim to vice. You see him, with bloated countenance and palsied limbs, tottering along, a curse to mankind, and a disgrace to his friends. It is difficult to trace out the history of any family, without meeting with much to produce emotions of pain. And when the family scene is closed, and the last lingerer drops in death, how widely scattered lie their graves!

"They grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one house with glee—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

And parted thus, they rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee"

Where is the reflecting mind that is not often saddened by these thoughts? for, though this be poetry, it is not fiction; it is real life. And oh! where can we look for any thing substantial for the soul to rest upon, if we have not heaven in anticipation? Then shall these graves soon give up their dead: however widely separated may lie the bodies of the once united family, they all shall hear the sound of the trump, and shall come forth; they shall meet again; they shall have a new home, and be united by more ardent ties of love, and by a bond that shall be ever enduring. Is there not something refreshing to a soul in the views and the consolations of religion? Is it not madness for any family to deprive themselves of such inestimable privileges—of such invaluable blessings? And yet how many a family will turn from these true sources of comfort, and seek joy where substantial joy never can be found. They leave home—that name of countless charms—and in the halls of gaiety, with the frivolous and the vain, they endeavour to satisfy the desires of an immortal mind. But, how vain! The immortal spirit cannot be thus satisfied. The hall may resound with gaiety, and bright lights may flash on brighter countenances: but joy forsakes these noisy haunts, and even the pleasurable excitement which here and there plays upon the heart, is as transient as the scene itself. Go into that forsaken hall as the morning sun arises. The revelry of the night is closed. All those fair forms have vanished as the music has gone: the half burnt candles are extinguished; and here and there a glove or a handkerchief reminds one of the gaudy show which but a few hours before was there exhibited. But how cold, and desolate, and cheerless does the apartment now appear! It is but a fit emblem of the cheerlessness and desolation which reigns in the hearts of those who have been mingling in its giddy mazes. Late in the morning they rise, languid and dejected, from pillows on which they have found no repose. Listlessly they wear away the day's weary hours; and it is not till another morning comes, that they recover from the consequences of a few hours' excess. How different the joy of that family, who, at the close of an evening of serene enjoyment, unite their hearts in social prayer! As they bow around the domestic altar, and commend themselves to the Lord, do they not feel a degree of peace which cannot be found in the thronged halls of mirth? And as they return to their pillows with a consciousness of a well-spent day, can they envy those whose bosoms are agitated with the passions which are invariably excited in the bustling crowds of pleasure?

It is in the peaceful and prayerful home that the purest joys on earth are found; it is in the heart animated with the love of God, in which the spirit of happiness loves to find her dwelling-place. Elsewhere you may find her semblance, but not her reality.—*Jacob Abbott.*

DR PAYSON AND THE SOCINIAN LAWYER.

The following rencontre took place between the Rev. Dr Payson and a lawyer of Portland, who ranked among the first in the place for wealth, and was very fluent withal.

A lady, who was the common friend of Mrs Payson and the lawyer's wife, was sojourning in the family of the latter. After the females of the respective families had interchanged several "calls," Mrs —— was desirous of receiving a formal visit from Mrs Payson; but to effect this, Dr Payson must also be invited, and how to prevail with her husband to tender an invitation, was the great difficulty. He had been accustomed to associate experimental religion with meanness, and, of course, felt or affected great contempt for Dr Payson, as if it were impossible for a man of his religion to be also a man of talents. He knew by report something of Dr Payson's practice on such occasions, and dreading to have his house the scene of what appeared to him a gloomy interview, resisted his wife's proposal as long as he could, and retain the character of a gentleman. When he gave his consent, it was with the positive determination that Dr Payson should not converse on religion, nor ask a blessing over his food, nor offer a prayer in his house. He collected his forces, and made his preparation, in conformity with this purpose; and when the appointed day arrived, received his guests very pleasantly, and entered at once into animated conversation, determined, by obtruding his own favourite topics, to forestall the divine. It was not long before the latter discovered his object, and summoned together his powers to defeat it. He plied them with that skill and address for which he was remarkable; still, for some time, victory inclined to neither side, or to both alternately.

The lawyer, not long before, had returned from Washington, where he had spent several weeks on business at the Supreme Court of the United States. Dr Payson instituted some inquiries respecting sundry personages there, and, among others, the chaplain of the House of Representatives. The counsellor had heard him perform the devotional services in that assembly. "How did you like him?"—"Not at all; he appeared to have more regard to those around him than he did to his Maker." Dr Payson was very happy to see him recognise the distinction between praying to God, and praying to be heard of men; and let fall a series of weighty observations on prayer, passing into a strain of remark, which without taking the form, had all the effect, on the lawyer's conscience, of a personal application. From a topic so unwelcome he strove to divert the conversation; and every few minutes would start something as wide from it as the east is from the west. But as often as he wandered, his guest would dexterously and without violence bring him back; and as often as he was brought back he would wander again.

At length the trying moment, which was to turn the scale, arrived. The time for the evening repast had come; the servant had entered the parlour with the trays; the master of the feast became unusually eloquent, resolved to engross the conversation, to hear no question or reply, to allow no interval for "grace," and to give no indication by the eye, the hand, or the lips, that he expected or wished for such a service. Just as the distribution was on the very point of commencing, Dr Payson interposed the question—"What writer has said, 'The devil invented the fashion of carrying round tea, to prevent a blessing being asked?'" Our host felt himself "cornered;" but, making a virtue of necessity, promptly replied, "I know not what writer it is; but, if you please, we will foil the devil this time: will you ask a blessing, sir?" A blessing, of course, was asked; and he brooked as well as he could this first certain defeat, still resolved not to sustain another by the offering of thanks on closing the repast. But in this, too, he was disappointed. By some well-timed sentiment of his reverend guest, he was brought into such a dilemma, that he could not, without absolute rudeness, decline asking him to return thanks. And thus he contested every inch of his ground till the visit terminated. But, at every stage, the minister proved too much for the lawyer. He sustained his character as a minister of religion, and gained his point in every thing; and that too, with so admirable a tact, in a way so natural and unconstrained, and with such respectful deference to his host, that the latter could not be displeased, except with himself. Dr Payson not only acknowledged God on the reception of food, but read the scriptures and prayed before separating from the family; and did it, too, at the request of the master—though this request was made, in every successive instance, against his fixed purpose.

The chagrin of this disappointment, however, eventually became the occasion of his greatest joy. His mind was never entirely at ease till he found peace in believing. Often did he revert, with devout thankfulness to God, to the visit which had occasioned his mortification; and ever after regarded, with more than common veneration and respect, the servant of God whom he had once despised; and was glad to receive ministrations in exchange for those on which he had formerly attended.

"TENDER MERCIES ARE OVER ALL HIS WORKS."

"One of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father," is a sweet solace to the Christian when called to witness inexplicable providences. How often do we have to weep and wonder at what God does, and yet say, He doeth all things well? One reason why I would depart and dwell in glory is, that I am anxious to view some of God's works from that sublime position. As I look now through a glass darkly, I am utterly unable *to see* the mercy which *I know* is "over all his works." How delightful it will be in the light of heaven to pierce the clouds and darkness in which many providences are hidden, and to unfold these "mysteries" by which the afflicted are so often perplexed!

Sometimes, however, a ray of this heavenly light falls upon an earthly scene, and greatly cheers the sorrowing and wondering soul. It is sometimes permitted us even here to know enough of God's ways to approve them, for other reasons than our general knowledge of his character. These remarks are suggested by a case of peculiar affliction, which has come under my observation, and which I purpose briefly to state in illustration of an obvious principle in God's dealings.

A boy of uncommon promise was the idol of his family during his first decade. That there was much in him to love and admire and build hopes upon, was the testimony of other minds than those of fond parents. From his earliest years, his natural loveliness was sweetened by a deep current of religious thoughtfulness and feeling. It pleased God to afflict him with a disease which entirely blasted his earthly prospects. The blow was very severe to those who loved him. And while they said, God is good and wise in all his dealings, they yet were full of wonder that such bright promises must be thus rudely crushed. Almost another decade has passed over this boy, and now the "mysterious providence" is luminous with much of heaven's light. To him it has been "given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake." The afflictions which he has endured, have been more efficacious of good to his own soul and to the souls of others, than they have of sorrow to himself. Cut off from the ordinary means of education, and furnished with hardly any instruments of doing good but his "thorn in the flesh," and his desire to be useful, he has been a messenger of mercy to many souls. The world has hardly seen him. He has passed along in life under the shadow of a great affliction, and in this shade has been hidden from all but heavenly beings. Yet I believe that not a few will rise up and call him blessed for his labours of love to their souls. He seems never unmindful that every one with whom he meets has an immortal spirit to be saved by grace through righteousness. Hence every where he tells about Jesus, and tries to make others love his Saviour.

I will give but one instance of his usefulness. And this is one which never could have happened but for his infirmity. His sickness once seized him suddenly in the street. He was carried insensible into the nearest house. Now see what God had prepared for him to do in that family. It was a household of unbelievers. Religion was hated there. Bibles and good books had no welcome there. Christ and his cross were foolishness there. As this pious boy came to himself, he saw bending over him a girl of about his age, who, as it afterwards appeared, was afflicted with a similar infirmity to his own. This striking coincidence, which was the result of a divine plan, was a key to open the heart of that girl to the things of Jesus, which he soon began to lisp in her ear. The boy returned to his home; but he had done a work which neither angry men nor devils could destroy. His influence was blessed to that girl's conversion. After enduring a course of severe threatening and persecution from her friends, she became a member of the church. The last time I heard from her, she had herself been the means of plucking several brands from the burnings.

Thus the work is still going on. God only knows how great will be the harvest. That chastening is already yielding "the peaceable fruit of righteousness" to many souls. I hope to know in eternity, how many will praise God for those blasted hopes and that thorn in the flesh. How it will delight those parents, who once grieved so bitterly, to count the scores, or hundreds, or thousands who may be saved through these very sorrows. Such an idea is not irrational, for the seed of divine truth often yields one hundred-fold.

The principle illustrated here is, that *sufferings no less than actions are the appointed means of doing good.* The thorn in the flesh is often a sword in the hands of the Spirit, sharper and more efficient than learning and eloquence. The strength of some lies where Paul's did, in his weakness: for he said, "when I am weak then I am strong." To serve God, some of us must suffer. Nor is this an inferior post. God does not honour more the active than the patient, nor the strong than the humble. Action is more conspicuous, and has more *éclat* in the eyes of the world, than suffering. Action is easier than suffering. It requires less grace. It blends more easily the feelings of nature and of grace. We can be very active with very little religion. But suffering demands strong faith. It deprives us of natural, and forces us to depend on supernatural strength. Suffering does not usually stimulate pride, or native energy, or love of applause, or any of the ordinary alloys of Christian character. It can be alleviated, and cheered, and sanctified only by true religion. Let us, therefore, bear patiently every cross and every infirmity, knowing that hereunto are we called. These are the talents which we are to improve.—*—N. Y. Evangelist.*

THE SINNER'S END.

Surely, if the saint shall have a glorious entrance into the kingdom of Christ, the sinner shall have a dismal entrance into the everlasting kingdom of darkness. Whatsoever might sweeten his condition formerly shall then embitter it; his comforts shall be shut out; his great estate brings him in a poor revenue of joys, to think how many thousands he had, and that all cannot purchase him one moment's ease; the sweetness of his estate is turned into bitterness, when he is forced to have leisure now, in spite of his heart, to sit down and consider what a poor, insignificant, unprofitable thing he ventured his soul for. His old companions are now shut out: he could be glad at heart to bid them farewell to eternity. This is all the poor help of his friends, that they stand by, bewailing his departure, and not one of them can speak one word of comfort to him without hazard to its own. It is but sorry relief to him to look upon this and that person, and to think, I must either part company for ever, or meet at the dreadful place of execution. It may be the faithful minister may be shut out, lest he should tell him plainly what his case is. O what a sad case must the sinner be in! All help and hope is shut out; and instead of plays, friends, pleasures (all which he must take his leave of for ever), he beholds a dreadful door opened, and in comes God's sergeants to apprehend him, and no bail can be taken. And when the door is once open, O what a flock of unwelcome guests come in! Now conscience will give him a visit whether he will or no, and tell him such a story as makes his heart ache? Then how doth the guilty sinner tremble! The indictment the law brings in is black, the witnesses many and clear, and the sinner is condemned for his life, and soul for eternity. His sins stare him in the face, and wrath and vengeance are just ready to seize him; he feels now that sin and hell, which he made so light of, are no jesting things. Which way soever the man looks, he sees nothing but horror, misery, ruin. If he look backward, what hath he left to comfort him, but the sad remembrance of his past enjoyment, for which he must now give an exact account? and sin and pleasure in the review upon a death-bed is another kind of thing than it was in the committing. Now farewell fine houses and gardens, farewell hawking and hunting, farewell taverns, plays, vicious company! And if he look forwards, what doth he behold that can yield him any great content? One of the most desirable and pleasantest sights that he sees before him is the grave, and if that were all, it were well though he were buried in a dunghill. I will not say how dismal that dark vault is to him that was all for his liberty, and wont to take his rest on down, and stretch himself upon a bed of ivory—for him that was wont to fare deliciously every day, to be food for vermin—for him that had his constant attendants about him, to have none but a few worms to wait on him. But pain, sickness, death, corruption, are the least of those evils that he sees before him: the prison were not so dreadful were it not for the Judge, assizes, and execution. O how dreadful a sight must it be to see the dreadful lake burning with fire and brimstone, into which he must be cast! How strange a prospect to see, instead of flattering attendants, the devils ready to seize upon his trembling soul, and hell opening its mouth ready to receive him, and to shut the door of hope and mercy upon him for ever! to look up and see an angry God, who is able to pass that irreversible and terrible sentence upon him, "Depart, thou cursed!" and to see Christ accusing him, while he pleads for and acquits those whom he hated and persecuted! and to look round about, and to see none that hath one word to speak for him, none to pacify the Judge, divert or prolong the sentence or execution, none to mitigate his torments! Will the sinner then make a laughing business of damnation? Will God's judging his soul be a small matter then? Will the precise and diligent saint be then called or esteemed a fool, a madman? Will not the thoughts of these things upon a death-bed cool the sinner's courage?

And what hath he now to bear up his sinking spirits? What is there to support him from crying out in horror and despair? What is it that can make a man in this case lift up his head with any comfort or content? What remains now but a fearful expectation of fiery indignation? And hath not this man some of the sparks of hell flung into his conscience?—doth not the never-dying worm begin to gnaw?—is not the fire already kindled that shall never be quenched? And what provisions are now laid in to live upon? What must be his food, what his drink, what his clothing, his inheritance, his lodging, his employment, his companions? Must he not feed upon the fruit of his own folly? Must he not drink of the cup of God's wrath? Must he not lodge in a bed of flames? Shall not his employment be to reap the crop of sorrows for ever which he sowed in time? Are not the devils and damned like to be his companions for ever?—*Janeway.*

NEVER PROCRASTINATE.

"You will please not to forget to ask the place for me, sir," said a pale blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the man of leisure at his lodgings.

"Certainly not," said Mr I. "I shall be going that way in a day or two."

"Did you ask for the place for me yesterday?" said the pale boy on the following day, with a quivering lip, as he performed the same office.

"No," was the answer. "I was busy; but I will to-day."

"Heaven help my poor mother!" murmured the boy, and gazed listlessly on the penny Mr I—— laid in his hand.

The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with the loaf of bread he had earned by brushing the gentlemen's coats at the inn. They shouted with joy, and his mother held out her emaciated hand for a portion, while a sickly smile flitted across her face.

"Mother, dear," said the boy, "Mr I—— thinks he can get me the place, and I shall have three meals a-day—only think, mother, three meals! and it won't take me three minutes to run home and share them with you."

The morning came, and the pale boy's voice trembled with earnestness as he asked Mr I—— if he had applied for the place.

"Not yet," said the man of leisure, "but there is time enough."

The penny that morning was wet with tears. Another morning arrived.

"It is very thoughtless in the boy to be so late," said Mr I——. "Not a soul here to brush my coat."

The child came at length, his face swollen with weeping.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said the man of leisure, "but the place in Mr C——'s shop was filled yesterday."

The boy stopped brushing, and burst afresh into tears. "I care not now," said he, sobbing; "we may as well starve. Mother is dead."

The man of leisure was shocked, and he gave the boy a crown.—*Tract Magazine.*

SOW WITH PRAYER; REAP WITH PRAISE.

It is God that giveth the increase, for he alone has said of every plant, that its seed is in itself, and he, alone, also blesses the springing thereof. Thus He works in nature; and of the same kind, also, are his gracious dealings with men. It is his right alone to create, and to give fruitfulness: blessed is the man who knows this truth, believes it, and relies upon it.

It was the season of spring, and in the fields which the plough had prepared, the sowers were casting the corn into a thousand furrows, and already their hopes looked forward to plentiful harvests. An aged labourer, on the edge of a small plot of ground, was preparing to scatter his handful. I accosted him, and asked if the land which he cultivated were fertile. "Sometimes it bears more, sometimes less," he answered, "that depends on the weather and the season." "Above all," I answered seriously, "it depends on the blessing of Him, to whom belong the land, and the corn, and the sun, and the rains, in every place."

"You are right," said the labourer; "indeed it is in vain we work unless God blesses our fields." "Well," said I, drawing nearer to the old man, "have you prayed to God before you began to sow? have you asked from him that blessing, which his goodness will not refuse to his children? Are you about to sow your field as a Christian should do, or as too many labourers do, without thinking of our heavenly Father, who gives us all things through Jesus Christ his Son, that he may be glorified?"

"I had not thought of it," said the old man; "perhaps I was wrong."

"Should you like me now to do it with you?" I inquired. "We will do it from the heart, and the God of heaven will hear and answer us, for the sake of Jesus Christ." The old man thanked me. We prayed to the Lord to bless the springing of that seed, and I took leave of the labourer.

Days and nights followed: the blade sprang and grew, the ear appeared, and the full corn ripened; and the man, who, whilst the Lord was working, had gone backwards and forwards, had slept and forgotten his field, when he saw it white for the harvest, came and brought his family to gather the sheaves. At that time, I again passed the field of the old man, and he then called to me, and, showing me the plentiful rich crop which covered his land, said to me, with earnestness, "You see, our prayer has not been useless, I have never yet had so large a crop: this year, God has greatly blessed my field; we prayed together, now let us give thanks together." And as I continued my walk, I thought to myself, how often the word of God speaks of the sowing and reaping of the earth, to give men instruction as to heavenly things; and, in particular, to encourage the Christian, and especially the minister of the gospel, in his work of faith and labour of love, in the midst of his field—the world. It is said, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into the harvest." Pray, then, that the seed of the kingdom may prosper. Pray in the morning, and withhold not your prayer in the evening.

Cast thy bread upon the face of the waters, in the name of the Lord, and wait upon him that your labours may be blessed.—*Rev. C. Malan.*

THE TWO DEATH-BEDS.

Said a dying youth to his weeping friends: "I am entering upon my last journey, which, so far from being terrible, is inviting and delightful. I feel the infirmities of nature, but my sense of pain is lost in my ardent hope of salvation. I have heartily repented of all my sins, and firmly believe, through the mercies of my God and the redeeming merits of my Saviour, that I shall be numbered with the chosen of God." And he died.

Said another, in his dying moments, without God and without hope: "My life has been spent—foolishly spent—because it never yielded one hour of solid happiness. I have lived without thinking of God, and why should he now think of me, except it be to judge and to damn me? God will not, cannot, forgive me." And he died.

Reader, like the above-named persons, you may be young. Like the latter, you may be fond of the world. And if so, listen to the words of the inspired penman: "Rejoice in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." As if God should say in the midst of your pleasures, Go, if you will, and mingle in the scenes of the world—go to the place of exciting amusement or revelry—go to the card-table and the ball-room, the dram-shop and the theatre—associate with the thoughtless and sceptical, violate the Sabbath and reject the Word of God, till all the mildness, all the ingenuousness, all the simplicity and innocence of youth, is lost in the wreck of vice; but carry with you the overwhelming thought, that for all these things God will bring you into judgment. Yes, trifling as you suppose your sins may be, God will bring you into judgment. A trifling sin is trifling with the eternal God. Triflers in youth, or manhood, or age, will stand before a tribunal where trifles will assume a solemn reality. In the sufferings of Jesus Christ on the cross, you behold not only an affecting exhibition of God's mercy for the guilty, but also the clearest evidence of his abhorrence of sin. Deal not in *little* sins, lest the blood which was "shed for the remission of sins," become a "savour of death unto death."—*Family Visiter.*

TIME-REDEMPTION.

Time-redemption is one of the lessons which God teacheth those whom he corrects. In our tranquillity, how many golden hours do we throw down the stream which we are like never to see again; for one whereof the time may come, when we would give rivers of oil, the wealth of both the Indies, mountains of precious stones, if they were our own, and yet neither would they be found a sufficient price for the redemption of any one lost moment! It was the complaint of the very moralist, and may be much more our complaint, Who is there among us that knows how to value time, and prize a day at a due rate? Most men study rather how to pass away their time than to redeem it, prodigal of their precious hours, as if they had more than they could tell what to do withal: our season is short, and we make it shorter. How sad a thing is it to hear men complain, O what shall we do to drive away the time?

Alas, even Sabbath-time, the purest, the most refined part of time, a creation out of a creation, time consecrated by Divine sanction—how cheap and common is it in most men's eyes; while many do sin away, and the most do idle away those hallowed hours! Seneca was wont to jeer the Jews for their ill husbandry, in that they lost one day in seven, meaning their Sabbath: truly it is too true of the most of Christians, they lose one day in seven, whatever else; the Sabbath for the most part is but a lost day; while some spend it totally upon their lusts, and the most, I had almost said the best, do fill up the void spaces and intervals of the Sabbath from public worship with idleness and vanity! But oh! when trouble comes, and danger comes, and death comes; when the sword is at the body, the pistol at the breast, the knife at the throat, death at the door, how precious would one of those despised hours be! Evil days cry with a loud voice in our ears, Redeem the time: that caution was written from the tower in Rome. "Redeeming the time because the days are evil," Eph. v. 16. In life-threatening dangers, when God threatens, as it were, that time shall be no more, Rev. x. 6, then we can think of redeeming time for prayer, for reading, for meditation, for studying and clearing out our evidences for heaven, for doing and receiving good, according to opportunities presented; yea, then we can gather up the very broken fragments of time, that nothing may be lost. Then God teacheth the soul what a choice piece of wisdom it is for Christians, if it were possible, to be beforehand with time; for usually it comes to pass, through our unskilfulness and improvidence, that we are surprised by death; and we that reckoned upon years—many years—yet to come, have not, possibly, so many hours to make ready our accounts. It may be, this night is the summons, and then if our time be done, and our work to be begun, in what a case are we! The soul must needs be in perplexity at the hour of death, that seeth the day spent, and its work yet to do. A traveller that seeth the sun setting when he is but entering on his journey, cannot but be aghast: the evening of our day, and the morning of our task, do not well agree together; that time which remaineth is too short to lament the loss of bypast time. By such hazards God doth come upon the soul as the angel upon Peter in prison, and smites upon our sides, bids us rise up quickly, and gird up ourselves, and bind on our sandals, &c., Acts xii. 7, that we may redeem lost opportunities, and do much work in a little time; it is a pity to lose any thing of that which is so precious and so short, 1 Cor. vii. 29.

BREAD FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS.

AN ANECDOTE RELATED BY THE REV. ROBERT YOUNG.

When I was in the West Indies, I heard of a poor soldier who had been condemned to die, and I wished to see him in his condemned cell. On applying to the gaoler, he allowed me to do so, on condition that I should be enclosed in the dungeon during the interval of meals, for some hours. That, in a West India dungeon, was not a very agreeable thing. However, as I had a sincere desire to talk with this man, I submitted to the condition, and was shut up with him. I found him an interesting young man; and, to my surprise, his countenance indicated pleasure rather than grief, when I presented myself before him. I began to enquire relative to the state of his mind, and, to my astonishment, he told me that he had obtained salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. He went on to detail, in a most interesting manner, how he had found his way to the Redeemer. Knowing that no pious person had previously visited him, I wished to be informed how he had obtained his light, when he gave me the following narrative :—"Oh! sir," he said, "I was a scholar in a Sabbath school at Nottingham. I was a very bad boy. I was expelled from the school twice in consequence of my conduct. I cherished evil principles in my heart, because I was an exceedingly dissipated young man. In a fit of intoxication I enlisted as a soldier, and, in a few days, left my native town. Soon afterwards I was sent out to this country; and I fear my conduct has broken the heart of my widowed mother. After I had been in this country some time, I did not like the army, and deserted. I was apprehended, and flogged. I deserted again. I was betrayed by a companion, apprehended, and am now sentenced to die. When I came to this loathsome place, I was as dark and as ignorant of God as it was possible for any sinner to be. I meditated vengeance against the person who informed of me, and against my judges, and I thought that I would be amply revenged if I could but escape from my place of imprisonment; but, when left alone to my own reflections, I thought of the Sabbath school at Nottingham, and all at once the instructions which I received there flashed upon my mind. I wept, I prayed; my heart was broken, and I found my way to that Saviour who had been so often named in the school to which I refer; and, blessed be God," said he, "he has manifested his love to my heart, and saved me from the fear of death." The time came when he was led forth to be shot. When he arrived at the place of his execution, his conversation, and the whole of his proceedings, indicated the tranquillity of his mind. He then knelt upon his coffin, prayed for himself, for his regiment, for his mother, if still alive, and expressed himself in terms of confidence and hope. The commanding-officer appeared deeply affected, and evidently felt much reluctance in performing his painful duty. At length, however, in a tremulous voice, he said, "Make ready!—present!—fire!"—and in a moment that soldier lay a bleeding and lifeless corpse. Now here was bread found after many days. That Sunday-school teacher at Nottingham had no idea that he had done any good to this young man; when he left the school he had no hope concerning him; and yet the seed which had been scattered in Nottingham, produced glorious fruit in a West Indian dungeon.

THE GOSPEL GIVES A MAN A HEART.

There are some people who look with a languid eye on every thing; and there are others who have an interest in nothing which does not contribute to their own comfort. There are some absolutely joyless spirits from which every particle of zest has evaporated—who lag through life so listlessly that nothing makes them smile, and nothing makes them weep—and merely to look at them is enough to give you wintry sensations on a summer's day. Then there are others who have some evident joy of existence, but who are as evidently their own all in all—trim and tidy souls, like a box-tree clipped and rounded—not troubled with any tendrils—any outgoing affections or redundant emotions—snug, comfortable people, who carry their universe in a carpet-bag, who love some people very dearly, but who also love with the same sort of love the velvet cushion or the easy chair which fits their dispositions and accommodates their varying fancies. It is not good to have no heart at all, or a heart only for one's self. There is no need to be in such ignoble case. The gospel not only says, "My son, give me thine heart," but it gives the man a heart to give. The moment its joyous life wells up in a weary soul, the desert blossoms like the rose. Seeds of unsuspected gladness are quickened into life, and existence begins to wear a face of interest and gaiety, which perhaps it did not wear even when viewed over the cradle's merry edge. And the churl's heart grows bountiful. The little self-contained soul of the worldling expands till it comes in contact with a broad surface of existence, and wonders to find so much that is kindly and forthdrawing in objects which he formerly dreaded or despised; and in the dilatation of his delighted heart—in the ready rush of his benevolent and compassionate feelings, and in the newly-tasted luxury of doing good—he enters on a domain of enjoyment, whose existence he formerly regarded as a hyperbole or a fairy tale. But, above all, perfect peace casteth out selfishness. The joy of an ascertained forgiveness—the happy outset on a Zionward pilgrimage—the felt shining of God's uplifted countenance—it gives the man all the generosity of excessive gladness, the comprehensive good-will of a peace which passeth understanding—that eye-kindling, lip-opening gratitude, which relieves itself in doxologies of brotherly kindness, in deeds of tender mercy; and the love of God shed forth abundantly, teaches the man the new lesson—to love his brother also.—*James Hamilton.*

THE YOUNG SWEARER REBUKED.

A minister sailing up the Hudson river in a sloop, some forty years since, was pained by the profaneness of a young man. Seeking a favourable opportunity, he told him he had wounded his feelings by speaking against his best Friend—the Saviour. The young man showed no relentings, and at one of the landings left the boat. The minister was pained, and feared that his labours were in vain. Seven years after, as this minister went to the General Assembly at Philadelphia, a young man accosted him, saying, he thought he remembered his countenance, and asked him if he was not on board a sloop on the Hudson river seven years before with a profane young man. At length the circumstances were called to mind. "I," said he, "am that young man. After I left the sloop, I thought I had injured both you and your Saviour. I was led to him for mercy, and felt that I must preach his love to others. I am now in the ministry, and have come as a representative to this Assembly."

MOROSENESS.

Let us take heed of a morose, sour, natural disposition. If it doth not hinder many fruits of love, yet it sullies the glory of its exercise extremely. Some good persons have so much of Nabal in them, that it blasts the sweet fruit of love which comes from them. It is soured with something of an ill disposition, that hath no life or beauty in it. It is a great mistake to believe that grace only subdues our carnal corruption, and doth not change our natural temper. I believe grace changes the natural temper, and ennobles it. It makes the "leopard to lie down with the kid," and "the bear to eat straw with the ox," as it is promised. It makes the froward meek, the passionate patient, and the morose benign and kind. And we are to apply grace to these ends and purposes, and not to humour and please ourselves, as though such things are our natural disposition. Grace comes to alter our natural dispositions that are unsuited to love, and indispose us for it. We are apt to excuse ourselves and one another, and hope that Christ will do so too, however this or that is much from (contrary to) our natural temper. Pray let us not act thus; our natural tempers are to be cured by grace, or it hath not its perfect work upon us.—*Dr Owen.*

TWO SWEARERS CONVERTED BY MEANS OF A TRACT.

A GENTLEMAN, resident in Longton, employed a Christian man to circulate religious tracts. The following statement, showing the usefulness of his labours, has been given:—

About six months ago, in the course of his interesting employment, he called upon a poor afflicted female; he immediately entered into conversation on religious subjects, and was pleased to find she was not a stranger to the hope of the gospel. She gave him to understand that she was the subject of painful trials, and had to suffer much from the violence of a "wicked, swearing husband." To use my informant's own words: "Before I left her, I presented her with a tract called 'The Swearer's Prayer;' but she had no hope that her husband would receive it. I then directed her to lay it in his way, that he might meet with it by accident; thinking with her, that he might pay more attention to it than if presented in the ordinary way." She acted according to the direction given, and in a short time the tract met the husband's eye. He read it over, and appeared agitated; he read it over several times, and became greatly alarmed; he saw his own spiritual character so strikingly set forth, that a deep anxiety for his spiritual interests, and an ardent desire for salvation, were awakened. In the midst of these impressions he sent for a companion in iniquity. They both read the tract together, and it produced similar results in the second instance. The awful statements of that tract were like "a nail fastened in a sure place." From that time they began to attend a place of worship; they yielded to the impressions of Divine grace; and both became united to a Christian church, in which they remain.

SELF-DENIAL.

THE late Rev. W. E. Miller, before he devoted himself to the Wesleyan ministry, was an eminent musician in Sheffield. He possessed a violin which, it is said, he estimated at the value of three hundred guineas; the probability is, that, with his well-known disregard of money, it was invaluable. The tradition in current vogue used to be, that, when young Miller was in India, he heard that, in the court of Tippoo Saib, an exquisite instrument was in use by one of the Sultan's band; and, having pushed his way to Seringapatam, he so enchanted the sovereign by his performances, as to obtain possession of the prize. Whatever may have been the means by which he came to be possessed of it, he acquired it in India. That which is the *instrument* of happiness, or glory, though in itself unimportant, becomes interesting to its possessor, and often the fond object of superstitious affection. The horse which carried Alexander through his wars, was next to deified by the hero. Mr Miller's violin had more than carried him to the height of his fame and popularity; it had been the companion of his wanderings in a foreign land; it had soothed his hours of weariness on board ship; and it had given life to, and made vocal, the deep, tender, enthusiastic, and melancholy emotions of his inmost soul. When, however, Mr Miller was brought to feel the necessity of a perfect decision in religion, he found that this instrument stood in his way; it was the idol of his heart; he was perfectly wedded to it; and he felt it to be a great snare. "With almost unexampled firmness and resolution," adds his biographer, "he laid it aside—though at the time he was esteemed the second, if not the first, performer in England—with the purpose never to touch it more; and he kept his resolution to the day of his death."

STRANGERS AND SOJOURNERS.

AM I a stranger and a sojourner with God? Let me realize, let me exemplify the condition. Let me look for the treatment such characters commonly meet with. Like widows and orphans, they are often imposed upon, and wronged, and injured. They are turned into ridicule and reproach, because of their speech, their dress, their manner, and usages. And Christians are a peculiar people. They are men wondered at. The Saviour tells them not to marvel if the world hates them, for they are not of the world, even as he is not of the world. This treatment is, in reality, a privilege rather than a matter of complaint. It is when I am admired and caressed, and I find every thing agreeable in my circumstances, it is then I feel something of the settler. But the disadvantages of my state make me think of home, because this is not my rest.—*Jay.*

ADVANTAGE OF AFFLICTION.

IF the storm-beaten, benighted, and weary traveller, instead of tramping along a miry road on foot, travelled in a coach and six on the turnpike road, and had every comfort around him, do you think that he would fully enjoy the friendly hearth and the happy home at the end of his journey? O no! It is the wind and the rain, the rough path, the cold, the darkness, and the toil, that makes his fireside brighter, and the comforts of his habitation doubly sweet to him. Pilgrim to Zion think of this! Earthly trials and afflictions are not joyous, but grievious, yet what a value do they give to our heavenly expectations? While called to bear the cross, let it remind us of the crown!

THE LORD'S SUPPER; AN EARNEST OF THE INHERITANCE.

Heaven is the crown and centre of all the promises, and the perfection of all the good contained in them; all the blessings of the new covenant have a tendency to this, and are in order to this. Are we predestinated? It is to the inheritance of sons: called? It is to his kingdom and glory: sanctified? It is that we may be made meet for the inheritance, and wrought to the selfsame thing. This, therefore, we should have in our eye, in our covenant and communion with God, that eternal life which God who cannot lie promises. We must receive the Spirit in his graces and comforts, as the "earnest of our inheritance," Eph. i. 14; 2 Cor. i. 22; v. 5. They who deal with God must deal upon trust for a happiness in reversion, a recompense of reward to come; must forsake a world in sight and present, for a world out of sight and future. All believers consent to this; they lay up their treasure in heaven, and hope for what they see not. This they depend upon, and in prospect of it they are willing to labour and suffer, to deny themselves and take up their cross, knowing that heaven will make amends for all; though they may be losers for Christ, they shall not be losers by him in the end: this is the bargain. In the Lord's Supper Christ gives us earnest upon this bargain, and what we receive there we receive as earnest. An earnest not only confirms the bargain, and secures the performance of it, but is itself part of payment, though but a small part in comparison with the full sum.

We here receive the earnest of our inheritance; that is,

1. We receive the assurances of it; the royal grant of it is here sealed and delivered by the King of kings—"being myself witness." God says to me as he did to Abraham, Gen. xiii. 14, "Lift up thine eyes now, and look from the place where thou art." Take a view of the heavenly Canaan, that land which eternally flows with better things than milk and honey, Immanuel's land; open the eye of faith, and behold the pleasures and glories of that world as they are described in Scripture, such as "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard;" and know of a surety, that "all the land which thou seest," and that which is infinitely more and better than thou canst conceive, "to thee will I give it," to thee for ever. "Fear not, little flock," fear not, ye little ones of the flock, "it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Follow Christ and serve him, and you shall be for ever with him: continue with him now in his temptations, and you shall shortly share with him in his glories; only be faithful unto death, and the crown of life is as sure to you as if it were already upon your heads. Here is livery and seisin upon the deed; take this and eat it, take this and drink it; in token of this, "I will be to thee a God" (that is, a perfect and everlasting happiness), such as shall answer the vast extent and compass of that great word, Heb. xi. 16.

Come now, my soul, and accept the security offered; the inheritance offered is unspeakably rich and invaluable; the losses and sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with it. The title is good; it is a purchased possession; he that grants it has power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life, John xvii. 2. The assurances are unquestionably valid (not only the word and oath, but the writing and seal of the eternal God) in the scriptures and sacraments. Here is that, my soul, which thou mayest venture thyself upon, and venture thine all for. Do it then, do it with a holy boldness. Lay hold on eternal life, lay fast hold on it, and keep thy hold. Look up, my soul, look as high as heaven, the highest heavens. Look forward, my soul, look as far forward as eternity, and let eternal life, eternal joy, eternal glory, be thy aim in thy religion, and resolve to take up with nothing short of these. God has been "willing more abundantly to show to the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel," and therefore has thus confirmed it, so as to leave no room for doubting; that by all these "immutable things, in which it is impossible for God to lie, we might have strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us," Heb. vi. 17, 18. Take him at his word then, and build thy hope upon it: be not faithless, but believing; be not careless, but industrious. Here is a happiness worth striving for: run with patience the race that is set before thee, with this prize in thy eye.

2. We receive the foretastes of it. We have in this ordinance not only a ratification of the promise of the heavenly Canaan, but a pattern or specimen given us of the fruits of that land,

like the bunch of grapes which was brought from the valley of Eshcol to the Israelites in the wilderness; a view given us of that land of promise, like that which Moses had of the land of Canaan from the top of Pisgah: as the law was a type and figure of the Messiah's kingdom on earth, so the gospel is of his kingdom in heaven; both are shadows of good things to come, Heb. x. 1, like the map of a rich and large country in a sheet of paper. Our future happiness is in this sacrament not only sealed to us, but showed to us, and we here taste something of the pleasures of that better country. In this ordinance we have a sight of Christ, he is evidently set before us: and what is heaven but to see him as he is, and to be for ever beholding his glory? We are here receiving the pledges and tokens of Christ's love to us, and returning the protestations and expressions of our love to him; and what is heaven but an eternal interchanging of love between a holy God and holy souls? We are here praising and blessing the Redeemer, celebrating his honour, and giving him the glory of his achievements; and what is that but the work of heaven? It is what the inhabitants of that world are doing now, and what we hope to be doing with them to eternity. We are here in spiritual communion with all the saints, coming in faith, hope, and love to the general assembly and "church of the first-born;" and what is heaven but that in perfection? In a word, heaven is a feast, and so is this; only this is a running banquet, that an everlasting feast.

Come (my soul) and see a door here opened in heaven; look in at that door now, by which thou hopest to enter shortly. Let this ordinance do something of the work of heaven upon thee, God having provided in it something of the pleasure of heaven for thee. Heaven will for ever part between thee and sin: let this ordinance, therefore, set thee at a greater distance from it. Heaven will fill thee with the love of God; in this ordinance, therefore, let that love be shed abroad in thy heart. In heaven thou shalt enter into the joy of thy Lord; let that joy now enter into thee, and be thy strength and thy song. Heaven will be perfect holiness; let this ordinance make thee more holy and more conformable to the image of the Holy Jesus. Heaven will be everlasting rest; here, therefore, return to God as thy rest, O my soul! and repose thyself in him. Let every sacrament be to thee a heaven upon earth, and each of these days of the Son of man as one of the days of heaven.—*Matthew Henry.*

TALK WITH CHILDREN—THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

HENRY, Charles, and their sister Mary were reading with their mother the third chapter of the Gospel by John. When the 14th verse was read, the mother asked her children "If they knew what event the verse referred to? It is, 'for as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up.' Do either of you," asked the mother, "recollect reading any thing about Moses lifting up a serpent in the wildernsss?" Mary said, she never had read about it. Charles said, he had read in Exodus about Moses casting his rod on the ground, and it became a serpent; but he did not think there was any thing said about its being lifted up.

Henry said, he had seen a picture of a serpent twisted round a very high pole, and crowds of people looking at it. "Perhaps," said he, "that may be what is meant."

"Yes," said his mother, "it is—but do you know why the serpent was placed there? and why the people crowded round to look at it?"

"No, mamma—there was no reading to the picture that I saw."

Mother—"Find the 21st chapter of Numbers, and read from the 4th verse to the 10th. That will explain it to you."

Henry read, in the account of the journeyings of the people of Israel through the wilderness, that "the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way. And the people spake against God, and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread. And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people: and much people of Israel died. Therefore the people came to Moses, and said, We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee; pray unto the Lord, that he take away the serpents from us. And Moses prayed for the people. And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live. And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived."

"This," said the mother, when Henry had finished reading the beautiful story, "is an account of the suffering and danger which came upon the people because of their sin—and of the way which God in his mercy appointed for their healing and deliverance Remember sin is the cause of all the evils we suffer. If man had never sinned, sickness, pain, and death, would never have been known. When, therefore, we see or feel any of these evils, we should look upon them as reproofs for sin, and as calls to repentance. Can you tell me what was the sin of the Israelites that is mentioned in the verses you have been reading?"

Mary—"Yes, Mamma, they spoke against God and against Moses. Was not that it?"

Mother—"Yes, they were a very rebellious, murmuring, discontented people. They wanted things which God did not see fit to give them—and they did not trust God to provide for them. This was foolish and ungrateful, as well as unbelieving—because God had promised that he would take care of them—and he always had done so. They had been wonderfully supplied with every thing they needed."

Henry—"Mamma, how could they say they had no bread, when they had every night manna from heaven?"

Mother—" They said what was not true ; and in the very next expressions of their discontent, they contradicted themselves—' Our soul loatheth this light bread.' So far from having no bread, they had plenty of the most delicious and wholesome bread, upon which they and their fathers had been supported in health and strength for many years. They had no just reason to complain, but every reason to be satisfied and thankful. But when the sinful feeling of pride and discontent are in the heart, nothing can satisfy. Did you never, my children, although you have always been well supplied with whatever could really contribute to your welfare and comfort, feel discontented for the want of something you did not possess ?"

The children at first said they never had, but their mother desired them to think again—and then each of them recollected an instance of indulging the feeling their mother described. Charles—but *that* was when he was a very little boy—he knew better now—had cried for some red berries from the hedge, which his mamma would not allow him to have, and it was well she did not, for those berries were poison. Mary, who had a very pretty doll, dressed with remarkable neatness, and of which she used to be very fond, had lately slighted and despised it, because she had seen in the possession of her cousin a larger doll, and one of which the eyes were made to shut and open. And Henry, only the day before, had been heard to say, when invited to take a ride on his noble rocking-horse, he wished he had a live pony like Archie Campbell's—a wooden horse was good for nothing.

Their mother told them that, in each of these instances, they had shown a degree of the same sinful disposition as the Israelites, which was so displeasing to God.

Mary asked her whether the great God would mind about what children felt in their play. " Yes, Mary," said her mother, " the Bible says that even a child is known by his doings."—(Prov. xx. 11.) Children have not to do with great things, but in the little things with which they have to do, they show their temper and disposition ; and we may be sure that God takes notice of their conduct, whether they desire and try to cherish proper feelings, and pray for his Holy Spirit to help them in doing so, or whether they give way to those tempers and feelings which he disapproves. Charles desired to know whether it was wrong to wish for any thing that we have not got.

" No, Charles," replied his mother, " it is not always wrong to do so. You wish to have nice flowers, and salad, and radishes in your little garden—and the wish makes you industrious in digging the ground, and sowing the seeds, and weeding and watering. This is all quite right. But if the wish to have something that you do not possess, leads you to disobey God, or your parents whom he has set over you, or to be discontented with what is bestowed upon you, then you may be sure that the wish is wrong and sinful. This was the sin of the Israelites. God by his providence had brought them into the wilderness, where they could not have corn-fields and fruit-trees, nor rear many animals for food, as they would have done in a cultivated land, and, by constantly supplying them with manna, it was as if he had said to them, ' This is the food on which you are for the present to live. Take it and be thankful, and do not desire any other.' Now I think you all see how wrong it was of them to be dissatisfied with what God in his mercy bestowed upon them, and eagerly to desire what he saw fit to withhold from them—as well as to distrust his providence, and think he would not be as good as his word."

The children said they did see the sin of Israel. Their mother proceeded to tell them of its consequences : –

" The murmurings of the people were very displeasing to God, and he saw fit to punish them. Many of the people died in the wilderness, but not, as they had ungratefully and distrustfully said, for want of either bread or water, but of a disease that most likely took away all appetite for food, and produced a thirst that no water could quench.

" This disease was occasioned by fiery serpents, which God sent among the people, by which many of them were bit or stung to death. There were at all times in that terrible wilderness fiery serpents and scorpions (Deut. viii. 15), but hitherto God had wonderfully preserved his people from being hurt by them ; but now, when they slighted his mercies, he let them feel his wrath. These serpents, that had hitherto been restrained, were now suffered to hurt the people, and much people died."

Henry—" Mamma, are there any of these fiery serpents now ?

Mother—" We do not know exactly what sort of serpents they were. There are still known in Eastern countries small flying scorpions, whose bite is very venomous, and occasions violent inflammation and sudden death. We cannot be sure that these are the same kind of creatures that afflicted the Israelites ; but it seems to me much more likely that they were something of this sort, than such as are usually represented in pictures many feet long."

Henry—" Oh yes ! mamma, the one I saw was as large as a boa-constrictor—and it had a very large forked tongue, tipped with fire. Do you think there ever was such a creature ?"

Mother—" No, Henry, I do not, and it is very foolish to represent in pictures such creatures as never really existed—because it gives children false ideas. When they are called fiery serpents, we are not to imagine any thing like blazing flame or burning coal. Some venomous creatures are of a fiery red colour. Perhaps these were so; but the name is most likely given as descriptive of their violent rage, and of the burning heat and excessive thirst produced by their venom. How dreadful it must have been for these destructive creatures to fly by hundreds through the camp, fixing their deadly sting on every person whom they came near. And then for the poor wounded dying men and women to see their dear friends in the same miserable condition, instead of being able to do any thing to comfort and relieve them !"

The children looked sad, and almost terrified at the thought of this melancholy scene. " And yet," continued their mother, " good came out of this great evil. The distress of the people was the means of leading them to repentance and prayer. The poor stung Israelites confessed their sin, and begged Moses to pray unto the Lord for them, that he would take away the serpents from them. Afflictions often change men's sentiments with respect to good people, and teach them to value the prayers of those whom they had before scorned. Moses did as they requested; for religion teaches men to render good for evil, and to pray for those that had despitefully used them.—(Matt. v. 44.) It is to be hoped the people themselves prayed that God would bless them by turning them away from their iniquities (Acts iii. 26), as well as that the affliction might be taken away from them ; for it is a very bad sign when persons in trouble are only desirous of being freed from their sufferings, but are not willing to part from their sins."

Mary—" When Moses prayed for the people, were they cured, mamma ?"

Mother—" Yes, my dear. The Lord was graciously pleased to appoint a way for their relief. Now I wish you to attend very particularly to this part of the story. The Lord commanded Moses to make a resemblance of the venomous creature which caused their suffering, and to place it upon a pole, in sight of all the camp—promising that every sufferer, when he looked upon it, should live; that is, not only that they should not die, but that they should be cured from their pain."

Henry—"But, mamma, how was it possible for that to cure them?"

Mother—"With God all things are possible—and he can give his blessing either by means or without means, or in the use of means which, in themselves, are quite opposite to the end proposed. Do you understand me?"

Charles—"No mamma, not quite."

Mother—"I dare say you recollect, when you were ill, taking some bitter rhubarb."

Charles—"Yes, mamma, I recollect it very well. When you brought it to me, I did not like the smell, nd you said, 'My dear boy, I wish you to take this. I hope, by the blessing of God, it will relieve your pain.' —And so it did, mamma; I soon got well after I had taken it."

Mother—"But suppose that, instead of giving you medicine, I had given you two or three crumbs of bread or a few drops of milk or of water, do you think that would have cured you?"

Charles—"No, mamma, I do not think that would have done any good. You know I did have bread and milk for my breakfast, and drank water when I was thirsty, but I was still in pain."

Mother—"But if I had given you some of those red berries from the hedge—what then?"

Charles—"Oh mamma! you would not have given me them; you know they would poison me."

Mother—"True, Charles; and you trust the wisdom and kindness of your parents not to give you what would injure you, or to withhold what would do you good. But now, Charles, can you tell me how it was that the rhubarb was effectual in relieving your pain?"

Charles—"You told me yourself, mamma, it was if God pleased to give his blessing to it."

Mother—"True; and God can give his blessing to what he pleases. If I had received a clear command from Him to give you only a little of your common food, or even to give you what I thought hurtful, and to expect a cure, I ought to have done so, and I hope I should. Now, Moses had a plain command to make a resemblance of the serpent and set it in view of the people, and a positive promise that whoever looked upon it should live. Therefore, neither he nor the people had any thing to do with inquiring how this could cure the wounded people. God had said it should cure them, and that was enough. The sight of the serpent would have done them no good if God had not appointed it; but as He did, thus looking to that in obedience to his command, and in reliance on his promise, was a token of their submitting themselves to the hand of God in afflicting them, and looking up to him as the Lord who healed them.—If there was an Israelite so foolish, perverse, and stubborn, as to despise the appointed means because he could not understand it, and to refuse to look at the serpent because he did not know how such a look could effect his cure,—what do you suppose would have happened?"

Henry—"Why, mamma, he must die; and it would be all his own fault if he would not believe and obey, that he might be cured. But do you really think any of them would be so very foolish and wicked?"

Mother—"I should think not. The real feeling they had of pain and danger would make them willing and eager to embrace the proposed method of relief."

Mary—"When they looked, do you think, mamma, that they felt quite sure that it would cure them?"

Mother—"I do not know, Mary. They might have felt so, because 'God, who cannot lie,' had said it should; but I think it very likely many might have their doubts and misgivings as to the sufficiency of the remedy, or might think their own case so particularly bad as to be altogether hopeless. But their seeing many of their neighbours cured by it, and feeling in their own increasing agonies that they must die without it, they were encouraged to raise, if it was but a weak and languid eye, and say, 'I can but look—and if I perish, I perish;' and we may be well assured that as many as looked were made perfectly whole. Now let us turn back to the chapter we were reading at first, and you will see how this interesting story applies to us. Henry, read the fourteenth and fifteenth verses." Henry read—"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—"I think, my children all know of whom Jesus said this—who it is that is called the Son of Man?"

Charles—"Yes, mamma. You taught us a long time ago that Jesus himself is called the Son of Man, because he came to this world, and lived and died among men that he might be their Saviour."

Mother—"This is what Jesus was teaching Nicodemus when he compared himself to the brazen serpent in the wilderness. Can you tell me how the Son of Man was lifted up?"

Henry—"I think I can, mamma. The last Sabbath that I was at church, the minister preached from John xii. 32. He said being 'lifted up' meant the manner of Christ's death—his being nailed to the cross and then raised up with it;—and also what we are taught about it in the Bible. He said the whole Bible was a living picture of Christ crucified; and that preaching the gospel was calling men to look at him and be saved."

Mother—"I am glad, my dear boy, to find that you attended to what you heard. May you never lose sight of so important a sentiment! Perhaps what you then heard may help you to answer another question—What resemblance is there between Christ lifted up on the cross and exhibited (or shown) in the gospel, and the serpent being lifted up by Moses in the wilderness? What is meant by its being said, that Christ was lifted up *as* the serpent was lifted up?"

Henry thought a moment, and then said, "No, mamma, I do not know how they are alike. The minister did mention about Moses and the brazen serpent; but I did not quite understand what he said, and I do not remember it."

Mother—"Well I will try to explain it to you. 1. Both were *seasonable*. Suppose that at the present moment a physician should offer you a valuable medicine, and say that he was sure it would cure you,—you might justly thank him for his kindness; but say you are quite well and do not need medicine, —his offer would not be seasonable. But this was not the case with the people of Israel. They were visited with a dreadful and dangerous calamity. Many, perhaps most of them, were actually suffering; many had already died, and all were in immediate danger. They would do nothing to help or save themselves or their friends. When they were in this hopeless extremity, God in mercy appeared for them, and told Moses to set up the brazen serpent for their relief and cure. 'How very seasonable!' Now, what was the occasion for which the Lord Jesus Christ was lifted up? All the people in the world are under the dreadful and dangerous disease of sin. Sin is the disease of the soul, and it is as much worse than that disease inflicted by the fiery serpent, as the soul is more valuable than the body, and everlasting torments are more to be dreaded than a few hours of pain and suffering. Sin is like 'the gall of asps;'—'the poison of serpents;'—it spreads through our whole frame. Look for the first chapter of Isaiah, and read the fifth and sixth verses. 'The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment.' This is the miserable state of all mankind because of sin; and this disease, if it be not cured, will shortly bring us to everlasting death. If the Son of man had not been lifted up to save us, all mankind must have perished in their sins. What can be more seasonable than to be told that there is a wonderful method of cure appointed? There is a balm—there is a physician that can save from death and restore to health. 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up.'

“2. In both cases, the remedy was of God's appointment and providing. It would never have entered the mind of Moses to contrive such a method of cure: as if he had, of his own invention, set up the brazen serpent, and told the people to look at it, it might have amused them for a moment, but could not have given them relief. They would look and die—not look and live. But the Lord had pity upon the suffering sinful people, and told Moses to make the serpent, and set it upon a pole, and bid the people look at it; and He who commanded the sign had power to give the healing. Now read the 16th verse of your chapter, and that will show you that the only remedy for sinful man is entirely of God's appointment and providing too. Mary, read verse 16.”

“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” “Never forget, my children, that for all the blessings of salvation we are indebted to the wonderful love and mercy of God. Men have ruined themselves by sin; but they could never have found out a way to save themselves. God alone had a right to say whether sinners should be saved at all, and in what way they should be saved; and God alone could provide the remedy he had resolved upon. 'In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.'—1 John iv. 9.

“3. In both cases it was the will of God that his plan of mercy should be publicly announced and made known to all sorts of people. Moses was not told to keep it a secret to himself, or to impart it only to the elders of Israel, or only to the priests, or physicians, or other learned men. No, he was to set up the serpent on a pole so high as that all the people might see it, even from the very uttermost part of the camp. And the command of Jesus is, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.'—Mark xvi. 15. 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else.'—Isa. xlv. 22.

“4. In both cases, the benefit was freely offered. The poor Israelites were not required to pay a costly price, or to perform any laborious service. They had only to look and live; and the blessings of salvation by Jesus Christ are offered just as freely. Poor sinners who feel themselves ready to perish, and quite unable to help themselves, are invited to come to Christ for salvation, 'without money and without price.'—Isa. lv. 1. 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.'—Rev. xxii. 17. 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'—Mat. xi. 28. 'Jesus is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him.'—Heb. vii. 25. 'And him that cometh he will in no wise cast out.'—John vi. 37.

“5. There is a likeness between the serpent lifted up by Moses in the wilderness for the cure of the Israelites, and Jesus lifted up for the salvation of men. The remedy is such as to keep up the remembrance of the disease. That which cured the Israelites was made in the shape of that which wounded them. Jesus Christ, though perfectly free from sin, was made in the likeness of sinful flesh, and as a sacrifice for sin, that he might deliver and save us.—Rom. v. 3. The serpent is a cursed creature, because, in the form of a serpent, the devil first tempted man to sin.—Gen. iii. 1-3, 14, 15. And the blessed Son of God was made a curse for us; that is, he bore the curse that was due to our sins.—Gal. iii. 13. For God made him to be a sin-offering for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.—2 Cor. v. 21.

“6. There was a resemblance between the application and the success of the remedy in both cases. The Israelites were to 'look' at the serpent; and sinners are to believe on Christ Jesus. The serpent being placed on the pole, would not cure any who did not look to it. No matter whether they were so little sensible of their pain and peril as to pay no attention to it; or whether they were poring upon their wound so as to look at nothing else; or whether they had too little confidence in the word of Moses and in the power of God to believe that a sight of the brazen serpent would cure them; or whether they were so intent on trying natural remedies of their own as to neglect the only remedy of God's appointing. If they looked not, they died; but if they looked at the healing sign, though at the point of death, though at the very extremity of the camp, and though their eyes were dim and haggard with pain and disease, the Word of God assured them that they should live. The same is true concerning salvation by Christ Jesus. We must believe the record of God concerning his Son. In order to do this, we must be sensible of our wound by sin, and of our danger in consequence of it. Then it will be delightful indeed to know, that 'this is the record' (1 John v. 11). We must rely upon the assurance, that whosoever believeth on Him shall be saved—that though they be young, ignorant, weak, feeble, guilty, Christ will in no wise cast *any* out that come unto him. They shall not perish, but have everlasting life. But if we are thoughtless and unconcerned about our souls and our sins, or if we despise Christ's righteousness, and vainly hope for salvation by any merits of our own, it is as if an Israelite had refused to look to the brazen serpent. We refuse to believe on the Saviour, and we shall die in our sins.—John iii. 36.

“7. There is a resemblance in the two instances, in that in each the remedy was completely effectual to the end proposed. Not one Israelite who looked perished, but all were restored to health. Not one who believes on Christ was ever disappointed—ever perished—ever failed—shall ever perish—shall ever fail of everlasting life;—to all who believe on him Christ gives eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of his hand.

“Now, my dear children, I have one more word to say to you. Do not suppose that you are too young to be interested in these things. The youngest child in the camp of Israel might be stung by the serpents, and the youngest that was stung might look to the brazen serpent and be healed. Each one of you shares the sad disease of sin. Young as you are, your conscience tells you that you have already given many proofs of it. Therefore you are not too young to be alarmed for the consequences of your sin, nor too young to look to the Lamb of God for healing and salvation. May each of you come to Him without delay, that you may have life, and have it abundantly!"

THE KARENS.

[The Rev Mr Wade, a returned missionary from Burmah gave the following interesting account of the Karens, so often spoken of in missionary intelligence:—]

When I first went to Burmah there were only three missionaries and twenty converts in the field, but now the number of missionaries is much increased, and the converts are multiplied more than a hundredfold. The first ten years of my labour was spent among the Burmans, and we had the pleasure of seeing them listen to us, and cast away their idols and put on Christ. During this time, particularly the latter part of it, we had become somewhat acquainted with a people called the Karens. The Burmans suppose this to be the most ancient people of that country. They reside in the interior of Burmah, surrounded on all sides by Burmans. Others live in Siam, and are surrounded by idolaters. We found that the Karens, as a nation, had no idols, but they were sunk in ignorance and superstition, worshipping evil spirits. They were entirely destitute of books, and had no written language, but were desirous of having books, and of being taught to read them in their own language. After I returned about fifteen years ago from a visit to my native land, I devoted my time to the Karens. At first there were but three missionaries among the nation. But now the Bible has been translated into their language, and a large number of tracts have been published and distributed among the people. Schools have been established, and taught by missionaries and native converts. Thousands have learned to read and write their own language. So great is their desire for books, that the first edition of the Testament which we published is entirely exhausted.

During the last fifteen or sixteen years, more than ten thousand Karens have been baptized and received into the Church, averaging more than 500 converts every year, and this too where there have not been more than five or six foreign missionaries engaged in the labour, and in a country where every one who made a profession of the religion of the "foreigners," was liable to be punished and imprisoned for his belief. Very many have been cast into prison and their feet made fast in the stocks, to compel them to renounce the worship of the "foreigner's" God. But through all this persecution we have not heard of a single instance of apostasy. They have stood steadfast in view of immediate death.

The Karens are, in a peculiar manner, prepared to become a Christian nation; and we have often had applications from distant villages, where no missionary had been, for missionaries and schools. These we have often been obliged to decline for the want of funds to meet the demand. The Karens are far more ready to receive the word than the Burmese. Though the missionaries have laboured thirty years among the latter, the number of converts is not one-tenth as great as among the former. The reason of this is, that the Karens have certain traditions among them, handed down from father to son, from remote generations, that have preserved them from idolatry. They have a tradition that teaches them that there is a God. The Burmans do not suppose that there is a Creator. But the Karens believe that God created man out of the dust of the earth. They have a tradition similar to the history given in the first chapter of Genesis. They have a tradition of the scenes in the garden of Eden, of the temptation and fall of man, very similar to the description in the Bible. Their tradition informs them that God gave them his word written on leather, and that by some means they lost it, and that it would be restored to them by white foreigners. And when the missionaries came among them, they came from great distances to see them, believing them to be the white foreigners who were to restore the "word" to them. Their tradition informed them that, if they neglected the words of these white foreigners, it would be the last opportunity that would ever be presented to them to recover the lost word; so that when the Bible was translated into their own language they believed it was the word of God their Father. Hence they have been ready in all directions to receive the word. Those who have learned to read, have received it with great eagerness, and even where they have not learned to read, they have begged the Testament to carry home, in order that they might have the word of God in their houses.

We have raised up a number of Christian villages in the country. In these we have Christian exercises as often and as long continued as in any village in this country. In a village about two days' journey from Tavoy, there is a church of about four hundred members; and as this church has been more particularly under my charge, I have had an opportunity of observing their devotedness to the cause of Christ. We have had at times in this church two hundred and fifty communicants at the Lord's Supper, notwithstanding many of the members live at a great distance from the village. We have often seen the house filled with devout worshippers of the living God. They will often lay aside all labour, even in the midst of the harvest, for a whole week, to engage in religious exercises. In their prayer-meetings there is great readiness on the part of all to engage in the duties of the meeting. And I have often seen them bow their heads to the ground in prayer, and melt into a flood of tears in the agony of their confession.

They never think of going to communion without confessing their sins, and begging the prayers of their brethren, or without being sure that no one has hard feelings against them. They confess all their sins, and ask forgiveness of all whom they may have offended.

At their meetings, contributions are taken up for the support of schools and missionaries, and there is never a member too poor to give something. In a church not worth £200, they raise funds enough to support a native pastor and a school six months of the year. Benevolence is universal; even infants are taught to give something. The mother takes the little nursling in her arms, putting a penny or two in its hands, and carries it to the contribution box, causing it to drop the money into the box.

Few as the native converts are, if they possessed property we would not be under the necessity of asking contributions from this country. They would themselves support missionaries and schools in all parts of the country. They are a disinterested and benevolent people.

HIGH MASS IN ST PETER'S.

BY ARCHDEACON HARE.

The hollowness and fraud of Popery were never brought before my mind more forcibly, nay, glaringly, than beneath the dome of St Peter's. One of my first visits to that gorgeous cathedral was on Christmas day 1832. I expected to see a sight agreeing, at least in outward appearance, with the title of Catholic, which the Church of Rome claims as exclusively her own—to find a multitude of persons thronging in from the city and from the neighbouring country to attend the celebration of high mass by him whom they were taught to revere as Christ's vicegerent upon earth. But instead of this a row of soldiers was drawn up along each side of the nave, and kept every body at a distance during the whole service, except the few who were privileged by station or favour to enter within the lines. Beside the altar, under the dome, seats had been erected for persons of rank or wealth, who were mainly foreigners, and consequently in great part English or German Protestants. Thus the whole proceeding acquired the character, not of a religious ceremony, in which the congregation was to join, but of a theatrical exhibition before strangers, regarded for the most part as heretics, and many of whom came merely out of curiosity to see the show. After a while the Pope was brought in, borne on a raised seat or palanquin, with splendid robes and plumes and fans and other paraphernalia: he celebrated mass, the persons who ought to have formed the congregation, a very scanty one at the utmost, being prevented from approaching by the barrier of troops: and when the rite was over, the chief performer, or chief victim, in this miserable pageant, was carried out again with the same pomp. The thought of the moral debasement thus inflicted on a man, and of his utter inability to struggle against such a crushing system, so oppressed me as I walked away, that when, in mounting the steps before the Trinità, my eyes fell on a poor beggar who used to sit there, and who had neither hands nor feet, picking up the alms thrown to him with his mouth, I could not refrain from exclaiming, *How infinitely rather would I be that poor cripple than Pope!'*

Can the effect of the ceremonies in St Peter's on intelligent Italians in these days be very different? I doubt it; whatever might be their feelings when they merely saw the empty shell of the building. I have known men indeed, whom I esteem and honour, and who have regarded Rome as a solemn and majestic witness of what they have deemed the truth. But to me, though, from the indescribable beauty and grandeur of many of the views, the intense interest of its heathen and Christian recollections, and its inexhaustible stores of ancient and modern art, the three months I spent there were daily teeming with fresh sources of delight, and have left a love such as I never felt for any other city; yet, when I thought of Rome in connection with the religion of which it is the metropolis, it seemed to me of all places the last where a man with his eyes open could be converted to Romanism. The vision of the Romish Church, and of its action upon the people, which was there graven on my mind, accords with that implied in the answer of an ingenious English painter, whom I asked, how he could bring himself to leave Rome, after living so many years there. *It was indeed very painful,* he replied, *to tear myself away from so much exquisite beauty: but, as my children grew up, it became absolutely necessary; for I found it utterly impossible to give them a notion of truth at Rome.*

THE DOUBTFUL HOPE.

I was called upon one morning, now many years ago, to visit a gentleman, one of my congregation, who was apparently in a dying state. Not having heard of his illness before, but knowing his previous history, I felt startled, and greatly distressed; for he was one who had trifled with religious convictions, and had so far stifled them as greatly to abandon his religious connections, satisfying his conscience by attending one service on the Sabbath, frequently absenting himself altogether, and seeking, in worldly associations and amusements, to silence the voice within, and bury in oblivion the remembrance of past religious impressions. On entering his dying chamber, with a look of unutterable anguish he exclaimed, "O, sir! I am lost! Your very presence condemns me! The sermons you have preached, your faithful warnings from the pulpit, your private expostulations, all condemn me! O, sir! what is to become of my soul—my poor neglected soul? I have just been told I cannot live! my hours are numbered! I have no pain now; but that is the precursor of death"—(he was dying of inflammation in the bowels) —"and I shall soon be in eternity! Oh! stifled convictions—a neglected Bible—misimproved Sabbaths —how will ye rise up in judgment to condemn me! O, sir! what will become of me?" I endeavoured to calm his mind, and told him he must not add unbelief to the catalogue of his sins; that the gospel was a revelation of mercy; that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; that whosoever cometh unto him he will in nowise cast out; that He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto him.

"Uttermost!" the dying man exclaimed, "uttermost! then there is a gleam of hope, even for me, if I had time! but, even now, I feel that stage approaching which will absorb my faculties, and terminate my sad life. O! what would I give for one week! one day! oh, precious time! how have I wasted it! O, my dear pastor! pity me! pray for me! my thoughts grow confused—I cannot pray myself." I then knelt down and prayed with him, in which he most fervently joined, summoning all his strength to keep awake. I shall never forget the grasp of his hand when I alluded to the fulness and sufficiency of Divine grace. I left him with feelings which it is impossible for me to describe, and returned, according to my promise, in a few hours. I found him still sensible, but evidently sinking under the power of slumber from which he would never awake. In the interval he had been dwelling on the texts suggested; and when he saw me, he feebly but smilingly said, "Able to save to the uttermost! there I must rest my hope." After again commending this dying penitent to the riches of Divine mercy, I left him not without hope, but such a hope as I would not, for ten thousand worlds, risk as my dying solace.—*Life of Dr J. Fletcher.*

DEATH.

Concerning death, to them that are God's dear children (as I know you are one, my tenderly beloved sister), what other thing is it, than the despatch of all displeasure, the end of all travail, the door of all desires, the gate of gladness, the post of paradise, the haven of heaven, the entrance to felicity, the beginning of all blissfulness? It is the very bed of down for the doleful bodies of God's children to rest in, and therefore well compared to a sleep, out of which they shall rise and awake most fresh to life everlasting.

It is a passage to the Father—a chariot to heaven—the Lord's messenger—a leader unto Christ—a going to our home—a deliverance from bondage and prison—a dismission from woe—a security from all sorrow, and a setting free from all misery—so that the very heathen, in some places, caused the day of their death to be celebrated with mirth, melody, and minstrels; and should we be dismayed at it—should we tremble to hear of it? Should such a friend as it is be unwelcome? Should the hardness of his husk frighten us from his sweet kernel,—should the roughness of the tide tie us to the bank and shore, there to be drowned, rather than the desire of our home drive us to go abroad?—*Bradford.*

Thou must indeed, O believer! grapple with death, and shall get the first fall; but thou shalt rise again, and come off victorious at last. Thou must go down to the grave; but though it be thy *long home*, it shall not be thine *everlasting* home. Thou wilt not hear the voice of thy friends there; but thou shalt hear the voice of Christ there. Thou mayst be carried thither with *mourning;* but thou shalt come up with *rejoicing.* Thy friends, indeed, will leave thee; but thy God will not. What God said to Jacob concerning his going down to Egypt, he says to thee,—*Fear not to go down;* I will *go down with thee*, and *I will surely bring thee up again.* O solid comfort! O glorious hope! *Wherefore, comfort* yourselves, *and one another with these words.—Boston.*

In the earthly paradise, I find thine angels, the cherubim; but it was to keep man off from that garden of delight, and from the tree of life in the midst of it. But, in this heavenly one, I find millions of thy cherubim and seraphim rejoicing at man's blessedness, and welcoming the glorified souls to their heaven. There, I find but the shadow of that, whereof the substance is here. There, we were so possessed of life, that yet we might forfeit it; here is life without all possibility of death. Temptation could find access thither: here is nothing but a free and complete fruition of blessedness. There were delights for earthly bodies: here is glory, more than can be enjoyed by blessed souls. That was watered with four streams, muddy and impetuous: in this is *the pure water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb.*—(Rev. xxii. 1.) There, I find thee only walking in the cool of the day; here, manifesting thy majesty continually. There, I see only a most pleasant orchard, set with all manner of varieties of flourishing and fruitful plants: here, I find also the city of God, infinitely rich and magnificent: the building of the wall of it of jasper: and the city itself pure gold, like unto clear glass: and the foundations of the wall garnished with all manner of precious stones.—*Bishop Hall.*

If one enquires, *where* the kingdom of the saints lies? It is not in this world; it lies in a better country than the best of this world, viz. the heavenly Canaan, Immanuel's land, where nothing is wanting to complete the happiness of the inhabitants. This is the happy country, blest with a perpetual spring, and which yieldeth all things, for necessity, convenience, and delight. There they shall eat angel's food; they shall be entertained with the hidden manna, (Rev. ii. 17.) That land enjoys an everlasting day; for there is *no night there.* An eternal sunshine beautifies this *better country;* but there is no scorching heat there. No clouds shall be seen there for ever; yet it is not a land of drought. The trees of the Lord's planting are set by the rivers of water, and shall never want moisture; for they will have an eternal supply of the Spirit by Jesus Christ, from his Father. This is the country from whence our Lord came, and whither he is gone again; the country which all the holy patriarchs and prophets had their eye upon while on earth; and which all the saints, who have gone before us, have fought their way to; and unto which the martyrs have joyfully swam through a sea of blood. This earth is the place of the saint's pilgrimage—that is their country, where they find everlasting rest.—*Boston.*

WHAT I LOVE TOO LITTLE.

I too little love to *examine my own heart.* Were I faithful in self-examination, I should know better where my affections were centred, and should be less liable to love improper objects, or to love proper ones excessively. I know that my heart is proud, treacherous, deceitful, and greatly wanting in pure love to God; and I feel towards the work of self-examination a reluctance, such as one has to enter upon the investigation of the conduct of a disobedient child. I hesitate, and defer, and meanwhile evils are continually accumulating, and my case is being aggravated. How far better to come at once to the light, that the deeds of my wicked heart may be reproved, and that repentance and peace may ensue!

I love *reproof* too little. If I loved it, and counted the wounds of a friend faithful, how much more ready would friends be to give me needed admonition and seasonable reproof! How much more should I profit from it, when it was given; and how much less should I need it! But it is not merely the reproofs of brethren that I misimprove; but those also which come from the hands of my heavenly Father. "He that refuseth reproof erreth."

I love *labour*, and *sacrifice*, and *self-denial* too little. How reluctantly do I go into a vineyard where I know there is a burden to be borne! How easily do I excuse myself from doing something that is crossing to the flesh! I can easily say, "I am not fit for that work, or some one else can do it better than I," and so I pacify conscience by neglecting duty and living in idleness. It is easy to talk of self-denial, and of taking up the cross; but talking and doing are different things. Alas! what single thing have I renounced—what labour am I pursuing—or what sacrifice or self-denial of mine are there, to give testimony of the strength and the sincerity of my love to Christ?

I love *God's holy Word* too little. If I suitably loved it, should I not read it more, and remember more, and *practise* more? "The entrance of thy words giveth light." Should I stumble so much in darkness, if I suitably loved and pondered the divine testimonies? Could my heart be so cold, and so much a void, if it were well instructed in the wisdom of inspiration? Could I so far wander from God, if I made his word the constant lamp to my feet and light to my path?

I love the *souls of men* too little. Witness my want of fervour, earnestness, and importunity in praying for them. Witness my want of tenderness and faithfulness in reproving them of sin, and endeavouring to lead them to the Saviour. Witness my worldliness and trifling conversation, by which I *hinder* instead of promoting the salvation of souls.

Ah! what witnesses against me will there be, who are living in impenitence, and who hear no admonition nor entreaty from my lips, but who, by my example of stupidity, are confirmed in unbelief.

I love the *Saviour of sinners* too little. I might as well have confessed this at first. This is sufficient to account for all other evils and defects. Love to Christ is the fountain of all holy affections, and the source of all true obedience; and where this love is wanting, no marvel if its fruits are wanting. Here, then, is the cause of all my sins and sorrows. I have forsaken the Fountain of living waters, and have hewn out to myself broken cisterns which can hold no water; and, of necessity, I am found wanting in all respects. What, now, shall I do? Where is the way of return to duty and peace? Hasten, O sinful soul! with contrition, and confession, and tears, to the cross of Christ.—*New York Evangelist.*

A PLEA FOR THE SABBATH.

Sometimes an aspect of harshness is attempted to be thrown around the Sabbath, and it is spoken of as a thing of mere arbitrary restraints. It is said, for example, why forbid the ingenious mechanic, who has been sweating over the anvil, or bending over the loom, or cooped up in the crowded factory, to give himself up on this day to amusement and recreation? Let him angle in the stream, or sail on the river, or explore the forest, or ascend the mountain, and inhale its breeze and expatiate in its sublime prospects; and let the rustic labourer, on the other hand, visit our cities, and enter our museums, and libraries, and picture-galleries. Must not that be a burdensome institute which interdicts such recreations, and must not those be wanting in all benevolence and sensibility, who would vindicate it from popular encroachment? Such is the covert of assumed philanthropy, from which the Sabbath is not unfrequently assailed.

But on what pretence is the Sabbath to be charged with trenching on the enjoyments of the artisan. What is it but the Sabbath that has secured for him a seventh day of rest, and, fencing it round with a Divine barrier, has said to tyranny, This is the poor man's day, you may not wrest it from him—to secularity, You shall not buy it from him—to the poor man himself, You may not yield it up or sell it. Doubtless, it is to be wished that more time were allowed to the hard-wrought masses of our population for bodily recreation; and in a state of society which the principles of the Bible thoroughly leavened and regulated, this would most certainly be secured.

But are not the intelligence and the morality of a people of infinitely more importance, both to their individual happiness and to national strength? We wish to see secured for the artisan time for recreation, but we wish to see secured for him time for religion too, and shall we be asked to sacrifice the more important for the less important? Would not recreation itself, without intelligence and morality, rapidly degenerate into brutal licentiousness? And how are these to be secured by those sons of toil, without a weekly recurring day given to converse with Divine truths and eternal realities? Let the real state of the case be clearly seen. The hours for recreation on common days have gradually passed from the hands of the working man; commercial enterprise has brought them up and changed them into hours of toil; and now, when the question is asked, What time shall we have for recreation, the answer given is, His Sabbath-day. Well, let us suppose the presumptuous and impious demand yielded, what security has he that his Sabbath once given to recreation would not soon be demanded for toil also, and the poor deluded artisan discover, when it was too late, that that blessed institute which had enshrined his dignity, his liberty, and his immortal interests, was lost; and that, in an evil hour, he had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. The man of toil is insulted by that sentimentalism which never looks above his physical condition, and shuts out the idea that he is an immortal being travelling to an eternal world. And surely it is a far truer philanthropy which delights to behold him exchanging not mere animal toil for animal recreation, but moving with a virtuous household to that hallowed place where rich and poor meet together, raising his thoughts above all that is sordid and secular, holding converse with themes that at once dignify and purify, receiving motives to virtuous action, solace to grief, and with "looks commercing with the skies," meditating on those things into which even angels desire to look. These are the men that make an empire great, by keeping it virtuous: the salt of the earth, the lights of the world.—*Rev. Andrew Thomson.*

THE FOUR WORDS,

AN INCIDENT FOR CHILDREN.

"Four little words did me more good when I was a boy, than almost any thing else," said a gentleman the other day. "I cannot reckon up all the good they have done me; they were the first words which my mother taught me."

"Indeed, what were the four little words?" said I.

He answered me by relating the following story:—

"My father grafted a pear-tree; it was a very choice graft, and he watched it with great care. The second year it blossomed, but it bore but one pear. They were said to be a very nice kind of pear, and my father was quite anxious to see if they came up to the man's promises. This single pear, then, was an object of some concern to my father. He wanted it to become fully ripe; the high winds, he hoped, would not blow off the pear; and he gave express directions to all the children on no account to touch it. The graft was low, and easily reached by us. It grew finely. 'I think that graft will meet my expectations,' said my father many times to my mother. 'I hope, now, there is some prospect of our having good pears.'

"Every body who came to the garden he took to the graft, and every body said, 'It will prove to be a most excellent pear.'

"It began to look very beautifully; it was full and round; a rich red glow was gradually dyeing its cheeks, and its grain was clear and healthy.

"'Is it not almost ripe? I long for a bite,' I cried, as I followed father one day down the alley to the pear-tree.

"'Wait patiently, my child; it will not be fully ripe for a week,' said my father.

"I thought I loved pears better than any thing else! often I used to stop and look longingly up to this. 'O, how good it looks!' I used to think, smacking my lips; I wish it was *all* mine.

"The early apples did not taste as good; the currants were not as relishing, and the damsons I thought nothing of in comparison with this pear. The longer I stopped alone under the pear-tree, the greater my longing for it, until I was seized with the idea of getting it. 'O, I wish I had it!' was the selfish thought that gradually got uppermost in my mind.

"One night after we were in bed, my brothers fell asleep long before I did; I tossed about and could not get to sleep. I crept up and went to the window. It was a warm still summer night: there was no moon; no noise except the hum of numberless insects. My father and mother were gone away. I put my head out of the window and peeped into the garden. I traced the dark outlines of the trees. I glanced in the direction of the pear-tree. The pear-tree—then the pear! My mouth was parched; I was thirsty. I thought how good a juicy pear would taste. I was tempted.

"A few moments found me creeping down the back-stairs, with neither shoes, stockings, nor trousers on. The slightest creaking frightened me. I stopped on every stair to listen. Nancy was busy somewhere else, and John had gone to bed, At last I fairly felt my way to the garden door. It was fastened. It seemed to take me ages to unlock it, so fearful was I of making a noise, and the bolt grated. I got it open, went out, and latched it after me. It was good to get out in the cool night air. I ran down the walk. The patting of my feet made no noise on the moist earth. I stopped a moment and looked all round, then turned in the direction of the pear-tree. Presently I was beneath its branches.

"Father will think the wind has knocked it off; but there was not a breath of air stirring. Father will think somebody has stolen it—some boys came in the night and robbed the garden—he'll never know. I trembled at the thought of what I was about to do.

"I leaned against the trunk of the tree and raised my hand to find it, and to snatch it. On tiptoe, with my hand uplifted, and my head turned upward, I beheld a star looking down upon me through the leaves. 'THOU God SEEST ME!' escaped from my lips. The star seemed like the eye of God spying me out under the pear-tree. I was so frightened I did not know what to do. '*Thou God seest me!*' I could not help saying over and over again. God seemed on every side. He was looking me through and through. I was afraid to look, and hid my face. It seemed as if father and mother, and all the boys, and every body in town, would take me for a thief. It appeared as though all my conduct had been seen as by the light of day. It was some time before I dared to move, so vivid was the impression made upon my mind by the awful truth in these four words, 'Thou God seest me.' I *knew* he saw me. I *felt* that he saw me.

"I hastened from the pear-tree; nothing on earth would at that moment have tempted me to touch the pear. With very different feelings did I creep back to my bed again. I lay down beside Asa, feeling more like a condemned criminal than any thing else. No one in the house had seen me; but O! it seemed as if every body knew it, and I should never dare meet my father's face again. It was a great while before I went to sleep. I heard my parents come home, and I involuntarily hid my face under the sheet. But I could not hide myself from a sense of God's presence. His eyes seemed every where, diving into the very depths of my heart. It started a train of influences which, God be praised, I never got over. If I was ever tempted to any secret sin, 'Thou God seest me,' stared me in the face, and I stood back restrained and awed."

The gentleman finished; his story interested me greatly. I think it will interest many children. I hope it will do more than interest them; I hope it may do them much *good*.

"Thou God seest me." Those four little words are from the Bible. Hagar uttered them. She fled in anger from her mistress, Sarah, and went into the wilderness. An angel met her by a fountain of water. The angel bade her return to her mistress, and told her some things in her life, which Hagar thought nobody knew but herself. "Thou God seest me," she exclaimed. Then she knew it was the angel of God, for nobody but he could look into the most secret things.

Children, learn these four small words. Impress them upon your heart. Think of them when you lie down, when you get up, and when you go by the way, when alone or when with your companions, both at home and abroad, remember "Thou God seest me."—*American Messenger.*

HELPS TO THE RESISTANCE OF SIN.

GET a sincere opposition in thy life to sin. These are helps thereto:—

1. When any bait of Satan, or old companions, would allure thee to sin, take this dilemma: Either I must repent, and then it will bring more sorrow than the pleasure did good: or not repent, and then it is the damnation of my soul.

2. Consider thy madness, which lays most desperately in one scale of the balance, heaven, the favour of God, the blood of Christ, and thine own soul; in the other, a little dust, pelf, base lust, &c., and lets this over-sway, which bringeth rottenness to thy bones, perhaps loss of thy good name, &c.

3. And that thou mayest yet be further armed to withstand the assaults of thy three grand enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil, which daily seek the destruction of thy soul; consider these twelve antidotes:

(1.) Consider the shortness of the pleasure of sin, with the length of the punishment; the one for a moment, the other everlasting.

(2.) Consider the companions of sin; for one sin never goes alone, but, being once entertained, it sets all the faculties of the soul also in a combustion, and so procures a spiritual judgment, if not temporal, upon estate and person.

(3.) Consider, thy life is but a span, a breath, a blast soon gone: now if we had all the pleasure in the world, yet being so soon to lose it, it is not worth esteeming.

(4.) Consider, sin causeth us to lose a greater good than that can be, as the favour of God, interest in Christ.

(5.) Consider the uncertainty of repentance; thou mayest never repent after thou hast sinned, and so art damned.

(6.) Consider the nearness of death to thee; some have lived out above half their time, others almost all of it; young and old often die suddenly.

(7.) Consider, one moment in hell will be worse than all the pleasure in the world did good, though it should have lasted a thousand years twice told. So, on the contrary, one moment in heaven doth more good than all the hardness and pains in good duties, or persecution for them, did hurt.

(8.) Consider the dignity of thy soul; it is more worth than a world. Lose it not then for any sin.

(9.) Consider the preciousness of a good conscience, which is a continual feast. This thou losest by sin.

(10.) Consider, thou sinnest against a world of mercies which God hath sent to thee, as to soul, body, good name, estate, and others, that belong to thee.

(11.) Consider, nothing can wash away any sin but the blood of Christ. And wilt thou now pollute thyself again, as it were, to have him killed afresh to wash away thy sin?

(12.) Consider, the ancient martyrs and worthies chose rather to burn at a stake than they would sin; and wilt thou so easily be drawn to it, or rather run to it? Anselm said, If the flames of hell were on the one side, and sin on the other side, I would rather lie in those flames than sin; and others would rather be torn in pieces with wild horses. We have as precious means as they; and, if our hearts were as good, we should have the like affections.—*Bolton*.

A SMALL PRAYER-MEETING.

"The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

A FEW years ago some good Christians belonging to a little church on the shore of New Jersey, formed a resolution to meet upon every Sabbath morning at the church, for the express purpose of praying God for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the church, and, at the same time, a baptism upon their own souls. A number entered into this arrangement at first with commendable zeal, and for a few Sabbath mornings the voices of many were heard rolling up from that lonely little chapel, burdened with petitions to the throne of God. While the weather continued pleasant and mild they continued to attend, and in their hearts felt the benefits of the social interview; but at length the cold winds began to howl the requiem of departed summer, and winter's frown to sterilise the earth; and then the days were *so* short, and the hour came *so* early, *especially* on Sunday, that the love and zeal of many, with the weather, waxed cold; and in consequence the only prayer-meeting was composed of fewer individuals. Every Sabbath the number diminished, until at length, out of the many who had formed the compact, but *four* assembled at the usual time. These, with full hearts, received many a blessing and had many a good time together; but by and bye one of these forsook the praying circle, and soon another, and but *two* were left—but these, for several weeks, were true to the appointment—and many times realized the truth of the promise in Matt. xviii. 20; but the courage of one of these failed; and good old sister T—— was left *alone*. She was a faithful follower of Jesus, and had a soul resting upon the divine promise. She was beyond discouragement.

For many long years she had been one of the lights of the church; and though now that church was cold and lifeless—though the dark clouds had gathered, and they seemed almost impenetrable—though they had prayed, and prayed again for a season of reviving, and yet had felt none, yet *she* was trusty and believing, and like Simeon of old was "waiting for the consolation of Israel."

She was true to the appointment, and believed God would answer her prayers. Alone she left her home—alone she wended her way to the chapel, often through storm and cold—and *alone she held her prayer meeting*, Sabbath after Sabbath, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." Bending beneath the weight of *threescore* years, for many weeks she tottered to the chapel to pray God to bless her congregation. Such prayer and faith did not long remain unanswered. A concern was manifested among some upon the subject of salvation, some came forward for prayers, two or three were hopefully converted, the church began to awake, the brethren to work, the sinners to cry for mercy; and erelong a work of God broke out in the neighbourhood that swept every thing before it; hundreds were converted to God. It spread like a *fire in a dry stubble* all round; the influence extended to the adjoining charges, and they began to witness the great outpouring of the Spirit. It was a long and blessed revival, and many were gathered into the fold of Christ, saved with an eternal salvation. Many since have joined the church triumphant, and others are yet "holding fast their profession of faith without wavering."

I attended a meeting far down in the Pines of West Jersey, in the summer of 1847, and sister T—— was present.

But she has passed away. A good and faithful servant, her work was "well done." A few weeks since she went home to behold the glory of God, and to enter the mansions prepared for the righteous in heaven!—*Zion's Herald.*

THE CLOUDS IN THE SKY.

"MOTHER," said little Frank, one bright summer morning, as he was sitting in the cool shade, and feeding his hens with corn out of his hand; "Mother, I wish there were no clouds, I think the sky would be much prettier if it were all blue, and clouds did not come over it."

"The clouds, dear, are very necessary. Without them we should have no rain."

"Why do we want rain, mother? I like it a great deal better when the sun shines than when it rains."

"The plants and flowers must drink—Must not you drink, Frank, when you are thirsty, and would you not faint if I were never to allow you to drink?" said his mother.

"Yes, certainly; oh, it is very bad to be thirsty! But have plants any mouths?" asked Frank. "I should not want to drink if I had no mouth."

"A plant has a great many mouths, dear; but you cannot see them because they are so small. They drink in the rain through their leaves, and still more through their roots, which are made on purpose to suck up the moisture. Go to the kitchen and get a tumbler of water, and I will show you this plant, which is hanging its head from thirst. You shall see how it will drink and be refreshed."

Frank went to the kitchen, and soon came back with a tumblerful of water; and his mother poured it over the plant, that had been half dried up in the hot sunshine.

In a few hours Frank saw that the plant had raised its head again, and looked quiet fresh and bright, as if it were happy. This pleased him very much, and his mother said, "You see, my little boy, that the plant can drink as well as you. God, who is wise and kind, will not let his earth, and creatures that he made to live on it, faint. He has made the clouds to bring rain, to give the fields drink. It will not be unpleasant to you now to see them in the sky sometimes, though they do cover the beautiful blue."

"Oh no! I will rather thank God for making the clouds; for the earth would not look so beautiful if all the plants were to fade and die."

"And where should we get our food if there were no corn, nor fruit, nor any grass for our sheep and cows, and the creatures that are food for us?" asked his mother.

Frank now saw the clouds with quite different thoughts; and when the days were hot and the earth dry, he would pray that God would send some clouds, that all the plants might not wither and die with thirst. It is well for children and youth to learn that the trials and afflictions of life are to the soul what clouds are to the earth. Uninterrupted sunshine is no more to be desired than perpetual clouds.

"OLD REY."

Among the anecdotes illustrative of the good done by the circulation of the Scriptures, is one which I heard in Florence, in reference to a French soldier named Rey, who was captured during the Russian campaign of Napoleon, and sent into Siberia. He was one day about to light his pipe with a scrap of paper, when observing that it was printed, it occurred to him that possibly he might find in it some intelligence to relieve for a moment the tedium of a captivity in which nothing was furnished for the mind. To his surprise it was French; he read it, and knew it as a leaf from the gospel of John. He kept it, and God blessed it to his conversion; and for long dreary years of Siberian exile did the light thus suddenly kindled burn steadily in his heart.

Among the objects of interest to artists in Florence, is an old man with a magnificent head. He is very averse to being a subject for the pencil, but loves the fellowship of Christians, and has several times for their sake let in the artist. We find him now confined to his bed in a very humble apartment in the centre of the city. He sits upright, however, and is quickly animated by company. With his long silvery beard; his flowing grey locks; most striking features; bright black eye; large, flexible, and still ruddy cheeks; with his black velvet cap set carelessly upon his head, its red lining slightly turned out along the arch of his forehead, and with his ornamented pipe in his hand; this venerable man, listening with a pleasant look to all you say, and occasionally giving you a mild reply with a quotation from the Bible, fills your eye and imagination with the image of such a patriarch as looks not down upon us from the canvass. This is "*Old Rey*," as they call him here. The light kindled in his heart by that leaf from God's word wafted to him over the wastes of Siberia, has never grown dim. Long has it cheered himself and others in the dark places in Italy; many have seen it and glorified God.

THE HAPPINESS OF A GLORIFIED SPIRIT.

Would you know where I am? I am at home in my Father's house, in the mansion prepared for me there. I am where I would be, where I have long and often desired to be; no longer on a stormy sea, but in a safe and quiet harbour. My working time is done, I am resting; my sowing time is done, I am reaping; my joy is at the time of harvest. Would you know how it is with me? I am made perfect in holiness; grace is swallowed up in glory; the topstone of the building is brought forth. Would you know what I am doing? I see God; I see him as he is, not as through a glass darkly, but face to face; and the sight is transforming, it makes me like him. I am in the sweet employment of my blessed Redeemer, my Head and Husband, whom my soul loved, and for whose sake I was willing to part with it all. I am here bathing myself at the spring-head of heavenly pleasures and joys unutterable, and, therefore, weep not for me. I am here keeping a perpetual Sabbath; what that is, judge by your short Sabbaths. I am here singing hallelujahs incessantly to Him who sits upon the throne, and rest not day or night from praising him. Would you know what company I have? Blessed company, better than the best on earth—here are holy angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. I am set down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God, with blessed Paul and Peter, and James and John, and all the saints; and here I meet with many of my old acquaintance that I fasted and prayed with, who got before me hither. And lastly, would you consider how long this is to continue? It is a garland that never withers; a crown of glory that fades not away; after millions of millions of ages it will be as fresh as it is now; and, therefore, weep not for me.—*Matthew Henry.*

FAMILY RELIGION.

Reader, I beg of you, as from Christ, for his sake, for your soul's sake, your children's sake, for the sake of the church and kingdom, that you will conscientiously and seriously set up family religion; calling upon God, singing his praises, and instructing your children and servants in the Scriptures and Catechism, and in a wise and diligent education of youth. Hear me, as if I begged it of you with tears, on my knees. Alas, what doth the world suffer by the neglect of this? It is out of ungodly families that the world hath ungodly rulers, ungodly ministers, and a swarm of serpentine enemies of holiness and peace, and their own salvation. What country groaneth not under the confusion, miseries, and horrid wickedness, which are all the fruits of family neglects, and the careless and ill education of youth? It is a work of great skill and constant care to instruct and educate your children, and to keep them from tempting company and snares. To cry out of dumb and unfaithful ministers, while you are worse at home yourselves, is but self-condemnation. Are ministers more obliged to care for your children's souls, by nature, or by vow and covenant, than you are? Can they do that for whole parishes which you will not do for one household, or your children? The first charge and part is yours: if families treacherously neglect their parts, and then look that all should be done in the church, you may as wisely send boys to the universities before they are taught to read and write in lower schools. If there be any hope of the amendment of the wicked, miserable, and distracted world, it must be mostly done by family religion and the Christian education of youth. "Godliness is profitable to all things;" but the curse of God is in the house of the wicked, and the ungodly betrayers of souls, of themselves, children, and servants, will very quickly be summoned to a terrible account; especially those that should, as rulers, be exemplary to the vulgar, and are ashamed to own serious family religion, as if all beyond some formal and lip-labour were a dishonour to their houses, or a needless thing.—*Baxter.*

MISERY.

Were we called upon to name the object under the sun which excites the deepest commiseration in the heart of Christian sensibility, which includes in itself the most affecting incongruities, which contains the sum and substance of human misery, we would not hesitate to say, "An irreligious old age."—*Hannah More.*

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE;

A Sermon.

BY THE REV. HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D., OF THE UNITED STATES.*

"Then went in also that other disciple."—John xx. 8.

In this slight touch or turn of history, is opened up to us, if we scan it closely, one of the most serious and fruitful chapters of Christian doctrine. Thus it is that men are ever touching unconsciously the springs of motion in each other; thus it is that one man, without thought or intention, or even a consciousness of the fact, is ever leading some other after him. Little does Peter think, as he comes up, where his doubting brother is looking into the sepulchre, and goes straight in, after his peculiar manner, that he is drawing in his brother apostle after him. As little does John think, when he loses his misgivings, and goes into the sepulchre after Peter, that he is following his brother. And just so, unawares to himself, is every man, the whole race through, laying hold of his fellow man, to lead him where otherwise he would not go. We overrun the boundaries of our personality—we flow together. A Peter leads a John, a John goes after a Peter, both of them unconscious of any influence exerted or received. And thus our life and conduct are ever propagating themselves, by a law of social contagion, throughout the circles and times in which we live.

There are, then, you will perceive, two sorts of influence belonging to man; that which is active or voluntary, and that which is unconscious; that which we exert purposely, or in the endeavour to sway another, as by teaching, by argument, by persuasion, by threatenings, by offers and promises, and that which flows out from us unawares to ourselves, the same which Peter had over John when he led him into the sepulchre. The importance of our efforts to do good, that is, of our *voluntary* influence, and the sacred obligation we are under to exert ourselves in this way, are often and seriously insisted on. It is thus that Christianity has become, in the present age, a principle of so much greater activity than it has been for many centuries before; and we fervently hope, that it will yet become far more active than it now is, nor cease to multiply its industry till it is seen by all mankind to embody the beneficence and the living energy of Christ himself.

But there needs to be produced at the same time, and partly for this object, a more thorough appreciation of the relative importance of that kind of influence or beneficence which is *insensibly* exerted. The tremendous weight and efficacy of this, compared with the other, and the sacred responsibility laid upon us in regard to this, are felt in no such degree or proportion as they should be; and the consequent loss we suffer in character, as well as that which the Church suffers in beauty and strength, is incalculable. The more stress, too, needs to be laid on this subject of insensible influence, because it is insensible; because it is out of mind, and, when we seek to trace it, beyond a full discovery.

If the doubt occur to any of you, in the announcement of this subject, whether we are properly responsible for an influence which we exert insensibly; we are not, I reply, except so far as this influence flows directly from our character and conduct. And this it does, even much more uniformly than our active influence. In the latter we may fail of our end by a want of wisdom or skill; in which case we may be as guiltless, in God's sight, as if we succeeded. So, again, we may really succeed, and do great good by our active endeavours, from motives altogether base and hypocritical, in which case we are as evil in God's sight as if we had failed. But the influences we exert unconsciously will almost never disagree with our real character. They are honest influences, following our character as the shadow follows the sun. And, therefore, we are much more certainly responsible for them, and their effects on the world. They go streaming from us in all directions, though in channels that we do not see, poisoning or healing around the roots of society, and among the hidden wells of character. If good ourselves, they are good; if bad, they are bad. And, since they reflect so exactly our character, it is impossible to doubt our responsibility for their effects on the world. We must answer not only for what we do with a purpose, but for the influence we exert insensibly. To give you any just impressions of the breadth and seriousness of such a reckoning I know to be impossible. No mind can trace it. But it will be something gained, if I am able to awaken only a suspicion of the vast extent and moment of those influences, which are ever flowing out unbidden upon society, from your life and character.

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* Preached at Fetter Lane Chapel, on Sunday, March 29, 1846. Noted down as preached from the pulpit.

In the prosecution of my design, let me ask of you, first of all, to expel the common prejudice that there can be nothing of consequence in unconscious influences, because they make no report, and fall on the world unobserved. Histories and biographies make little account of the power men exert insensibly over each other. They tell how men have led armies, established empires, enacted laws, gained causes, sung, reasoned, and taught; always occupied in setting forth what they do with a purpose. But what they do without a purpose, the streams of influence that flow out from their persons unbidden on the world, they cannot trace or compute, and seldom even mention. So also the public laws make men responsible only for what they do with a positive purpose, and take no account of the mischiefs or benefits that are communicated by their noxious or healthful example. The same is true in the discipline of families, churches, and schools; they make no account of the things we do, except we will them. What we do insensibly passes for nothing, because no human government can trace such influences with sufficient certainty to make their authors responsible.

But you must not conclude that influences of this kind are insignificant, because they are unnoticed or noiseless. How is it in the natural world? Behind the mere show, the outward noise and stir of the world, nature always conceals her hand of control, and the laws by which she rules. Who ever saw with the eye, for example, or heard with the ear, the exertions of that tremendous astronomic force, which every moment holds the compact of the physical universe together? The lightning is, in fact, but a mere fire-fly spark in comparison; but because it glares on the cloud, and thunders so terribly in the ear, and rives the tree or the rock where it falls, many will be ready to think that it is a vastly more potent agent than gravity.

The Bible calls the good man's life a light, and it is the nature of light to flow out spontaneously in all directions, and fill the world unconsciously with its beams. So the Christian shines, it would say, not so much because he will, as because he is a luminous object. Not that the active influence of Christians is made of no account in the figure, but only that this symbol of light has its propriety, in the fact that their unconscious influence is the chief influence, and has the precedence in its power over the world. And yet there are many who will be ready to think that light is a very tame and feeble instrument, because it is noiseless. An earthquake, for example, is to them a much more vigorous and effective agency. Hear how it comes thundering through the solid foundations of nature! It rocks a whole continent. The noblest works of man, cities, monuments, and temples, are in a moment levelled to the ground, or swallowed down the opening gulfs of fire. Little do they think that the light of every morning, the soft and genial and silent light, is an agent many times more powerful. But let the light of the morning cease, and return no more—let the hour of morning come and bring with it no dawn—the outcries of a horror-stricken world fill the air, and make, as it were, the darkness audible. The beasts go wild and frantic at the loss of the sun. The vegetable growths turn pale and die. A chill creeps on, and frosty winds begin to howl across the freezing earth. Colder and yet colder is the night. The vital blood, at length, of all creatures stops congealed. Down goes the frost towards the earth's centre. The heart of the sea is frozen; nay, the earthquakes are themselves frozen in under their fiery caverns. The very globe itself, too, and all the fellow-planets that have lost their sun, are become mere balls of ice, swinging silent in the darkness. Such is the light which revisits us in the silence of the morning. It makes no shock or scar. It would not wake an infant in his cradle. And yet it perpetually new creates the world, rescuing it each morning as a prey from night and chaos. So the Christian is a light, even "the light of the world;" and we must not think that because he shines insensibly or silently, as a mere luminous object, he is therefore powerless. The greatest powers are ever those which lie back of the little stirs and commotions of nature; and I verily believe, that the insensible influences of good men are as much more potent than what I have called their voluntary or active, as the great silent powers of nature are of greater consequence than their little disturbances and tumults. The law of human influence is deeper than many suspect, and they lose sight of it altogether. The outward endeavours made by good men or bad to sway others, they call their influence; whereas it is, in fact, but a fraction, and in most cases but a very small fraction, of the good or evil that flows out of their lives. Nay, I will even go further. How many persons do you meet, the insensible influence of whose manners and character is so decided as often to thwart their voluntary influence, so that whatever they attempt to do in the way of controlling others, they are sure to carry the exact opposite of what they intend! And it will generally be found, that, where men undertake by argument or persuasion to exert a power, in the face of qualities that make them odious or detestable, or only not entitled to respect, their insensible influence will be too strong for them. In all such cases, the voluntary influence of men will not even compose a fraction, however small, of what they do.

I call your attention next to the twofold powers of effect and expression by which man connects with his fellow man. If we distinguish man as a creature of language, and thus qualified to communicate himself to others, there are in him two sets or kinds of language, one which is voluntary in the use, and one that is involuntary—that of speech in the literal sense, and that expression of the eye, the face, the look, the gait, the motion, the tone or cadence, which is sometimes called the natural language of the sentiments. This natural language, too, is greatly enlarged by the conduct of life, that which in business and society reveals the principles and spirit of men. Speech, or voluntary language, is a door to the soul that we may open or shut at will; the other is a door that stands open evermore, and reveals to others constantly, and often very clearly, the tempers, tastes, and wishes of their hearts. Within, as we may represent, is character, charging the common reservoir of influence, and through these twofold gates of the soul, pouring itself out on the world. Out of one it flows at choice, and whensoever we purpose to do good or evil to men. Out of the other it flows each moment, as light from the sun, and propagates itself in all beholders.

Then if we go over to others, that is, to the subjects of influence, we find every man endowed with two inlets of impression; the ear and the understanding for the reception of speech, and the sympathetic powers, the sensibilities or affections, for tinder to those sparks of emotion revealed by looks, tones, manners, and general conduct. And these sympathetic powers, though not immediately rational, are yet inlets, open on all sides, to the understanding and character. They have a certain wonderful capacity to receive impressions, and catch the meaning of signs, and propagate in us whatsoever falls into their passive moulds from others. The impressions they receive do not come through verbal propositions, and are never received into verbal proposition, it may be, in the mind, and therefore many think nothing of them. But precisely on this account are they the more powerful, because it is as if one heart were thus going directly into another, and carrying in its feelings with it. Beholding, as in a glass, the feelings of our neighbour, we are changed into the same image by the assimilating power of sensibility and fellow feeling. Many have gone so far, and not without show, at least of reason, as to maintain that the look or expression, and even the very features of children, are often changed, by exclusive intercourse with nurses and attendants. Furthermore, if we carefully consider, we shall find it scarcely possible to doubt, that simply to look on bad and malignant faces, or those whose expression has become infected by vice, to be with them and become familiarized to them, is enough permanently to affect the character of persons of mature age. I do not say that it must of necessity subvert their character, for the evil looked upon may never be loved or welcomed in practice; but it is something to have these bad images in the soul, giving out their expression there, and diffusing their odour among the thoughts as long as we live. How dangerous a thing is it, for example, for a man to become accustomed to sights of cruelty! What man, valuing the honour of his soul, would not shrink from yielding himself to such an influence! No more is it a thing of indifference to become accustomed to look on the manners, and receive the guilty expression of any kind of sin.

The door of involuntary communication, I have said, is always open. Of course we are communicating ourselves in this way to others, at every moment of our intercourse or presence with them. But how very seldom, in comparison, do we undertake, by means of speech, to influence others! Even the best Christian, one who most improves his opportunities to do good, attempts but seldom to sway another by voluntary influence; whereas he is all the while shining as a luminous object unawares, and communicating of his heart to the world.

But there is yet another view of this double line of communication which man has with his fellow men, which is more general, and displays the import of the truth yet more convincingly. It is by one of these modes of communication that we are constituted members of voluntary society, and, by the other parts, of a general mass or members of involuntary society. You are all, in a certain view, individuals, and separate as persons from each other. You are also, in a certain other view, parts of a common body, as truly as the parts of a stone. Thus if you ask how it is that you and all men came, without your consent, to exist in society, to be within its power, to be under its laws; the answer is that, while you are a man, you are also a fractional element of a larger and more comprehensive being, called society—be it the family, the church, the state. In a certain department of your nature, it is open; its sympathies and feelings are open. On this open side, you all adhere together, as parts of a larger nature, in which there is a common circulation of want, impulse, and law. Being thus made common to each other involuntarily, you become one mass, one consolidated social body, animated by one life. And observe how far this involuntary communication and sympathy between the members of a state or family is sovereign over their character. It always results in what men call the national or family spirit; for there is a spirit peculiar to every state and family in the world. Sometimes, too, this national or family spirit takes a religious or an irreligious character, and appears almost to absorb the religious self-government of the individual. What was the national spirit of France, for example, at a certain time, but a spirit of infidelity? What is the religious spirit of Spain, at this moment, but a spirit of bigotry, quite as wide of Christianity and destructive to character as the spirit of falsehood? What is the family spirit in many a house, but the spirit of gain, or pleasure, or appetite, in which every thing that is warm, genial, dignified, and good in religion, is visibly absent? Sometimes you will almost fancy that you see the shapes of money in the eyes of the children. So it is that we are led on, by nations, as it were, to a good or bad immortality. Far down, in the secret foundations of life and society, there lie concealed great laws and channels of influence, which make the race common to each other in all the main departments or divisions of the social mass—laws which often escape our notice altogether, but which are to society as gravity to the general systems of God's works.

(*To be continued.*)

ROMANISM AS IT EXISTS IN ROME.*

(*From the Free Church Magazine.*)

THE Honourable Mr Percy, the author of this volume, happily thought of devoting a portion of his time at Rome in the years 1843, 1844, and 1846, to the task of copying some of these inscriptions, which are rarely noticed by travellers, with the view, as he says, "of illustrating the practical teaching of the Christian religion in the metropolis of that bishop, who is styled the vicar of Christ upon earth." He assures us, that they were taken with great care from the originals; and, as an additional guarantee of their correctness, he furnishes us with a minute specification of the place where the original was found, and a description of the material on which it was inscribed. So anxious has Mr Percy been to let the inscriptions speak for themselves, and so confident of the impression they are fitted to make upon every intelligent and candid reader, that he has done little more than present us with a literal translation of the originals (the originals themselves being also given in an appendix), with a few quotations besides from the authorised standards of instruction, to throw light occasionally on their meaning. It is impossible to notice at present all the points of Romish superstition on which the inscriptions give a decisive testimony, or to produce more than a very limited portion of the inscriptions themselves; a few of the more prominent and peculiar is all that we can undertake to specify. The first class, and we should suppose, from the impression made upon our minds by the character of the volume, the largest class of the inscriptions have respect to the dead. So much has the tenet of purgatory entwined itself with the faith of the votaries of Rome, and so high a place do services connected with it hold in the recognised devotions of the Church, that a kind of spiritual rivalry seems to have long existed among the different sanctuaries of Rome on the subject, and a church or an altar could not attain to the right position till some special privilege had been conferred on it for the release of the faithful out of purgatory. Hence, the inscriptions of this kind naturally take the form of grants, conveying to the places bearing them certain prerogatives or honours, which the vicar of Christ empowered them to possess in respect to the spirits detained in the prison of the nether world. Thus, in the very first given by Mr Percy, being an inscription on a marble slab over the rail of the chapel of St Mary of Grace and St Francis, after a long preamble, Pope Gregory XIII. declares, that "by the tenor of these presents, he grants in perpetuity that, as often as at the altar under the invocation of the blessed Mary of Grace and St Francis, any priest secular or regular, shall of his own, or of another's will, have celebrated a mass for the liberation of one soul existing in purgatory, the same soul shall obtain the same indulgences and remission of sins, &c., as it would have obtained if the aforesaid priests should for this cause celebrate a mass for the dead at the altar situated in the church of St Gregory of the city, deputed for that purpose." In short, the pre-eminence which the one altar had somehow acquired over the other was now removed, and in respect to purgatorial prerogative the two were henceforth placed on a footing. Many inscriptions of a similar kind are to be found on other altars; but there is one given by our author, which deserves special notice from the art displayed as to the manner of obtaining the coveted privilege. It is an inscription on framed paper in the church of St Cosmo and Damiano, and runs thus:—"The image of the most holy Mary, which exists on the high altar, spoke to St Gregory, Pope, saying to him, 'Why do you no longer salute me, as in passing you were wont to salute me?' the saint begged pardon, and conceded to those who celebrate on that altar the liberation of the soul from purgatory, that is, for that soul for which the mass is celebrated."

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* *Romanism as it exists in Rome, exhibited in various Inscriptions and other Documents in the Churches, and other Ecclesiastical Places in that City,* collected by the Hon. J. W. Percy. London, 1847.

Lucky altar and church truly to possess such an intelligent and courageous image, that could venture to take to task in this fashion one combining the twofold dignity of a saint and a Pope! But to say nothing of the monstrous impiety involved in the assumption by a frail and sinful mortal, of a right to confer such powers where and how he will, what a comment does the binding of such virtue to the devotions performed at particular places read upon the words of our Lord, "The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. . . . . . God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth." God, it seems, according to the creed of Rome, if not a respecter of persons, is at least a great respecter of places; and the question is not so much what any one has done in his service, as rather where it has been done! And then, if the Pope has indeed the power of bestowing such prerogatives at will, why does he confine them only to certain churches and altars? Is he afraid that souls would get too rapidly out of purgatory if he were to extend the same to all? Or, does he wish to reserve such distinctions for the altars and churches of Rome, in order to draw the faithful to the grand centre of Romanism? We can think of no other motives sufficient to account for the arbitrary proceedings of his Holiness in the matter.

A considerable portion of the inscriptions relating to purgatory are in the form of indulgences, and give unequivocal evidence as to the real doctrine and practice of Papists upon the subject of indulgences. It is well known to those who are at all conversant with the Romish controversy, that many of the more dexterous and skilful defenders of the Romish faith, knowing the indefensible character of indulgences on any grounds of Scripture or of reason, have tried to soften down their nature, and have denied that any thing more is assumed in them than a power to remit the canonical penances enjoined upon persons who have already repented and obtained the pardon of their sins. "The real doctrine of the church," however, Dr Cunningham justly affirms in his edition of Stillingfleet, "as stated in Popish catechisms, is, that they are not merely a relaxation of the canonical penances enjoined by the church, but a remission of the temporal punishment with which God visits the sins of men, after their guilt and liability to eternal punishment have been taken away by the sacrament of penance; and this temporal punishment may be endured either in this life or in purgatory." Not only so; but it has always formed a special ground of complaint by Protestant writers on this subject, that the grants in regard to indulgences are very commonly framed so as necessarily to convey the impression, that even besides the remission of the temporal punishment of sin, the guilt of sin itself is also undertaken to be dispensed with. Of all this the inscriptions leave no room to doubt. In one given so recently as 13th July 1837, by Gregory XVI., hung up in the church of St Marcellus, his Holiness thus speaks and declares to those who shall visit for seven times on certain days the churches, where are the stations of the seven dolours of the blessed Virgin Mary, "We grant mercifully in the Lord, the plenary indulgence and remission of their sins." Another on the left transept of the church of the Aracoeli, given by Paul III., grants "by the oracle of his voice" to the person who shall say five Lord's prayers and five Hail Marys in the chapel of St Helen there, "that he shall acquire the indulgences and liberations of one soul of his relations from the pains of purgatory." Over the entrance to the Catacombs, the church of St Lorenzo, and as if in mockery of the pure faith expressed on the monuments found there, is written the following inscription:—

"This is that tomb most celebrated in the whole world, of the cemetery of St Cyriac Matron, where if any one shall perform the sacred (rite) for the dead, he will evoke their souls from the pains of purgatory, through the merits of the divine Lawrence."

And in another church, St Sebastian, on the right hand side of the entrance to the Catacombs, an inscription assures all the faithful, among other things, that "at this famous privileged altar, whilst masses, whether sung or private, are celebrated, souls which are in purgatory, for whom the sacrifice is offered, obtain plenary indulgence, *and the remission of all their sins.*" And a marble inscription on the opposite side of the church extends to every contrite and confessed person entering the catacomb, "plenary indulgence of all his sins, through the merits of the 174,000 holy martyrs," whose bodies were buried there. The privileges granted, however, to the high altar and church of St John Lateran, "the first and principal church of all Christendom," as it is termed, leave those of the others immensely behind. The inscription is far too long to be inserted at length here; but it declares every one that comes there "for the purpose of praying, of piety, or of pilgrimage," to be "purged of every stain of sin;" and at the major altar, there are "forty-eight years of indulgence, with as many quarantines (*i. e.* forty days of canonical penance), with the *remission of the third part of all sins.*" It seems to us, taking the words employed in these grants in their plain and natural import, clear as noonday, that the doctrine of indulgences, as taught by papal decrees at Rome, and set forth palpably before the eyes of her worshippers, does not stop even with the remission of the temporal punishments of sin, but includes also the removal of the sin itself. For the remission of the sins is mentioned separate and apart from the indulgences (in the ordinary sense); and if it be true that "no one can forgive sin but God only," then "he (the Pope) as God sitteth in the temple of God, showeth himself that he is God." All this we think is plain enough; but there is another thing which, to us not initiated in such profound mysteries, seems quite strange and unaccountable; and that is, how, with such rights guaranteed to those churches, any souls should be in purgatory at all. We are utterly at a loss to account for it how the great receptacle of the departed is not continually emptied as soon as it is replenished. Can it be that the priests of those altars so highly privileged, are unwilling to use the vast prerogatives with which they are said to be invested?

So far has this rage for the honour of indulgences proceeded at Rome, that the grants conceded to some of the churches seem to run into absolute absurdity; at least we must confess ourselves quite unable to put any tolerable sense on the extravagant language that is sometimes employed. Take, for example, the following on the church of St Saviour de Thermis: "Indulgences conceded in perpetuity, by high pontiffs in this church. Every day of the year there are 1230 years of indulgence; for all Lent there is plenary indulgence; for the pilgrims there is every day plenary indulgence." Another inscription on it "concedes to those visiting it at the time of Lent, 2260 years; but on each day of the whole year, 1130 years indulgence." These protracted terms of indulgence, one would think, are enough to satisfy the most craving appetite, and the largest necessities, especially as they admit of being indefinitely extended, by repeating the acts of devotion to which they are attached. But the church of St Maria Sopra Minerva has a privilege that throws all these into the shade; and on a marble inscription, among other perpetual indulgences, there is announced the following magnificent boon to its worshippers: "The first Friday after Easter is the station with indulgence of 14,000 years." Other churches boast, one of 100, another of 10,000, another of 11,000 years of indulgence. Though we cannot pretend to say what precisely is meant by these hundreds and thousands of years of indulgences, one thing is abundantly plain, something else *must* be intended in them than a mere release from canonical penances; for otherwise Methuselah himself could scarcely have enjoyed a tithe of the benefit which several of them respectively confer.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE CHILD AND THE DEWDROPS.

One summer's morn, when nature's dress
Was rich in varied loveliness—
When, from the sky, the morning sun
Was pouring floods of radiance down,
And, shooting from the glowing east,
Had scatter'd wide the morning mist—
A father and his youthful son
Through field and wood were sauntering on.
Pale was the boy, and in his eye
Beam'd not the smile of infancy,
Nor sport had he, nor gambol wild,
That mark the frolic of the child;
But even in his youthful face
Wisdom's grave features you might trace.
With listless step as on they stray'd,
The child with earnest gaze survey'd
A flow'ret, on whose mantle green
There glitter'd still the dewy sheen;
Though, with rude heat, each sparkling cup
The scorching sun was drinking up,
Till on the flower the last one shone—
Trembled a moment—and was gone.
Then raised the child his thoughtful look
As the last drop the flower forsook:
"Father, why hath yon wrathful light
Chased from the earth these dewdrops bright?
And why doth he whose quickening beam
Gives life to all, deal death to them?
Why does the morning bring *their* doom
That wakens all things else to bloom?"
But, as he spoke, a watery cloud
Threw o'er the sun its darkening shroud;
It pass'd him o'er, and now on high
A brilliant rainbow arch'd the sky.
"See," said the father, "yon bright bow,
There stand the dewdrops shining now;
The sun but took them from the earth
To give them there a glorious birth.
Thus learn, my child, what withers here
Is waked to joy and glory there!"
The child with wonder heard him trace
Earth's dewdrops to their heavenly place,
But read not in their changed state
The emblem of *his* coming fate;
For few more suns pass'd o'er his head
Ere he was mingled with the dead:
Awhile to sparkle here was given,
Then, dewdrop like, he rose to heaven!

THE COTTAGE CONVERSATION.

BY LEGH RICHMOND.

As I journeyed late on a summer evening, meditating on the beauties of the prospect around me, while they gradually faded from my sight, through the approach of darkness, it grew suddenly quite gloomy, and a black cloud hanging over my head threatened a heavy shower of rain. The big drops began to fall, and an open shed, adjoining to a labourer's cottage, offering me a seasonable shelter, I dismounted from my horse, and found it large enough to protect him as well as myself.

The circumstance reminded me of the happy privilege of the believing sinner, who finds a "refuge from storm, and the blast of the terrible ones, in the love of his Redeemer," which prepares him "a covert from the storm and from rain." I went in unperceived: the door of the cottage was half open, and I heard the voices of a poor man, his wife, and some children within.

I was hesitating whether to go into the house and make myself known, or to enjoy in solitude a meditation on the foregoing comparison, which my situation had brought to my mind, when these words, spoken in a calm and affectionate tone, struck me with mingled pleasure and surprise, and determined me not to interrupt the conversation:—

"Indeed, wife, you are in the wrong. Riches would never make us happier, so long as the Lord sees it good that we should be poor."

"Well," replied the wife, "I can see no harm in wishing for more money and better living than we have at present. Other people have risen in the world; and why should not we? There's neighbour Sharp has done well for his family, and, for any thing I can see, will be one of the richest farmers in the parish, if he lives; and every body knows, he was once as poor as we are; while you and I are labouring and toiling from morning to night, and can but just get enough to fill our children's mouths, and keep ourselves coarsely clothed, and hardly that."

"Wife," answered the man, "having food and raiment, let us therewith be content. And, if it please God that even these things should fall short, let us submit ourselves to God in patience and well-doing, for he gives us more than we deserve."

"There, now you are got to preaching again," said the woman; "you never give me an answer, but you must always go to your Bible to help you out."

"And where can I go so well?" replied the husband: "is it not God's own word for our instruction?"

"Well, that may be, but I don't like so much of it," answered she.

"And I do not like so little of it, as I see and hear from you," returned the man.

"Why, that book has taught me, that it is an honour and comfort to be a poor man; and, by the blessing of the Spirit of God, I believe and feel it to be true. I have, through mercy, always been enabled to get the bread of honest industry, and so have you; and though our children feed upon brown bread, and we cannot afford to buy them fine clothes, like some of our vain neighbours, to pamper their pride with; yet, bless the Lord, they are as healthy and clean as any in the parish. Why then should you complain? Godliness with contentment is great gain."

"An honour and a comfort to be a poor man, indeed! What nonsense you talk! What sort of honour and comfort can that be? I am out of patience with you, man," the wife sharply cried out.

"I can prove it," replied he.

"How?" returned his partner, in no very pleasant tone of voice.

"My dear," said the good man, "hear me quietly, and I will tell you.

"I think it an honour, and I feel it a comfort to be in that very station of life which my Saviour Jesus Christ was in before me. He did not come into the world as one that was rich and great; but as a poor man, who had not where to lay his head. I feel a blessing in my poverty, because Jesus, like me, was poor. Had I been a rich man, perhaps I should never have known nor loved him. 'For not many mighty, not many noble, are called.' God's people are chiefly found amongst the base things of the world, and things which are despised. This makes my poverty to be my comfort.

"Besides, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him? This thought makes my poverty also to be my honour.

"Moreover, to the poor the gospel was and is preached, and to my heart's delight I find it to be true every Sunday of my life. And is it not plain, all the neighbourhood through, that while so many of our rich farmers, and tradesmen, and squires, are quite careless, or set their faces against the ways of God, and are dead to every thing that is gracious and holy, a great number of the poorest people are converted, and live? I honour the rich for their station; but I do not envy them for their possessions. I cannot forget what Christ once said, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!'

"Oh! my dear wife, if you did but know how to set a right value upon the precious promises which God has made to the poor, how thankful should I be!

"The expectation of the poor shall not perish. He delivereth the poor and needy from him that spoileth him. He has prepared of his goodness for the poor. The poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One. For he became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be rich; not in gold, but in grace.

"These promises comfort my soul, and would make me happy, even if I were deprived of that which I now enjoy. I can trust my Saviour for this world as well as for the next. He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

"The Lord of his mercy bless you, my dear Sarah, with the grace of a contented mind!"

Here the gracious man stopped: and whether affected by her husband's discourse, or by any other cause, I know not, but she made no reply. He then said, "Come, children, it is our time for rest; shut the door, and let us go to prayer."

"Forgive me," said I, laying hold of the door, as the child was obeying her father's orders, "If I ask leave to make one in your family devotions, before I travel homeward. I have heard you, my friend, when you knew it not, and bless God for the sermon which you have this night preached to my heart."

The honest labourer blushed for a moment at this unexpected intrusion and declaration, but immediately said, "Sir, you are welcome to a poor man's dwelling, if you come in the name of the Lord."

I just looked round at the wife, who seemed to be startled at my sudden appearance, and the six fine children who sat near her, and then said, "You were going to pray; I must beg of you, without regarding me, to go on as if I were not here."

The man, whom I could not but love and reverence, with a simple, unaffected, modest, and devout demeanour, did as I requested him. His prayer was full of tender affection and sincerity, expressed with great Scriptural propriety, and was in all respects such as became the preacher of those sentiments which I had overheard him deliver to his wife just before.

When he had finished, each of his children, according to the good old patriarchal custom of better days, kneeled down before him in turn, to receive a father's blessing.

It was now late, and the rain was over; I gave the poor man my blessing, and received his in return. I wished them good-night, and went onwards to my own home, reflecting, with much self-abasement of heart, what an honour and comfort it is to be a poor man rich in the faith.

A VISIT TO THE INFIRMARY.

I WENT a few months since to visit a parishioner then in the County Infirmary, within some miles of which I reside, and was informed, that in an adjoining ward lay a very good old man, confined by a mortification in his foot, who would take particular satisfaction in any Christian conversation which my time would allow me to afford him.

The nurse conducted me into a room, where I found him alone on a bed. The character of his countenance was venerable, cheerful, contented, and pious. His hoary hairs proclaimed him to be aged, although the liveliness in his eye was equal to that of the most vigorous youth.

"How are you, my friend?" I said.

"Very well, Sir, very well. Never better in all my life. Thank God for all his mercies:" replied the man, with so cheerful a tone of voice as at once surprised and delighted me.

"Very well? How so? I thought from what I heard, you were in much pain and weakness?" said I.

"Yes, Sir, that is true; but I am very well for all that. For God is so good to my soul; and he provides every thing needful for my body. The people in the house are very kind; and friends come to see me, and talk and pray with me. Sir, I want nothing but more grace to praise the Lord for all his goodness."

"Why, my friend, you are an old pilgrim, and I am glad to see that you have learned thankfulness as you travel through the wilderness."

"Thankfulness?" quickly returned he; "No, Sir; I never did thank the Lord, I never could thank him, no, nor I never shall thank him as I ought, till I get to glory. And then—O! then—how I will thank him for what he has done for me!" Tears of affection filled his eyes as he spoke.

"What a good master you serve!" I added.

"Ay, Sir, if the servant were but as good as the Master. But here I am, a poor old sinner, deserving nothing and receiving every thing which I need. Sir, I want nothing but more grace to serve him better. I lie here on this bed, and pray and sing by night and by day. Sir, you must let me sing you my hymn: I always begin it about four o'clock in the morning, and it keeps my spirits alive all the day through."

Without waiting for my reply, he raised himself up, and in an aged and broken, but very affecting tone of voice, he sang two or three verses, expressive of God's goodness to him, and his own desire to live to God's glory. The simplicity, serenity, and heartfelt consolation with which this venerable disciple went through it, gave a colouring to the whole, and left an impression on my mind, which it would be impossible to convey to the reader.

As soon as he had finished his hymn, he said, "Do not be offended, Sir, at my boldness: you love the Lord, too, I hope; and then I am sure you wont be angry to hear me praise him—But now, Sir, talk to me about Jesus Christ. You are his minister, and he has sent you here to-day to see a poor unworthy soul, that does not deserve the least of his mercies. Talk to me, Sir, if you please, about Jesus Christ."

"Neither you, nor I, are able to talk of him as we ought," I answered; "and yet, if we were to hold our peace, the very stones would cry out."

"Ay, and well they might, Sir, cry shame, shame upon us, if we refused to speak of his goodness," said the old man.

"Jesus Christ," I continued, "is a sure refuge, and a present help in time of trouble."

"That's right, Sir, so he is."

"Jesus Christ has taken care of you, and watched over you, all the days of your life; and he will be your guide and portion in death."

"That's right again, Sir, so he will."

"You have committed your soul into his keeping, long since, have you not?"

"Above forty years ago, Sir; above forty years ago (when I first used to hear good Mr Venn and Mr Berridge), he came to seek and to save me, a vile sinner, who deserved nothing but his wrath. I can never praise him enough."

"Well, my friend, and this very Saviour Jesus Christ, whom you love, and in whom you trust, lived for you, and died for you; he rose again for you, and has sanctified you by his Holy Spirit, and now lives to make daily intercession for you; and, having done all this, do you think he will leave you to perish at last?"

"No, Sir," said the old man: "faithful is he that hath promised, and will do it. Mine, alack, is a changing heart; but he changeth not. I believe, that he hath laid up a crown of glory for me; and though the old enemy of souls sometimes tells me I sha'n't have it, I believe in Christ sooner than in him, and I trust I shall have it at last."

"And do you not find by experience," I added, "that his yoke is easy, and his burden light? His commandments are not grievous, are they?"

"No, Sir, no; it is a man's meat and drink, if he loves the Lord, to do what he bids him."

"Where were you, before you came into this Infirmary?"

"In the parish workhouse of S——."

"Have you a wife?"

"She died some years since, and got to her heavenly home before me."

"Have you any children?"

"Yes, Sir, I have two sons married and settled in the world with families. One of them has been here to see me lately, and I hope he is in a good way for his own soul, and brings up his children in the fear of God."

"Have you any worldly cares upon your mind?"

"*Not one.* I am come to this house, I plainly see, to end my days; for this mortification in my leg must, before it be very long, bring me to the grave. And I am quite willing, Sir, to go, or to wait the Lord's own time. I want nothing, Sir, but more grace to praise him." Which last words he often repeated in the course of the conversation.

"You have reason," I said, "to feel thankful that there is such a house as this, for poor and sick people to be brought to, for both food, lodging, and medicine."

"That I have, indeed, Sir; it is a house of mercies to me, and I am ashamed to hear how unthankful many of the patients seem to be for the benefits which the Lord provides for them here. But, poor creatures, they neither know nor love him. The Lord have mercy upon them, and show them the right way! I should never have known that good way, Sir, if he had not taken compassion upon me, when I had none upon myself."

Tears ran down his aged cheeks as he spoke these last words.—"Here," thought I, "is a poor man that is very rich, and a weak man that is very strong."

At this moment the nurse brought in his dinner.

"There, Sir, you see more and more mercies! The Lord takes care of me, and sends me plenty of food for this poor old worn-out body."

"And yet," said I, "that poor old worn-out body will one day be renewed and become a glorified body, and live along with your soul in the presence of God for ever."

"That's right, Sir," said the good old man, "so it will. 'Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.' But come, Sir," seeing me look at my watch, "you must speak a word *to* your Master, if you please, as well as *for* him. I will put down my dinner while you pray with me."

I did so, the man often adding his confirmation of what I offered up, by voice, gesture, and countenance, in a manner highly expressive of the agreement of his heart with the language of the prayer.

Having ended, he said, "God be with you, Sir, and bless your labours to many poor souls. I hope you will come to see me again, if my life be spared. I am so glad to see those who will talk to me about Jesus Christ, and his precious salvation."

I replied, "May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who carried them through the days of their pilgrimage, and brought them safe to a city which hath foundations, bring you there too, and bless you all the remaining days of your journey, till you get home. I am going to see several serious friends this evening, who would be glad, I know, to receive a message from one who has had so much experience of a Saviour's mercies. What shall I say to them?"

"Tell them, Sir, with my Christian love and respects, that you have been to see a poor dying old man, who wants nothing at all in this world but more grace to praise the Lord with."

So ended our first interview. I could not help reflecting, as I returned homewards, that as the object of my journey to the Infirmary had been to carry instruction and consolation myself to the poor and the sick, so the poor and the sick were made instrumental to the conveying of both instruction and consolation to my own heart in a very superior degree.

I saw him four or five times afterwards, and always found him in the same happy, patient, thankful, and edifying state of mind and conversation. The last time I was with him, he said: "Sir, I long to be at my heavenly home, but I am willing to remain a traveller as long as my Lord and Master sees good."

He died not long after my last sight of him, in the steadfast assurance of the faith, and with a full hope of immortality.

DESPISE NO ONE.

BY PROFESSOR TAPPAN, NEW YORK.

MANY, like ourselves, in passing up and down Broadway, have doubtless noticed, between Chambers' street and St Thomas' Church, a little shrivelled old beggarwoman, bent double with age, reminding one of Wordsworth's old Cumberland beggar:—

> "He travels on a solitary man:
> His age has no companion On the ground
> His eyes are turn'd, and, as he moves along,
> *They* move along the ground: and, evermore,
> Instead of common and habitual sight
> Of fields and rural walks, of hill and dale,
> And the blue sky, one little space of earth
> Is all his prospect."

The rigid face, like stained parchment, the dull, inexpressive eye, the almost mechanical movement of the shrunk and skinny hand from under the faded and tattered cloak, mutely craving an alms to keep alive the little remaining spark of life, is an image that will recur to every one that has once seen her. How wellnigh every function, passion, and interest of humanity seem there to have died out! Nothing left, perhaps, but the feeble sense of daily want, and the instinctive wish to live. After passing by her, we have, more than once, stopped, turned round, and gazed at her. A strange theme for meditation this forced upon us—a text for sermons. Does she remember herself a little buxom girl, with sunny locks, large blue sparkling eyes, fresh cheeks, and limbs full of vigour, standing by some cottage door on a bright morning, or leaping and singing along the brook with mates frolicsome as herself! There was a home, father and mother, sisters and brothers; there was a little world to her, in which dwelt love, hope, and beauty. Childhood and youth were hers, and she grew up like other maidens; and a time came when she had wooers, and she found one whom she loved, and she went out into the world with human and womanly hopes. She became a mother; she had sons and daughters; nay, sons' sons, and daughters' daughters. She sent out her roots widely, and spread abroad many green branches in the sunshine. Do not deny it; she seems fourscore years and ten, she must then have histories of the affections about her. But who shall tell of the misfortunes which have brought her to what she is! Disappointed hopes, confidence betrayed, sudden calamities, slow consuming sorrows, hard toil, and anxieties—these have been hers. Death has been busy around her; for are they not all gone? Some on the sea, some by disease on the land, some on the battle field; they have wasted away from her, and she is alone. If she still remembers—or when she did remember, she had all their names, their forms, their histories. She could tell you all about them, for she lived, enjoyed, and suffered in them all; a long, long tale she could give you of a world of hers—as dear to her as your world to you. Pass her not by roughly or carelessly. There may be something sacred in her. In that old withered bosom there still feebly beats a human heart—a mother's heart, perhaps—a heart that holds a history of humanity for the best part of a century. Say that it is almost worn out, still respect it for what it was, and pity it in its utter desolation. Think of the little child, the young, hopeful maiden, the wife, the mother, that once were there. Think of the long-tried sufferer, and oh! forget not there is still a human soul—the immortal thought that can never perish. Deep in that soul characters are engraven which, although covered with the rust and moss of time, are there still. They may be beautiful characters; characters of truth, faith, and love, that shall reappear in brightness when the miserable covering shall fall into the dust. But whatever be the characters, it is a soul which God has made. It is no less a soul than your soul, and my soul. If it be an erring soul, we know not what may have been its temptations. Divine mercy may be conducting it through great tribulations to a better state. Did not angels once carry the soul of a miserable beggar from the gate of a rich man into Abraham's bosom? Did not the compassionate Saviour always speak kindly to the poor and wretched? Did he not turn away from the crowds of the gay, the rich, and the proud, to relieve poor, solitary individuals—the blind beggar, the forsaken leper, the despised and outcast sinner? Is it not his gracious word, The Son of Man came to seek and save the lost? The conditions of earth are not the conditions of heaven. The measure of man's judgment is not the measure of God's judgment. Man judgeth according to the outward appearance, but God searcheth the heart. Hath not the Great Teacher said, How hardly shall they that are rich enter the kingdom of God! but that God hath chosen the poor of this world? Gems of inestimable value are concealed under a rough covering, which the Divine Artificer shall work out so that they shall show the purest rays serene; while those who put all their adornments on the outside, shall, in the end, show their worthlessness. It is the genius of Christianity to love man as man; to estimate him by his soul, and not by his gay attire and his imposing conditions. It is like a man going about seeking goodly pearls; it picks them up wherever it can find them, and it finds them where inexperienced eyes would pass them by. It does not wait until it can establish a grand company of merchants upon some glorious ocean shore, and aim to bring there all the treasures of the deep; but it searches about every where, under every clime, in every little bay and inlet, and finds, perhaps, its most precious gem in the most unknown place. Its aim is not to establish great institutions, but to gather in the souls of the chosen ones. Tread not, therefore, carelessly upon what lies without your sanctuary. Those whom you despise may be Christ's little ones. They may not bear your name, but nevertheless Christ's name may be written on their foreheads. Recollect, wherever you meet man, you meet a soul; reverence that immortal thing; you stand in the presence of that which can never die; that for which Christ died. Did a winged angel suddenly appear to you, how you would tremble before the amazing brightness, beauty, and majesty of the vision. In this creature before you, this miserable beggar, an angel lies concealed with folded wings. Despise no one, neglect no one. Reverence the greatness that is within thee; reverence the greatness that is around thee. We are souls in the midst of souls. The least of them are souls. Despise not my little ones, says Christ, their guardian angels look upon the face of my Father in heaven. The angels do not despise them. There is joy in heaven when but one sinner repents. Now go about as one of God's angels, and seek out the souls. Bring them in; bring them in. Go out into the highways and hedges; go among the poor, the maimed, and the blind; bring in the souls into the kingdom of heaven wherever you can find them. You may not find entrance into the splendid palaces of the gay and the proud; but be not discouraged, the dens of misery contain souls no less than they, and here you may gain a hearty welcome. God's light will shine brightest amid this darkness. God's love will be most deeply felt amid this wretchedness. There dwell the children of the kingdom.

THE PRAYING OF THE CHURCH LEFT TO THE MINISTRY ALONE.

It is feared that in many of our churches the great mass of professing Christians regard the public prayer as an exercise in which they have no part to act, and for which they bear no responsibility—that they regard it as a part of worship to which they may listen, but in which they never join. They seem to view it very much as a professor of religion, with whom I sometimes passed a night or two, regarded family worship. When the time for family worship came (which perhaps never came unless a minister spent a night with the family), he would read a chapter in the Bible, and then instead of asking me to *lead* their devotions, or offering to unite with me in prayer, or even asking me to pray, he would say, "Mr P. we will *hear* prayer, if you please," as if the prayer was an address to which they were to listen, but which had no further design. He seemed to have no idea of *social* prayer, and I very much fear that multitudes in our Christian congregations have little if any better practical notions of the duty. How many are there who regard the public prayer as an exercise in which the minister alone engages, while the people may listen to it, but are expected to have *no* participation in it? How many are there whose estimate of the public prayer never rises above that of the sermon, to which they may attend, and be instructed, or interested, or edified, but which does not belong to them as truly as to the minister?

Such views of public prayer are enough to destroy all spirituality in a congregation, and to prevent all the efficacy of the truth as presented by the ministry. For the truth is impotent without the Divine power accompanying, and how can the Divine power be expected in a congregation that leaves all its public praying to be done by the minister? Some such errors *must* have obtained currency among us, or the prevailing apathy in our churches would be unaccountable. If all our churches realized the great duty and the ends of public prayer, and felt the importance of their own participation in it, there would be an efficacy in such prayer, and a power in the presentation of divine truth after it, that would shake our congregations as on the day of Pentecost. Jerusalem was shaken when the disciples came forth from the place of united and fervent prayer to preach the word, and the demonstration of the Spirit made the truth omnipotent. So should it ever be. And if the preaching of the truth were always preceded by the wrestling and united prayers of the whole church, God's word would not return to him void.

The ministry do not bear *alone* the responsibility of the success or the failure of the truth. As much depends on the praying that accompanies the preaching of the word, as on the preaching itself. An angel from heaven could not so preach that a multitude would believe, unless the power of the Spirit were to make the truth efficacious, and the presence of the Holy Spirit depends on the prayers of God's people. If then the whole congregation bowed, like Elijah on Mount Carmel, in earnest faith and prayer, if all *felt* the solemn importance of *uniting* in each petition expressed by him who leads their worship, if every heart glowed with the same fervent desire, and all struggled together to express the deep and burning convictions of their unwavering faith, then would there go up such a column of incense to the throne, as would (we speak with reverence) *ensure* the gift of the Holy Ghost, and his influence diffused through the congregation would surely make the truth mighty through God. It may be safely affirmed, that enough of the truth is presented each Sabbath in most of our congregations, and in a manner sufficiently earnest and pungent, to produce great and glorious results. What then is wanting but the Divine unction, the anointing of the Holy Ghost, to subdue sinners, and to arouse or edify the saints?

And can it be, that a great congregation of half a thousand sincere and humble disciples, with the explicit pledge of Jehovah before them, that he is more ready to give his Holy Spirit *to them that ask*, than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children, can unite in fervent supplications for this blessing, pouring out their burning desires from hearts of unshaken faith, and yet be disappointed? Has God forgotten his promise? or has prayer lost its efficacy? No! nothing of this. "Ye ask and receive not because ye ask amiss!" This is the answer to all questions about unanswered prayer. That congregation do not pray thus, or God would come down upon them with heavenly and life-giving influences. They do not pray aright or they would be filled with the Holy Ghost, and the speaking and the hearing of the word that follows such prayer, *would* be the means of grace and of salvation.

The Churches must understand and appreciate the importance of praying in the congregation. They must be made to feel *their* responsibility in reference to the success of the preaching of the truth. The ministry do not bear this responsibility alone, and the churches are to expect from no human eloquence, from no human power in the presentation of divine truth, the great results contemplated in the institution of the ministry, where the Church withholds her warm, and earnest, and united supplications in behalf of that ministry. Let it be known and *felt* that, in the public prayer, every disciple in the congregation is to join in each petition with as much of strong desire and earnest faith as the minister himself, and that congregation will find that the public prayers are themselves the richest means of grace, and the word preached to them will come in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.—*New York Evangelist.*

JOSHUA'S RESOLVE.

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

WILL not you imitate this example? The venerable man who made this resolve, was one in high station; no less than the chief ruler of Israel. He had long experience that the service of the Lord was good. He urged the people to choose whom they would serve, but he assured them that his mind was made up, even if he should be alone: "We will serve the Lord." Will not you also serve the Lord?

When? "This day." What other time can you choose? Yesterday was, but is not. To-morrow may be, and yet it may not be for you. This day is your time to choose, as it was the time for Israel.

But why should you serve the Lord? He is Jehovah, the maker of heaven and earth, possessed of all goodness, excellence, and glory; worthy of all love, obedience, confidence, and praise. Of him we receive all things richly to enjoy. And above all things he is our Redeemer, "who loved us, and gave himself for us," that he might deliver us from all evil, from all enemies, and from the wrath of God. And finally, he assures us that his servants shall be preserved unto life eternal, and for ever enjoy and glorify him. On the contrary, if we forsake him he will forsake us, and give us over to all evil and final ruin with his enemies, who can neither deliver nor help themselves nor us. "Choose you, therefore, this day, whom ye will serve."

But what is it to serve the Lord? "To love him with all the heart," to obey, trust, and honour him. This is the plain, simple truth. This God requires.

Is there not some difficulty in the case? Joshua said to Israel, when they readily promised: "Ye cannot serve the Lord, for he is a holy God." He knew how men are more ready to promise than to perform, and therefore stayed them in their eagerness, that they might ponder well their undertaking. So every one should "count the cost," and engage in the work with deliberation, and beware of the difficulties. Not difficulties in the nature of his service, but in our unholiness, our associations, and the course of this world. *By the grace of God and the help of his Spirit*, we may engage to serve God and be sure of success. His loving-kindness is rich, free, and abundant; his Spirit working in us that which is well-pleasing in his sight.

Set up the stone, then, or some monument, as a witness that you have chosen the Lord to be your God, and that you are bound unto him in an everlasting covenant. Write it in a book, that you may read it in time to come, and keep it always in mind. Thus will the Lord be your God, and you will be his people.—*American Messenger.*

A LIVING EPISTLE.

ONE day in my travels, says Mr Jay, I heard of a servant who had attended a Wesleyan chapel. This offended her master and mistress, who told her that she must discontinue the practice, or leave their service. She received the information with modesty, said she was sorry, but so it must be; she could not sacrifice the convictions of her conscience to keep her place. So they gave her warning; and she was now determined, if possible, to be more circumspect and exemplary than ever—determined that, if she suffered for her religion, her religion should not suffer for her. Some time after this, the master said to the mistress :—

"Why, this is rather a hard measure with regard to our servant; has she not a right to worship God where she pleases as well as ourselves?"

"Oh yes!" said the mistress: "and we never had so good a servant; one who rose so early, and got her work done so well—was so clean, and was so economical, never answering again."

And so they intimated that she might remain. Some time after this the wife said to her husband:

"I think Mary's religion does her a great deal more good than our religion does us; I should like to hear her minister."

And so she went, and was impressed, and prevailed upon her husband to go, and he was impressed; and now they are all followers of God, and have the worship of God in their house.

MATT. v. 16.—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

THE GARDENER.

POOR, blind, unbelieving creatures that we are! If a man but devote himself to a pursuit, if he rear and nurse a flower for his credit and renown, no less than his pleasure, we never suspect that he will carelessly leave it, in its promise of prime, to be rent by the gale or trampled by the hoof. We trust him, that for his own sake, he will guard the work of his hands. But even this poor measure of confidence we are slow to place in Him who plants trees of righteousness, that in them he may be glorified. Knowing that the Lord "doth not afflict willingly," we cannot doubt the meaning of his dispensations. If we miss the flower, and behold no vestige thereof in its wonted place, we conclude that the careful gardener foresaw some coming storm, or the rude intrusion of some defiling tread, and housed the delicate shrub from harm. It is better to contemplate the vacant spot, and to mourn over a temporary separation, with the sweet assurance that such occurred only because the author of its being would preserve it unharmed and undefiled, to flourish in his presence, far removed from every foe.—*Glimpses of the Past.*

ON THE EVERYDAY SORROWS OF LIFE.

THIS is a chequered life, and the changes are mercifully accommodated to our circumstances. Continual comfort and prosperity would be unsafe for us.

Continual affliction would be hard upon us. Therefore our gracious Lord appoints us changes. Comforts and trials are interwoven in our dispensations, and so closely that there is hardly an hour passes in which we have not many causes for thankfulness, and some exercise for faith and patience. I am pleased with a passage in Bishop Cowper, in which he compares the life of a believer to a piece of worked cloth, the threads of which, from end to end, through the whole length of life, are comforts; but the warp, from beginning to end, filled up with crosses. Surely it is so; for though we are favoured with days and spaces in which we can hardly say we have one cross from the hands of the Lord, we have, in default of these, an unhappy ingenuity in contriving and making up crosses for ourselves. A word, a look, or the holding up of a finger, is sufficient to disconcert us in our smoothest hours, to spoil the relish of a thousand blessings, so that the sun shines upon us almost in vain. We suffer much from imaginary evils, as much perhaps from apprehension of what may never happen, as from the impression of what we truly feel. Thus we put loads on our own shoulders, and then we say, "Alas, how heavily I am burdened!" So great is the goodness and faithfulness of God, that we are usually enabled to stand under heavy trials. Such likewise our weakness, that we are frequently ready to sink under small ones. Could we see the hand of the Lord equally in the great and the small, and consider every thing we meet as designed to practise and forward us in the lessons we profess ourselves desirous of learning, we should be much more happy." —*Newton.*

ROWLAND HILL'S SERVANT.

On one occasion, the late Rowland Hill preached a funeral sermon on the death of his servant-man. In the course of that sermon he said:—"Many persons present were acquainted with the deceased, and have had it in their power to observe his character and conduct. They can bear witness, that for a considerable number of years he proved himself a perfectly honest, sober, industrious, and religious man, faithfully performing, as far as lay in his power, the duties of his station in life, and serving God with constancy and zeal. Yet this very man was once a robber on the highway. More than thirty years ago, he stopped me on the public road and demanded my money. Not at all intimidated, I argued with him; I asked him what could induce him to pursue so iniquitous and dangerous a course of life? 'I have been a coachman,' said he; 'I am out of place, and I cannot get a character. I am unable to get any employment, and am therefore obliged to resort to this means of gaining a subsistence." I desired him to call on me. He promised he would, and he kept his word. I talked further with him, and offered to take him into my own service. He consented, and ever since that period he has served me faithfully, and not me only, but has faithfully served his God. Instead of finishing his life in a public and ignominious manner, with a depraved and hardened mind, as he probably would have done, he died in peace, and, we trust, prepared for the society of just men made perfect. Till this day the extraordinary circumstance I have related has been confined to his breast and mine. I have never mentioned it to my dearest friend."

FIT ONLY TO BURN.

There was a man bitterly hostile to religion, who had long been the opposer of his pious wife, who one Sabbath morning took his axe upon his shoulder, and went to his wood-lot to fell trees. As he looked around, he saw one tree dead and dry, with its leafless branches extended into the air, and he said to himself, "That tree I will cut down; it is dead and dry, fit only to burn." And at that moment the thought rushed into his mind, "Am not I a dead tree, fit only to burn?" He tried to banish the thought, but it was an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. He went to the tree and struck a few blows with his axe. But the thought still rankled in his heart, "Am not I a dead tree, fit only to burn?" Will not God say concerning me, 'Cut him down, for he cumbereth the ground?'" Again and again he tried to drive away the unwelcome and harrowing thought. But there it was, a barbed arrow fixed in his heart, and he could not tear it out. He plied his axe with increasing vigour, but every blow seemed but to deepen the conviction of his own spiritual deadness. At last he could endure it no longer; he shouldered his axe, returned to his home, went to his chamber, fell upon his knees before God, and cried for mercy. With a penitent and broken heart, he implored forgiveness through the atoning blood, and found that peace which the penitent never seeks in vain. He erected the family altar in his dwelling, united himself with the Church of Christ, and is now apparently journeying fast to heaven, a new creature in Jesus Christ.

FASTS AND THANKSGIVINGS.

When first New England was planted the settlers met with many difficulties and hardships, as is necessarily the case when a civilized people attempt to establish themselves in a wilderness country. Being piously disposed, they sought relief from heaven, by laying their wants and distresses before the Lord in frequent set days of fasting and prayer. Constant meditation, and discourse on the subject of their difficulties, kept their minds gloomy and discontented; and, like the children of Israel, there were many disposed even to return to that Egypt which persecution had determined them to abandon.

At length, when it was proposed in the assembly to proclaim another fast, a farmer of plain sense rose and remarked, that the inconveniences they suffered, and concerning which they had so often wearied Heaven with their complaints, were not so great as might have been expected, and were diminishing every day as the colony strengthened—that the earth began to reward their labours, and to furnish liberally for their sustenance—that the seas and rivers were full of fish, the air sweet, the climate wholesome; above all, they were in the full enjoyment of liberty, civil and religious. He therefore thought, that reflecting and conversing on these subjects would be more comfortable, as tending to make them more contented with their situation; and that it would be more becoming the gratitude they owed to the Divine Being, if, instead of a fast, they should proclaim a thanksgiving. His advice was taken; and from that day to this they have in every year observed circumstances of public happiness sufficient to furnish employment for a thanksgiving-day, which is, therefore, constantly ordered and religiously observed.—*Franklin.*

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE;

A Sermon.

BY THE REV. HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D., OF THE UNITED STATES.

(*Concluded from* p. 76.)

"Then went in also that other disciple."—JOHN xx. 8.

BUT these are general considerations, and more fit, perhaps, to give you a rational conception of the modes of influence and their relative power, than to verify that conception, or establish its truth. I now proceed to add, therefore, some miscellaneous proofs of a more particular nature.

And I mention, first of all, the instinct of imitation in children. We begin our mortal experience, not with acts grounded in judgment or reason, or with ideas received through language, but by simple imitation, and, under the guidance of this, we lay our foundations. The child looks and listens, and, whatsoever tone of feeling or manner of conduct is displayed around him, sinks into his plastic, passive soul, and becomes a mould of his being ever after. The very handling of the nursery is significant, and the petulance, the passion, the gentleness, the tranquillity indicated by it, are all reproduced in the child. His soul is a purely receptive nature, and that, for a considerable period, without choice or selection. A little further on, he begins voluntarily to copy every thing he sees. Voice, manner, gait, every thing which the eye sees, the mimic instinct delights to act over. And thus we have a whole generation of future men, receiving from us their very beginnings, and the deepest impulses of their life and immortality. They watch us every moment, in the family, before the hearth, and at the table; and when we are meaning them no good or evil, when we are conscious of exerting no influence over them, they are drawing from us impressions and moulds of habit, which, if wrong, no patience of discipline can wholly remove; or, if right, no future exposure utterly dissipate. Now it may be doubted, I think, whether, in all the active influence of our lives, we do as much to shape the destiny of our fellow men, as we do in this single article of unconscious influence over children.

Still further on, respect for others takes the place of imitation. We naturally desire the approbation or good opinion of others. You see the strength of this feeling in the article of fashion. How few persons have the nerve to resist a fashion! We have fashions too, in literature, and in worship, and in moral and religious doctrine, almost equally powerful. How many will violate the best rules of society, because it is the practice of their circle! How many reject Christ, because of friends or acquaintance, who have no suspicion of the influence they exert, and will not have, till the last day shows them what they have done! Every good man has thus a power in his person, more mighty than his words and arguments, and which others feel when little he suspects it. Every bad man too has a fund of poison in his character, which is tainting those around him, when it is not in his thoughts to do them an injury. He is read and understood. His sensual tastes and habits, his unbelieving spirit, his suppressed leer at religion, have all a power, and take hold of the hearts of others, whether he will have it so or not.

Again, how well understood is it, that the most active feelings and impulses of mankind are contagious! How quick enthusiasm of any sort is to kindle, and how rapidly it catches from one to another till a nation blazes in the flame! In the case of the Crusades you have an example, where the personal enthusiasm of one man put all the states of Europe in motion. Fanaticism is almost equally contagious. Fear and superstition always infect the mind of the circle in which they are manifested. The spirit of war generally becomes an epidemic of madness, when once it has got possession of a few minds. The spirit of party is propagated in a similar manner. How any slight operation in the market may spread, like a fire, if successful, till trade runs wild in a general infatuation, is well known. Now, in all these examples, the effect is produced, not by active endeavour to carry influence, but mostly by that insensible propagation which follows, when a flame of any kind is once kindled.

Is it also true, you may ask, that the religious spirit propagates itself, or tends to propagate itself in the same way? I see no reason to question that it does. Nor does any thing in the doctrine of spiritual influences, when rightly understood, forbid the supposition. For spiritual influences are never separated from the laws of thought in the individual, and the laws of feeling and influence in society. If, too, every disciple is to be an "epistle known and read of all men," what shall we expect, but that all men will be somehow affected by the reading? Or, if he is to be a light in the world, what shall we look for, but that others, seeing his good works, shall glorify God on his account? How often is it seen, too, as a fact of observation, that one, or a few good men, kindle, at length, a holy fire in the community in which they live, and become the leaven of a general reformation! Such men give a more vivid proof, in their persons, of the reality of religious faith, than any words or arguments could yield. They are active; they endeavour, of course, to exert a good voluntary influence; but still their chief power lies in their holiness, and the sense they produce in others of their close relation to God

It now remains to exhibit the very important fact, that where the direct or active influence of men is supposed to be great, even this is due, in a principal degree, to that insensible influence by which their arguments, reproofs, and persuasions, are secretly invigorated. It is not mere words which turn men; it is the heart mounting uncalled into the expression of the features—it is the eye illuminated by reason, the look beaming with goodness. It is the tone of the voice, that instrument of the soul, which changes quality with such amazing facility, and gives out, in the soft, the tender, the tremulous, the firm, every shade of emotion and character. And so much is there in this, that the moral stature and character of the man that speaks are likely to be well represented in his manner. If he is a stranger, his way will inspire confidence and attract goodwill. His virtues will be seen as it were gathering round him, to minister words and forms of thought; and their voices will be heard in the fall of his cadences. And the same is true of bad men, or men who have nothing in their character corresponding to what they attempt to do. If without heart or interest you attempt to move another, the involuntary man tells what you are doing in a hundred ways at once. A hypocrite endeavouring to exert a good influence, only tries to convey by words what the lying look and the faithless affectation or dry exaggeration of his manner perpetually resists. We have it for a fashion, to attribute great or even prodigious results to the voluntary efforts and labours of men. Whatever they effect is commonly referred to nothing but the immediate power of what they do. Let us take an example, like that of Paul, and analyze it. Paul was a man of great fervour and enthusiasm. He combined, withal, more of what is lofty and morally commanding in his character than most of the very distinguished men of the world. Having this for his natural character, and his natural character exalted and made luminous by Christian faith and the manifest indwelling of God, he had of course an almost superhuman sway over others. Doubtless he was intelligent, strong in argument, eloquent, active to the very utmost of his powers, but still he moved the world more by what he was than by what he did. The grandeur and spiritual splendour of his character were ever adding to his active efforts an element of silent power, which was the real and chief cause of their efficacy. He convinced, subdued, inspired, and led, because of the half divine authority which appeared in his conduct and his glowing spirit. He "fought the good fight," because he "kept the faith," and filled his powerful nature with influences drawn from higher worlds. . . . . .

I have protracted the argument on this subject beyond what I could have wished, but I cannot dismiss it without suggesting a few thoughts necessary to its complete practical effect.

One very obvious and serious inference from it, and the first which I will name, is, that it is impossible to live in this world and escape responsibility. It is not they alone—as you have seen—who are trying purposely to convert or corrupt others, who exert an influence; you cannot live without exerting influence. The doors of your soul are open on others, and theirs on you. You inhabit a house which is well-nigh transparent; and what you are within you are ever showing yourself to be without, by signs that have no ambiguous expression. If you had the seeds of a pestilence in your body, you would not have a more active contagion than you have in your tempers, tastes, and principles. Simply to be in this world, whatever you are, is to exert an influence—an influence, too, compared with which mere language and persuasion are feeble. You say that you mean well; at least you think you mean to injure no one. Do you injure no one? Is your example harmless? Is it ever on the side of God and duty? You cannot reasonably doubt that others are continually receiving impressions from your character. As little can you doubt that you must answer for these impressions. If the influence you exert is unconsciously exerted, then is it only the most sincere—the truest expression of your character. And for what can you be held responsible, if not for this? Do not deceive yourselves in the thought, that you are at least doing no injury, and are therefore living without responsibility; first make it sure that you are not, every hour, infusing moral death insensibly into your children, wives, husbands, friends, and acquaintances. By a mere look or glance, not unlikely, you are conveying the influence that shall turn the scale of some one's immortality. Dismiss, therefore, the thought that you are living without responsibility; that is impossible. Better is it frankly to admit the truth; and, if you will risk the influence of a character unsanctified by duty and religion, prepare to meet your reckoning manfully, and "receive the just recompense of reward."

The true philosophy, or method of doing good, is also here explained. It is, first of all and principally, to be good—to have a character that will of itself communicate good. There must and will be active effort where there is goodness of principle; but the latter we should hold to be the principal thing, the root and life of all. Whether it is a mistake more sad or more ridiculous to make mere stir synonymous with doing good, we need not inquire; enough to be sure, that one who has taken up such a notion of doing good is, for that reason, a nuisance to the Church. The Christian is called a "light," not lightning. In order to act with effect on others, he must walk in the Spirit, and thus become the image of goodness: he must be so akin to God, and so filled with his dispositions, that he shall seem to surround himself with a hallowed atmosphere. It is folly to endeavour to make ourselves shine before we are luminous. If the sun without his beams should talk to the planets, and argue with them till the final day, it would not make them shine: there must be light in the sun itself, and then they will shine of course. And this, my brethren, is what God intends for you all. It is the great idea of his gospel, and the work of his Spirit, to make you "lights in the world." His greatest joy is to give you character, to beautify your example, to exalt your principles, and make you each the depositary of his own almighty grace. But in order to this, something is necessary on your part—a full surrender of your mind to duty and to God, and a perpetual desire of this spiritual intimacy: having this, having a participation thus of the goodness of God, you will as naturally communicate good as the sun communicates his beams.

Our doctrine of unconscious and undesigning influence shows how it is, also, that the preaching of Christ is often so unfruitful, and especially in times of spiritual coldness. It is not because truth ceases to be truth, nor, of necessity, because it is preached in a less vivid manner; but it is because there are so many influences preaching against the preacher. He is one, the people are many; his attempt to convince and persuade is a voluntary influence; their lives, on the other hand, and especially the lives of those who profess what is better, are so many unconscious influences, ever streaming forth upon the people, and back and forth between each other. He preaches the truth—and they, with one consent, are preaching the truth down; and how can he prevail against so many, and by a kind of influence so unequal? When the people of God are glowing with spiritual devotion to him, and love to men, the case is different: then they are all preaching with the preacher, and making an atmosphere of warmth for his words to fall in —"great is the company of them that publish" the truth, and proportionally great its power. Shall I say more? Have you not already felt, my brethren, the application to which I would bring you? We do not exonerate ourselves; we do not claim to be nearer to God, or holier than you; but, ah! you know not how easy it is to make a winter about us, or how cold it feels! Our endeavour is, to preach the truth of Christ and his cross as clearly and as forcibly as we can. Sometimes it has a visible effect, and we are filled with joy; sometimes it has no effect, and then we struggle on, as we must, but under great oppression. Have we none among you that preach against us in your lives? If we show you the light of God's truth, does it never fall upon banks of ice, which if the light shines through the crystal masses are yet as cold as before? We do not accuse you—that we leave to God, and to those who may rise up in the last day to testify against you. If they shall come out of your own families; if they are the children that wear your names, the husband or wife of your affections; if they declare that you, by your example, kept them away from Christ's truth and mercy, we may have accusations to meet of our own, and we leave you to acquit yourselves as best you may. I only warn you here of the guilt which our Lord Jesus Christ will impute to them that hinder his gospel.

SAVIOUR.

A GENTLEMAN stated, at a meeting of the Religious Tract Society, that a few years ago he met with Mr Colemeister, who had laboured among the Esquimaux for thirty-four years, and had first translated the four Gospels into the Esquimaux language. Among a variety of interesting questions which he put to him, he thought that he would question him upon a point of some curiosity and difficulty, respecting his translation. Knowing how imperfect barbarous languages are, and how inadequate to express any abstract idea, he requested him to say how he translated the word *Saviour* in the Gospel. Mr Colemeister said, "Your question is remarkable, and perhaps the answer may be so too. It is true the Esquimaux have no word to represent the Saviour, and I could never find out that they had any direct notion of such a friend. But I said to them, 'Does it not happen sometimes, when you are out fishing, that a storm arises, and some of you are lost, and some saved?' They said, 'O yes! very often.' 'But it also happens that you are in the water, and owe your safety to some brother or friend, who stretches out his hand to help you?' 'Very frequently.' 'Then what do you call that friend?' They gave me in answer a word of their language, and I immediately wrote it against the term Saviour in Holy Writ, and ever after it was intelligible to them."

WHAT DID YOU PREACH FOR?

A MINISTER, in the early part of the seventeenth century, was preaching before an assembly of his brethren; and in order to direct their attention to the great motive from which they should act, he represented to them something of the great day of judgment. Having spoken of Christ as seated on his throne, he described him as speaking to his ministers; examining how they had preached, and with what views they had undertaken and discharged the duties of the ministry. "What did you preach for?" "I preached, Lord, that I might keep a good living that was left me by my father; which, if I had not entered the ministry, would have been wholly lost to me and my family." Christ addresses him, "Stand by, thou hast had thy reward." The question is put to another, "And what did you preach for?" "Lord, I was applauded as a learned man, and I preached to keep up the reputation of an excellent orator, and an ingenious preacher." The answer of Christ to him also is, "Stand by, thou hast had thy reward." The Judge puts the question to a third. "And what did you preach for?" "Lord," saith he, "I neither aimed at the great things of this world, though I was thankful for the conveniences of life which thou gavest me; nor did I preach that I might gain the character of a wit, or of a man of parts, or of a fine scholar; but I preached in compassion to souls, and to please and honour thee; my design, Lord, in preaching, was, that I might win souls to thy blessed Majesty." The Judge was now described as calling out, "Room, men; room, angels! let this man come and sit with me on my throne; he has owned and honoured me on earth, and I will own and honour him through all the ages of eternity." The ministers went home much affected, resolving that, through the help of God, they would attend more diligently to the motives and work of the ministry than they had before done.

THE FAMILY.*

WHETHER as regards the comfort and happiness of the working classes themselves, or the prosperity of the community at large—the right management of their families is a subject of overwhelming interest. Look first at its bearing on the happiness of the workmen themselves. How infinitely more is a man's happiness affected by the state of his house and family, than by the form of government, or the constitution of parliament! "It is a sad thing for a man," it has been truly said, "to pass the working part of his day with an unkind, exacting master; but still, if the workman returns at evening to a home that is his own, there is a sense of coming joy and freedom that may support him through the weary hours of labour." Undoubtedly there is, if the home be a happy one; if he expects to find things comfortable on his arrival; if the scene which his fancy paints be —not a filthy room in a state of confusion, an ill-tempered wife, and squalling rebels of children—but a room clean and tidy, with its cheerful fireside, and a family, one of whose chief enjoyments it is to welcome their father home. With such a prospect in reserve for him at the close of each working day; and with the privilege of spending each seventh day entire in the bosom of such a family; and still further, with the hope of an eternal life, of whose enjoyments these peaceful hours are but the shadow; the lot of the working man, even though otherwise it were as bad as possible, would have enjoyments that peers and princes might envy.

In regard to the welfare of the community at large, the effects of the proper regulation of families are not less striking and important. God leaves communities to settle for themselves a great many points connected with their social state; but the family arrangement is God's own ordinance, and cannot be set aside. Suppose for a moment that the family arrangement were set aside—that (as certain sects of Socialists have proposed) there were no *marriage* between parents, and that the children, instead of being reared in families, were trained in hospitals or barracks, not under parents, but public officers—every one must see that the entire ruin of the community would result from such a scheme. *Parents* are the parties whom God has made responsible, in the first instance, for the training of the young; and, in proportion as parents are attentive to their duties, the community will be prosperous and happy. On the other hand, if the duties of parents are neglected, and children allowed to grow up as they please, disorder and misery will certainly ensue, and rapidly increase. There can be no doubt that an immense proportion of the grosser crimes and lesser irregularities of the day, are to be attributed to neglect, or at all events to defects, in family training. The number of *youthful* criminals is one of the most appalling signs of our times. The number of mere children undergoing punishment in jails and penitentiaries, is utterly incredible. In London, many thousand children of the class for whom Ragged Schools are provided, gain their livelihood by stealing. Another very large class of young offenders are those degraded females who live upon the wages of their iniquity. In London, their number is reckoned at 80,000; and as they usually die after four or five years of such a life, it follows that from fifteen to twenty thousand enter every year upon that path of ruin in London alone. Such multitudes of youthful criminals could not exist if there were not an awful neglect of parental duties. If children were trained up in the way they should go, so many of them would not depart from it when they are old. There is no doubt, too, that an immense share of the other irregularities and vices of the day, Sabbath-breaking, intemperance, violence of temper, improvidence, want of economy, pride, cruelty, and other producers of disorder and suffering—may be traced to the same cause. It is a remarkable fact, that the countries in Europe where disorder and tumult prevail most, are those in which families are regulated worst. We refer to such countries as France, Ireland, and Spain. Of the disorders of France, we need hardly speak. We have no doubt that the cold-blooded atrocities which make one shudder in reading the history of the first French Revolution, may be traced, in a large measure, to the early loosening of family ties, to the violence done, mainly by the Popish confessional, to nature's method for making men "kindly affectioned one to another." If there be one symptom more than another fitted to create alarm for the destinies of our own country, it is the sad, and apparently increasing, evil of domestic neglect. Depend upon it, this is just one step in a downward career, which, if not arrested, will, by and by, place many of the mothers of this country on a level with the unnatural monsters of India and the South Seas, among whom the murder of their children was found to be a usual practice. In that awful state of darkness and corruption into which the world had sunk before the coming of our Saviour, the "turning of the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to the fathers," is declared to be necessary, to prevent God from coming and smiting the earth with a curse. We believe the same thing to be true of the present day. If we would avert a threatened curse from our land, the great thing to be attempted is, to turn the hearts of the parents to the children, and the hearts of the children to the parents.

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* From an exceedingly interesting and useful little work just published, entitled, "*Six Lectures addressed to the Working Classes on the Improvement of their Temporal Condition.* By the Rev. W. G. Blaikie, Pilrig Free Church."

The practical regulation of the details of the working man's family is mainly the charge of the working man's wife. In respect of mere bodily exertion, her duties are heavy in a family of ordinary size; and she is well entitled to the sympathy of her husband when weak health or exhausted strength prevents her from doing all that she could desire. Much need has she of the help of God, not only for bodily strength to meet her many duties, but for the mental energy and cheerfulness that will shed a constant radiance around the dwelling, and for divine wisdom and grace to enable her to secure the affections and form the character of her children. The question has sometimes been put, Whether a worthless father or a worthless mother be the greater evil to a family? We do not think lightly of the dreadful evil of a worthless father; but, in the working classes especially, we do not hesitate to say, that a worthless mother is decidedly the greater evil. Not only does a worthless mother often alienate the father from his home, but her corrupting influence on the children is more constant and more hopeless. Experience shows that, in ordinary cases, the mother's influence in forming the character of the children, whether for good or evil, is more powerful than the father's. It was one of Napoleon's pithy remarks, "What France needs for her regeneration is—Mothers." Abbot relates that, some years ago, a body of young men preparing for the ministry felt interested in ascertaining what proportion of their number had pious mothers. They were greatly surprised and delighted to find, that out of 120 students, more than 100 had been carried by a mother's prayers, and directed by a mother's counsels, to the Saviour. It is wonderful what an influence the example and efforts of the mother are sometimes found to have, many many years after the parental roof has been left. A minister records the case of a dying profligate, whose hard heart would not yield to all his efforts to soften it, till—overpowered by early recollections—he burst into tears at the question, "Have you a mother?"

The picture of family misery which we are now about to lay before you, carries an instructive lesson to some. In a parliamentary report on the condition of children and young persons employed in mines and manufactories, there is some remarkable evidence given by a man who had himself risen from the state of life which he describes. He relates that his mother had been a clever and industrious young woman of pleasing and attractive appearance, and a great favourite among the young men in the manufactory in which she worked. She married at an early age, and rapidly had a large family of eleven children. But she was deficient in domestic knowledge; and the consequence was, her fireside was never happy. As the family increased, comfort gradually disappeared; and her husband, unable to find comfort at home, took to the alehouse—became a drunkard—and neglected his family. The poor mother had now often to wash all night and work all day, in what kind of spirits may readily be conceived. Frightful poverty, constant quarrelling, and a bad example, contributed to ruin the children. They were put out to work as soon as they could earn a shilling a-week, receiving, of course, little or no education. All this in a family that, under judicious and Christian management, might have enjoyed a fair share of comfort, and become a credit to the community.

In striking contrast to this sketch, we would place the picture of a well-trained humble family, from the introduction to that beautiful little essay on the Sabbath, *The Pearl of Days*. This little work was composed by a Scottish labourer's daughter, who had received scarcely any instruction, except what she got from her mother. In the sketch of her life prefixed to the essay, she gives a most interesting account of her parents, particularly her mother. It was the constant aim of this excellent woman to make home a scene of comfort and enjoyment to her family, and especially to her husband; and so far did she carry this, that she used to say that "it was disagreeable and improper to be bustling about while father was within, and when he was gone out the work must bé done up." Too poor to provide schooling for her numerous family, she herself became their instructor; and her daughter relates, that "four times a day usually each of us had our short lesson; and if it be considered that the whole of the labour of the house devolved upon our mother, it will be believed that this could be no light task. Nothing, however, was allowed to interrupt our lessons, and it was no uncommon thing to see her busy at the washing-tub, while we, by turns, took our place beside her; one child would be found attending to the baby—another gathering sticks and keeping the fire alive—a third engaged in reading—and a fourth bringing water from a pure soft spring at some distance from the house—while our eldest brother assisted father in the garden."—(Pp. 9, 10.) In this well-ordered family, the Sabbath was uniformly a day of bright and peculiar enjoyment; it was a well-spring of comfort and peace, that, besides its own peculiar joys, increased the relish of other blessings, and sweetened the bitterness of many trials. It may readily be conceived, that for such constant exertions as those of the parents a strong sustaining influence was requisite; that influence was LIVING PIETY, fed amid the calm and holy exercises of a well-spent Sabbath.

Of all the outward requisites for a comfortable dwelling, none stands so high as *cleanliness*. An old proverb says, that "Cleanliness is next to godliness;" and there is much force in the statement. Cleanliness is certainly the type or emblem of godliness. No figure is more frequently used in Scripture than *cleanness* or *purity* to denote true holiness. Now, there ought to be ever a visible connexion between the type and the antitype—the emblem and the reality. We cannot say at present that wherever there is cleanliness there is godliness, nor even that wherever there is godliness there is cleanliness; but unhesitatingly we say, wherever there is godliness there *ought* to be cleanliness. We can hardly conceive how any one can have a very high sense of the value of inward purity and order, and yet not be offended by outward filth and confusion. Notwithstanding this, however, and notwithstanding that the working classes in Scotland usually stand higher than those of England in intelligence and religion, our Scotch dwellings are usually far inferior to those of England in tidiness and cleanliness. . . . . .

Habits of order and regularity, with a stern purpose to adhere to them, will go a great way in promoting cleanliness and tidiness, even under very disadvantageous circumstances. Benjamin Franklin's rule may be given as an excellent one, both for housekeepers to practise and to teach their children: "Do every thing at its proper time, keep every thing in its proper place, use every thing for its proper use." It is generally with a lazy, indolent, self-indulged spirit—the spirit that is only for doing the work it fancies, and that puts off what is disagreeable till it cannot be avoided—that lays hold of any excuse or expedient to save trouble for the moment—that wastes time in idle gossiping or gadding about; we say it is generally with *this* kind of spirit, that we have to connect a disorderly and disagreeable house. This spirit must be remorselessly rooted out before comfort and order can appear in the dwelling.

The next point to which we would advert, as connected with a comfortable and happy family, is the right management and training of the children. Certain it is that children were intended to be a blessing, not a curse; to gladden the fireside by their lively mirth, and lessen the burdens of age—not to fill the home with misery, or bring down grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. From the manner in which some parents act towards their children, one would think that they regarded them as necessary evils, and that they had much the same view of the way to treat them as the keeper of a menagerie has of the way to treat his wild beasts—the great matter being to keep them in the cage or on the chain Seldom will children be found to contribute to the real comfort of a home, unless both parents are impressed with a deep conviction that an *immortal spirit* is lodged within each one of them; that God has committed the care of that inestimable treasure to their hands; and that a thing so precious should be handled both carefully and wisely. Hence we hold that any directions or suggestions as to the training of a family, would be no better than mockery if they did not start from this fundamental position—The parents should be living Christians themselves; and their great and constant desire for their children should be, that they be living Christians too. If no duty can be rightly discharged by the unregenerate, it is very plain that they are unfit to discharge the duty of training children. While consciously in a state of enmity and rebellion againt God, they can neither ask nor expect his blessing in their exertions on behalf of their children. To every parent, then, desirous of being faithful, our first and most earnest advice is this—Enter personally into a state of reconciliation with the God with whom you have to do. Your children then, instead of being under the second commandment's descending curse, will be under its descending blessing; wisdom and grace for training them will be bestowed on yourselves, and a heavenly Father's ear will be constantly open to hear your applications for direction in every season of perplexity.

It is a common error among parents to take too narrow a view of what children should be taught. Many seem to think that all that a child needs to be taught systematically, is to read, write, and count; to exercise the memory, by repeating hymns or chapters; and to become expert at a trade, or, in the case of females, at domestic work. But the truth is, much more should be taught. Parents should aim at teaching their children to *observe* and to *think*. For example, if a chapter be read or repeated, it should be explained in a way adapted to the children's capacity, and its bearing on their own conduct indicated, so as to exercise their thoughts, their conscience, and their feelings. One of the most vital parts of education is to train the young to right *feelings*. To get them filled with a love of what is good; to get them to admire what is honest, lovely, and of good report; and to abhor what is false, cruel, or impure—is the great masterstroke in education, which, when successful, makes the rest mere matters of detail. Yet how little is this realized! If it were generally felt, parents would be always on the alert to attain this end. Every Bible lesson would be improved for instilling into the child's heart love and admiration of the good, hatred and detestation of the vile. The sight of a man treating his horse with cruelty would be improved for planting in the child's breast abhorrence of cruelty in every form. The humbling sight of a man intoxicated, suggesting a picture of the misery so produced—the broken-hearted wife, the ragged, starved children at home—would be used to lodge in the child's bosom a hearty loathing of intemperance. So would other exhibitions of vice and passion. But, further, a conviction of the indispensable need of the child's *heart* being affected, would stir the parents to incessant prayer for the renewing grace of God. Feeling that it belongs to God only to lodge in the corrupt heart of man true love of the good and pure—true love of him who is Goodness and Purity—that grace would be implored, with the conviction that without it all would be lost. The habit would be acquired of asking, and depending on, God's grace, in connexion with every occasion on which a good feeling was sought to be implanted. Whatever might be the immediate result, in due time such a union of prayer and pains, of diligence and devotion, would have an ample reward.

An early habit of *prompt obedience* by the children, is universally admitted to be one of the most important in family government; and yet it is comparatively rare. Perhaps the parent lays down a law unnecessarily strict, and has not the heart to enforce it; or he issues a threat as a mere bugbear, and then fails to inflict it; or he acts capriciously, and is indulgent or severe, not according as the child has acted, but according to his own temper or inclination at the time; or he scolds and corrects his children while out of temper himself, and without considering to what extent the children deserve correction. It cannot be too forcibly impressed on parents, that the value or efficacy of correction depends mainly on the spirit in which it is administered. If you scold or chastise your children while out of temper, you cannot but lead them to think that it is a mere piece of revenge for a personal injury. Your furious blows, in that case, will either break their spirit or produce a thirst for revenge—they cannot nourish affectionate obedience. Human nature rebels against selfish despotism, whether exercised by a royal or a domestic tyrant. It is essential to the success of parental as of kingly authority, that it be, not selfish, but benevolent. In families, as elsewhere, selfishness defeats its own end. The way to hit the mark of happiness, is to aim above it. The head of a family, who regulates his domestic affairs with a selfish regard to his own comfort only, will miserably miss his aim; while he who aims at the good of all his household, will make sure of his own happiness besides. "He that saveth his life shall lose it; he that loseth his life shall save it."

To these hints let us add the importance of parents showing themselves on all occasions deeply impressed by whatever they try to press on their children. No child can be expected to become a lover of truth who sees truth violated by the parents. No child can be expected to grow up with a deep sense of the importance of religion who sees no family altar, no domestic devotion, at home. It is emphatically true of parents, "If they know these things, happy are they if they do them." . . . . .

We take for granted that, in a well-ordered family, the father will make a point, on ordinary occasions, of spending the evening at home, and that after a portion of it is spent in instructing his children, helping them with their lessons, and guiding the family devotions, he may have a little space left for his own improvement. If that time is spent in reading, let healthful and profitable books be sought after. It might be of vast importance for him to try to master one or more of those sciences which are kindred to his occupation: a knowledge of mechanics, architecture, geology, or chemistry, might help very materially to advance him in his profession. Let him beware of closing the day or exhausting his strength without a draught from the fountain of sacred truth. Let him remember that personally he has to do with God. Happy will he be, if his last act at night, and first in the morning, be to wash by faith in that fountain from which each sinner comes forth a pardoned and a purified man!

"PAY HERE!"

As I passed the entrance to a theatre, a splendid placard in capital letters struck my eye, with the above inscription. Another and another theatre, as I passed them in my rambles, had the same words, inviting the attention of all beholders.

Those two words struck my eye; but they went further—they went into my heart. They set many thoughts in motion. I must record some of them, so as to pay here, and in this way, for the instruction these words afforded me.

What's to pay here? This is a house so large and so costly, and visited by so many people, surely there must be something to pay here. And I was the more convinced of that when, soon after, I saw in a newspaper notice of the theatre, that police-officers were in attendance. Something must be going on when such officials are kept ready on hand. And I had read, moreover, that the trustees of a splendid theatre publicly *protested against* an order of the City Council forbidding liquors to be sold on the premises, on the ground that it was impossible to support the theatre without it. The miserable loafers that crowd the PIT—no farce in so emphatic a name—and the wantons that swarm in the gallery, and the throngs of more refined lovers of pleasure who fill the boxes—all this assures me there must be something to pay in such a house.

"Pay Here!" Pay for what? You pay for the opportunity of *misspending precious time.* Those hours—and how many of them are sacrificed in a year by the patrons of the theatre—those precious hours, to what advantage they might have been turned in reference to fitting one for the great duties and responsibilities of immortal beings!

You pay for the opportunity of having the *base passions of the heart* set on fire. If, in repulse of flattery, the godly Whitefield could say, "Take care of your fire, I have got powder about me," ordinary men may emphatically say so in reference to other passions in addition to pride. But it is the work of the theatre to provide sparks for these combustibles. How many, as they have found the unquenchable fire beginning to glare upon them on their dying bed, have cursed the places that said "Pay Here," for a share in the work of fitting them for eternal burnings!

You pay for *searing the conscience.* There is little enough of conscience in our world at best—little enough where every wise and energetic agency is employed to give it life and power. But here is an agency most admirably adapted to rob it of power. It has been abundantly tried, and has never been known to fail. A few shillings expended here will aid you most powerfully in the work of deadening your moral sensibilities. The whole apparatus of the theatrical system works most successfully in this direction. The imagination is inflamed—the passions are set on fire—the mind's moral discernment is blinded, and, as a certain consequence, conscience is benumbed.

You "Pay Here" for *getting into bad company.* The intemperate are encouraged to come by the drinking accommodations which are regarded as indispensable to a theatre. The wanton are there.—They have a gallery, in some instances, to themselves, and their number cannot fail to be multiplied by the common run of such entertainments. The lovers of pleasure more than of God, are certainly there.

"Pay Here!" If the above things are true, then if I pay here I am likely to get well paid. If my compensation is to be abused time—fiercer passions

—a seared conscience and corrupting associates—then I don't "Pay Here."

So, ye flaming capitals, ye must blaze more brightly ere ye make me a victim.

"Pay Here!" Yes; and if I do I am thinking I may pay THERE!—there, in that world where numbers have ascertained what it is to "Pay Here." The pay there is too much to make me fond of the bargain.

"Pay Here?" No—not a penny!—*New York Evangelist.*

ROMANISM AS IT EXISTS IN ROME.

(*Concluded from* p. 78.)

WE must pass, however, from this topic to another, which is also fruitful of inscriptions—the sacred reliques. Papists in this country have usually shown a disposition to throw a veil over the subject of reliques; some have prudently omitted it altogether in giving an account of the Catholic faith; and others have endeavoured to misrepresent its real nature. But there can be no doubt, that, according to the doctrine of the Church, the reliques of the saints are entitled to receive religious honour and respect, and that God has wrought, and still works many miracles by them. For satisfactory proof of this we need go no further than the inscriptions at Rome. One, for example, on the pedestal of a column in St Peter's in the chapel of The Pieta, thus speaks: "This is that column against which our Lord Jesus Christ leant while he preached to the people, and poured forth prayers to God in the temple, and stood leaning against it with others standing around. From the temple of Solomon (the temple of Solomon indeed—when did our Lord appear there?) to the temple of this Basilica, here it was placed. It expels demons, and liberates those vexed by unclean spirits, and performs many miracles daily. By the very reverend prince and lord, the Lord Cardinal Orsini, A. D. 1438."

But the most remarkable things under this head, are the kinds of reliques which the inscriptions assert to belong to particular Churches. To say nothing of the more common sort, which almost every Church seems to possess, such as a part of the cross, a thorn of Christ's crown, and other things connected with the crucifixion, one boasts of having "the finger of St Thomas the apostle, with which he touched the most holy side of our Lord Jesus Christ after his resurrection;" "one bottle of the most precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ;" "the stone on which stood the angel when he announced the great mystery of the incarnation;" with bits of a great many other sacred stones; "of the manna with which God fed the Hebrew people in the desert;" "a portion of the rod of Aaron," &c. Another possesses "the great toe of the foot of St Mary Magdalen; of the milk of the blessed Virgin Mary; of the thorns, and the sponge," &c. Another is rich in garments:—"Of the garment without a seam of our Lord Jesus Christ (alas! for the holy coat of Treves, so often, and so lately, proclaimed to be the *veritable* seamless garment); of the napkin with which our Lord wiped the feet of his disciples; of the clothes in which the Lord Jesus was wrapped at the nativity." Another, again, is rich in pieces of sacred flesh; for, among other valuable possessions, the list of relics over the high altar in St John Lateran, contains the following:—"Part of the arm of St Helen, mother of Constantine;" "a finger of St Catharine of Sienna, virgin;" part of the brain of St Vincent of Paul;" "of the blood and interior of St Philip Neri;" "part of the chin of St John Baptist;" and a great many bones and heads besides.

One has only to think of the matchless effrontery and defiance of all historical credibility involved in such lists of relics, to understand the close connexion that usually subsists between Popery and infidelity. It is, in the nature of things, impossible that any really enlightened and cultivated mind—a mind in any measure acquainted with the course of events in the past, and accustomed to weigh the probabilities of things—can believe in the reality of many of these pretended relics as actual possessions, much less consider them to be of any inherent value, if possessed. And when the heads of the Romish Church are thus found, publicly and authoritatively, accrediting such gross and impudent fabrications, what is more natural than for the cultivated classes to extend their distrust to the very substance of religion, and to regard the whole as a cunningly devised fable?

But there are many other things of a collateral kind, well fitted to deepen the impression which the consideration now mentioned must inevitably raise; and we are confident, that if a person were shut up to the inscriptions of Rome as the source from which he was to receive his religious impressions, he would be reduced to one of two alternatives: he must either abjure the use of reason, and sink into the condition of a devout idiot, or, living still in the possession and exercise of reason, he must take up, in regard to Popery, the position of a sceptic. There is a set of paintings hung up in some of the churches of Rome with public inscriptions attached, bearing the stamp of pontifical authority, which ascribe them to St Luke the Evangelist; while these pictures, in the style of art, are so palpably at variance with that of the earlier ages, that Lanzi, in his famous work on painting, does not hesitate to declare them the productions of other times and other hands, and even says that the old opinion has now "its followers only among the vulgar." But what, then, becomes of the veracity of Mother Church and papal infallibility? The inscriptions on some of the images equally belong to the incredible. One, for example, in the Lateran Basilica, declares that "in the chapel of St Lawrence, at Sancta Sanctorum, is preserved the true image of the most blessed Saviour, not made by hands." (In a wooden tablet hung over the left hand grating through which one looks into this chapel, with its sacred treasure, there is also this prayer:—"Excite, we beseech thee, O Lord! our hearts to thy love and the fervour of faith, *that through the most holy image of the Saviour of the world*, which we piously venerate upon earth, and through the merits of the saints, whose bodies and relics are in the most sacred chapel, we may deserve to serve thee with purified minds, through the same Christ our Lord. Amen." Does this look as if "an idol were nothing" at Rome?) Of the same description is a great deal that is said of the statues of the Virgin, which seem to exist in marvellous profusion. So late even as 9th July 1846, there is the following entry in the Diario at Rome:—"The patronage of the most holy Virgin. In memory of the wonderful movement of the eyes observed in many of her images in the year 1796." Nor should the singular picture be omitted, which contains, according to the inscription, "the true measure of the foot of the blessed Mother of God, taken from her real shoe," and with which is connected 300 years of indulgence to every one "that shall kiss this measure, and at the same time recite three Ave Marias."

As for the worship paid to Mary at these images, we might defy the votaries of Rome to produce any thing from the annals of the heathen city more palpably and flagrantly idolatrous. Thus, at the corner of the convent of St Sylvestro in Capite, under her image is written, "Lady, save thy people," precisely as ancient Rome would have written under an image of Mars, or Athens under that of Minerva. A prayer is attached to the rails of the chapel of St Maria, as consoler of the afflicted, which contains the following:—"I salute you, O most holy Virgin Mary! mother of God, queen of heaven, gate of paradise, mistress of the world. Deliver me from all evils and afflictions of the soul and body. Make me to acquire the merits of the works of mercy. Receive me after my death into heaven, and make me to enjoy with you, for ever, the glory of paradise." Mr Percy also tells us, that small tracts are constantly circulated at Rome, containing prayers to the Virgin, of which the following are specimens:—O Maria! I give you my eyes, my tongue, my hands, all myself. Guard me, O dear Mother! this night, and protect me as a thing of your own." "Mother, behold the extreme danger of thy children. Mother, who can effect all, have pity on us."

The inscriptions connected with holy water are also of a very marvellous and instructive nature. Its uses are declared at length in a framed printed paper, "which was hung up over the holy water-pots in the churches of S. Carlo at Corso, and S. S. Apostoli." These uses are both spiritual and corporeal. Of the former, there are no fewer than eight. "It expels demons from places and creatures; it gives great aid against fears and diabolic fantasms; it cancels venial sins; it gives force to resist temptations and occasions of sinning; it places in security from the internal and external snares which the devil devises against us; it calls down fervour, and the presence of the holy Spirit; it prepares the human mind so that it may better employ itself in the divine services, and more worthily receive the holy sacraments." Its corporeal uses are, that "it affords a remedy to the sterility of man and beast; it preserves from diseases; it heals the infirmities of the mind and the body; it purges infected air, drives away pestilence and contagion." It is with this holy water that horses used to be blest at the church of St Antonio with a prayer, that they "might be preserved in body, and be freed from all evil through the intercession of the blessed Anthony." But we cannot enlarge further. Enough surely has been produced to convict Rome, out of her own mouth, of some of the worst things that her adversaries have alleged of her superstition and idolatry. Enough also to prove, that as her creed and practices were the offspring of the dark ages, when a blind faith was in the ascendant, Scripture little known, and reason but rarely exercised; so they can only retain their place in the veneration of men while the human mind exists in a state of infancy or dotage. What may be the ultimate effect of the present commotions in the "Eternal City," it would be rash at present to conjecture; but we have no doubt, if the light of reason and of Scripture continues for any length of time to be let in upon its dwellings, Mr Percy, or some future investigator, will erelong find not a few of the inscriptions removed, and others obliterated, as no longer suited to the age.

ON TAKING A FLY FROM A SPIDER'S NEST.

Poor little giddy, fluttering thing!
Keep still thy light transparent wing;
Thy fluttering drives thee further in
Th' entangling knot;
Alas! thou feel'st the bitter sting
By folly got.

Ah! see from out his silken shed
The spider darts with eager speed,
Whilst thou with fear art almost dead,
And still dost lie;
Ah! now he fastens 'neath thine head,
And must thou die?

There:—take again thy liberty,
But still to pleasures thou wilt flee,
And soon again, I fear, 'twill be
Thy overthrow:
A grateful buz thou givest me,
And warning too.

Thus youth rush on in pleasure's round,
And in its sunshine frisk and bound,
Nor heed the cobwebs hung around
With mischief fraught,
Nor till too late the truth is found,
So often taught.

Time's Telescope.

THE DOCTRINE OF CONSEQUENCES.

We find it as a fact, under the government of God, that enormous and irremediable consequences flow from momentary and apparently trivial deeds. The pottage is eaten—the birthright irretrievably gone. This vast reach of consequences is a fact which we see and know, and cannot deny. A person's whole earthly destiny, so far as destroying himself is concerned, turns often on a very small thing. It takes time to build up a character; you can pull it down in a moment. One has got to earn it with the sweat of long and weary years; he can blast it with a single short breath—an act is committed, and there is suffering for it to the end. This law does not stop with this world; according to the dictates of reason, and the teachings of scripture, it extends to all worlds and all states. Wherever God reigns, this law of pregnant and mighty consequences reigns, and works out its joyous or its terrible issues.

There is a man who runs his short career of utter selfishness—lives to himself—seeks his own: he does it lawfully, does it reputably, so far as human law and usage is concerned. But it is all contrary to the law of God—the great statute of heaven. Here, it is a little life—a brief pursuit of that forbidden kind; there, the consequences swell and roll on disastrously, immeasurably, eternally. Take another man who lives a life of pleasure—a lover of pleasure rather than of God. Though he pleases himself, gratifies his passions, he does it lawfully—is guilty of no violation of social proprieties, no encroachment upon the rights or interests of others. But that law of his Maker—his whole course was against that. He gratified himself; he rebelled against God. But it was a short career; it did not amount to much—looks paltry and worthless in the retrospect: the weight, however, in the other scale, there is no reckoning it—the reach and vastness of the disaster in the future state, there is no compassing it. Try and think of the disproportion: a microscopic speck here—an absolute infinity there. So it is. So the divine word declares. The light shed by this word reveals the cases on every hand; multitudes crowding and treading on the heels of multitudes in the eager chase—all consenting for a few hasty mouthfuls of worldly good—the hoarding and holding of its wealth, or the proudly walking on the high places of its honours, or the tasting of its calm or its tumultuous joys—for a little hour of indulgence, or a transient flash and gleam of vain show—a mere butterfly brilliancy and flight—consenting to put at hazard, if not to bargain away, their eternal all—the inheritance of heaven; and daring to incur the contrasted doom, to lie down in hopeless sorrow.

But some one at this point may break in and say, "Sir, you have now swung upon a doctrine which I do not believe—this suffering so much in the future state for the misdemeanours of this little infantile flicker and breath of being: I do not believe any thing about it." But does not the Bible teach the doctrine? "Yes, I admit that the Bible *seems* to teach it, but I do not believe it." That is, you do not believe the Bible. We ask you, then, to believe nature—to believe fact—what your eyes see, and your ears hear, and your hands handle. This doctrine is out as a fact upon the whole face of society—obtruded upon the notice in almost daily occurrence. There is the fact. That deed—how long did it take him? That young man, at nine o'clock in the evening, he is free, erect, unsullied. There may be mischief in his heart, but it has not gone forth; it is in his own power. When the clock struck ten, it is passed—he has done it; and those ten heavy strokes are the dismal knell of his character and his doom. It was a single slight act, done as one drops the hand, but it put a stain upon him, and all the tumbling water of Niagara cannot wash him clean. It woke a fire within, and all the surging waves of the Atlantic cannot put it out. There it is—all his coming years blasted and turned to blackness, by an act which, as measured by the time or the strength it took, or the weight of steel, or the quantity of will employed, is the merest triviality. Here we have it, and no man can deny it. Why deny the other fact—the great doctrine of consequences, as reaching from this to the future world? This doctrine of consequences, immeasurably and irretrievably, is true here; why is it any more unlikely as extending from this life to the life to come? It is not any more unlikely. The same God administers in both worlds. What we see here should lead us to expect to find it there, and find it, too, unmixed, and in its perfection. The argument drawn from what we behold in the present scene, taken in connexion with the affirmations of Scripture, is proof enough to satisfy any wise man, that what he sows at present he will reap hereafter—that the affections, the character of this present life will bear its mighty consequences in that other state; and this life is long enough and broad enough for laying the foundation of an eternal state.

"SHOW THYSELF A MAN!"

A MAN! That is just what religion would make you—just what the Bible would make you. Perhaps you do not think so. You may have imbibed that foolish and wicked notion that it is not *manly* to be a Christian—a Bible Christian. Many do—but look at some of the Bible Christians. Look at Abraham, and Joseph, and Moses, and David, and Daniel: were they not *men?* Look at Peter, and John, and Paul—all men—noble, manly specimens of humanity. You would see this if you would but study their characters. Well, the Bible will make *you* a man, if you will obey its requirements, and imitate its perfect pattern. It is eminently calculated, as well as expressly designed, to make us men—intellectually and morally *men*.

Be a man in your aims. Aim at something worthy of a man—a rational, accountable, and immortal man! If you do you will aim at something higher than money, or worldly fame, or sensual pleasure. You will aim at holiness and heaven!

Be a man in your principles. Cherish a love for justice, truth, self-control, benevolence. Be governed by them in all things. Swerve not from the right for any present advantage. In all circumstances show thyself a man by unflinching rectitude.

Be a man in understanding. The Bible expressly enjoins it. You have a mind capable of vast expansion and improvement. Cultivate it. Whatever your social position, in our happy country you can hardly be placed in circumstances in which you cannot command the means of self-improvement.

Be a man in the daily business and intercourse of life. Never do a small thing—a mean act. Be noble, generous, open-hearted, and open-handed in all your dealings with men. Don't be narrow-minded, prejudiced, and selfish: Respect the rights and feelings, and even the prejudices of others. You will do this if you are a Christian. A mean, tight-fisted, uncharitable, bigoted, mulish Christian! It is a contradiction in terms!

Be a man in your judgment of other men. Do not let the quality of the coat, the colour of the skin, or the weight of the purse, determine your estimation of and conduct towards them.

Be a MAN—a true man here, and you shall be a "king and a priest unto God" by and bye!—*Herald of the Prairies.*

BE NOT DISCOURAGED.

NEVER, under any circumstances, doubt the faithfulness of your heavenly Master. Stay yourself on the divine promises. Rest upon them your whole weight. They cannot fail. If appearances be disheartening, still work on, hoping for a favourable issue. If the vision tarry, wait for it. When the late William Ladd, after labouring several years with little apparent success, complained in desponding tones of the obstacles that resisted his progress, Dr Payson said to him, "Brother Ladd, do something every day." These words were thenceforth his motto. He did something every day, and ultimately prospered. As you shall encounter the dense, frowning masses of heathenism, and feel, after protracted effort, that you have made upon them no impression, beware of hasty conclusions. Persevere, strike some blow every day; ask the blessing of God upon every endeavour, and leave the result with him who rewards, not the successful, but the faithful. Remember how long and arduously Carey and Judson laboured in their respective fields before they received the first convert; and look now at the thousands which, in those very fields, have been joyously gathered. It was predicted of your Master, that "*He shall not fail, nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth.*" If he does not falter or despond, you need not.—*Dr Baron Stow.*

THE BACKSLIDER RECLAIMED BY FAITHFUL REPROOF.

When I resided in the western part of the state of New York, I became acquainted with Deacon D——. He was then advanced in life, and in feeble health. He resided about seven miles from our village, but often came that whole distance on foot, to meet with the people of God in his sanctuary. No man in that vicinity was more esteemed as an exemplary Christian. On one occasion he arose in a religious meeting, and related, in broken accents, the following narrative. It is impossible for me to remember precisely his words, or even all the little incidents of his story; but the account, as I give it, is mainly, if not entirely, correct. He said:—

"At the time of my supposed conversion, I had great religious enjoyments. Duty was a pleasure. Light and joy accompanied all my movements. I wondered at the stupidity and the unfaithfulness of others. I felt as though temptation would never overcome me, or difficulties obstruct my onward career. I thought I should constantly grow in grace, overcome with ease every opposing obstacle, convince sinners in multitudes of their danger, and sail over an unbroken sea of success to heaven. Soon, however, God taught me the folly of my calculations. Trials came; opportunities of gain were presented. The necessities of my family made their appeal; fashion, pride, selfishness, all put in their claims. I suffered my attention to be distracted, and my affections became insensibly enlisted in unholy pursuits. I became less watchful. The Scriptures, in which I had taken so great delight, were occasionally neglected. My cares became so numerous and pressing that I sometimes omitted the duty of secret devotion. Family worship at length was substituted in its room, and the closet neglected; even this duty was sometimes omitted, and almost always most superficially and shamefully discharged. The light of God's countenance forsook me; the sun of my religious enjoyment went down; a long and dreadful night succeeded. The world imparted no pleasure; conscience upbraided and the neglected Bible reproached me. Every day reminded me of my declension; the Sabbath overawed and distressed me; the ministers whom I occasionally heard seemed to direct against me all their warnings and all their exhortations, with a painful personality; my Christian companions, I thought, viewed me with suspicion; my business did not prosper. The company of the wicked I could not relish, the conversation of the righteous I could not endure. In society I was wretched, in solitude I was tormented by my own reflections. Every thing conspired to render my condition almost intolerable; even my own wife, and the children whom I loved, looked at me strangely. Dreadful suggestions were occasionally urged upon my tortured mind; temptations to renounce God for ever were frequently presented, until I shivered all over with horror.

"One afternoon, while in this state of mind, I was riding alone to the little village in which I resided, hating myself, loathing the world, murmuring against God—understanding my duty, and yet unwilling to reform. I discovered, at some distance behind me, a gentleman of my acquaintance, from a neighbouring town. Knowing him as a very active Christian, I feared, if he overtook me, he would attempt a conversation upon the subject of religion. This purpose I was determined to defeat. My first suggestion was, to hasten on with all possible speed to the place of my destination, and thus distance my pursuer. Upon a second thought, I concluded this would appear very indecorous; I therefore determined to move along slowly, hoping the gentleman might be urged on with his present haste. As soon as he had overtaken me he checked his horse, and immediately, from the abundance of his heart, accosted me upon that great subject which I so much dreaded to hear announced. I felt very uneasy, manifested disgust, and endeavoured to change the topic of conversation. He noticed my aversion to the subject, but still persisted in his appeals to my conscience. More than once did I resolve to restrain my exasperated feelings no longer. I repeatedly intimated that his company was not desired, and that his conversation was by no means agreeable; but he seemed intent upon his undertaking. I respected the man; I was myself a member of the Church, and therefore I was constrained to listen and acknowledge: and I revered my companion the more for the contrast which I now observed between his feelings and my own. We now were approaching near the village. At this time there was no church nor stated preaching in the place, and only a few Christian people resided in the vicinity. My companion proposed to remain with me during the night, and, in the evening, to collect the people for purposes of prayer and religious improvement. To me no proposition would have been more unacceptable. I made all the objections I could devise. It was now late in the day—the people had not been accustomed to assemble for such purposes—it would be difficult to circulate the notice—but few would assemble; all these, and many other objections of a similar character, were raised. Still he insisted upon the meeting. I yielded a reluctant consent, still hating the importunity of my friend. We went to my dwelling, sent out notice of the meeting, took some refreshment, and prepared for the place of worship. During all this time my devoted companion, from the fulness of his soul, continued the language of Canaan. My own feelings, as he proceeded, began gradually to soften; I listened with more attention, and relented a little; I began to regret the unholy aversions I had manifested; the faithfulness of my friend became less distressing; my sensibilities were awakened; till at length reproof was received with pleasure—self-abhorrence became a joy—repentance was a luxury. I confessed, submitted, and rejoiced. I felt that the righteous had smitten me, and it was a kindness—an excellent oil, which did not break my head. I consecrated myself afresh and for ever to the service of God. The light of his countenance returned—joy was restored. We went in tears to the place of worship; found it crowded with waiting and anxious hearers; and sung, prayed, confessed, and exhorted, until propriety required us to dismiss the congregation; but the people were unwilling to depart—the Holy Ghost was there, sinners were anxiously inquiring what they should do for salvation, and the hearts of God's people were powerfully affected. A revival of religion commenced at this meeting, which resulted in the hopeful conversion of many souls, the organization of a Church, and the establishment of the gospel ministry."

Many years had now intervened, but Deacon D—— still felt most sensibly the impulse he received from the faithfulness of his importunate companion during that interview, which had so remarkably broken up his slumbers, and restored to him the light of God's countenance. He exhorted us most feelingly, in view of this history of his own backsliding, to put no trust in ourselves—to take heed lest we fall when we think ourselves secure; and in view of the blessing of God on the faithfulness of his friend, he urged us to persevere in our efforts to awaken our brethren, however far they might have declined, or however repulsive might be their deportment.—*The Home Missionary.*

ABOUNDING IN THE WORK OF THE LORD.

We are not only to do the work of the Lord, but we are to abound in it. As a man cannot be said to abound in wealth, if he is only now and then possessed of a pound, so a Christian cannot be said to abound in the work of the Lord, if he only now and then puts forth an effort in his cause. Constant, untiring efforts, must be put forth, if we would abound in the work of the Lord. It is far better to abound in the work of the Lord than to abound in wealth. It is a far greater source of present happiness. It is a far surer security against future want.

Few can abound in wealth, but all can abound in the work of the Lord. No matter what may be the circumstances in which one is placed, no matter how poor, and feeble, and obscure one may be, he may abound in the work of the Lord. The afflicted one who is confined to the chamber of sickness may abound in prayer, and in submission to the will of God. A man abounds in the work of the Lord as much when he suffers the will of God, as when he does the will of God.

If the poor and the rich can abound in the work of the Lord, much more can the rich and the active. There is enough to be done. No one need be idle. The commandment is exceeding broad. The wants of the world are over pressing. The work is all prepared to our hands. The aid of the Holy Spirit is proffered.

Reader, are you abounding in the work of the Lord? Is it your chief business to do his will, and to promote his cause? Or do you put forth only occasional efforts in consequence of your profession, or to satisfy the demands of conscience.

ANOTHER CHILD IN HEAVEN.

It was mid-day when, softly and unobserved, I entered the chamber of death. A silence, broken only by the occasional outgushings of grief, reigned there. On the couch before me lay the almost lifeless form of one who was just on the verge of heaven. An aged father whose emaciated form and tremulous voice told of the many years he had spent in winning souls to Christ, a tender mother, brothers, sisters, and dear friends had gathered around the bedside of this dying girl—a lovely young lady of nineteen summers, who had in the morning of life learned to love Jesus. Not a tear fell from the eye of that father; but with a countenance lighted up with a heavenly radiance, he sat watching the last short breathings of his child; and as she sunk in death, he exclaimed, "*Another child in heaven!*"

Scarcely had these accents fallen from his lips, when the bereaved almost involuntarily kneeled and commended themselves to that God who has promised that "He will never leave or forsake those who put their trust in Him."

What was it that so cheered and sustained this father, as he saw his darling child in the embraces of death? It was this;—he had trained her for heaven. He felt that she had gone to that blessed home, whither he and his dear family were fast gathering.

Reader, are you a parent? What is the influence you are exerting over your children? Are you preparing them for a blessed immortality? Are you so training them that you can have the assurance, when death enters your family circle and removes one therefrom, that you have "*a child in heaven?*"

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."—Ex. xx. 3.

"Enthrone the great Jehovah in thine heart,
Let all thine homage unto him be paid;
Suffer no idol to usurp in part
The glory due to him who all things made.
In thought, word, deed, thy life to him be given,
Thou shalt be blessed on earth, and saved in heaven."

Collins, the infidel, once meeting a plain countryman, inquired where he was going. "To church, sir." "What to do there?" "To worship God." "Pray tell me, is your God a great or a little god?" "He is so great sir, that the heavens cannot contain him, and so little that he can dwell in my heart." Collins afterwards declared, that this simple yet sublime answer had more effect on his mind than all the volumes he had ever read.

"Sir," said a lady to Mr Romaine, "I like the doctrine you preach, and think I can give up every thing but one." "What is that, madam?" "Cards, sir." "You think you could not be happy without them?" "No, sir, I could not." "Then, madam, they are your god, and to them you must look for salvation." This pointed and faithful reply is said to have issued in her conversion.

THE CLOSET AND THE PULPIT.

"What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." If a minister attempts to live by his public exercises, and trusts to these to sustain vigour of personal piety, he will soon find himself miserably deficient. If he studies and uses the Word of God only as a means of public instruction, and as a part of professional labour, and if he relies on his public prayers as his main means of keeping his heart in communion with God, he will find that his own experience and his labours for others will be smitten with barrenness. The writer of this will never forget a casual remark made to him by Dr Griffin, respecting a young man, a pupil of his, who had then just commenced preaching. He said, "He has a very active mind and superior talents. The only question I have about him is, whether he will pray down the Holy Spirit while he preaches." The importance of that question suggested by that casual word, coming from one of our most successful preachers, forced itself on the mind in such a way as to have become a most cherished sentiment.

In our estimation of a minister and the probabilities of his success, this is indeed the great question, *Will he pray down the Holy Spirit?* If in the choice of a minister, a people fail to ask this question, they commit a capital mistake. And if a minister himself expects success by the mere force of talents or industry, without a careful cultivation of his own personal piety and a life of earnest prayer, he will have reckoned without his host.

In a day like the present, when so little of the power of the Holy Ghost is felt, and when there is so much preaching with so little fruit, what question forces itself upon the ministry more naturally than this, whether we are praying down the Holy Ghost—or whether all our pulpit labour is not sadly lacking in the important accompaniment of closet labour—or whether we deal enough with our own hearts, in our attempts to reach the hearts of others.

THE MIXTURE OF FAITH AND FEAR.

BY THE LATE REV. DR CHALMERS.*

The mixture of fear in reference to the weakness of one's self, and of faith in reference to the power and promise of God, both acting contemporaneously together, might appear a mystery in your eyes. You may feel a difficulty in conceiving what the posture of the mind can be when thus acted upon—or how it is that two principles so opposite in their nature should exist in the heart at the same time, and bear at once upon the mechanism of the human spirit. At first sight it may not be clear to you by what sort of moral dynamics, or by what composition of forces it is that the mind, when thus under two impulses, betakes itself to the one right and determinate path. You must admit the great practical importance of the question, affecting as it does the whole habit and history of a believer—and you will therefore excuse us if, in our attempts at explicitness, we shall not be disdainful even of the very homeliest illustrations.

Our first illustration is taken from infancy—when the child makes its first attempts to walk. Here the two principles are working together at the same moment—first, a fearfulness, in virtue of which it will not let go the hold of its nurse's hand; and secondly, a confidence, that while keeping its hold firmly it will be supported and in safety during its whole adventure across the floor. Fear on the one hand, and faith on the other, are both in operation, and both necessary. Extinguish the principle of fear altogether, and the child, committing itself too early to its own strength, will inevitably fall. Extinguish the principle of faith altogether, and the child, having no confidence even in the effectual support held out by the hands of its attendant, might never attempt the exercise of walking, and so remain in impotency all its days. And thus the mingled operation of these two principles, so far from being that recondite, that unpractical thing which people alike unobservant of the Bible and of human nature regard it to be, is a thing of current and most obvious exemplification in the experience of every family.

Should our second illustration be now deemed utterly superfluous, and perhaps even nauseated as you would the insipidity of any overdone excess—we must still plead the magnitude of the lesson, and our urgent feeling of that magnitude. I may be conscious of inability to swim across a river, and nevertheless commit myself fearlessly to its waters, should a rope be handed out to me from the vessel that is passing over it. Here, too, we have the joint operation of both principles:—Fear in reference to my own power of self-support, restrains me from letting go my hold—faith in the strength and tightness of the rope, gives me a feeling of perfect security while I retain my hold. Both principles, however opposite in their nature, incline me to the one thing of keeping firmly and constantly by the rope. Were I confident that I had no need of it, I might fling it indignantly away from me, and should my confidence be presumption, I might sink to the bottom and perish. But I fear, and therefore keep by it as my only dependence. Were I fearful of the rope's strength, and trembled lest, when I took my hold of it, it should break or separate from the vessel, I might refuse its aid, and rather keep my hands in the exercise of swimming. Give me the right fear—that is, a fearful sense of my own weakness and inability to swim; and the right faith—that is, a faith in the perfect security of the rope which I hold by; and these principles, so far from contravening each other, do in fact conspire to the one result of making me cleave with full purpose of heart to that only support by which I can be carried fearlessly through the river, and brought in safety to the other side of it.

And it is just by such a fear and by such a faith that we make our way into heaven across the troubled sea of this world. These two are not distracting forces which draw in opposite ways. The one verily shuts us up into the other. It is just when we look abroad upon the adverse influences of sense and of society, and then bethink ourselves of our own utter inadequacy to cope with them—it is when admonished by inward experience of our constant tendency to relinquish all dependence and all desire towards God—it is the frequent obscuration of Him in our own spirits, that, sublimed although they may have somewhat been, in hours of stillness and seclusion to the ethereal brightness of the upper regions, yet that ever and anon on our return, whether to the world's business or to the world's companies, they lapse again into earthliness, and grovel there—it is this perpetual finding, that however able to maintain in conduct those equities of action amongst our fellows which belong to the virtue of righteousness, yet that we utterly and throughout every hour of our lives fail in those sanctities of affection towards God which constitute the virtue of holiness—these are the experiences which must at length school every honest inquirer into an utter fearfulness of himself, a distrust, a most warrantable and well-founded distrust in all the resources of his own strength and of his own wisdom. It is this often-tried and as often ascertained deficiency of nature, which reconciles him to the doctrine of a grace that might put strength into nature for the whole work and warfare of obedience. Looking to the impotency of the one, there is fear; looking to the sufficiency of the other, there is faith. Both are salutary. In virtue of the first, he has a perpetual distrust in himself; in virtue of the second, he has a perpetual dependence on the Lord Jesus. There is no conflict between these feelings—they work, as it were, to one another's hands. The movement to which they give rise is first an export of prayer from the soul to heaven's sanctuary; and secondly, an import of power from heaven's sanctuary into the soul. It is this habitual sense of weakness which excites to habitual prayer—it is this habitual prayer which brings down the habitual supplies of strength and of grace for all services. The man works mightily because God works in him mightily. He realizes the great paradox of the Christian life, that when he is weak then he is strong—that when deepest in humility he is borne most steadfastly upward and onward along the heights of an angelic sacredness.

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* From the remarkable volume of posthumous sermons lately published, being part of a sermon on the words, "That he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear."—Luke i. 74.

These views are in full harmony with Scripture; and did we but take along with us what that is which we should feel fear about, and again, what that is which we should put faith in, we could be at no loss to understand either how the psalmist could mix trembling with his mirth, or how the apostle could be always sorrowful yet always rejoicing. "When I said, my foot slippeth," saith David, "thy mercy, O Lord, held me up." On looking to one quarter, even to that of sense and of nature, we might well tremble before those adverse influences by which the heart of man is wholly secularized, and his history becomes that of an earthly, carnal, and alienated creature. On looking to the other quarter, even to that where the fulness of grace is treasured up, and whence it issues forth on the praying and the watching and the working disciple—it might well rejoice in those precious influences from heaven by which the heart of man is impregnated with its own sacredness, and his history becomes that of a prosperous aspirant after its glory and immortality and honour. Could he, without any hold on the support that is above him, make his own way on the ascent of a progressive holiness, then he need not tremble; or even were it quite natural for him to keep that hold at all times, then might he persist in a sort of unbroken and undisturbed security of heart, while the temptations of life play idly around him. But, in point of truth, there is a constant aptitude to let go the hold, and every intelligent Christian is conscious thereof, and so he is kept, and that perpetually, on the alert and the alarm—fearful on the one hand, lest he should quit his dependence, and confident, on the other, that so long as he retains it he is safe. You can imagine the light and evidence wherewith the sacred volume stands forth to the eye of a believer, when made to observe how precisely the descriptions of the Bible accord with all the developments of an experience so very peculiar. When called upon to fear—as in the first verse of the fourth chapter of the Hebrews—lest he should come short of the promised rest, he knows well what that is which should make him afraid. But this very fear, founded on a distrust of his own powers, shuts him up unto another dependence—and when called upon in the last verse of the same chapter, to come boldly to the throne of grace, that he may find grace to help him in the time of need, he knows well what that is which should make him courageous. This delicate alternation between the two feelings, so often adverted to in the Bible, and so accurately reflected in the personal history of a believer, affords that very correspondence between the tablet of human nature on the one hand, and the tablet of revelation on the other, which warrants a still more intimate conviction than before of God being the common author or architect of both. Meanwhile, too, he practises the lesson of serving God both without fear and with fear—without fear on the calculation that he makes of God's promises—with fear on the calculation he makes of his own powers. The sense of his own helplessness will make him fearful of depending upon it. The sense of God's truth in the promises will make him faithful in depending upon it. The faith and the fear are embodied by him into one act of obedience, even as within the limits of a single verse they have been embodied by the apostle into one precept. He tells the Gentiles not to boast themselves against the children of Israel; and why? because it was by faith only that they stood—"And be not therefore," he says, "high-minded, but fear." Here, and within the compass of one utterance, the right fear and the right faith are both contemporaneously pressed upon them. The right fear would keep them from boasting, allied as it was with the sentiment, that although they stood, it was by no power or holiness of their own. The right faith would direct their eye to that fountain of grace which was above them, and whence they drew those supplies of light and of strength, which from the unbelieving Jews had been withholden, and as they looked to that God who alone made them to differ, they would not be high-minded.

But the most complete scriptural illustration of this doctrine which can be given, is from that celebrated passage where the apostle tells his converts to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling, because it is God that worketh in them both to will and to do of His good pleasure. It is conceivable how a man should both will aright and work aright in virtue of an influence from heaven, and how, to obtain this influence, a prayer should arise from the heart, and a power should come down both upon the heart and upon the hand for all the services of a vigorous and an active obedience. But why should there be a fear or trembling in this process? The fear is lest among the besetting urgencies of sense and of nature, we should be tempted to forget God, and so He should withdraw His helping hand from us. The fear is lest, in the confidence of nature, we should go forth against the adverse influences by which we are surrounded, and so be overcome. The fear is lest we should lose our hold of God, and so He, quitting His hold of us, and abandoning us to our own unaided impotency, should leave us to the disgrace and the ruin of a fatal overthrow. The fear is lest, not praying as we ought, we should be deprived of the needful element for right and acceptable performance; and, most important of all, the fear is lest, not performing as we ought, we should provoke God to withhold His answers of grace and of graciousness from our prayers. It is this last which harmonizes man's utmost activity with man's utmost dependence. This is the state of it: he does all that he can with the strength which he now has, and he looks to God for that strength being kept up and extended. He knows that if he do not work up to the power which is at present in him, that power will not be added to, and, what is more, that even such as it is, it may be withdrawn. He knows that if he do not trade with all diligence on the actual stock of grace, this stock will be actually diminished. Whatever, therefore, in the way of duty or of service, his hand findeth to do, he doeth it with all his existing might, lest deserted in wrath by the sustaining might of God, he should not only be arrested in his progress towards the strength and the stature of a more advanced Christianity, but should decline into the utter impotency of one who is altogether without grace and without godliness. It is precisely because God worketh in him to will and to do of His good pleasure, that he fears lest that good pleasure should be forfeited in the time that is to come by his careless and remiss improvement of all which He has done for him in the time that now is. The precise reason why so strenuous and so busy and so much on the alert in stirring up and putting to its practical use the gift that is in him, is, that if he do not he will receive no more gifts, and what he has will be taken away. A more plain and also more powerful incitement to all diligence, and that throughout every single instant of his course, cannot well be conceived than that if he do not at this instant work to the uttermost of that ability wherewith the Spirit has now invested him, the Spirit will be grieved, and may, on the very next instant, abandon him to his own unsupported feebleness. The relation between the hand that works and the hand by which it is strengthened, furnishes the very strongest, and at the same time most intelligible motive to steady, faithful, and enduring obedience. The man works out his salvation upon the strength of what God has wrought into him; and he does it with fear and trembling, just because most fearfully and tremblingly alive to the thought, that if he does not, God may cease working in him to will any more or to do any more. The doctrine of grace thus understood, so far from acting as an extinguisher upon human activity, is in truth the very best excitement to it. This dependence between the busy exercise of all your present graces and the supply of new, is the fittest possible tenure on the part of God whereby to

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hold man to his most constant, most careful, most vigilant obedience. It is felt that the only way of obtaining enlargement and vigour for future services, is to acquit one's self to the uttermost of his present strength of all his present services; and that thus, and thus alone, he can step by step work his ascending way to a higher and a higher status in practical Christianity. We are aware of the reproach that has been cast on the doctrine of the Spirit's influences; but we trust it will be seen from these views, however imperfectly given, that he who labours in all the present might given, and looks for more, instead of living in the mystic state of an indolent and expectant quietism, he of all other men is the most awake to every call of duty—the most painstaking and arduous in every performance of it.

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN REGARDING INFIDELITY.

BY THE REV HUGH STOWELL, MANCHESTER.*

Rest on the grand principle—that the Bible has within itself ample proofs of its divinity. Should infidels tauntingly tell you that you have never had opportunity to master the external evidences—that you have never explored all the complicated documents and manuscripts which bear upon the subject—and that, therefore, you are not competent to come to a conclusion; you may answer, "Yes, but we have the Bible itself; and we have searched it, and we have proved it, and we have found it to be divine: it has written its truth upon our hearts—it has engraven itself upon our inward parts." Do not, we entreat you, fellow-Christians, content yourselves with walking about the fortress of revelation, telling its towers, marking its bulwarks, and admiring their strength and stability, while you remain outside of its ramparts, exposed to every enemy. It avails not for you how impregnable the citadel, if you are not encompassed within its walls. Enter the door by the new and living way. Then, though a host of men, yea, of devils, should encamp against you, you need not be afraid. Amid the shock of arms and the shout of battle, you may sing this song: "We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks."

Rest not in a nominal, notional faith. Beloved, rest not in an unrealizing acquiescence in the truth of the Bible. Such a shadow of faith might perhaps survive in stiller times, as a ship, however badly moored, may ride serene at anchor whilst the waves are gentle and the breezes soft; but, when clouds are darkening and tempests mantling, it behoves her to see to it that her anchor is not cast in the yielding sand, but firmly riveted in the rock, that she may brave the billow and outride the storm. Fellow-soldiers of the cross! God has fixed our lot on perilous and sifting times; neutrality is fast fading away, and positivity taking its place; and "Who is on the Lord's side?" will be the battle-cry of the host of God's elect in the coming conflict. You must choose your side. You must gird yourselves for the struggle. You must know in whom you have believed. You must know what you have believed. You must know why you have believed. You must not be contented with an unauthenticated, untenacious faith—a faith that lacks the witness in the heart. See that you grasp, manipulate, clinch the things unseen and eternal. See that the truth be wrought into the very texture of your inner man—that it be the life, the joy, the essence of your souls; so that you could sooner have your soul torn from its clay tenement than have that truth which vivifies, sanctifies, sustains your soul, rent from it.

But will some of you say, "We would if we could—if we had means and leisure—authenticate the faith; we would examine into prophecy and its fulfilment, into miracles and their evidence; we would search into the various proofs of the genuineness of Holy Scripture; but we have no opportunity given us for the task. Be it so; yet all of you have leisure to test revelation by that touchstone which, after all, is to the individual believer at once the most simple, the most satisfactory, and the most decisive. The infidel may laugh at the proof, but the believer would die upon the strength of it. You may test the Word of God by your own experience; you may have the witness in yourselves, and evince it to the world in your lives. How clear the witness which the simplest man has in himself, when he has recovered from deadly disease through the skill of some physician, that the treatment has been sound and the remedies efficacious! Try as you may to reason or to ridicule him out of his conviction, he will answer, "You can neither argue nor laugh me out of my consciousness of having recovered. I consulted the physician—I followed his prescriptions, and regained my health; how, then, can I doubt the reality of the result or the excellence of the cause?" So, if you have recourse to the balm in Gilead, to the Physician there, honestly, earnestly, believingly, looking to the Spirit of God to enable you, and willing to submit implicitly to what is prescribed, as one who is desperately diseased, and ready to die; then, as the Lord liveth, you shall prove the balm to be so sovereign, and the power of Heaven to be so omnipotent, that you shall be able to set to your seal that God is true, and that the Bible is the word of his truth. Then, though all the infidels in the universe were to combine against you, and all the nominal believers in the universe were to abandon the Bible, you would still say, "What the Bible has done for me, through the grace of the God of the Bible, I cannot question; none can argue me out of my consciousness, none can delude me into the notion that 'a cunningly devised fable' could accomplish what has been effected in me. I believe the Gospel, because I have proved it to be the power of God unto my salvation. Faithful among the faithless, the Lord being my helper, I will die for that which has raised me from the depth of sin to the life of righteousness, and which will exalt me to the life of glory in heaven."

Believe me, brethren, there was many a poor working man in the days of the early martyrs—many a plain artisan in the days of bloody Queen Mary, who went to the stake rejoicing to burn for his faith—not because he could prove it by elaborate evidence, or attest it by philosophy, or science, or literature: but because he had tested it by his heart: and on the simple strength of the experience of his heart, he suffered unto death, and triumphed to die. Yes; and we have met with many an unlettered man who has stood all the banter, and the taunts, and the jeering sophistry of scorners over the loom or the dye-vat, and who, when he could not refute their subtle objections, simply said, "Well, I have felt it, and you have not; I have proved, and you have not; I have its truth engraved on my heart, and witnessed in my conscience. You may as well attempt to make me believe that there is no reality in the sun, whilst he sheds upon me his warm beams, and whilst I bask in his light and heat, as try to persuade me that there is no divine reality in the Bible, whilst its doctrines quicken me, its promises rejoice me, its precepts purify me, its hopes animate me, and the Saviour it reveals is all and in all to me."

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* From *Lectures to Young Men*, recently published in London.

Never, however, can this living demonstration be yours, except through the power of the Holy Spirit who inspired the Bible. The record must be studied as itself prescribes. The Divine Teacher must be sought in lowliest prayer. "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost." No man, therefore, has fairly proved the revelation, who has not, in all sincerity and earnestness, sought from the Spirit of God.

Let me, for a little, exhort you further. Whilst you hide the word of God in your hearts, take heed that you do not hide it in your lives. Let the lighted candle be in the candlestick, and burning brightly there. Let the Bible have a living commentary in your daily walk and conversation. Be witnesses for Christ. Be "epistles of Christ, known and read of all." Some young men here are not, perhaps, acute at reasoning; others may have defective memories, and be unable readily to recall arguments with which to meet the sceptic; others may have scanty leisure for mastering the more abstruse evidences of the Bible; but there is not a young man here, however low his sphere, however small his measure of capacity, however stinted his education may have been, who cannot furnish in his life one of the strongest and most irrefragable proofs of the truth of the Scriptures—a demonstration more convincing than any ever furnished by the most learned theologian who ever wrote on the evidences, himself devoid of the evidence supplied by a character beautified, exalted, and transformed by the living efficacy of the Gospel of God.

There is no eloquence so persuasive as that of example—no logic so convincing as that of the life; it is so plain that a child may comprehend it, and yet so incontrovertible that the infidel is unable to elude its force.

Christian young men! let your lives witness thus for God and his truth: transcribe the Scriptures into your characters; manifest the truth in your conversation, your demeanour, and your temper. Let your employers, in the counting-house, in the shop, or wheresoever your lot is cast, be compelled to *see* your principles, even if they do not understand them—be constrained, even though unable to appreciate what they may deem your enthusiastic opinions, yet to admit that, after all, the saints are the men they can most fully trust, and who do their duty best to their masters, because they do it unto God.

Let me add, "Be not soon shaken in your minds." We feel no consternation whatever respecting the issue of the great conflict which is thickening around us. Inconsiderate good people sometimes exclaim, "Oh! what harm that sad book, *Vestiges of Creation*, will do!" Others, "Oh! what mischief Strauss's *Life of Jesus* will effect!" Others, "Oh! these geological discoveries and chronological calculations!—will they not damage the Bible?"

Damage the Bible? No; we have not such an opinion of the Bible. It cannot be shaken. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but the word of God shall not pass away. What! have you no more confidence in Holy Scripture, than to fear that it may be unsettled, than to tremble at the result of any discovery? Afraid we may be of the influence of sceptical sophistry, or vain, ungodly, creedless men; but we are not afraid for the Bible itself. It stands like the rocks which buttress our shores. The billows of error, superstition, and infidelity, have dashed against it for thousands of years, but they have only shown on the one hand the impotency of their fury, and on the other the impregnability of the foundation against which they have broken. We have no fear for the Bible.

We appeal to the past. There were men, in former days, who fancied that the Bible was nearly overthrown. Paine, in his wretched ribaldry, once said, "I have gone up and down, through the Christian's garden of Eden, and with my simple axe I have cut down one and another of its trees, till I have hardly left a single sapling standing." Infatuated boaster! there was *one* tree against which thy axe had no edge. Thou mightest cut down the trees of man's planting; but against the tree of life, in the midst of the garden—that tree which Omniscience planted, grace waters, and Omnipotence protects—against that tree thy wretched axe had no power; thy strokes recoiled on thyself, and thou diedst like the apostate Julian, crying out in effect, "O crucified, thou hast triumphed!"

And then there was another—Hume, the prince of philosophical infidels—he who struggled hard in his dying hour to disguise, by cold, daring blasphemy and miserable trifling, the terrors which he could not escape—for such is the fact on authentic evidence—he vain-gloriously boasted, "Methinks I see, and I rejoice to see it, the twilight of so-called Christianity and self-styled Revelation. They are fast fleeting away." Ah! deluded sophist! He did see the twilight, but he was mistaken in its character. It was not the dim twilight of eventide darkening into night, but the rosy twilight of the morning breaking into the glorious and perfect day. We have as yet had but the twilight of Christianity. Dark clouds have hung round it; its false professors have to a large extent obscured it with the mists of their miserable perversions, and the vapours of their gross inconsistencies. As yet we have had but the twilight of that glorious latter day which is now drawing nigh! Yes, and welcome the storms which are sweeping away the clouds; for these storms are the harbingers of the outburst of that day when Revelation shall triumph over every conscience and enshrine itself in every heart, and when the God and Saviour of his people shall be confessed by every tongue and adored by every knee.

There was in the last century another miserable infidel, who anticipated the downfal of Christianity—Voltaire, whose devilish expression used to be, "Crush the wretch!" He, too, found that the stone which the philosophical builders, as well as the pharisaical builders of former times, rejected, had become the head stone of the corner, and that whosoever fell on that stone was broken, but on whomsoever it fell, it ground him to powder. Let the horrible agonies of the dying blasphemer bear witness—agonies which seemed to forestall the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched. So terrible were they, that the nurse who tended him would never afterwards attend a dying man till she had first ascertained that he was not an infidel.

A word, ere we close, on our national condition. Let us not congratulate ourselves unduly, in England, on the measure of faith which still distinguishes us as a people, nor point the finger of scorn at hapless France or hapless Italy. Let us not forget that, in regard to Italy especially, our judgment ought to be lenient. Hard measure has been dealt to those who are struggling there for their freedom. It should be borne in mind that there is an infidelity which is the result of the repudiation of darkness, and there is an infidelity which is the result of the repudiation of light. The former is guiltless in comparison with the latter. It is the child of ignorance rather than of obstinacy; its cause is negative rather than positive. Now the poor Italians, and to some extent the French, are sceptics, because they have recoiled from a foul caricature of Christianity, without having the pure original on which to recoil; their guilt, therefore, is light when weighed against that of our Anglican infidels. Infidelity with us must generally arise from the rejection of light; for we have Christianity, not as caricatured by priestcraft and Popery, but simple and unsullied as delineated by the Spirit of God in the pages of his own Word. Thank God, that Word is more than ever prized amongst us; and the ninety-five thousand copies of Holy Scripture bought and purchased by the working men of Manchester, in the course of seven months, tell most nobly—whatever sneering sophists may vauntingly affirm about the religious instinct, as they speak, waxing weak and wearing out, so that Mohammedanism has relaxed its spell, and Hinduism become but a gigantic mummy, and all the various forms of superstition throughout the world are fading away, and Christianity itself, as one of the developments of the religious instinct, must also be expiring—that the pure faith of the glorious Gospel is expanding in our own blessed land. All other religious systems are indeed tottering, because there is no life in them; but simple Protestant Christianity, even amid the storm and earthquake of nations, is striking deeper into thousands of humble hearts, which are preparing for conflict and for victory. We are persuaded that there is more of vital godliness in old England, at this juncture, than there has been at almost any period since the glorious Reformation. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Yes, we do not hesitate to affirm that living religion is gaining ground in Great Britain. God will not leave himself without a faithful host in the evil day. If the devil is mustering his forces, the Captain of our salvation is not disbanding his. And what an illustrious practical exemplification of the benign efficacy of Scriptural religion on the temporal affairs of nations does England present at the present crisis! To what do we owe her calm amid the storm, her stability amid the shock of nations? Why is it that, whilst Italy, Hungary, Austria, Prussia, and France, have all been convulsed, and reeling to and fro like a drunken man, England has sat serene—menaced, but not alarmed—assailed, but not injured? What has been her palladium? what the secret of her tranquillity? The Bible—the Bible acknowledged as the word of God by the mass of the people—the Bible, which proclaims in their ears, "Fear God; Honour the Queen!" Hence, Britons have had no heart to cabal against their sovereign. Hence, they have been bold as lions in the maintenance of law, order, and authority—dastardly as deer when moved to lift their hands against God's ordinance and God's anointed.

Not to our fleets, however matchless—not to our armies, however indomitable—not to our laws, however wise, free, just—not to those, but to the Word of God we owe our peace. Tell it out among the nations, the Bible is England's strength and stay. And has not our beloved Queen given a pledge to the nation, that she owns and honours the Bible as the stability of her times and the pillar of the throne, by allowing herself at this juncture, in the face of Tractarian antipathies and Papal denunciations, to be announced as patroness of the Windsor branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and as a contributor to its funds? How modestly, how gracefully done! Had she given her name to the parent society, in her capacity as Queen, it might have been interpreted as a merely official act; but doing it quietly and privately, at what may be called her own parochial town, there was more of the woman and less of the queen in the deed. It more unequivocally bespoke her personal sentiments, the feelings of her heart.

Pardon the digression if I add, that prizing the Bible for herself and her people, she naturally desires that others should possess and prize it too; and as a consequence, she, in conjunction with her noble consort, has just presented £100 to the Church Missionary Society: and sure I am there is not a large-minded Dissenter who does not hail the boon as warmly as though it had been bestowed on the London Missionary Society.

Finally, brethren, how glorious it is to behold the Bible converting every thing into fresh evidence of its own truth. Its mockers verify its predictions, and its enemies accomplish its purposes; the revolutions of empires, the madness of the people, the machinations of heresiarchs, and the gates of hell, alike do homage to its authority. It writes its truth on the ruins of dynasties and the fragments of cities. Egypt, Assyria, Jerusalem, Babylon, all avouch the verity of the Bible; and so shall France, and Italy, and Antichrist, and every land and every adversary. "Heaven and earth shall pass away," but "the word of our God shall stand for ever."

DEATH UPON THE OCEAN.

BY D. C. BARTLETT.

Upon a recent voyage from Liverpool to New York, I became intimately acquainted with a young man, a fellow-passenger, who was going on a visit to America. When I first saw him, I was struck with his appearance. He was of slender make, with a fine forehead, and eyes of delicate blue, and his countenance expressed a nobility and frankness that is rarely found. We were introduced, and from some cause became quite intimate. I soon found that we possessed mutual friends in England. He had come from one of the best families of the upper stratum of what is called the middle class of English society. It is not strange that we became intimate, for I loved his native land, and he loved mine. Upon the pleasant moonlight nights, we sat upon the quarter-deck conversing; and often the unwelcome sounds of the midnight bells broke upon us ere we had finished our conversation, so pleasantly had passed the evening away. He was not long in gaining the friendship of all his fellow cabin passengers.

After we had been out a few days, I missed him one morning from his accustomed place at the breakfast table. I did not see him on the deck during the morning, nor at the dinner-table. When I visited his state-room, to my surprise I found him lying on his berth quite ill, with the surgeon in attendance. He had experienced in the night a severe attack from a dangerous disease, and was already very much prostrated. He was glad to see me, and seemed to be in good spirits. Tears came into his eyes when I took his hand, and he wished a fellow-passenger, who was a minister, to read a portion of the Scriptures to him. It was the first time I had seen him low-spirited, and it was the last. The minister came and read and prayed to him, and his sadness left him—even he was joyful-hearted.

The next morning I was stunned by hearing the surgeon say that he could not live forty-eight hours.

I went to him—alas! the surgeon was right. The change that had come over him in a single night was sad. His fair brow was covered with a damp as chill as death, and his auburn hair was clotted with moisture. But his pure blue eyes had not altered—they had the same affectionate, half-sad, half-joyous expression that they had always wore. The flesh had disappeared from his cheeks, for his anguish had been great during the night. I took his hand in mine, but dared not speak, for fear of betraying the emotion of my heart. He said, with a singularly calm and clear voice: "I am going to die, my friend; but my Saviour is with me, and I am not afraid." A pressure was gone from my spirits at once. He went on: "I have a few things that I wish to give my friends—a few trifles—and, if you will call the captain, I will tell you to which I wish them given." I called him; and he continued calmly: "My gold watch I wish my sister Emma to have; and my silver one—give that to Georgy, my little brother Georgy. Give to Meggy the ring on my little finger. To my mother"—His voice faltered when he came to her, and tears crept down his pallid cheeks. "Ah, she was a good mother! Give back the Bible that she gave me, and tell her that, with Jesus at my side, I did not fear to die!" All else he bequeathed to his father, to dispose of as he pleased. The captain left the room, and he said, looking earnestly up into my face: "Write to my mother when I am dead, and tell her that every body was kind to me, and that I had every attention,"—(how tender and thoughtful was this wish of his to save his mother's heart from pain!)—"that *I* did not fear death. Tell Meggy that I love her in death; you should see her; she has such soft, meek eyes, and her hair curls so beautifully about her fair forehead. Poor Meggy! And—and—there is one of whom I have not spoken; Mary ——: I was engaged to her—give my best ring to her, and tell her that I hope to meet her in heaven." Becoming exhausted, I left him for a short time. When I came back, he said: "I wish once more to see the ocean, in whose depths my grave will soon be made; let me gaze at it once more!" Alas! he was too weak to be raised upon deck.

All the day the wind had been increasing in strength, and at night it blew a hurricane. Towards midnight the sea became frightful—the waves dancing over us amidships, or striking our side, sounding like heavy thunder. Many of the passengers were frightened, nearly all. They were up, and, when the captain came down into the cabin, they gathered about him with anxious eyes and earnest questions. I was up all night with the dying one—some of the time holding him in his berth; a part of the time he lay in my arms. He was perfectly calm, and his fearlessness was a rebuke to those who were pale with fright from the storm. At daybreak it had reached its height, and the sufferer died.

The storm went suddenly down, and the next morning there was a perfect calm, and the canvass was idly flapping in the air. The sun shone calmly upon the beautiful sea—the air was balmy, like that of the South; but we were all sad, for we were to see what few of us had never seen before—a sea-burial. I will not describe the ceremony. I will say nothing of the little band that sadly stood at the lee gangway, and saw the corpse stretched upon the death plank; of the horrid plunge of the body into the ocean—nothing. All that gentle day, little parties were clustered together, talking about the departed. All of us were sad.

"I AM A BURDEN TO MYSELF."—Job.

BY THE REV. W. JAY, BATH.

And perhaps this is not all—perhaps you are a burden to others also.

But we will leave this; and inquire whether you are a burden to yourself. We may put the complaint into the mouth of four classes.

It is sometimes the language of the afflicted. Thus it was the exclamation of Job. We talk of trouble! He could say, "Behold, and see if ever there was sorrow like unto my sorrow." Read the affecting relation; dwell on all the dismal items; and wonder not that *he* should say, "I am a burden to myself." If we cannot approve of the strength of his complaint, we hardly know how to condemn it. God himself overlooks it; and only holds him forth as an example of patience. All sufferers cannot, indeed, say truly, as he did, "My stroke is heavier than my groaning." Yet the heart's bitterness is known only to itself. We cannot determine the pressure of another's mind under suffering: for the feeling of affliction may be actually much greater than we should have supposed from the degree of it. But afflictions may be great in themselves, from their number, and frequency, and suddenness, and subject. Is this thy case? Yield not to impatience and despondency. Such afflictions have often introduced a train of mercies; and the valley of Achor has been a door of hope. How many in heaven, how many on earth, are now thanking God for their trials! He knows how to deliver. Say—"Lord I am oppressed; undertake for me." "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

It is sometimes the language of the disengaged and idle. None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do—for

> "A want of occupation is not rest,
> A mind quite vacant, is a mind distress'd."

Such a man is out of God's order; and opposing his obvious design in the faculties he has given him, and the condition in which he has placed him. Nothing, therefore, is promised in the Scripture to the indolent. Take the indolent with regard to exertion—What indecision! What delay! What reluctance! What apprehension! "The slothful man saith, There is a lion without; I shall be slain in the streets." "The way of a slothful man is as an hedge of thorns: but the way of the righteous is made plain." Take him with regard to health—What sluggishness of circulation! What depression of spirits! What dulness of appetite! What enervation of frame! Take him with regard to temper and enjoyment—Who is pettish and fretful? Who feels wanton and childish cravings? Who is too soft to bear any of the hardships of life? Who broods over every little vexation and inconvenience? Who not only increases real, but conjures up imaginary evils? and gets no sympathy from any one in either? Who feels time wearisome and irksome? Who is devoured by ennui and spleen? Who oppresses others with their company, and their questions, and censorious talk? The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labour, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us: the idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or lawful calling, which engages, helps, and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to *enjoy themselves*. Prayers should always be offered up for their servants and wives—and for themselves too. They are a burden to themselves.

It is the language of the wicked. Not always, indeed: but much oftener than they are willing to own. It may not come from them in the circle of their companions; but it is sighed out in private, when the charm of amusement has ceased, and conscience tries to be heard. They may pretend (for hypocrisy is not confined to religion) to be peaceful; but they know that one thought of God is sufficient to destroy all the calm. They may profess to admire the world; but they know it affords them no satisfaction. They know they return jaded from all their excursions of avarice, ambition, and sensuality, still asking, Who will show us any good? They know that, in this uncertain state, they are always trembling for the idols of their hearts: that they look for no support in trouble; and dread the approach of death, to the fear of which they are all their lifetime subject to bondage. Sin and sorrow are inseparable. God himself has told us that the way of transgressors is hard, and that there is no peace to the wicked. Many sins bring their own punishments along with them. Envy is the rottenness of the bones. "Pride is restless as the wind." What a torment is the spirit of revenge! What must be the apprehension of the thief? and the terror of the murderer? What the remorse of a villain who has seduced a fellow-creature from the path of virtue, and made her ignominious and wretched for life! What the feelings of a drunkard, who has ruined his business, and covered his wife and children with rags! How often does the sinner become the contempt of the neighbourhood! How often does he contract infirmities and diseases, which lie down with him in the dust! Yes; *he* may well say, I am a burden to myself! and, to get rid of the intolerable load, he not rarely lays violent hands upon himself; saying, with Cain, My punishment is greater than I can bear.

It may be the language of the godly. We mean, not only or principally as they are afflicted—then they could coincide with the first class of complainants. Many indeed are the afflictions of the righteous, and they are not required to be insensible under them. But there are things which they feel more painfully than outward trouble. The temptations of Satan—A world lying in wickedness—The imperfections of their graces—The remains of corruption within them—Wanderings in duty—An evil heart of unbelief—Distrust of their best friend—The grievings of his Holy Spirit. Another cannot enter into all this; it requires the feelings of a renewed mind: but this induces the believer to say, "I loathe it, I would not live always." O wretched man that I am! said Paul, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

Is there any relief? The very experience is a token for good. Your case is not peculiar. All your brethren, while in this tabernacle, groan too, being burdened. You will not be a burden to yourself always. You now say, Behold, I am vile: wherefore I abhor myself in dust and ashes. But you will soon be reconciled to yourselves, without pride. Your knowledge will be without obscurity. Your services without imperfection. Your pleasure without pain. And He who is now keeping you from falling, will present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.—*Morning Exercises.*

A PRETENDED MIRACLE.

In the year 1559, public notice was given by the friars, that they intended to perform a miracle at the chapel of the Virgin Mary, in the neighbourhood of Musselburgh, upon a young man who had been born blind. On the day appointed a vast concourse of people assembled from the three Lothians. The young man, accompanied by a solemn procession of monks, was conducted to a platform erected on the outside of the chapel, and was there exhibited to the multitude. Many of them knew him to be the blind man whom they had often seen begging, and whose necessities they had relieved; all looked on him and pronounced him stone blind. The friars then proceeded to their devotions with great fervency, invoking the assistance of the Virgin, at whose shrine they stood, and of all the saints whom they honoured; and after some time spent in prayers and religious ceremonies, the blind man *opened his* eyes, to the astonishment of the spectators, whose alms he went down from the platform to receive. It happened that there was among the crowd a gentleman of Fife, Colville of Cliesh, who, from his romantic bravery, was usually called Squire Meldrum, in allusion to a person of that name who had been celebrated by Sir David Lindsay. He was of Protestant principles, but his wife was a Papist, and had sent a servant with a present to the Virgin. The Squire was too gallant to hurt his lady's feelings by prohibiting the present from being sent off, but he resolved to prevent the superstitious offering, and, with that view, had come to Musselburgh. He had witnessed the miracle of curing the blind man with distrust, and determined if possible to detect the imposition. Wherefore, having sought out the young man from the crowd, he put a piece of money of considerable value into his hand, and persuaded him to accompany him to his lodgings in Edinburgh. Taking him along with him into a private room, and locking the door, he told him plainly that he was convinced he was engaged in a wicked conspiracy with the friars, to impose on the credulity of the people, and at last drew from him the secret of the story. When a boy he had been employed to tend the cattle belonging to the nuns of Sciennes, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and had attracted their attention by a peculiar faculty which he had of turning up the white of his eyes, and of keeping them in this position, so as to appear quite blind. This being reported to some of the friars in the city, they immediately conceived the design of making him subservient to their purposes; and having prevailed on the sisters of Sciennes to part with the poor boy, lodged him in one of their cells. By daily practising he became an adept in the art of counterfeiting blindness; and after he had remained so long in concealment as not to be recognised by his former acquaintances, he was sent forth to beg as a blind pauper, the friars having bound him by a solemn vow not to reveal the secret. To confirm his narrative he 'played his pavie' before Cliesh, by flyping up the lid of his eyes, and casting up the white, so as to appear as blind as he did on the platform at the chapel of the Virgin. The gentleman laid before him the iniquity of his conduct, and told him that he must next day repeat the whole story publicly at the Cross of Edinburgh. And as this would expose him to the vengeance of the friars, he engaged to become his protector, and to retain him as a servant in his house. This the young man did, and Cliesh, with his drawn sword in his hand, having stood by him till he had finished his confession, placed him on the same horse with himself, and carried him off to Fife. The detection of the imposition covered the monks with confusion, and had, it is to be hoped, the effect of opening the lady's eyes to the true character of their religion. This effect it had on one who was destined to become a distinguished preacher and promoter of the faith he was at that time seeking to destroy. This was John Row the reformer, whose third son was John Row the historian. The night on which Cliesh arrived at his house in Fife, he found Mr Row there on a visit. Next morning Cliesh introduced the subject of religion. "Mr John Row," said he, "you are a great scholar and lawyer, you have been bred at the court of Rome, where there is both learning and policy enough. I am but a country gentleman, without any learning, and have never been abroad. I will not therefore enter the lists to dispute with you, for I would be foiled, and what is worse, in this way wrong my religion, yet let us talk in a friendly way about the points wherein you and we differ." Mr Row said he was very willing to do so. "Let me ask you then," said Cliesh, "If you hold that the Pope and his clergy can in these days work a true and real miracle?" "There is no doubt," said Row, "but they can." "Have you heard," said Cliesh, "of the miracle wrought lately at St Lareit's chapel?" "O yes," replied Row, "and what can ye say to it? What can any man say against it, that a man born blind has been restored to sight?" "But," said Cliesh, "are you sure that the man was blind?" "Has he not," said Row, "begged through Edinburgh and Musselburgh, all his days being a blind man?" "Mr John," said Cliesh, "I am sorry that an honest man like you is so pitifully deceived by false knaves, deceivers of the souls of men." He then told him how he had detected the imposture, and that the very man was in his house, whom he called in, and who revealed in Row's presence the whole matter. "Now," said Cliesh, "Mr John you are a great clergyman, a great linguist and lawyer. But I charge you, as you must answer to God at the last day, that you do not reject the light, but that, as soon as you have entered your study, you will shut the door, and taking your Bible, earnestly pray to God that you may understand the truth revealed in it, and that in His light you may see light. Read 2 Thess. ii., and if you do not there see your master the Pope to be the great Antichrist, who comes 'with lying wonders,' as his deceiving clergy have lately done at Musselburgh, you may say Squire Meldrum has no skill." Mr Row, with great ingenuousness, said he would do as Cliesh desired. He did so, and it pleased the Lord by this means to convert him from Popery to the truth. He became the intimate friend of Knox, and knowing the errors of Popery better than many others, he was of great service in promoting the Reformation.—*Anderson's Scenes and Stories, &c.*

THE JUDGMENT OF THE PAPACY.

We know that her sins shall yet reach unto heaven, and that God will remember her iniquities. He will reward her even as she hath rewarded others, and double unto her double according to her works; in the cup which she hath filled, he will fill to her double. Great Babylon shall yet come in remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the fierceness of his wrath. He will yet prove himself to be the Lord God, holy and true, by judging and avenging upon her the blood of his saints. When he maketh inquisition for blood, he cannot overlook a system in whose skirts is found the blood of prophets and of saints, and of all that were slain on the earth. Having shed the blood of saints and prophets, nay, having been drunken with the blood of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus, she shall have blood given her to drink, for she is worthy. In these holy and equitable retributions, who would not feel satisfaction? Not to do so were to contravene an express command of God, and to prove ourselves disqualified for engaging in the lofty ascriptions of heaven. You need not therefore be deterred from the exercise in question by any apprehension of its unsuitableness to the Christian character. The command of God and the example of the company on high may well relieve you from every scruple of this kind.

Nor may you be in any degree restrained by a dread of disappointment. No. We are well assured that Babylon's "plagues shall come upon her in one day, and that she shall be utterly burned with fire; for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her." Mark, for your encouragement, the expression, "for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her." Rome is strong, but there is a stronger than she. She may yet increase her zeal and redouble her activities; nominal and faithless Protestants may give themselves over to supine indifference, and even lend their aid to advance her interests; Oxford, forgetting the purpose for which its schools are upheld, may become Romanised; the court of Britain may form diplomatic relations with the court of Rome, and may even with perfidious and suicidal inconsistency pension the priesthood of the Man of Sin. But the result of all such efforts will only be to impart a sort of posthumous or galvanic strength to the system, the efforts arising from which will be but as the mortal spasms of approaching dissolution. The doom of Babylon is sealed. The hour is fixed, and at no great distance, when the seven-hilled city shall be tossed from its proud pre-eminence—when the triple crown of blasphemy shall be prostrated in the dust—when, like a millstone cast with an angel's might into the sea, the great city shall be thrown down to rise no more at all for ever. Do you demand security that it shall be so, before you comply with the command to rejoice in the prospect? What better can you have than this?—"strong is the Lord God who judgeth her." The might of Jehovah, the strength of the Omnipotent, is pledged for the destruction of Popery. There is no room for despondency. He, whose voice is obeyed by the wind and the waves—He, to whom the planets in their courses, and the angels in their holy ministry, do homage—He, who can rend the rocks with his word and shake the earth with his presence—He, who has the roar of the thunder and the impetuosity of the whirlwind, not less than the whispering breeze of love, at his command—even He it is that hath said, "Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets, for God hath avenged you on her. With violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all." The Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back? The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this. Contemplate it, then, with unwavering faith; pray for it with devotion; anticipate it with rapturous satisfaction and delight.—*Rev. Dr W. Symington in an eloquent sermon recently published on "The Souls under the Altar."*

SOUR WORDS.

I HEARD some lately, and they put me to thinking. It was not a very sweet topic, but I thought I could make something of it. I thought if sour words were to be used, there was some season of the year likely most appropriate to them, so I began,

1st, With winter. Here are ninety days, and well marked they are with snow and sleet, and storm and tempest. Now there are things, not a few, to make people uncomfortable, without sour words. I could not find a day in the whole winter, in which such an addition to cold-weather sorrows could be got in with any decency.

2nd, So I hailed the spring with its gentle zephyrs, and opening flowers, and springing grass, and singing birds. But I could not find any sympathy in any of these things with sour words. And I had to give up spring, and dream on,

3rd, To summer. Here were ninety more days of sunshine and shower, with the scenery of verdant meadows, of luxuriant foliage, and of waving grain. But I could not find one of those days of the glorious summer, that were willing to have sour words take the discordant harp and sadden that day with its harsh tones.

4th, And autumn bade me welcome into her domains; and as I roamed among fields of golden grain, and heard the merry voices of those who were "shouting the harvest home," I found that sour words could have no welcome there.

So I could not find any *season* of the year that was appropriate to such things. I could not find a day in the year that was desirous of such company; the bright and pleasant ones did not want their sweet music disturbed by such sad sounds, and the gloomy and dark ones had enough of discomfort without such an addition.

Then it occurred, that if every season, and every day in the year, shuts the door in the face of such intruders, then there must be something essentially repugnant in sour words. And by a little searching I saw,

1st. That sour words give a vinegar-like temper to those *who use them.* Cheerful and pleasant words, I have noticed, seem, by their happy reaction, to make the face of the speaker brighter. And some words react in like manner, to make both the face and the mind more sharp, sour, and repulsive. He who vents spleen and bitterness as often as he gets a fair occasion, is doing the work of making himself more and more morose, sour, and ill-natured.

2nd. Sour words make *hearers sour.* I have seen sweet and pleasant words operate like a charm upon a group of scowling, snarling, ill-natured persons, so that they were soon in a very cheerful mood themselves. But sour words sprinkle acid in all directions. They stir up sour words, and the scowl becomes a blacker scowl, and ill-nature becomes more ill-natured, and those sour words generate those that are sourer, till they give a supper of gall and wormwood to all who take any part in the doleful business.

I could not but think, therefore, that sour words were but just a sheer and needless addition to human sorrow—a voluntary addition. We have sour things enough without turning that sweet musical instrument the human voice into a manufactory of them. Many bitter things we cannot help. Come they will, with no reference to our will. But sour words come not without our will. They come only with a will. They might have been kept in check, and that item in the account of misery have been saved.

I will only add, sour words are quite apt to get us to let them loose at precisely the wrong time, if ever there could be right time; viz. when other sour things are pretty plenty about us.—*New York Evangelist.*

VIEWS OF GLORY.

THE frequent believing views of glory are the most precious cordials in all afflictions. These cordials, by cheering our spirits, render our sufferings far more easy, enable us to bear them with patience and joy, and so strengthen our resolutions that we forsake not Christ for fear of trouble. If the way be ever so rough, can it be tedious if it lead to heaven? O sweet sickness, reproaches, imprisonments, or death, accompanied with these taste of our future rest! This keeps the sufferings from the soul, so that it can only touch the flesh. Had it not been for that little (alas! too little), taste which I had of rest, my sufferings would have been grievous, and death more terrible. I may say, "I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Unless this promised rest had been my delight, I should then have perished in mine affliction. "One thing have I desired of the Lord.

that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock. And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord." All sufferings are nothing to us, so far as we have these supporting joys. When persecution and fear hath shut the doors, Christ can come in, and stand in the midst, and say to his disciples, "Peace be unto you." Paul and Silas can be in heaven, even when they are thrust into the inner prison, their bodies scourged with "many stripes, and their feet fast in the stocks." The martyrs find more rest in their flames, than their persecutors in their pomp and tyranny; because they foresee the flames they escape, and the rest which their fiery chariot is conveying them to. If the Son of God will walk with us, we are safe in the midst of those flames, which shall devour them that cast us in. "Abraham went out of his country, not knowing whither he went; because he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Moses esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; because he had respect unto the recompense of reward. He forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king; because he endured, as seeing him who is invisible. Others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection. Even Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." This is the noble advantage of faith; it can look on the means and end together. This is the great reason of our impatience, and censuring of God, because we gaze on the evil itself, but fix not our thoughts on what is beyond it. They that saw Christ only on the cross, or in the grave, do shake their heads, and think him lost; but God saw him dying, buried, rising, glorified, and all this at one view. Faith will in this imitate God, so far as it hath the glass of a promise to help it. We see God burying us under ground, but we foresee not the spring, when we shall all revive. Could we but clearly see heaven, as the end of all God's dealings with us, surely none of his dealings could be grievous. If God would once raise us to this life, we should find, that though heaven and sin are at a great distance; yet heaven and a prison, or banishment, heaven and the belly of a whale, or a den of lions, heaven and consuming sickness, or invading death, are at no such distance. But as "Abraham saw Christ's day and rejoiced;" so we, in our most forlorn state, might see that day when Christ shall give us rest, and therein rejoice. I beseech thee, Christian, for the honour of the gospel, and for thy soul's comfort, be not to learn this heavenly art, when in thy greatest extremity thou hast most need to use it. He that, with Stephen, "sees the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God," will comfortably bear the shower of stones. "The joy of the Lord is our strength," and that joy must be fetched from the place of our joy; and if we walk without our strength, how long are we like to endure?—*Richard Baxter.*

Two Hard Things.—First, to talk of yourself without being vain. Second, to talk of others without slander.

EVENING HYMN.

From the German of Paul Gerhard.—1650.

Now o'er the earth's wide breast
Each living thing doth rest,
Both man and beast; the very woods are calm;
But thou, my soul, awake,
The solemn silence break,
And praise thy Maker in a thankful psalm.

Sun, whither art thou fled?
Has Night thee banished?
Night, gloomy rival of the joyous day—
Then go; a sun more bright,
My Saviour, my delight,
Shines in my soul with purer, holier ray.

Darkens the evening air—
The golden stars are there,
Serenely walking in their home of years;
And shine like them shall I,
When to my home on high
My God shall call me from this world of tears.

Soil'd garments of the day,
I put ye all away,
Meet emblems of the spirit's mortal dress.
And when from death I wake,
My Lord shall bid me take
His spotless robe and crown of righteousness.

Head, hands, and weary feet,
Ye go to slumber sweet,
Rejoicing in your work-day labour past;
Thou too, my heart, rejoice,
Thou from earth's strife and noise
And sin's dark bondage shalt be free at last.

Ye toil-spent limbs lie still,
And thankful take your fill
Of needful rest, so tranquil and so deep,
Yet think the hour is nigh,
When calmly ye shall lie
In the cold earth, and there as soundly sleep.

Scottish Congregational Magazine.

WOE IS ME FOR THE PAST!

"Upon the bed of his last sickness," relates the Rev. D. E. Ford, "lay a dying sinner. His character may be best learned by attending to his bitter complainings on approaching that awful gulf, from whence he never returned: 'My physician tells me I must die, and I feel that he tells me the truth. In my best hours, and in my worst, death has been perpetually upon my mind; it has covered me like a dread presence; weighed me down like an ocean, blinded me like a horrid vision, imprisoned my faculties as with bars and gates of iron. Often and often, when in saloons alive with mirth and splendour, I have seemed the gayest of the inmates, this thought and fear of death have shot through my mind, and I have turned away sick and shuddering. What is it then to approach the reality? to feel it very near—very close at hand? stealing on, and on, and on, like the tide upon the shore, not to be driven back till it has engulfed its prey? What is it to apprehend the approach of the time when you must be a naked, guilty, trembling spirit, all memory and all consciousness, never again for a single moment to sleep, or know oblivion from the crushing burden of the "deeds done in the body!" The dying may indeed be in a place of torment—in hell, before the time; and the remembrance of past life, stripped of all its deceptions, shrivelled into insignificance, may appear, in connection with eternity, but as a tiny shell tossed on the broad black surface of an ocean: then, again, the intense importance of that very insignificant fragment of time, and the intense remembrance of all that occupied it—its schemes and dreams, and sins and vanities, sweeping across the mind in solemn order, like a procession of grim shadows, with death waiting to embosom all. Oh! well may I smite upon my breast, and cry with all but despair, "*Woe is me for the past! woe, woe, for the past!*" Every dream is dissolved—every refuge of lies is plucked from me—every human consolation totters beneath me, like a bowing wall; and all the kingdoms of the world, and all the glory of them, *could not bribe from my soul the remembrance of a single sin.* Ambition, pleasure, fame, friendship, lie around like wrecks, and my soul is helpless in the midst of them, like the mariner on his wave-worn rock.'"

FAMILY PRAYER.

There is not on earth a scene more interesting than a family thus bending before the God of heaven. A collection of dependent beings, with tender feelings, with lively sympathies, with common hopes, fears, joys, blending their bliss and their woes together, and presenting them all to the King of kings, and the great Father of all the families of mankind. There is not on earth a man more to be venerated, or that will be more venerated, than the father who thus ministers at the family altar. No other man like that father so reaches all the sources of human action, or so gently controls the powers, yielding in the direction of his moulding hand, that are soon to control all that is tender and sacred in the interests of the Church and State.

No Solon or Lycurgus is laying the foundation of codes of laws so deep, or taking so fast a hold on all that is to affect the present or future destiny of man. We love, therefore, to look at such venerable locks, and to contemplate these ministers of God which stand between the rising generation—feeble, helpless, and exposed to a thousand perils—and the Eternal Parent of all. They stand between the past and the coming age; remnants of the one, and lights to the other—binding the past with that which is to come—living lights of experience to guide the footsteps of the ignorant and erring—to illuminate the coming generation—to obtain for it blessings by counsel and prayer, and then to die. And if the earth contains amidst its desolations one spot of green on which the eye of God reposes with pleasure, it is the collected group, with the eye of the father raised to heaven, and the voice of faith and prayer commending the little worshippers to the protecting care of Him who never slumbers nor sleeeps.

Miscellanea.

From the notion which some entertained of St Columba being able to foretell future events, a man asked him one day how long he had to live. "If your curiosity on that head could be satisfied," said Columba, "it could be of no use to you. But it is only God who appoints the days of man, and he only knows when they are to terminate. Our business is to do our duty, not to pry into our destiny. God in mercy hath concealed from man the knowledge of his end. If he knew it was near, he would be disqualified for the duties of life; and if he knew it were distant, he would delay his preparation. You should therefore be satisfied with knowing that it is certain; and the safest way is to believe that it may be also near, and to make no delay in getting ready, lest it overtake you unprepared."

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A person in the lower ranks, at Lochwinnoch, whose life had not been consistent with that of a genuine Christian, was nevertheless a great speculator in divinity. He came to die, and even then he was wont to perplex and puzzle himself and his visitors with knotty questions about the doctrines of the Bible. Thomas Orr, a person of a very different character, was sitting at his bedside, endeavouring to turn his attention to what more immediately concerned him: "Ah! William," he said, "this is the decree you have at present to do with—'*He that believeth shall be saved,*' '*he that believeth not shall be damned.*'"

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An under-sheriff of London mentioning the saying of a Puritan divine, "Hem the Sabbath well, and it will not ravel out all the week;" adds, "My office has enabled me to confirm the value of the Sabbath, there being scarcely a criminal, whether for death or minor punishment, who was not daily confessing to me, in Newgate, that he considered his first fall, and subsequent misery, to be owing to the violation of that blessed day."

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One of the Moorish kings of Spain wished to build a pavilion on a field near his garden, and offered to purchase it of the woman to whom it belonged, but she would not consent to part with the inheritance of her fathers. The field, however, was seized, and the building was erected. The poor woman complained to a cadi, who promised to do all in his power to serve her. One day, while the king was in the field, the cadi came with an empty sack, and asked permission to fill it with the earth on which he was treading. He obtained leave, and when the sack was filled, he requested the king to complete his kindness by assisting him to load his ass with it. The monarch laughed, and tried to lift it, but soon let it fall, complaining of its enormous weight. "It is, however," said the cadi, "only a small part of the ground which thou hast wrested from one of thy subjects; how, then, wilt thou bear the weight of the whole field when thou shalt appear before the Great Judge, laden with this iniquity?" The king thanked him for his reproof, and not only restored the field to its owner, but gave her the building which he had erected, and all the wealth which it contained.

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O Lord! what is a little clod of earth and dust, that thou shouldst ennoble him with so rich a nature, and engrave upon him such characters of thy immense Being?—*Charnock.*

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCRIPTURE EMBLEMS."

> "Great source of day, best image here below
> Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
> From world to world, the vital ocean round."

"TRULY light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun." The glory of the heavens above, the source of light and heat to the earth below, in his absence all the world is a blank, and in his radiance all glows with beauty, life, and gladness. Often has it been remarked, that, if any species of idolatry could be palliated, it is that homage which the untutored savage offers to this glorious creature; and yet no part of the workmanship of the Almighty protests more distinctly against the sacrilege, or proclaims more extensively the being and perfections of the invisible Creator. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun—their line is gone through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." While thus, however, he rejects the honour due to his Maker, God has put a portion of his honour upon him. He has set him up, not as his rival but as his shadow. From objects even of an earthly kind, he is pleased to borrow a faint resemblance of his own infinite excellencies. The "rock" he has employed to express the unchangeableness of his nature, the "fountain of living water" to exhibit his inexhaustible and overflowing beneficence; but, when he turns our eye towards the heavens, he finds there the most splendid and perfect emblem at once of the effulgence of his glory, and of the extent and energy of his grace. "The Lord God is a sun and shield. The Lord will give grace and glory. No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

One aspect of this figure renders it peculiarly attractive. It is used to express not simply the essential glory and general beneficence of the Deity, but that glory as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ, and sheds forth its powerful and benign influence in the redemption of a lost world. To "Immanuel," "God manifested in the flesh," has the title of "Sun of Righteousness" been specially appropriated. His appearance in the flesh, viewed as his actual rising, forms an important point in the eventful day of time; and no believer can now turn his eye towards the dazzling symbol, but it seems to reflect the transcendant glory and unsearchable riches of him who is "the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature." "To you that fear his name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing under his wings." How brightly, Christian reader, does the summer sun now shine upon our hemisphere? May we not avail ourselves of his light to direct us to this brighter luminary, and unfold some of His glorious and interesting features?

He is the centre of the new creation. The mechanism of the heavens was not, indeed, fully understood when the volume of inspiration was written; but its popular language is so constructed as to expand, so to speak, with the expansion of human knowledge, and beautifully to adapt itself to all the discoveries of true science. The natural sun, it is now well known, forms the centre of the planetary system. Immensely larger than all those dependent orbs by which he is encircled, his attraction retains them all in their proper orbits, and regulates all their motions. "Hung upon nothing," as the striking phraseology of Scriptures expresses it, "each world is established that it cannot depart;" and the whole system, bound together by an unseen but adamantine chain, is kept in a state of beautiful subordination, and moved with the regularity of the most perfect mechanism. And who now can fail to see in this a most expressive representation of the place that Christ occupies in the spiritual world? "By him were all things created, and by him they all consist; and he is head of his body the Church, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." Attracted by his invisible but irresistible influence—an influence which, like the law of gravitation, operates in proportion to the nearness of its object to the glorious centre—all the members of this truly celestial system, whether moving in single orbits, or in groups of kindred and correlative organizations, are retained in their proper places, and propelled in courses of constant and holy activity. "In him we live, and move, and have our being." "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all then were all dead; and that they who live should not henceforth live to themselves, but to him who died for them and rose again."

How vast is that region over which the central power of our sun extends! Besides hundreds of more eccentric but regular attendants, more than thirty different worlds, of larger or small dimensions, have already been numbered as constituting distinct members of the planetary system, and encirling round him in orbits measured by millions on millions of miles, and in periods some of which extend to centuries; and yet this magnificent organization is but a speck in the universe. But what mind can conceive, what figures can calculate, the sphere of the influence of the "Sun of Righteousness?" Around him are collected "all things, both which are in earth and which are in heaven." He occupies the centre of all worlds, and "fills all things;" and while around him the whole family of God move in courses of everlasting dependence and holy obedience, all things, animate and inanimate, spiritual and material, are constrained to fulfil his will. "For God hath set him at his own right hand, in heavenly places, far above all principality and power, and might and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath given him to be head over all things to the Church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all."

2. *He is the glory of the spiritual world.* The sun is the most splendid object in the visible creation. The only luminous body in the system, all the others shine by his light, and reflect the lustre they borrow from him. When he rises, the whole heavens are filled with his radiance, and, amidst the dazzling splendour, all other celestial bodies hide their heads. Nor is any other object required either to fill the eye or to expand the mind with ideas of the highest sublimity. How vast his magnitude as now measured by modern science! How immense his distance! how inapproachable his position! and yet how rapid the emission of his rays, and how powerful their effects! How pure and brilliant his lustre—best image of the purity and majesty of his Maker! How pervading and penetrating, like the eye of Omniscience, is his light! What an idea of irresistible power, of ceaseless activity, of unfading youth, of permanent duration, is given us by his regular movements and uniform appearance! "As a bridegroom cometh he out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race: his going forth is from the end of heaven, and his circuit unto the end of it; and there is nothing hidden from the heat thereof."

A similar but far more splendid object is the "Sun of righteousness." "The brightness of God's glory, and the express image of his person," He not only reflects the physical perfections of deity; but in him, in all the moral and spiritual grandeur, "dwells the fulness of the godhead bodily." He fills immensity—he inhabiteth eternity—his eyes are flames of fire, go to and fro through the earth, and penetrate to the deepest recesses of the human heart; and he is, not in appearance only, but in the strictest reality, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." The sun shines by imparted light, and dark spots appear on his disc; "He *is* light, and in him is no darkness at all." The sun himself "shall wax old as a garment, and as a vesture shall he be changed;" but He "is the same, and his years shall not fail." The sun *seems* to go forth with irresistible power, and like a strong man rejoiceth to run his race; but one "word of power" from Christ, even uttered by the lips of mortal man, can stop him or move him at pleasure. The sun sheds on all objects on which he rests a bright external lustre; Christ possesses in himself, and sheds on all the new creation, the ineffable brightness of unspotted holiness, inflexible justice, and unswerving truth; mingled with the rich and mellow radiance of compassion, mercy, and love. What a galaxy of divine perfections, melting into one another like the hues of the rainbow, and filling heaven and earth with a splendour which at once attracts and dazzles even angelic eyes! "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have embraced each other." "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up, and his throne filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphim, each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is filled with his glory."

Yes, reader, this forms the special attraction of this glorious luminary. Each sun in the vast expanse has his own peculiar shade of light. "One star differeth from another star in glory." But the star of Bethlehem is "the Sun of *righteousness*." This is a moral and spiritual glory. Uniting in his wonderful person the perfection of divine holiness and human rectitude—preaching righteousness in the great congregation, and working out, in behalf of elect sinners, a righteousness not only beyond challenge, but highly honouring and magnifying to the law by which it is required—he has given a display of righteousness such as the universe nowhere else beholds, and he showed its rich and glowing colours on all that come within the influence of his beams. Clothed with this blessed effulgence, ungodly sinners become radiant with spiritual beauty, even in the sight of God himself; and, pervaded by such powerful energy, they are entirely transformed into the same image, and shine forth at last as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. On such a display of moral grandeur the eye of God rests with peculiar complacency; and far beyond the limits of the solar rays, beyond the utmost verge of the material universe, spiritual intelligences of the highest order, and in countless numbers, are fixed with ecstatic gaze on the glorious manifestation which first burst on their astonished sight in our little world, but is now raised to its appropriate place in the midst of the throne of God. "The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake; for he hath magnified the law and made it honourable." "Great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifested in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, received up into glory."

3. *He is the great source of all spiritual blessings.* From the central orb all the dependent parts of the solar system derive an immense variety of powerful and beneficial influences. To our earth, in particular, he is the instrumental cause of all its beauty and its riches. "From heaven's end is his going forth, and his circuit's unto the end thereof; and there is nothing hidden from his heat." Such a profusion of spiritual benefits emanates from the Sun of righteousness. "In him it hath pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell," and "out of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." How largely might we extend the enumeration of these, and how striking the parallel! The natural sun is the source of *light.* His absence is night, his presence is day. Christ is "the light of the world"—"the true light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world." "Without him men sit in darkness, and in the region and shadow of death." With him "the day spring" from on high has visited us. What a vast variety of objects does the natural sun reveal! But what eye has never seen, nor ear heard, nor has entered into the heart of man, is discovered by the light of Christ. The former luminary presents objects to the open eye; the latter opens the spiritual eye itself, and kindles, in the inner man, a light that will guide him to the realms of everlasting day. The natural sun is instrumentally the origin of *life.* At his approach nature awakes from her wintry torpor, vegetation revives, and myriads of animated beings start into new life or renewed activity. Christ is the source of spiritual vitality. Without him the soul is dead in sin, and the face of society like a valley of dry bones. Under his quickening influence all starts into new life, and, in the exercise of holy activity derived from him, every one enquires, "Lord, what will thou have me to do?" The sun is the cause of *heat.* Before him icy winter gives way, and the mellowed face of nature glows with genial warmth. The love of Christ melts the rocky heart, and under its influence the most obdurate sinner is dissolved into a flood of godly sorrow, and kindled into a glow of ardent and enduring affection. "Did not our heart burn within us, as he talked with us by the way, and as he opened to us the Scriptures?" The natural sun is the source of *health.* Every thing pines in the shade, and revives in his rays. The Sun of righteousness has risen on the world "with healing under his wings." The influence of the natural sun is often indeed too strong; and no part of the earth is more unhealthy than that which lies immediately under his rays. But with beams which enliven and never enervate, which stimulate and never exhaust the spiritual energies, the Sun of righteousness dispels all the cold damps of doubt and indifference, and spreads all around the healing atmosphere of faith and love. None are so lively as those that bask in his beams. "He giveth power to the faint, and to those who have no might he increaseth strength; and, though the youths may faint and be weary, and the young men may utterly fail, they that trust in the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

Where shall we end on this exhaustless and interesting field? Is it the natural sun that clothes all nature with the rich and varied robe of external *beauty?* Are the shades of the rainbow, the delicate tints of the lily and rose, only the reflection in various combinations of the pencil of his rays? What is all the spiritual beauty of the saints of God but the partial reflection of the glory of Christ? Is the appearance of the sun the signal of universal *gladness?* When the drooping flowers lift their heads, the tear-drop is wiped from every blade of grass, and the field and woodland burst into the voice of melody. And does not the heart of every child of God respond to the declaration, "Lift on me, O Lord, the light of thy countenance; thou hast put gladness into my heart more than when their corn and wine abound?" Does the sun collect in vapour the waters of the ocean, and pour them forth in fertilizing *showers* upon the thirsty earth? And has not the Sun of righteousness "received of the Father the promise of the Spirit;" and poured him out "as waters on the thirsty, and floods on the dry ground?" In fine, is it to the genial influence of the natural sun that the fields owe their *fertility*, the fruits of the earth their *maturity*, and the winepress and granary their rich and nutritious *treasures?* And is it not by the kindred influence of the spiritual luminary that believers are made to grow as the lily, the fruits of righteousness are ripened, and a glorious harvest of sanctified and perfected spirits gathered into the granary of heaven? How blessed, then, the region on which this glorious and beneficent luminary sheds his rays! How happy the people that walk in the light of his countenance! How vast the change effected by his rising! "The wilderness and solitary place is made glad by him; the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." "The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto them; the excellency of Carmel and Sharon. They shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God."

(*To be continued.*)

TALES OF THE COVENANTERS.

THE WIDOW OF ANNANDALE.

By Professor Alden.

In a lowly cottage in the parish of Hutton, in Annandale, lived a widow with her sons and daughters. God had taken away the companion of her youth, but she had thrown herself upon the divine promises, and had received grace to train up her children in the fear of the Lord. Though the sigh was often breathed over the vacant seat by the ingle-side, yet was the family a happy one. Industry and frugality kept want at a distance: the peace that passeth all understanding had its abode in their hearts: God was the Father of the fatherless.

As it was to be expected, they were firm adherents to the covenant, and devoted friends to those who upheld its banner; but as they were without influential connections, it behoved them to avoid giving needless provocation to those who swayed the sceptre of power with a merciless arm.

In those perilous days, when to give shelter or comfort to the persecuted ones was a crime to be visited by the severest penalties, a stranger knocked at the door of the cottage. His pale cheek and sunken eye told of exposure and suffering. He had been hunted like a partridge upon the mountains. Sickness had come upon him, and he must lie down and die in the open fields, unless shelter and concealment be given him for the sake of the cause for which he has suffered.

Can the widow and her sons allow him to enter their abode? Will it not bring down swift destruction upon their own heads? This is wellnigh certain, for spies and informers abound on every side.

But, on the other hand, shall a follower of Christ die in the fields, while there stands a roof underneath which Christ is worshipped? What answer shall be given to Him who shall say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me?" What were the penalties of "reset and converse," compared with the displeasure of God?

The wanderer was admitted and concealed. His illness increased rapidly; and though we may be sure he had kind nursing at the hand of the inmates of the cottage, yet he soon fell a victim to the disease induced by the hardships he had undergone. At a distance from his home, with no mother, or wife, or sister, to receive his last farewell, he slept the sleep of death, and had no more to fear from his foes.

Now that he had breathed his last, might not the men of blood be satisfied? May not his remains be carried to his native parish, and be laid by the side of the loved ones who had gone before him? No. Death would be the portion of those who should attempt to perform that pious act. Those who had watched over him knew that they must bury him in secret, if they would not speedily follow him to the spirit world.

Accordingly, when the darkness and silence of midnight had fallen upon the earth, they prepared a grave in a neighbouring field, in which they buried the body. They smoothed down the earth over his resting-place, in hopes that it would not be discovered.

There lived in the vicinity a man by the name of Johnstone. He had formerly been a zealot in the cause of the covenant, but had become a renegade and cruel persecutor of his former friends.

A few days after the burial, this man was seen approaching the cottage. He was followed by a party of soldiers. The widow and her children felt that their hour was come—that the cloud which had long hung over them was about to burst. Their hearts sank within them as they saw the soldiers turn aside into the field, and commence disinterring the dead. Their work was soon done. The body of the poor wanderer was exposed to the light of day. He had died without the aid of the bullet—he had been buried by sympathizing friends. These atrocious facts were plain to the renegade and his ungodly crew. He was beyond the reach of their malice—those who had given him burial were not.

The party proceeded at once to the dwelling of the widow, and charged her with having given shelter to the dying man, and her sons with having committed his body to the earth. Truth would not permit them to deny the charges, though, like their brethren, they did not feel bound to become their own accusers.

The savage Johnstone had little regard for the authority of law. His object seems to have been to signalize his attachment to the government, and at the same time to gratify his fiendish passions. He entered the cottage, and seized or destroyed every article of property it contained, and then razed the building to its foundations, thus leaving the family shelterless and destitute. They are sent forth as wanderers to seek food and shelter where they may. Where they wandered—what sympathizing friends they found—what sufferings they endured, we know not. We are ignorant of the subsequent history of all the family, with the exception of the oldest son.

It would seem that he alone of the sons had attained to manhood. After the separation of the family, he was arrested by Claverhouse, and brought the same night before Johnstone, the destroyer of his home. Johnstone passed sentence of death upon him the next day, and urged his immediate execution. Strange as it may seem, Claverhouse disapproved the sentence, and would take no part in the shedding of the young man's blood. Perhaps the words of the wife of John Brown, whom he had murdered only ten days before, were still ringing in his ears, "*How will ye answer for this day's work?*" Certain it is, that he objected to the murder of Hislop; and when he, at last, yielded to the persistance of Johnstone, he said: "The blood of this poor man be upon you; I am free from it."

Johnstone then called upon the captain of a company of foot, who attended him in his excursions through the country, to require some of his men to execute the sentence.

"I will not do it," said the captain with an oath: "I would sooner fight Claverhouse and his dragoons than be the instrument of such atrocity." He therefore drew off his men to a distance, that they might not be the witnesses of the murder.

Johnstone then directed three of his own attendants to do the bloody deed. They were of the like spirit with himself, and readily obeyed him. They furnished themselves with arms, and placed the young man in a position to receive his death-shot.

"Draw your bonnet over your eyes, young man," said one who, perhaps, could not so well take aim while the eye of his victim was upon him.

"I am not afraid to look my death-bringers in the face," said the young man, "for I have done nothing of which I am ashamed." Then holding up the Bible, he added, "I charge ye to answer for what ye are about to do at the day when ye shall be judged by this book." This solemn charge made no impression upon the hardened wretches. The word was given —they fired—he lay a lifeless corpse. The earth was rudely thrown over him, and there, on the spot where he fell, his remains await the resurrection morning.

WHERE ARE THE NINE?

BY THE REV. T. L. CUYLER, PHILADELPHIA.

THE obligations that every redeemed soul is under to Him who wrought out its marvellous redemption, are incalculable. Those obligations extend to every thing that the Christian *is* or *has;* they exhaust, and *more than* exhaust, all human capabilities. Those souls whom an agonizing Saviour has healed from the fearful leprosy of sin—whom he has plucked from the very verge of the unfathomable abyss—have not discharged their whole duty when they have returned (like the grateful Samaritan) to "give thanks" to their deliverer. It is not enough that they do not retire to their houses, their farms, and their merchandise. It is not enough that they remain at the side of their benefactor. They are to "glorify" him there—and to glorify him with all their might, and mind, and strength; with every sinew of their frames, every pulsation of their hearts, every effort of their hands.

With this view of the Christian's obligation to Christ before us, let us cast our eyes over the *intellectual* world around us. *Where are the nine?* Behold the vast amount of cultivated intellect within the pale of God's Church—the vast number of men who have been gifted with rare mental gifts, and with the highest gift of all, the regenerating spirit! They have been brought under the deepest obligations, and the most solemn of covenants. An opportunity has been afforded them of doing what angels would delight to do. They have had the opportunity of glorifying their Redeemer by sanctifying to his cause all that intellect and learning. Christ claimed the consecration. The Church needed it. A perishing world demanded it. Common gratitude for the most priceless of benefits required it. But, "where are the nine?"

Are there not learning and intellect enough which belong to the Church, but are employed in secular pursuits, to furnish out a *ministry* such as the salvation of the world tarries for? And shall the Church send such a mighty contribution annually to the marts of traffic, and to the halls of learning, art, law, and science, while the vineyard of the Master lieth waste, and the gates of hell are blocked up by the hosts of ruined souls?

As we turn away from the sad spectacle of so much secularised talent and learning within the Church, and see here and there *one*—one, too, from whom we had expected the least—one who has struggled up through penury, and hardships, and self-denial to the post of duty, and who is humbly devoting all that he possesses to the work of proclaiming his Saviour's gospel, we are ready to say, with the Master—"Were there not *ten* cleansed—but where are the nine, that no one has returned to glorify God save this Samaritan?"

But there are other means of rendering honour to our heavenly benefactor, besides the consecration of intellectual gifts to his service. The Redeemer entrusts to one healed leper great mental powers; to another a *large estate;* to another a smaller one. He bids them use these treasures for his glory. He sits beside his treasury and waits for them to offer their gifts? For many of them, he waits long, but alas! he waits in vain. They are away at their *gold-digging*—busied with putting the rental on God's estates (that they are stewards for) into their own coffers? When he has waited long for the subjects of his grace to come back and manifest their gratitude in something more than empty words; a poor and obscure saint cometh with her two mites, and of her penury casts in all her living. Blessed Master! does not that sorrowing face of thine say, as palpably as words could express it—"Were there not ten cleansed; but where are the nine, that no one returns with their alms save this Samaritan?"

O! in how many ways does this melancholy ingratitude of redeemed Christians rise before us, to amaze and to sadden? Some enterprise for extending Christ's Church is to be undertaken. The recipients of his grace are to carry it forward. They are honoured with the ennobling trust. But as we behold a little handful of labourers toiling with desponding hearts at a work which should secure the cheerful co-operation of a whole grateful Church, we cannot but ask, *Where are the nine?* There are prayer meetings called to pray for the conversion of the world. All who have been themselves healed are bidden to come in, and beseech the same mercy for the millions of spiritual lepers in heathen lands. Their sense of gratitude—their solemn obligations to their crucified Saviour, are appealed to. Jesus tells them how they may thereby glorify him, as well as bring relief to their perishing fellow men. We go there, trusting to meet the whole company of restored and rejoicing "lepers" at the feet of Jesus, pouring out their thanks and their gifts. Looking about that dreary, cheerless house of prayer, with its scanty handful of supplicants, can we help asking, with mournfulness of spirit, *Were there not a whole Church cleansed here? and where are the nine?* How long will it be, think you, beloved brethren, before the millennial glory will dawn upon a slumbering Church and a deserted house of prayer?

MILTON ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

[*From the Oxford Edition of Milton's Works.*]

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to thee.

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou are most near;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision thou hast dimm'd that I may see
Thyself, thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapp'd in the radiance from thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

THE CLAIMS OF THE CONTINENT.

BY THE REV. ANDREW THOMSON, EDINBURGH.

[This forms the greater portion of an important and felicitously written paper, from the pen of the esteemed author, which appeared in *Evangelical Christendom* for April. It is founded on the words, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." We omit the first head and its illustration. The second is as follows:—]

II. THERE are states of human society peculiarly favourable to evangelic effort; conditions in which unchristianised nations are at times found, whereof it may emphatically be said, that "*they are ripe already to harvest.*" It was so with those Samaritans to whom our Lord more immediately applied the words. The expectation of the Messiah, which prevailed so extensively at that time throughout the East, appears to have glowed with peculiar intensity in Samaria. Even the woman, with whom our Lord had held that never-to-be-forgotten conversation at the well of Jacob, had shown herself no stranger to this hope;—"I know," she said, "that Messias cometh, which is called Christ." There is reason to think, indeed, that, in some very important respects, the conceptions which the Samaritans in general had formed of the character and work of the Messiah, were more correct than those commonly entertained by the Jews. They thought of him less as a temporal ruler than as a spiritual teacher—one who should come to reveal to them the mind of God—"a prophet;" while they spoke of him as, not the deliverer of one nation only, but "the Christ, THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD." The consequence was likely to be, that, when the Messiah did actually appear among them in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, corresponding in so many features to their previous expectations, they would be the readier to welcome His presence and to acknowledge His claims. Besides, there does appear to have existed in many of the Samaritans at this period a strong sense of spiritual need. Their minds were uncertain and unsettled on many points, and some of these the most important; and many of them longed for the time when He should appear who was to unravel all difficulties, to dispel all darkness, to end all controversies, and fill Samaria with light and joy. "I know," says the woman, "that Messias cometh, which is called Christ; when He is come, he will tell us all things." Now, conceive to yourselves a people thus conscious of need, and eagerly expectant of one who should supply that need; and say, do not the facts vindicate our Lord's description of them, as "a field ripe already to harvest?" They were somewhat like men waiting in the porches of Bethesda, and watching for the moment when the angel should descend and trouble the water. And how strikingly did subsequent events confirm our Lord's estimate of the spiritual condition of Samaria! No sooner does the now converted and happy woman hasten, as if on winged feet, into the neighbouring sychar—and eagerly whisper from door to door, that she has met with one at Jacob's well who has told her all things that ever she did, and whom she believes to be the Christ—than many come forth instantly from the city to meet him, and "believe on him" *at once*, "for the saying of the woman." And as he tarries among them at their request two days longer, many more believe on him; not merely because of the saying of the woman, but because "they have heard him themselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." And not many years afterwards, when, by means of the persecution which arose at Jerusalem, the Lord of the harvest sent forth labourers into the harvest, how did Samaria assume the appearance of some vast and golden harvest-field! "Then Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them. And the people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake. And there was great joy in that city." And well there might; for they were now singing their spiritual harvest-song.

Passing by less obvious examples in the history of families, or of cities, when remarkable events in providence may have predisposed them to seriousness—who does not see in the condition of Europe, immediately before the Reformation and contemporaneously with it, a state of things peculiarly favourable to evangelic effort? It were to interpret the history of that period very incorrectly, and to lose more than half of its valuable lessons, did we look upon Luther and his associates as having prepared the European mind for that great era of spiritual emancipation and divine life. For, certainly, it would at least be as near the truth to say, that the European mind had been in process of preparation by a remarkable train of providences for the reformers; so that, when they went forth, it was as much in the character of reapers as of sowers. Not to speak of the ministry and martyrdom of Huss, which scattered around them imperishable seeds, and sent forth voices that were still floating in the air, and whispering words of life in the ears of men—the people, with their princes, had become impatient of the galling yoke of Rome, while a general dissatisfaction prevailed at her exorbitant and insatiable demands, and a universal disgust at the shameless immoralities of her priesthood. Meanwhile, the revival of ancient literature opened to the general mind new stores of knowledge; splendid discoveries in geography filled men's thoughts with gorgeous visions and dazzling anticipations; the translation of the Scriptures, or of parts of them, into more than one of the vernacular tongues, set multitudes on thinking, and examining, and comparing; while the invention of the art of printing gave wings to truth, and seemed to endue her at once with omnipresence and with immortality. Who that looked upon the general mind of Europe at this period, and beheld it dissatisfied with the past, and becoming conscious almost at the same moment of its injuries, its rights, and its necessities, might not have exclaimed, "Behold, the fields are ripe already to harvest!" The consequence was, that when Luther, and Zuingle, and Farel, stepped forth in their respective countries, they did not so much create an opposition to Popery by their bold denunciations, as they deepened, and extended, and invigorated, and drew forth to action, a sentiment which already lay hidden in the breasts of millions. Nor did they so much produce a want, as they effectually supplied it, in the preaching of the glorious gospel of the blessed God. And their noble voices, resounding in the cities of Germany, among the Alps of Switzerland, and along the plains of France, were like the trumpet of an intellectual and spiritual resurrection, arousing millions from the ignominious slumbers of a thousand years.

But the conviction which we own ourselves the most anxious to lodge in your minds at the present moment is, that Continental Europe is just in that state of mind which peculiarly invites, and which promises peculiarly to reward, evangelic effort. What an amazing year has that been which but recently has passed away! It may safely be pronounced one of those great eras, which, after the lapse of long intervals, occur in the history of the world, and in which society seems to live through centuries in the course of a few months. Every post seemed to bring with it the tidings of a revolution in its bud, or in its progress, or in its consummation: thrones were beheld in flames; monarchs with their train of princes were seen fleeing in disguise into inglorious exile; and the procession has of late been strangely closed (if indeed it be closed) by the dethronement of the Romish pontiff,—whom all the mysterious and superstitious awe with which his position surrounded him could not protect from the fury of "his children," to whom he had promised liberty when he only meant deception, and "when they asked a fish had only given a serpent."

Whatever may have been the evil passions, and even infidel sentiments, that in some instances have led to these results, one thing will scarcely be disputed—that they are likely to exert, if rightly improved, a most extensive and beneficial influence on the progress of the kingdom of God in those countries which have been the principal scenes of the revolutionary struggles. In France, with its thirty-four millions of inhabitants, the liberty of worship was curtailed by most injurious and provoking restrictions: since the Revolution, liberty of worship has been secured, forms the matter of a distinct article in her new constitution, and is nearly as perfect in that country, at this moment, as it is in our own. An eminent Protestant pastor declared, not long since, in our own hearing, that, had the French Revolution conferred no other boon than this, it was more than sufficient to compensate for all the blood that had been shed, and for all the treasures that had been lost. Amid the valleys and mountains of Switzerland, pastors and churches have been found ready to sacrifice all for the rights of conscience and the glory of the gospel: in Belgium, the bands of Popish restriction have been constrained in some degree to relax: the German states are open: and who can tell but even in Vienna, the very buttress and stronghold of intolerance, the strange sounds of gospel truth may erelong be heard? And what shall we say of Italy? It seems but as yesterday that the circulation of the word of God was condemned by the Pope in his "Encyclical Letter," and those who engaged in this blessed work were denounced and punished as dangerous persons. Dr Merle's History of the Reformation could only be introduced into Italy by being smuggled across the frontiers; and when it succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the police and of the priesthood, which it did not always do, could only be disposed of in secret by the booksellers, in their back premises, as contraband goods. But, in the short interval, what hath God wrought! The word of God now circulates freely in many quarters of Italy. "A few weeks ago," writes an Italian Protestant, "the *Milan Gazette* anounced a public sale of Bibles and New Testaments, and the same announcement was copied by one of the Roman journals. The following fact is such as to rejoice the heart of every Christian. An enormous case of books, having arrived on the borders of Lombardy, was submitted, according to law, to the inspection of the custom-house authorities: but the officers, having seen that it contained Bibles and New Testaments, exclaimed, '*The word of God does not pay duty;* make haste and carry it to Milan, and distribute it to the people.'" And what an interesting sight is that which rises before our mind as taking place in Rome at the present hour! Dr Achilli busy in the printing of Diodati's Bible, writing and circulating tracts, conversing with the priests and literati of the Romish Church, collecting together a little society of converts beneath the very shadow of St Peter's, and enabling them to hear in their own tongue the wonderful works of God! What Christian is not ready to exclaim—"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. This is the doing of the Lord, and it is marvellous in our eyes?" If we should hold our peace at such a moment, the very stones would cry out.

Add to all this the consideration, that a period of political and social revolution, such as that through which so many of the states of Europe have recently passed, is emphatically one of new ideas, and aspirations, and hopes. The general mind is in a state of fusion, ready to receive any impression, or to be cast into any mould. Multitudes are conscious of wants and longings which they know not how to satisfy. They are groping after something stable on which to rest—seeking after happiness and glory, if haply they may find them. *We* have found them in the divine disclosures of the Bible, in the Christian life, and in the Christian hope; and shall nothing be done by us, in this great crisis of their history, to guide *them* to Him, who is "the way, and the truth, and the life?" Oh! I think I see the hand of Jesus pointing the Evangelical Churches of Britain to Continental Europe, while He addresses them in the words of our text—"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest!"

III. Our third remark is, that IT IS THE DUTY OF THE CHURCH TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE FACILITIES AND OPPORTUNITIES THAT ARE AFFORDED HER IN PROVIDENCE FOR EVANGELIC EFFORT. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into the harvest." Thus ought our need of the Divine help and blessing to be acknowledged at every step of the missionary enterprise. But the man who utters such a prayer in sincerity will do every thing in his power to speed its fulfilment. So did those disciples whom our Lord first taught thus to pray. After his ascension, Samaria became the object of their earliest solicitude, and the scene of their first successes. And in the same spirit should the Churches of Britain now act towards the ripened fields of Continental Europe. Indeed, the new aspect assumed by the fairest portions of the Continent during the past twelve months, forms as distinct an indication to us of the will of God as if we heard a voice speaking to us from the clouds, or saw an angel's hand stretched out from the heavens, and pointing to the greatest of Europe's kingdoms and republics. The opening of "a great door and effectual" in the ancient missionary field was justly regarded by the apostles as equivalent to a Divine command to enter. And if such a command may not now be gathered by us from the condition of Europe, then must we despair of ever being able to ascertain the mind of God from his providential arrangements, however distinct and unequivocal their voice.

Various considerations tend to give additional force to these views. It seems one of the plainest dictates of wisdom that we should seek the evangelization of those communities which are most likely, when evangelized, to exert a powerful influence over others. In this view, the conversion of a French village, or of a Swiss canton, is *relatively* of far more importance than the bringing of some savage tribe, or remote and solitary island, under the power of the gospel—even though the number of human beings may in all these cases have been the same. The apostles appear to have acted on this principle. They hung up the lamp in the middle of the room. They did not expend their strength on outposts, but moved forward in all the majesty of heaven's ambassadors to seize the citadel. Searching out the chief haunts of luxury and refinement, the seats of philosophy and of learning, the capitals of empire, they sought first and mainly *their* conversion—well persuaded that if Corinth, and Athens, and Ephesus, and Rome, could be won to Christ, they would become the great centres of influence and of life to the regions beyond and around. Now, appreciating the principle on which these first missionaries acted, we insist that the early triumph of the missionary enterprise much depends on their example being closely followed. Not that we would withdraw a single missionary from a single islet of the sea, or drain away a single penny from the treasury that supports him. Not that we have even any fault to find with the direction which missionary enterprise has hitherto taken, because Europe, in some of her most influential and populous communities, was till of late hermetically sealed against the truth. But, now that that seal has been broken, and the barrier of interdiction removed, and an effectual door opened into some of the most densely peopled states, it is time that the friends of a pure and living Christianity were catching somewhat of the spirit of those sublime providences which have been occurring around them, and firmly resolving, in the strength of God, that the word of salvation shall be preached in all the cities and villages of France—that all Belgium shall hear the joyful sound—that it shall be carried across the mountains of Switzerland into the states of Italy—and that in Rome itself, the citadel and throne of Antichrist for a thousand years, and beneath the walls of the Vatican and the Quirinal, that gospel shall be borne, before which Antichrist is destined yet to fall and be broken to pieces, like the image of Dagon before the ark of God. And who can doubt that the evangelization of Europe would eventually and speedily prove the conversion of the world?

We cannot help thinking that one reason why the gospel has hitherto been permitted, to so large an extent, to be shut out from Europe, is, that full time might be given her to try the experiment of being great, and peaceful, and moral, and happy, without the Bible, and without that new life which the belief of its divine verities ever awakens. Well, she has tried the experiment in many forms; like Naaman the Syrian, calling in his magicians and enchanters, and asking them to exert their skill in curing him of his leprosy. She has sought the remedy in military prowess, in philosophical theories, in elegant refinements, in sensual pleasures, in political changes; and still, with all her aspirations and efforts, that *something* is wanting which alone can make her what she would wish to be. At the end of all she is still the poor "leper, white as snow." And now that all the magicians and necromancers have been proved vain, has not the time, even the set time, come for Christianity to step forth, like the venerable and benignant seer, and say, "Let the nations come to me, and they shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

IV. Nothing can be more encouraging than to be assured, in the last place, that ALL OUR CHRISTIAN EFFORT IS REGARDED WITH THE DEEPEST INTEREST BY THE LORD OF THE HARVEST, AND WILL IN DUE TIME BE CROWNED WITH A GLORIOUS REWARD. It may have been the more special calling of some to sow, and of others to reap; but the Lord of the harvest has both promised and provided that they who sow and they who reap shall eventually rejoice together. The Old Testament prophets, and afterwards our Lord himself, had been the principal sowers in Samaria; the apostles and evangelists were to be the reapers in that abundant field; but both they who sowed and they who reaped would yet rejoice together. In like manner, in our own day, the humble colporteur or book-pedlar is often the first to awaken an interest in Divine truth in the Romish population of the towns and villages of France; and the evangelist following in his footsteps, explains to them the way of Christ more fully, and gathers the harvest which the colporteur had sown. Both rejoice now; both shall be eternally rewarded hereafter; and those benevolent Christians in Britain, who had contributed to their aid, and had followed them with their prayers, shall rejoice and be rewarded along with them. But we may not follow this inviting train of remark farther.

However important and propitious the present crisis in Continental affairs, it may yet, if unimproved, be short-lived. There are periods in the affairs of nations, as well as of individuals, regarding which it may be said that they are then "not far from the kingdom of God,"—tides in the affairs of souls which, taken at the full, lead on to heaven; but such periods may only return a second time after the lapse of a long cycle of ages. Let the Churches of Britain, then, awake to their duty, and seek, by their timely interest and action, to bless Europe with a second Reformation. Oh! thou Lord of the harvest, send forth labourers into the harvest.

SUPPRESS IT.

THAT feeling of pride and self-complacency. "I gave so much to such an object. I made a powerful exhortation. What a prayer I made! I preached so eloquently as to astonish myself. I conversed with this sinner, and prayed with that one, and wrote a letter to another, and they have all been converted." How easy it is to magnify *I* until he gets the place of the Lord! If you wish to give glory to God, you will do well to keep self out of sight. Those are not really the most useful nor the most holy persons, who are so in their own esteem. The Lord does not delight in those who seek to rob him of his glory, nor dwell in the heart of the proud. "But to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." When you have come to consider yourself very necessary to the Lord's work, you, probably, will be laid aside.

Suppress that feeling of jealousy. You think yourself slighted. Others, you think, have more honour than you, when you are more deserving than they. Perhaps you think right—probably, however, your pride has over-estimated self, and underrated others. If it is true that you are not appreciated, and others are exalted to your prejudice, be not disturbed by it. It is a very small thing that you "should be judged of men's judgment." These little inequalities of the earth will soon be all made level. Whatever conduces to our humiliation cannot hurt us. The dangers of injury lie in the opposite direction. If you cherish jealousies and envyings, you can make yourself very uncomfortable, and do great injustice to others. If, through rich grace, you are enabled so to live as to *deserve* better than you receive at the hands of men, be thankful and satisfied.

Suppress that inclination to indolence or ease. It is unbecoming and unchristian. You have no time to waste—no talents which you have a right to hide in the earth. The glory of God, the salvation of men, and your own salvation, require of you to "live by the moment." Your whole life is made up of seconds. What right have you to waste one more than another, or a few and not the whole? "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." You know not which moment's work may be most blest.

Suppress that unbelief. You have no greater foe to your usefulness, nor to your spiritual prosperity, than that. It is Satan's sublimated poison. By indulging it you forswear your covenant vows, and reject the truth and grace of the Saviour. He requires you to pray—to admonish an erring brother—to warn and entreat a sinner—to labour for the suppression of iniquity and for the enlargement of his kingdom. You say, "It will do no good; my influence is nothing." The Lord calls on you to rejoice in him; but you go with your head bowed down, and in melancholy that is kindred to despair. You will not believe what the Lord hath said. Alas! how many wounds does the Saviour receive from the unbelief that is cherished by his professed friends. As if all his promises were nothing. As if he had no care over those who have made him their trust. As if he could not give them strength to do his will. O Christian! when will you learn that what *you are not* that is good and desirable, *Christ is*? That what you *have* not, either of graces, or of talents and efficiency for his service, he is able to impart? Do not live as if you were friendless—an outcast. Do not perish with hunger, nor be clothed with rags, when in your Father's house there is bread enough and to spare, and when the spotless robes of a Saviour's righteousness are offered to you. Why will you thirst, and faint, and die, when a well of water "springing up into everlasting life" is right before you, and the Lord of life invites you to drink and thirst no more for ever. "Be no more faithless, but believing."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

CHERISH IT.

THAT thought of your unprofitableness in the service of your Lord. Do not dismiss the thought as soon as it enters your mind, because it makes you unhappy. It is best that we should be unhappy where we are wrong. If you will call to remembrance your neglects and omissions of duty, misimproved privileges and opportunities for usefulness, the waste of time, talents, and possessions; you may have what you need, and what is most sweet and salutary—the tear of repentance. Your heart may be refreshed by the Saviour's grace, and you may be strengthened to serve and honour him as you have never yet done. You may, as yet, have done little in comparison with what you might have done for Christ's cause. Will you now "redeem the time?"

Cherish that thought of speaking a kind word to a fellow-man who is ready to perish. It is such a thought as the Spirit puts into the hearts of believers. If you let it pass away, the fellow-sinner may go on unadmonished and be lost for ever. Stop not to parley with indolence, or unbelief, or procrastination; but keep the thought in your mind until it matures into a purpose, and when the purpose is formed, go at once and execute it. Many *thoughts* of doing such good arise in the hearts of Christians; but alas! how few of them are cherished until the good work is done. I fear that many are so well satisfied with themselves for having resolved to do good, or having thought of it, that they rest there, and in reality accomplish no more than if the suggestion for good had never entered their minds. Were a thousandth part of the beneficence accomplished of which Christians think, and which (with the divine blessing) they might accomplish, who can tell with what accelerated impulse the great work of the world's salvation would move forward?

Cherish the spirit of prayer. At times you have unusual freedom in prayer. Your heart is drawn out. You seem to be permitted to come very near to God. Your desires are warm, and they flow out in love and submission. Your faith is unusually strong, and you scarcely know how to cease from prayer. Well, you need not cease. The injunction is, "Pray without ceasing." You cannot be the whole time in the closet or prayer-room: but you can, while at your daily labour—while engaged in conversation, or in whatever duty engaged, be continually lifting up your heart to God. His ear will hear the desire, "unuttered or expressed." If you have lost the spirit of prayer, seek it immediately. If you have it, cherish it as far more precious than gold or precious stones.

Cherish a meek and humble frame of mind. None is more becoming—none so full of peace. You may easily lose it. A little pride, hasty and angry words, or an ambitious desire, may dispel that heavenly temper, and leave your soul in wretchedness. The indulgence of a little censoriousness, or an unforgiving spirit, will speedily empty your heart of meekness, humility, and peace.

Cherish love to the Saviour, and confidence in him. Cherish them by sitting at his feet to learn, and by diligence in doing his will. By constant looking to him for strength, and for every grace. By committing your soul to his keeping from day to day.

Do not think that Christian graces can grow without cultivation. Neglect them, and the sun will scorch them—thorns will spring up and choke them, or the birds of the air will devour them. Cherish them, and when the showers of grace, and the light and heat of the "Sun of righteousness descends, they will bring forth fruit to the Saviour's praise."—*Ibid.*

THE LETTER FROM HOME.

BY REV. JAMES GILBOURNE LYONS.

A YOUTHFUL stranger walk'd alone
In a great city's busiest place;
He heard not one familiar tone,
He saw not one familiar face;
He trod that long and weary street
Till day's last beam wax'd faint and dim,
But none were near to cheer or greet—
Not one was there to smile on him.

He saw before him thickly press
The rude, the beautiful, the proud,
And felt that strange, deep loneliness,
Which chills us in the selfish crowd:
Ay! though his heart was stern and strong,
And scorn'd each soft and wailing mood,
He felt a sore and sadd'ning throng
Of doubts and wasting cares intrude.

While yet he mused in bitter thought
A messenger appear'd at hand,
Who to that mourning pilgrim brought
A letter from his own fair land.
Eager, as if it search'd a mine,
His eye that welcome page explored,
And as it read each glowing line,
Hope, gladness, life—were all restored.

Yet mightier than the voice from home
Which nerved that drooping exile's breast,
Those words of thine, Redeemer, come
To calm our fears and give us rest;
When in some sad and sunless hour,
We pine for smiles and tones of love,
They bid us look, through storm and shower,
To thee—our Light and Life—above.

THE CHRISTIAN A LIGHT.

OUR Lord said to his disciples, "Ye are the *light* of the world." Was this a mere rhetorical figure, or was it a sober and practical estimate of the Christian's influence and responsibility? The Christian is commanded to let his light shine before men, that others beholding it may be led to glorify his heavenly Father. This is required of every Christian; for every true Christian has light, and is himself a light. He walks in light; he lives near to the great Fountain of Light; and his light shines of course as long as he feeds the flame of piety in his own soul. This light is not to be produced by artificial means; its shining cannot be increased by mechanical contrivances; the lamp of devotion must be fed; it must be kept ever trimmed and burning; whatever would obscure or tarnish its lustre must be put away; and then the Christian's life will be a pure and heavenly light. How many eyes may be turned toward one such light; how many souls may be guided by it to truth and to heaven; or how many may perish if it burns dimly or is extinguished!

We remember to have read a traveller's conversation with the keeper of the lighthouse at Calais, in nearly the following words. The watchman was boasting of the brilliancy of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea, when the visitor said to him: "'What if one of the lights should chance to go out?'

"'Never! impossible!' he cried, with a sort of consternation at the bare hypothesis. 'Sir,' said he, pointing to the ocean, 'yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to every part of the world. If to-night one of my burners were out, within six months would come a letter—perhaps from India, perhaps from America, perhaps from some place I never heard of—saying, at such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned dim. The watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Ah, sir, sometimes in the dark nights, in the stormy weather, I look out to sea, and feel as if the eye of the whole world were looking at my light! Go out! burn dim! Oh, never!'

"With how much dignity can enthusiasm invest the meanest occupations; and how constantly the human heart rises superior to its circumstances! What more monstrous drudgery can be conceived than this poor fellow's existence—pent in a narrow tower, burnishing his mirrors by day, trimming his lamps by night! And yet as he stands, with excited imagination, in the midnight conflict of the elements; feeling the eyes of the world upon him; holding himself responsible to all nations—his function almost rises into the sublime, dilating to moral grandeur by the force of his own conceptions."

But it is no romance which makes the Christian a light for the world, with the eyes of the whole world upon him. This he is, by express appointment of his

Lord, commanded to shine, holding forth the Word of Life. Let then his light be always full, bright, pure. The moment he neglects it and suffers it to grow dim, some poor soul, struggling amid the waves of temptation, for lack of it may be dashed upon the rocks of destruction—*Independent.*

DEAD PROFESSORS.

SOME of you sit here before us from day to day, as senseless of those things which most deeply and dearly concern the eternal ruin or welfare of your precious souls, as the seats upon which you sit, the pillars you lean to, nay, the dead bodies you tread upon. Others looking towards heaven afar off, and professing a little, sit before us as though they were right and truly religious; "and they hear our words, but they will not do them: for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness. And lo, we are unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear our words, but they do them not."—(Ezek. xxxiii. 31, 32.) They who are friends to the better side, may go far, and even suffer sometimes in good causes, &c. But let us once touch them in point of commodity, about their inclosures, immoderate plungings into worldly affairs, detaining church-dues, usury, and other dishonest gain, and base niggardliness; if, out of grief of heart for their shaming religion, exposing the gospel of Jesus Christ to blasphemy, and hardening others against profession, we meddle with their fashions, their pride, their worldly-mindedness, and conformity to the world almost in every thing save only some religious forms; if we press them more particularly, upon danger of damnation, to more holy strictness, preciseness, and zeal, knowing too well, by long observation and acquaintance, that they never yet passed the perfections of formal professors, and foolish virgins—alas! we then find by too much woful experience, if they politicly bite it not in, that this faithful dealing doth marvellously discontent them, and these precious balms do break their heads with a witness, and make the blood run about their ears; whereupon they are wont to fall upon us more foul (such true Pharisees are they) than would either the drunkard or good-fellow, the publicans and harlots, do in such cases; they presently, swelling with much passionate heat, proud indignation, disdain, and impatience to be reformed, have recourse to such weak and carnal cavils, contradictions, exceptions, excuses, and raving, that in nothing do they more discover to every judicious man of God, or any who doth not flatter them, or whom they do not blind with their entertainments and bounty, or delude with painted pretences and art of seeming, their formality and false-heartedness. And yet, as they are characterized, "they seek the Lord daily, and delight to know his ways, as a nation that did righteousness, and forsook not the ordinance of their God: they ask of him the ordinances of justice; they take delight in approaching to God."—(Isa. lvii. 2.) They may have divine ordinances on foot in their families, entertain God's people at their tables, fast and afflict their souls upon days of humiliation, as appears in the fore-cited chapter (verse 3), hear the word gladly with Herod, and, with much respect and acceptation, observe the messenger. But they will not stir an inch farther from the world, or nearer to God, say what he will, let him preach out his heart, as they say. They will not abate one jot of their over-eager pursuit after the things of this life, or stir one foot out of the unzealous plodding course of formal Christianity—no, not for the sermons perhaps of twenty years, and that from him who hath all the while laboured faithfully so far to enlighten them, as that they might not depart this life with hope of heaven, and then, with the foolish virgins, fall (utterly against all expectation both of themselves and others) into the bottomless pit of hell. How many go to hell with a vain hope of heaven!—*Janeway.*

FANNY BELKNAP.

THIS little girl died at Louisville, Kentucky, February 8, 1849, aged four years, eight months, and ten days. The *Presbyterian Herald* gives an account of her which is more than pleasing:

While in health, she was accustomed to look forward to death and heaven. She had a favourite hymn entitled "Heaven." One day, after reading that hymn she said, "Oh, mother, what a lovely place heaven is!" "But you do not wish to go there *yet*, do you Fanny? You could not wish to *leave us?*" "Oh! not that," she answered with deep feeling, "But Oh! mother, children are so safe there." A few days before her death, when thought to be nearly well, her mother, who had just returned from the funeral of her little cousin, took her in her arms and spoke to her of the cold dark grave as his new resting-place. "Oh! mother," she said, "do not say that; we *know* he is in a better place than this." During that night appeared the symptoms of that disease which so soon consigned her lovely form to the dust, and her spirit to the God who gave it: she soon discovered, without being told of it, that her end was approaching. "Fanny," said her grandmother, "do you pray whilst you are sick, and ask God to make you well?" "No, grandmother," she said, "mother prays for that, I only pray to be good." Two nights previous to her death, being alone with her a few minutes, her mother whispered to her, "Fanny you are not going to die, are you, my darling?" "Yes, mother," she replied. "But you cannot wish to go and leave your poor mother." "Oh! mother," she said, avoiding a reply to that part of the question which related to their separation, but looking up in her face with the most touching tenderness, as she took her hand within her own, "if heaven is a so much happier world then this, ought not I to be willing to go?" She had been very desirous to attend the last communion which took place the Sabbath before she died, but was prevented by indisposition, and, referring to her disappointment, she said several times with great earnestness, "I shall certainly go to the next—shall I not?" Blest child! how soon she should take it in her father's kingdom none of us knew. Asking of the nature of God, as to his *beginning*, some time previous to her illness, she was told that such questions were not profitable, and would do no good if understood. "No, indeed," was her trusting response, "all we need to know is that we cannot love him as much as we ought." Her little heart was wrung with anguish to see the distress occasioned by her illness to her parents and friends, and she did all in her power to soothe and comfort them; going so far as to say, when her every breath seemed as though it must be the last, and her whole frame was convulsed with her efforts at respiration, "Oh! mother do not cry; perhaps you think that I suffer more than I do."

HINT ON SPIRITUAL PRIDE.

If the Lord hath beautified us with many graces and gifts above others, we must not exalt ourselves above others; we must look upon ourselves, as considered in ourselves, to be the same men still. Can the wall say it hath brought forth the beams that the sun hath cast upon it? So if God hath shined upon thee, and left others in darkness, art thou the better of thyself? Shall the pen boast itself because it hath written a fair epistle? Who made it? who put ink into it? who guided it? The glory belongs not to the pen, but to the writer. What though God hath used thee, and not others, in some great work?—the praise is his, not thine: we praise not the trumpet, but him that sounds it. Paul was a better trumpet than ten thousand others, and yet he said, "I am nothing." The smoke, a dusky and obscure vapour, climbs up into the light, rising above the pure air around it. Many exalt themselves above their brethren for gifts and outward things, which are but the trappings, and make not the difference between man and man; as if a man were the taller because he stands on a hill, or a man had a better body because he had a better suit on—he is the same man still. We are not to be proud even of our graces, much less of outward things.—*Preston.*

BE NOT WEARY.

When Mr Whitefield was last in America, he one day dined, with Mr Tennent and other ministers, at a gentleman's house. After dinner, Mr Whitefield adverted to the difficulties attending the gospel ministry; lamented that all their zeal availed but little; said that he was weary with the burdens of the day; declared his great consolation that in a short time his work would be done, when he should depart and be with Christ: he then appealed to the ministers if it was not their great comfort that they should go to rest. They generally assented except Mr Tennent, who sat next to Mr Whitefield in silence, and by his countenance discovered but little pleasure in the conversation. On which Mr Whitefield, tapping him on the knee, said, "Well, brother Tennent, you are the oldest man among us, do you not rejoice to think that your time is so near at hand, when you will be called home?" Mr Tennent bluntly answered, "I have no wish about it." Mr Whitefield pressed him again; Mr Tennent again answered, "No, sir, it is no pleasure to me at all; and if you knew your duty, it would be none to you. I have nothing to do with death; my business is to live as long as I can—as well as I can—and serve my Master as faithfully as I can, until he shall think proper to call me home." Mr Whitefield still urged for an explicit answer to his question, in case the time of death were left to his own choice. Mr Tennent replied, "I have no choice about it; I am God's servant, and have engaged to do his business as long as he pleases to continue me therein. But now, brother, let me ask you a question. What do you think I would say, if I was to send my man into the field to plough; and if at noon I should go to the field, and find him lounging under a tree, and complaining, 'Master, the sun is very hot, and the ploughing hard; I am weary of the work you have appointed me, and am overdone with the heat and burden of the day. Do, master, let me return home, and be discharged from this hard service?' What would I say? why, that he was a lazy fellow, that it was his business to do the work that I had appointed him, until I should think fit to call him home."

HINTS TO MINISTERS.

A sermon should be made for a text, and not a text found for a sermon.—*Burnett.*

In preaching, study not to draw applauses, but groans, from the hearers.—*Jacomb.*

We want nothing but the return of apostolical simplicity, self-denial, and love, to bring a pentecostal effusion of the Spirit upon our ministrations.—*Bridges.*

Steep your sermons in your hearts before you preach them.—*Bishop Felton.*

Choose rather to teach than to charm, to convert than to be admired, to force tears than applause. Give up every thing to secure the salvation of your hearers.—*Gilbert.*

Brethren, if saving souls be your end, you will certainly intend it out of the pulpit as in it.—*Baxter.*

The life of a pious clergyman is visible rhetoric.—*Hooker.*

Satan would have me while away my life in inactivity, under pretences of modesty, diffidence, and humility, and he is never wanting to furnish me with excuses for delaying or shifting service.—*T. Scott.*

The Christian minister should endeavour to turn the eyes of every one of his hearers in upon himself. *R. Hall.*

Let your life be a commentary on your sermons.—*Lamont.*

The great secret of ruling a Church is to convince them that you love them, and say and do every thing for their good.—*A. Fuller.*

Am I more fit to serve and to enjoy God than I was last week?—*S. Pearce.*

You must rather leave the ark to shake as it shall please God, than put unworthy hands to hold it up.

COLD STORMS IN SPRING.

When winter returned upon us some weeks ago, with its snow and sleet and chilling winds, we heard it remarked, "Such weather at this season is a salutary check upon vegetation. When there is a succession of warm days in early Spring, not only do plants come forward rapidly, but there is a tenderness in the stalk which renders them sensitive to late frosts, to which our climate is liable. Such a day as this checks their growth, but it hardens them; they become tempered to the climate, and reach maturity slowly but safely."

This fact illustrates God's method in the worlds of providence and grace. The sudden and rapid growth of prosperity is dangerous. It exposes us to feel more keenly hereafter some sudden blast of adversity. We need to be tempered and indurated by occasional disappointments and trials. "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

The exhilaration of the young convert may require the discipline of doubts and fears, that a calmer and firmer faith may thus be nurtured within him.

It is better that our young hopes should be damped and chilled, if thereby they shall be brought to a firmer consistency, than that they should grow luxuriantly, to be nipped and blighted erelong by the rude blast.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

(*Concluded from* p. 112.)

4. *His rising was gradual but punctual.*—Nothing is more exact than the sun to his time of rising and of going down, yet nothing is more gradual than his approach. By the atmosphere, which surrounds the earth, his rays are so reflected and refracted, that his light appears a considerable time before his disc is seen. At first, a small streak of light appears on the eastern horizon, then it spreads faintly over the expanse of the heaven. From that it is reflected on the earth, and hill and valley, woods and waters, fields and habitations; and at last the minutest objects become distinctly visible. In a little, the golden rays of the sun himself are seen gilding the tops of the mountains; and at last, from the edge of the horizon, his orb itself appears, shedding a flood of light on every terrestrial object, and colouring all with his own glory and beauty.

Such was the appearing of the Sun of righteousness. The fall of man wrapt the world in the gloom of midnight. Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people. But the Lord said, "Let there be light," and the light of this blessed sun broke through the gloom, and has shined more and more unto the perfect day. At first his light appears in an insulated promise, like the first blush of dawn in the east; by and by, it darts forth in brighter and broader rays, in the types and figures, the prophecies and promises, of the former economy. At last, the prophetic exhibition of him became so clear, that, like a strongly refractive atmosphere, it seemed to lift his disc above the horizon, even before he had actually risen. A more full view of his blessed face, a more distinct impression of his person and work, can scarcely be obtained from the page of the evangelical narrative, than may be gathered from that of the evangelical prophets. At last, punctual to the hour specified in the divine calendar, he actually appeared, and shed a glow of unparalleled interest and glory over our fallen world. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law." "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us; and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Never was there a sunrise like this. The accuracy with which celestial phenomena can now be calculated, is a striking proof of the correctness of the science of astronomy, and the perfection of the celestial mechanism; and surely the conclusion is no less just that—from the entire fulfilment, in the narrative of Christ, of the minutes dates and details of ancient prophecy—deduces an unanswerable confirmation of the truth of God, and the solidity of the believer's hope. But O! who can express the glory of the sight that then burst upon the world? The ancient Persians were accustomed to worship the rising sun, and hail his approach with music and dancing. Many a tourist visits the mountains of Switzerland to see the rising of the sun amidst their splendid scenery. Even in our sombre climate, how often have we stood in ecstasy, and gazed, in a soft summer morning, on this enchanting sight! But heaven itself poured forth its thousands to witness the rising of the Sun of righteousness; and the song that they sung on that occasion, will be repeated while sun and moon endure, as the most gladdening anthem that ever greeted the ears of the children of men. "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good-will toward men!" "Behold, we bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for to you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

5. *His progress to the meridian is steady and irresistible.*—The motion of the sun does not stop when he has once risen above the horizon. With imperceptible but steady steps he climbs the vault of heaven till he reach the zenith; and thence darts down directly, and with great power and splendour, those rays, which at first fall obliquely and in a more scattered form. As he advances also, one region after another catches the illumination, till at last it encircles the globe. A similar progress distinguishes the Sun of righteousness. At first he shone on the heights of Zion, and gilded with his morning beams the mountains of Israel. But he steadily advanced over the Roman world, and has already penetrated into many a dark place of the earth, once full of the habitations of cruelty. Hitherto, indeed, his illumination of all has been but partial. Like the

slanting rays of the morning sun, his beams have left in the shade many portions of the most favoured region; and only one of a city, and two of a family, have been savingly enlightened by them. Often, too, has his face been hid by clouds, and darkened by ominous eclipses; but he has always burst forth more brightly after every obscuration, and is destined to shed his unclouded radiance over every land. That will be a noon worth the beholding! a blaze of light that will penetrate the darkest caverns of the human heart, and chase away the shades of ignorance and superstition! "Then the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun sevenfold, as the light of seven days." The rays of the natural sun can illuminate at once only half the globe, and his rising on one hemisphere necessarily leaves the other in darkness; but no such necessity attends the progress of the Sun of righteousness, and during that splendid noon, to which he is fast approaching, "the whole earth shall be filled with his glory." O happy consummation for our benighted world! a glorious era in the history of the oppressed and clouded Church of God! "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy sight, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

Here, however, our parable must end, for *this glorious sun knows no setting.* No sooner has the natural sun reached the zenith, than he commences a downward course, and his brightest day is followed by a dark night; but no shade of future night shall darken the splendour of the Sun of righteousness. From the zenith of his glory in the Church below, he may seem indeed for a little to descend, and dark clouds of gathering will threaten to wrap the world again in its ancient gloom; but from their deepening folds he shall burst forth with new and overwhelming lustre, and, taking his permanent place in the centre of the celestial world, pour an unclouded and everlasting radiance on the new heavens and the new earth. "I saw the new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband; and the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." O happy land, and blessed inhabitants! "The nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and their honour into it, and the gates of it shall not be open at all by day, for there shall be no night there."

Reader, are you still sitting in darkness, and in the region and shadow of death? Ah, how great is that darkness! the deeper the brighter that the light shines around you! Every day, also, its shades are thickening, and, if mercy interpose not, it will soon end in "the blackness of darkness for ever."

> "Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
> And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
> That comes to all; but torture without end
> Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
> With ever burning sulphur, unconsumed."

But has the light of this blessed luminary dawned upon your soul? Happy are ye. "Ye are children of the light and of the day." "Walk in the light of the Lord, and, though at first your path may seem faint, it will shine more and more unto the perfect day." Clouds may often obscure your sky, and many a day you may go "mourning without the sun;" but be of good comfort. "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." In the darkest step of your earthly pilgrimage you shall not want a friendly ray to preserve you from fatally stumbling; it will guide you even through the dark valley and shadow of death; and before you is a land of light, a land of peace and rest, where "your sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be everlasting light, and the days of your mourning shall be ended."

THE CREED—ITS AUTHORS AND AUTHORITY.

(From the Latin of Witsius.)

THAT the apostles are the real authors of the Creed which commonly bears their name, is in general maintained by the doctors of the Church of Rome as so indubitable a fact, that they deem it an instance of the most daring temerity to call it in question. They tell us that the apostles, after they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and before they departed from Jerusalem to preach the gospel in the various regions of the earth, judged a form of sound words requisite both for their own sake, lest they should teach discordant doctrines and become alienated from one another in affection, and for the sake of the church, that she might have an authorized formulary for the instruction of those that were to be baptized;—that they, therefore, composed such a form, consisting of a few simple but comprehensive sentences, and containing a summary of whatever it is necessary to believe with the heart unto righteousness, and to confess with the mouth unto salvation;—and that this is the origin of the Creed which we now have. At what time, however, this was done they cannot certainly determine. Some are of opinion that it took place immediately after the effusion of the Spirit upon the apostles on the day of Pentecost; while others refer it to the time when, as we are informed in the twelfth chapter of the Acts, Herod Agrippa, in order to gratify the Jews, stretched forth his hands to persecute the Christians.

Another circumstance, too, is added to the story. They say that this formulary was not prepared by any one apostle, appointed to perform the service in the name of the whole college of apostles; but that each of them pronounced his own particular article, and that the matter was so adjusted that the number of articles exactly corresponded to the number of apostles. Thus, whilst the different articles were dictated by different apostles, the entire Creed received the stamp of their united approbation.

That we might remain ignorant of nothing relative to so momentous an affair, Baronius, the author of *Ecclesiastical Annals*, has even informed us to which of the apostles we are indebted for each of the articles. Quoting St Augustine, he tells us that this celebrated father, in his hundred and fifteenth sermon, wrote as follows:—"PETER said, I believe in God the Father Almighty: JOHN,—maker of heaven and earth: JAMES,—and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord: ANDREW,—who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary: PHILIP, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried: THOMAS,—he descended into hell, the third day he rose again from the dead: BARTHOLOMEW,—he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: MATTHEW,—from thence he shall come again to judge the quick and the dead: JAMES, the son of Alpheus,—I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy catholic Church: SIMON ZELOTES,—the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins: JUDE, the brother of James,—the resurrection of the body: and MATTHIAS completed the work, saying,—and the life everlasting. Amen."

To obviate the charge of credulity to which they manifestly expose themselves by giving credit to such traditions, the Roman Catholic doctors endeavour to establish all these points by a variety of arguments. Why, say they, in the *first* place, should this be denominated *the Apostles' Creed* by the whole Christian Church, unless the apostles were its real authors? *Secondly*, They derive an argument from the term *Symbolum*,[*] which they suppose to denote a *collation*, resembling that kind of social feast among the ancients, to which the guests contributed by bringing each his own share. They affirm that this title was given to these articles of faith, because each of the apostles contributed some undeniable article of the Christian doctrine to this spiritual banquet. To hear their own language; "*Symbolum*," says Gabriel Biel, "is a word derived from *syn*, that is, together, and *bolos*, a particle or morsel; signifying, so to speak, a collection of particles; for each of the apostles furnished his own particle—his own morsel." *Thirdly*, they produce a cloud of witnesses from antiquity, on the vast number of whom Genebrard lays a mighty stress. Nay, if we believe Sixtus of Sienna, "All the orthodox fathers affirm that the Creed was composed by the apostles themselves." They avail themselves, in particular, of the testimony of Rufinus, who has treated the history of the compilation of the Creed at great length. *Fourthly*, They reason from utility, as suggesting, or even demanding this measure. It was expedient that the apostles, "when about to separate from each other, should conjunctly frame a rule for directing them in their subsequent preaching of the gospel; lest perhaps, when at a distance from one another, they should teach mankind jarring doctrines." These are the words of Rufinus. So then some form of agreement in doctrine was from the beginning useful, if not indispensable, with respect to the apostles themselves. Still less could the church remain without such a Creed. It was requisite that those who were to be baptized should make a confession of their faith: such a confession must be at once brief, comprehensive, and perspicuous: and we see that the Apostle's Creed is exactly of this description.

But, though these considerations are brought forward with very great confidence, and though they find several abettors even among the Protestants, they are not sufficient to deter us from adopting the language of the excellent Chamier: "If it is not absolutely false that the Creed was composed in this manner by the apostles, it is at the least what must be universally allowed to make the nearest approach to falsehood,—utterly uncertain." As it may not be unprofitable to eradicate prejudices of this sort out of the minds of men, let us proceed to examine the force of each of these arguments.

In reply to the *first* argument, we admit that this summary of doctrine is commonly called the *Apostles' Creed;* but we ask by what authority, and also in what sense it is so called? It is possible that it may have obtained this title from a general and established opinion that they were its authors. From this, however, no certain conclusion can be formed. Learned men have remarked that not even all the titles of the Sacred Books, nor all the short notices subjoined to the Epistles of Paul, are authentic and certain.[*] And who ever ventured to assert the authenticity of the title of the Creed? Or, if any man should assert, how could he prove it? Allowing, however, that it was no sooner composed than it received the name of the Apostolic Creed, and even that it was rightly so called; still the opinion for which our opponents contend will not be satisfactorily confirmed. It is highly probable that it received this denomination in reference not to the authors but to the matter;—as it contains those principles of faith which are collected from the apostolic writings. The Creed of the church of Jerusalem, which differs from ours both in sense and in words, was certainly not composed by the apostles; yet it is denominated by Cyril, "a profession of the holy and apostolic faith." Nor do I suppose the apostles to have been the authors of the decrees of the council of Nice; yet referring to those decrees, Athanasius says, "The councils of our own times write APOSTOLICALLY," that is, conformably to the apostolical writings.

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[*] *Symbolum* is the Latin word for Creed.

[*] No reader has cause to be surprised at the venerable author's expression respecting the uncertainty of the *Titles* of the Sacred Books, and of the short notices, commonly called *Subscriptions*, subjoined to the Epistles of Paul. It is generally admitted in reference to both, that they are not authentic. With regard to the former, it may suffice to quote the words of the late Dr George Campbell, in his Note on the Title of the Gospel by Matthew: "The title," says that celebrated critic, "neither of this, nor of the other histories of our Lord, is to be ascribed to the penmen. But it is manifest," he adds, "that the title was prefixed in the earliest times by those who knew the persons by whom, and the occasions on which these writings were composed."

As to the *Subscriptions* of the Epistles, many critics and interpreters have proved, that the inaccuracies they often contain supply satisfactory evidence that they are a mere human addition, and generally the work of a later age.—Archdeacon Paley, for example, in the fifteenth chapter of his ingenious book entitled *Horæ Paulinæ*, has particularly shown that "six of these are false or improbable, *i. e.*, absolutely inconsistent with the contents of the Epistles, or difficult to be reconciled with them." The Epistles referred to are the First to the Corinthians, the Epistle to the Galatians, the First and Second to the Thessalonians, the First to Timothy, and the Epistle to Titus.—On this topic Dr Doddridge has the following strong expressions in a Note, in his *Family Expositor*, on I Cor xvi. 8. *But I will tarry at Ephesus until Pentecost:* "I look upon this as a very plain intimation that he was now at Ephesus; and consequently that the inscription added at the end of this Epistle, which tells us it was written *from Philippi*, is very far from being authentic; and I hope it will be remembered that no credit is to be given to any of these additions, which have been presumptuously made, and I think very imprudently retained.—[NOTE *by the late Rev. Dr Fraser of Kennoway to his Translation of Witsius.*]

There is still less force in the *second* argument; for, though we should admit that *Symbolum* means a collection or a *collation*, the Creed might be so called on account of the plurality, not of the persons collecting, but of the articles collected. As Cajetan has ingeniously observed, we have an instance of this in Athanasius, who alone compiled a *Symbolum;* if indeed he be the author of the Creed commonly ascribed to him. But we do not admit that the word *Symbolum* signifies a collation, or a feast prepared by the contributions of the company. A feast of this sort is called by the Greeks, not *σύμϐολον*, but *συμϐολή*. As to the trifling remarks of Biel, and other such scholastic writers, respecting the contribution of different morsels, they are unworthy of a serious refutation in the present enlightened age. This formulary is denominated a *Symbolum*, because it is, as it were, a sign of the covenant with God into which we enter at baptism; and a sort of military oath, by which faithful soldiers of Christ may be easily distinguished from perfidious deserters. In this sense of the word Herodian speaks of *a military Symbolum*. Maximus of Turin has also well observed, that "*Symbolum* is a sign and seal by which a distinction is made betwixt the faithful and the perfidious."

The third argument, which is derived from the authority of the fathers, is obviously of little weight; for, 1*st*, the learned Vossius has remarked, that what the Papists now so strenuously urge was affirmed by no writer prior to the beginning of the fifth century, and that even after that period some time elapsed before it was asserted by any one that did not belong to the Roman, the Italian, or at least the Western Church. But men who flourished at so great a distance from the apostolic age, cannot, with propriety, be esteemed authors of the highest antiquity. *2dly*, Some passages to this effect appear to be forged. It is certain that the hundred and fifteenth discourse of Augustine, from which Baronius shows what part of the Creed was dictated by each of the apostles, is not accounted genuine by others;—a circumstance which Baronius himself hath not presumed to dissemble. *3dly*, Even Rufinus, whose testimony on this point is usually placed in the front, is not, in the estimation of popish writers themselves, an unexceptionable witness. "According to the testimony of Jerome," says Bellarmine, "he is guilty of many falsehoods in his apology for Origen." Possevin, also, calls the writings of Rufinus "a labyrinth;" and adds, "what sort of capacity or integrity Rufinus possessed it is not easy to determine." *4thly*, Rufinus himself does not positively assert that the Creed was composed by the apostles. He says merely, that "such was the tradition of the fathers," intimating that he embraced the opinion which generally prevailed, not that he regarded it as a certain historical fact. Erasmus, too, in his Reply to the Censure of the Parisians, has remarked, "He does not say, in the course of his narration, *the apostles*, but *they who compiled the Creed;* as if he were uncertain by whom it was composed." *5thly*, In some instances, even the most ancient fathers were wretchedly deceived by pretended tradition, though they received it from the lips of those who were believed to be hearers of apostles. On whom has not Papias, that zealous but too credulous and superstitious father, imposed, by his passion for retailing apostolical traditions? Who does not know that Cyprian, with his followers, alleged apostolical tradition in defence of their anabaptism; which, however, the Church of Rome, in common with us, do not acknowledge to be genuine? The marks by which genuine may be distinguished from spurious traditions are so obscure, and the whole subject of traditions is so involved in the thickest shades of darkness, that they are incapable of proving any thing, and furnish no evidence sufficient to command assent. Thus the third argument also falls to the ground.

The fourth argument exposes to just suspicion the opinion which it is produced to support. The apostles being full of the Holy Ghost, who guided them into all truth, stood in need of no such rule or bond of union for their direction in preaching the gospel. Nor at the beginning of Christianity was any profession of faith required from those to whom baptism was about to be administered, except a simple declaration that they believed in Christ, or in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; as appears from the baptism of the converts mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. Thus, from an examination of the arguments, it is manifest that they are insufficient to demonstrate that the apostles are the authors of that Creed which commonly bears their name.

What has been said might suffice to destroy this hypothesis, which ought not to be believed because it cannot be proved. To complete its overthrow, however, we shall produce several arguments calculated to show that it is extremely improbable. 1st, If the apostles had, by mutual consultation, compiled any such Creed as was intended to be a bond of union between themselves, and a compendious rule of faith to the whole Church, it is not probable that St Luke, who has accurately detailed the acts of the apostles, and even some of their transactions that are of far less importance, would have passed over so momentous a matter in so profound silence, or that the apostles themselves would have taken no notice of it in their Epistles. 2dly, The ancient fathers also, when engaged in controversy with the heretics, would not have neglected to appeal to this Creed; of which they could and ought to have availed themselves as a most useful compend, and a most effectual weapon, if any such Creed prepared by the apostles had existed. 3dly, The holy fathers, had they possessed such a Creed, would never have thought of composing so many other Creeds and Confessions, which are much less plain, comprehensive, and perfect, than that which is styled the Apostles' Creed. Their numerous attempts of this kind can be accounted for on no other supposition than that the Creed which is so indisputably superior to all of them was not yet compiled and known. 4thly, If the apostles had delivered to the Church Universal a particular Creed consisting of certain sentences, arranged in a certain order and expressed in certain words, it is reasonable to suppose that there would not have been much diversity in the Creeds of different churches. The Creed of Jerusalem, however, which Cyril has explained, varies not a little from the common one, in the sentences, in the arrangement, and in the words, as Vossius has shown by an accurate collation. But is it credible that any Church would have preserved the Creed with stricter fidelity than that Church in the bosom of which it is pretended that the Creed was formed?

Further, that the apostles delivered each his own sentence, is so far from being a probable circumstance, that it appears almost ridiculous, and tends to transform this venerable summary of faith into a strangely incoherent rhapsody. Who can bring himself to believe that Peter said, "I believe in God the Father Almighty;" that John added, "the maker of heaven and earth," and so forth,—the articles sometimes improperly severed, sometimes improperly joined? What has not temerity attempted, in order to make out the precise number of twelve articles, corresponding to the number of apostles? Are these two expressions distinct articles,—first, "I believe in

God the Father Almighty;" secondly, "the maker of heaven and earth?" These, however, they so disjoin as to attribute the former to Peter—the latter to John. Do the following sentences make only one article, "He descended to hell: the third day he rose again from the dead?" Yet these two sentences, which are quite distinct from each other, the one relating to the humiliation, the other to the exaltation of Christ, they reduce to one, which they ascribe to Thomas. In fine, is this, which they attribute to James the son of Alpheus, no more than a single article, "I believe in the Holy Ghost, in the holy catholic Church?" These notions are too puerile to deserve the least credit among men of sense.

What opinion, then, are we to hold respecting this Creed? We will state in a few words what appears to us to come nearest the truth. In the original simplicity of the Christian religion, no Creed existed excepting that which our Lord delivered. Matthew xxviii. 19: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This short and simple Creed is the foundation to which the ancient fathers very frequently appealed. The venerable Voetius, a preceptor for whom it becomes me to entertain the greatest respect, has selected from their writings several passages to this effect, two of which I will here cite. "Athanasius, in his *Epistle to all every where that are sound in the faith*, and in his *Oration against Sabellius, and against the Arians*, says: 'The whole sum and body of our faith is comprised in the words of our baptism, and is founded on that Scripture, Go and baptise all nations in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' Augustine, in his discourse on the Creed, says in like manner, 'Our Lord Jesus Christ himself hath furnished us with this standard of doctrine, and no man of piety entertains any doubt respecting that canon of the catholic faith which was dictated by him who is himself the object of faith. Our Lord Jesus Christ, I say, after his glorious resurrection from the dead, and shortly before his ascension to the Father, bequeathed to the disciples these mysteries of faith, saying, Go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'"

Heresies, however, increasing with the lapse of the time, the Church was no longer permitted to continue in that state of primitive simplicity. In order to distinguish the doctrine of the Church from heresy, and the true sons of the Church from heretics and their followers, several articles were gradually added, and reared as a superstructure on this simple foundation. Of this there is abundant evidence. 1st, The most ancient writers, as Martial, Ignatius, Justin, Irenæus, and Tertullian, when they propose to give a summary of the faith, proceed no farther than the doctrine of the Trinity. Hilary contends at great length that the profession of the Trinity ought alone to suffice, and should be held sufficient for the exclusion of heretics. The same opinion is expressed by Paschasius. 2dly, It is manifest that there were many copies of the Creed in which the article respecting Christ's *descent into hell* did not appear. Rufinus himself asserts that, in his time, it was wanting in the Creed of the Roman and of the Eastern Churches. It is conjectured by Moulin that that article was borrowed from the Creed of Athanasius, and inserted in the Apostles' Creed by persons who did not observe that, in the former, the articles concerning Christ's death and burial are wanting. 3dly, The epithet *Catholic*, given to the Church, was unknown in the age of the apostles, nor did Rufinus know it. It is probable that the purpose for which this title was originally assumed was to distinguish the Church which existed every where from the conventicles of heretics and schismatics, such as those of the *Novatians*, and afterwards of the *Donatists*. From these arguments we conclude, that the Creed was not the production of one author, or of one council, but was gradually enriched by numerous additions, in successive ages, on various occasions, by different hands;—traces, however, still remaining of the old foundation upon which the rest of the articles were built.

Thus far of the authors of the Creed; let us now consider its authority. We hold then, 1*st*, That greater authority is justly allowed to this Creed than to all other compositions of the kind that are extant; for it is at once comprehensive in doctrine, perspicuous in language, and neat in arrangement; and it is now so generally received in Christendom, that no man may wantonly reject it. 2*dly*, Since it exactly agrees in sense with the Holy Scriptures, and is almost entirely expressed in the words of Scripture, we do not deny that, with regard to its matter, it may be denominated divine and authentic. 3*dly*, With respect to the form, however, and the disposition of the several articles, it is merely a human writing; and, in consequence, has a claim to our faith, not independently or of itself, but purely because it is derived from canonical Scripture, and entirely accords with it. 4*thly*, We do not admit, therefore, that, formally considered, it is to be accounted no less authentic than the written word of God, as the Papists contend; or *almost* authentic, as some of the Protestants have incautiously said; for the divine authority, being always supreme, admits of no degrees. If the Creed was delivered by apostles under inspiration of the Spirit of God, it is not almost, but altogether authentic. If it was not dictated by apostles, or by apostolical men, from an impulse of the infallible Spirit (and we have shown above that it has no claim to so high an origin), it is neither *altogether* nor *almost* authentic. In this matter, an intermediate degree, or a qualifying phrase, can have no place.*

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* The Church of Scotland, in common with other Protestant Churches, has not omitted to avow her esteem for the Creed as a summary of doctrine conformable to Scripture; and, although the public recitation of it in Christian assemblies forms no part of her worship, she has not neglected to inculcate a becoming attention to it on all her members In the sum of the First Book of Discipline, No. xiii., entitled "The Table," we read—'Who cannot say the Lord's Prayer and the *Articles of the Faith*. and declare the sum of the Law. should not be admitted." The Creed, too, is subjoined to the Shorter Catechism for the instruction of youth; and we are informed in a Note, that it is annexed there, "Not as though it were composed by the apostles, or ought to be esteemed canonical Scripture, as the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer (much less a prayer, as ignorant people have been apt to make both it and the Decalogue), but because it is a brief sum of the Christian faith, agreeable to the word of God, and anciently received in the Churches of Christ."

Although some Protestant divines may have formerly spoken of the Creed as "almost authentic," no enlightened Protestant of the present day, it is presumed, would choose to honour it with that epithet. Secker, after commending it in terms abundantly strong, thus qualifies his eulogy: "But neither this, nor any other Creed, hath authority of its own equal to Scripture: but derives its principal authority from being founded on Scripture."

That imperfection which characterises every human performance, may, without question, be discovered in the Creed Its warmest admirers need not blush to concede, that, with regard to fulness of doctrine, as well as accuracy of expression, it is susceptible of improvement. To many it has justly appeared surprising, in particular, that while it states the facts of our Lord's suffering, crucifixion, and death, it doth not more explicitly exhibit the grand doctrine of his submitting to sufferings and death, in order to expiate the guilt of his people, and bring in everlasting righteousness. That all the necessary articles of our religion are not *expressly* contained in the Creed, is clearly shown by Witsius himself in the eighteenth section of the second Dissertation. But

For the direction of young people, one thing still remains to be noticed. In the Church of Rome, the Apostles' Creed is most improperly considered as a kind of form of prayer; and to this childish error their doctors themselves have given occasion or encouragement, by calling it "a Catholic Hymn, and a Sacred Thanksgiving." Let it be observed, that these three well-known forms, the Decalogue, the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, are to be thus distinguished from each other. In the Decalogue, or Ten Commandments, God speaks to men; in the Lord's Prayer, man speaks to God; in the Creed, man speaks both to God and to men. As the Prayer is distinct from the Law, so the Creed is perfectly distinct from the Prayer.

SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

We thank thee, Father, for the day
That, robed in twilight sweet,
Doth linger ere it pass away,
And lead us to thy feet.

We thank thee for its healing rest
To weary toil and care;
Its praise, within thy temple blest—
Its holy balm of prayer.

We thank thee for its living bread,
That did our hunger stay;
The manna, by thine angels shed
Around our desert-way.

Forgive us, if our thoughts were slow
To claim a heavenly birth;
If feelings, that should upward glow,
Did gravitate to earth.

Forgive us, if these precepts pure,
That should our sins control,
And aid us meekly to endure,
Grew languid in the soul.

Forgive us, if with spirit cold,
We breathed the murmur's moan;
Or fail'd to grasp the chain of gold
That links us to thy throne.

O grant, that when this span of life
In evening shade shall close,
And all its vanity and strife
Tend to their long repose;

We, for the sake of Him who died,
Our Advocate and Friend,
May share that Sabbath at thy side
Which never more shall end.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE TYROLESE OF ZILLERTHAL.

BY REV. R. BAIRD, D.D., OF NEW YORK.

It was on the morning of September 2nd that I left the city of Linz, so picturesquely situated on the Danube, and set out for Salzburg. My companions in the *schnellpost* were two or three Germans, who were going to some of the intervening towns. The early portion of the day was fine; but, before noon arrived, the heavens became overcast, and soon a heavy storm of rain, which descended along the mountains of the Tyrol, whither we were directing our course, set in, and continued till the going down of the sun.

Nothing worthy of note happened during the forenoon and the early part of the afternoon. The postilion from time to time aroused us with the sound of his trumpet; and occasionally we rattled through an ancient village, with narrow, roughly paved, and unattractive streets, inhabited by a simple-hearted, industrious race of blue-eyed Germans. The country through which we were passing wore a monotonous and uninteresting appearance; at least, such was the impression that memory retains at this day.

But if there was nothing in the natural scenes through which we were passing that was calculated to arrest attention, there were scenes in reserve for us of a more interesting character before the day came to a close. About four o'clock in the afternoon, we began to meet a company of emigrants, about one hundred and twenty in number, who came along in straggling parties, throughout the length of three or four miles. Unaccustomed to such a sight as this on the continent of Europe, though familiar enough with it in my own country,—where I had often met or passed by wagon after wagon filled with emigrants in the Alleghany mountains, who were seeking a home in the "Far West,"—I knew not what to make of it. Groups of tall, robust-looking men and women, plainly but comfortably clad, in costumes such as we often see worn by the German emigrants who come to our shores, passed along on foot, carrying huge red umbrellas. By their side, the larger boys and girls trudged along with unequal step; whilst the old men and women, together with the little children, sat in the wagons, their heads peering out of the large opening in the front part of these vehicles. Some two-wheeled carts, containing the moveable effects of those who were not rich enough to own horses, were drawn by the poorer but more athletic men.

There was something pensive, but not melancholy, in the countenances of all. A calm and firm resolution was depicted in the faces of the men; humble resignation in those of the women. Earnest and quiet, the procession, if I may so call it, moved on, amid the heavy and uninterrupted storm of rain that beat upon them, and all who beheld it seemed touched with a sentiment of deep respect and heartfelt sympathy.

Party after party passed along at intervals. At length I could bear the sight no longer, and requested the "conductor" to stop the postilions; whereupon the following dialogue ensued:—

"Who are you?" "We are Tyrolese."

"Whence do you come?" "From Zillerthal."

"Whither are you going?" "To Silesia, where the good king of Prussia offers us an asylum and a home."

"How many are there of you?" "Four hundred and eighty."

"What have you done, that so many of you are compelled to leave your country;" "We have committed no crime. We only wish to serve CHRIST according to the dictates of our consciences and His word; and we are not allowed to do it there. This is the reason why we quit our native valleys in the Tyrol, and are seeking a home in a foreign land."

These, then, were the protestant exiles from Zillerthal, of whom I had recently heard so much at Berlin and Vienna, and respecting whom some vague rumours had reached me at Paris, during the two years preceding the occurrence which I have just related.

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notwithstanding its defects, the Creed is a valuable summary; and it is to be regretted that some of the friends of truth have allowed themselves to criticise it with unjustifiable severity.—*Rev. Dr Fraser.*

If the reader will examine the map of Southern Germany, he will perceive that the city of Salzburg stands quite on the verge of the Tyrol mountains. There is a road leading from that city into the Tyrol of Innspruck, which is the capital of that portion of the Austrian empire. About two-thirds of the way from Salzburg to Innspruck there is a little river called the Ziller, that flows down into the river Inn, immediately below the village of Strass. Majestic masses of rock rise on either side, and shut in the fertile valley,—about twenty-two miles in length,—which the Ziller drains, and from which it issues. The traveller in ascending that beautiful valley, bounded by the lofty ridges of the Tyrolese Alps, passes through Brugg, Iming, Schlitters, Kapling, Uderns, Nied, Maryzlum, Kohr, Hollensen, &c. It is in the villages as well as in detached hamlets on the mountain sides that the Zillerdalers, —as the inhabitants of this valley are called,—make their abode. Their occupation is mainly that of agriculture, the rearing of cattle, and felling of forests. But few of them are engaged in mechanical pursuits. As in the other valleys, however, of this wonderful country, there are some persons found who spend a portion of their time in traversing Germany on the one hand, and Italy on the other, in the capacity of pedlars. In this business both men and women engage. Nor does Germany bound their excursions in the north; I have seen them in the streets of Cracow and Warsaw. Sometimes they penetrate even to St Petersburg and Moscow, and I have met them in Naples, in Leghorn, in Florence, and other cities of sunny Italy. Both sexes of itinerating merchants may be recognized at once by the singular costume of their country. Both wear the same broad-brimmed, cone-crowned black hat; both have the same black velvet spencer, or "round-about" coat, adorned in front by a good number of bullet-shaped silver buttons; and both wear huge shoes, attached to the foot by great buckles of the same metal. A petticoat only distinguishes the women from the men. In size, they are tall, straight, and very athletic. In temper, they are ordinarily good-natured and kind.

As to religion, the Zillerdalers, like the rest of the Tyrolese, almost without exception, were Roman Catholics; until within the period of about twenty years, there was no disposition manifested to dissent from the Church which was every where established in that country. But though nominally Roman Catholics, a large proportion of the Zillerdalers were pervaded by the spirit of indifference; and whilst they practised the forms and usages of the Romish Church, many entertained strong doubts as to their efficacy and authority.

The itinerant habits of the Zillerdalers naturally brought them into close contact with individuals of different religious opinions. Many of them were constantly engaged in traffic among the Protestant inhabitants of Franconia, Suabia, and the Rhenish provinces. Through this intercourse, not only were doubts awakened, and prejudices overthrown in their minds, but the Word of God was frequently disseminated among them, and carried home, to be the companion of their fireside hours. But the progress of truth among these interesting people was greatly promoted from another source also. The neighbouring province of Salzburg, was, in the sixteenth century, the scene of an extensive religious awakening. And although, by the overruling arm of Romanism, the incipient reformation was in a great degree extirpated, yet the good seed remained, and, in many a household, the gospel was cherished and followed.

"In this way," says Dr Reinwald, "Protestant influences had for some time been working in the Zillerthal, especially in the southern district, where at length, in several parishes, persons simultaneously finding themselves possessed of the same sentiments, communicated one with another, and formed together a little religious community. By this mutual intercourse, their Protestant impressions, both in life and doctrine, became more and more refined, and attained a firmer and more perfect form; the consequence was, that the disaffection which had long relaxed the inward bond by which they had been attached to the Church, became now also manifested in externals. It is true that some still performed their part at sermons, sacraments, processions, the veneration of the sacred elements, &c. But if these thus acted not without reluctance, there were those who decisively tore themselves away, as deeming such things, according to the word of God, to be idolatry. In short, among all, the natural desire was excited to be able to come forward publicly with their Protestant confession, and to exchange their hitherto painfully embarrassing situation for that of a legally recognised community. Besides, with many, their experience in the Word of God had so sharpened and purified their sensibility to the truth, that such a position became at length quite intolerable."

In accordance with these convictions, a large number of the converted Zillerdalers avowed, at different periods, from 1826 to 1832, their attachment to the Protestant faith, as expressed in the Augsburg confession. Their petition, presented to the emperor by a deputation, that they might be suffered to form a Protestant congregation, and enjoy the ministrations of a regular pastor, was rejected. In 1837, the Austrian Government communicated to the Zillerdalers the desire, that in case they persisted in their intention to forsake the Roman Catholic Church, they should leave the Tyrol, and either emigrate into a foreign country, or seek a home in some Protestant province of the empire.

The late king of Prussia, whose well-known Protestant sympathies caused him to be regarded as a firm friend and protector of the Reformed interests, was soon made acquainted with the critical position and the wants of the exiled Zillerdalers. Their address to this prince, praying for his patronage and assistance, is interesting from the earnest simplicity of their petitions, and their testimony to the pure doctrines of the word of God. "From this faith," say they, "we neither can nor ever will deviate; for its sake we leave house and home, and also our father-land. May your majesty graciously permit us to remain together in one community; that will increase our mutual help, our mutual comfort. May your Majesty graciously place us in a region whose circumstances have some resemblance to our own Alpine land, wherein agriculture and the rearing of cattle have formed our occupations. About two thirds of us have our property; a third support themselves by daily labour; only eighteen are tradespeople, of whom thirteen are weavers. May it please your Majesty to give us a faithful pastor, and a zealous schoolmaster, though at first we shall probably not be in a condition to afford much for their support. The journey will be very expensive, and we do not yet know what we shall bring to our new home; and we have long been deprived of the consolations of religion and school instruction. Should any want show itself among us, especially among the poor, to whom the more opulent may not be able to give sufficient assistance, as they will be obliged to begin life anew, may your Majesty be a father to us all."

In answer to this appeal, the late king of Prussia afforded a generous assistance to the exiles of Zillerthal; and after procuring from the Austrian Government a protraction of the period allowed for the preparations previous to their departure, he made suitable provision for their comfort in the town of Schmiedeberg, in the valley of Hirschberg, where they passed the winter of 1837-38.

The present king of Prussia, at that time Crown-Prince, in a letter addressed to the writer, and dated March 20th, 1838, makes the following honourable mention, with which we conclude this brief sketch of the exiled Zillerdalers:—

"Our Tyrolese of Zillerthal, after having undergone the visit of the cholera, and the scourge of a fearful winter, are beginning to settle down in the beautiful valley of Hirschberg, on some lands belonging to the king. *Their language and their manners preach the Gospel.*"—*The Christian Union and Religious Memorial*, (New York, U.S.)

FRAGMENTS FROM BISHOP REYNOLDS.

1. HUMAN LEARNING.

THEMISTOCLES, though he was ignorant of music, yet knew how to govern a state; and a believer, though he be ignorant of all other learning, yet by the knowledge of Christ will be a blessed man; whereas all the learning in the world, without this, will leave a man miserable. To know the whole creation, and to be ignorant of the Creator; to know all histories and antiquities, and to be unacquainted with our own hearts; to be good logicians to other purposes, and in the mean time to be cheated by Satan with parallogisms in the business of our own salvation; to be powerful orators with men, and never to prevail with God; to know the constellations, motions, and influences of heavenly bodies, and have still unheavenly souls; to know exactly the laws of men, and be ignorant and rebellious against the laws of God; to abound with worldly wisdom, and be destitute of the fear of God, which makes wise unto salvation, is all but a better kind of refined misery: the devils have much more than all this comes to, and yet are damned. We must therefore study to improve our learning unto the use and furtherance of holiness; to better our minds; to order our affections; to civilize our manners; to reform our lives; to adorn and render our profession the more amiable; to consecrate all our other endowments as spoils unto Christ; to lay our crowns at his feet; and make all our other abilities and acquirements handmaids unto his glory. When learning is thus a servant unto godliness, godliness will be an honour unto learning.

2. THE RICH MAN.

"HIS glory will not descend after him." In all points, as he came into the world, so he must go out; naked in, and naked out; he brought nothing in, he can carry nothing out; he passeth, but the earth abides, and his house will know him no more. And this shows the baseness of worldly wealth, First, that it is communicable to the men of this world, who have their portion only here; "their bellies may be filled with these treasures;" they may have more than heart could wish; they may be mighty in power, and spend their days in wealth; they may join house to house, and lay field to field. "No man can know love or hatred by these things;" a Nabal and a Doeg may have them, as well as an Abraham or a David. Jacob's ladder, which conveyeth to heaven, may have its foot in a smoking cottage; and there may be a trapdoor in a stately palace, which may let down to hell.—Secondly, That it is of but a very narrow use; like a candle, needful in the night, but absurd in the day; like brass tokens, fit to buy some small trifles with, but not to purchase an inheritance. All the difference which riches make amongst men, are but in this little isthmus of mortality. As, in casting accounts, one counter stands for a thousand pounds, another for a penny; as, in setting letters, the same letter may one while be put into the name of a prince, and the next time into the name of a beggar; but when the counters are put into the bag, and the letters into their boxes, they are there all alike. No difference between the dust of Dives and Lazarus. Come to Ahab and Jezebel when the dogs have done with them; and their vineyard and their paint is vanished unto all eternity. A living dog is better than a dead lion; a dead lion no better than a dead dog.

3. THE SINNER'S PERVERSENESS.

SUCH is the desperate corruption of the heart of men, even then when they are frighted with the wrath to come, and very anxious and solicitous to fly from it; they do yet wilfully shut their eyes to the right way; choke, suppress, smother in themselves the light of saving truth; delude and cast a mist over their own conscience; and willingly rather choose their own ways from wrath, than God's. So long as men like not to part with their lusts, they cannot away with the light that discovers them. False wares love not true, but false lights. Nothing but repentance will bring men to acknowledge the truth, 2 Tim. ii. 25. When men will lay apart filthiness, then they will receive the ingrafted word, James i. 19: when they will do his will, then they will know his doctrine, John i. 17: when they fear him, then they will see his secret, and have their eyes toward the Lord, Ps. xxv. 14, 15: when they are in his way, then they will take his guidance, Ps. xxxii. 8: but until then, they are willingly ignorant, 1 Peter iii. 5, and like not to retain God in their knowledge, Rom. xi. 2; do resolve to contend against it, Rom. ii. 8. In the things which they know, in them they corrupt themselves; and though God hate robbery for burnt-offerings, do yet venture to hope, that when they have robbed God of substantial duties, he will rest satisfied with their sacrifices. And thus they deal with God just as bankrupts with their creditors: think they can put him off with parcel-payment, and compound for so much in the hundred. So exceeding deceitful is the heart of man, as then when it fears wrath, it doth not so much as fly from it; hoodwinks and hides itself; like cowards, when they see a blow coming, do not ward it, but only wink. that they may not see it; and the sum of all their care is, to perish by stealth.

4. HIS MADNESS.

TAKE away the sun, and all the stars of heaven would never make day: so if a man have as many moral virtues as there be stars in the firmament, and were destitute of faith in Christ, the Sun of righteousness, if he have not God for his God, there would be night and calamity in his soul still. Without faith there is no walking with God; for two will not walk together unless they be agreed, Amos iii. 3.

But O what madness is it for man to disagree with God! for Adam to arm himself with fig-leaves against his Maker! for briers to rise in rebellion against fire, or smoke to withstand a whirlwind! Remember thy nature, that will teach thee thy duty. "For he hath showed thee, O man!" And what is man? Abraham will tell us in two words, "dust and ashes."

Dust by his original, which came from earth; ashes by desert, which carry him to the fire, Rev. xx. 10. The law, a law of fire, Deut. xxxiii. 2; the prison, a lake of fire, Rev. xx. 10; the judge, a consuming fire, Heb. xii. 18; with whom he may not contend, Eccles. vi. 10; from whom he cannot escape, Ps. cxxix. 7.

THE DEATH OF SALADIN.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

In the middle of the eleventh century there arose a Mohammedan prince in Egypt, by the name of Saladin. Ascending the throne of the ancient Pharaohs, and guiding the Moslem armies, he rolled back the tide of European invasion with which the Crusaders were inundating the Holy Land. His legislative genius constituted him the glory of his own country, while his military exploits inspired Christendom with the terror of his name. The wealth of the Orient was in his lap, the fate of millions hung upon his lips, and one half of the world was at his disposal.

At last, death, the common conqueror of us all, came to smite the crown from the brow, and to dash the sceptre from the hand of this mighty monarch. As he lay upon his dying bed, looking back upon the visions of earthly glory, fast flitting away, and looking forward into the impenetrable obscurity of the future, his soul was overwhelmed with those emotions which must, under such circumstances, agitate the bosom of every thinking being. For a long time, his unbroken silence indicated the deep absorption of his thoughts by the new subjects which now engrossed his spirit. At last, rousing himself from his reverie, with that firm voice which had ever commanded obedience, he said—

" Prepare and bring to me my winding-sheet."

It was immediately done as commanded, and the winding-sheet was unfolded before him. The dying sultan gazed upon it silently, and then added—

" Bring here the banner round which my chosen guards have rallied in so many victories."

The banner was immediately presented at the royal couch, and all in silence awaited the further directions of the monarch. He paused for a moment, and then said—

" Remove those silken folds, and attach to the staff, in their stead, this winding-sheet."

It was done with the promptitude with which the directions of the sultan ever were obeyed. The dimmed eye of the dying monarch gazed upon the mournful emblem of mortality, as it hung from the staff, around which he had so often rallied his legions on fields of blood, and said—

" Let the crier, accompanied by the musicians, in a funeral dirge, pass through all the streets of Damascus, and at every corner wave this banner, and proclaim—This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin ! "

There was then such a procession as the imperial city had never before witnessed. Gathered in front of the portals of the palace, were the musicians, the crier, with the strange banner, doing homage to this memorial of death. Silence pervaded the thronged city, as the wailing of the dirge floated mournfully through its long streets. The crowds in silent awe gathered at the corners. Suddenly the dirge dies away, and all is still. The hearts of the multitude almost ceased to beat as the cold, white sheet, soon to enshroud their beloved monarch's limbs, is waved before them. Not a sound disturbs the silent city as the clear voice of the crier exclaims, " This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin ! " Again the soul-moving strains of the requiem vibrate through the air, and the procession moves along its melancholy way. Not a sound of mirth was heard as that day's sun went down, and tears started unbidden into eyes unused to weep. As the stars came out in the sky, the spirit of the monarch took its flight to the bar of judgment, and the winding-sheet enshrouded his limbs, still in death. Seven hundred years have since that hour rolled away, and what now remains to the mighty monarch of the East ? Not even a handful of dust can tell us where was his sepulchre.

Are you young, are you rich, are you powerful ? How soon will you point to your winding-sheet and say—This is all that now remains to me ! Are you bereaved, world-weary, broken-hearted ? How soon may you be able to say—This winding-sheet is all that remains to me of every conflict and every sorrow !

A BELIEVER'S DYING DAY.

A believer's dying day is his *best* day ; and why, then, should he be unwilling to die ? " *A good name is better than precious ointment, and the day of death than the day of one's birth,*" Eccles. vii. 1, in respect of profit, pleasure, peace, safety, company, glory.

A believer's dying day is his *resting* day ; it is resting from sin, from sorrow, from affliction, from temptation, from desertion, from dissension, from vexation, from persecution, and from all bodily labour.

The saints' dying day is their *reaping* day. Now they shall reap the fruit of all the prayers that ever they have made, of all the sermons that ever they have heard, of all the tears that ever they have shed, of all the sighs and groans that ever they have fetched, and of all the good works that ever they have done, and of all the great things that ever they have suffered, yea, now they shall reap the fruits of many good services which themselves had forgotten; " *Lord, when saw we thee hungry, and fed thee, or thirsty, and gave thee drink,*" &c. They had done many good works and forgotten them, but Christ records them. Christians, however Christ may seem to forget your labour of love, &c., yet when you die, when you come to heaven, you shall reap a plentiful, a glorious crop as the fruit of that good seed, that for a time hath seemed to be buried and lost ; when mortality shall put on immortality, you shall then find that bread which was long since cast upon the waters.

Thy dying day, O believer, will be thy *triumphing* day ! Now thou shalt triumph gloriously over sin, Satan, the world, thy own base heart, yea, and over death itself. . . . . . Believers, even in this life, by virtue of their union and communion with Christ, and by virtue of his gracious presence, influence, and assistance, do always triumph, as the apostle speaks, 2 Cor. ii. 14. Now, thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ; but notwithstanding this, ah, how often doth the best of saints find the world, the flesh, and the devil, triumphing sadly over them ! Now, a Christian triumphs over Satan ; by and by, Christ withdraws, and then Satan triumphs over him. Now, the believer leads captivity captive; anon, the believer is led captive ; but death brings a

Christian to a full, perfect, complete, absolute, and perpetual triumph over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

A Christian's dying day is his *transplanting day.* Death transplants a believer from earth to heaven, from misery to glory. Death to a saint, is nothing but the taking of a sweet flower out of this wilderness, and planting it in the garden of Paradise; it is nothing but taking a lily from among thorns, and planting it among those sweet roses of heaven which Christ delights to wear in his bosom. Death is nothing but the taking off a believer fully from the stock of the first Adam, and the planting him perpetually into that glorious stock, the second perfect Adam, the Lord Jesus, who is blessed for ever.

A believer's dying day is his *coronation* day. Here believers are kings elected, but when they die, they are kings crowned; now they have a crown in reversion, but then they shall have a crown in possession: now they have a crown in hope, but then they shall have a crown in hand. Death will at last bring the soul to a crown without thorns, to a crown without mixture; to a righteous crown, to a glorious crown, to an everlasting crown. Here, the believer, as his Saviour before him, is crowned with thorns, but death will turn that crown of thorns into a crown of pure gold.—*Brooks.*

THE DANGER OF UNBLESSED PATRIMONY.

Many of our readers (says a Philadelphia paper) may be familiar with the closing paragraph of the last will and testament of the celebrated Patrick Henry, whose patriotism and eloquence are destined to go down as heirlooms in the families of America to the latest posterity. It deserves to be kept before the people, and is worthy of frequent consideration by every man who lays any claim to the title of Christian. There is something peculiarly impressive in the act of conveying to others the earthly substance with which God in his providence may have blessed us—substance to be held by them when we ourselves shall be silent in the grave—substance that may prove a blessing or a curse, just in proportion as it is employed to the glory of God or the injury of man. Patrick Henry felt this when he concluded his will in these memorable words:—

"I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is Christian religion. If they had this, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

The editor of the New York *Journal of Commerce* says, in a recent number:—

"A five dollar bill of the Fulton Bank passed through our hands yesterday, on the back of which was written as follows:—'This is the last of three thousand dollars left to me by my mother at her death, on the 27th of August 1846. Would to God she had never left it to me, and that I had been learned to work, to have earned my living; I would not now be what I am!'"

The *Pennsylvanian* of this city records a melancholy case of unblessed wealth:—

"About five years ago we saw a man light his cigar with a twenty dollar note on the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank. At that time he was full of life, and in the possession of real estate in the city of Philadelphia, valued at eighty thousand dollars. Alas! what changes doth time make—on Saturday last, this foolish man was seen begging alms in our public streets. He looked wretched, was ghastly pale, and miserably clad."

Many a man lives to curse the day in which he was put in possession of means, for the right improvement of which he had received no preparatory training. Where no religious principles have been implanted—no dependence upon the Author of all good cherished—no direction given to the thoughts towards a better and enduring substance; but habits of idleness, extravagance, and independence countenanced, what can we expect but a useless, miserable existence, and a permature, hopeless departure to the tribunal of that God who will render to every man according to his works?

We cannot give our children religion; but we can give them religious counsels. We can offer in their behalf fervent prayer, we can train them to industrious habits, we can cherish in them feelings of honour and self-respect, and, above all, we can leave them the invaluable legacy of a holy Christian life. Such a heritage will be more precious than gold.

A HUNDRED GUINEAS FOR A BIBLE.

A young girl entered the shop of Mr B., a bookseller, desiring him to exchange a Prayer-book which she brought with her for a Bible. He gave her a Bible, and bade her keep the Prayer-book also. Some time after, this girl was taken into the service of Rev. Mr Cecil. On her first coming into the family, Mr Cecil inquired if she had a Bible; to which she answered in the affirmative, and told him from whom she received it. Mr Cecil was pleased with the circumstances, and finding out Mr B., recommended him to his friends. During Mr Cecil's absence from town, however, Mr B. became involved in serious pecuniary difficulties, and was compelled to give up his business, and return to a mechanical employment which he had learned in his youth. The violent exertion attendant on this occupation occasioned a painful illness: he remained some time in an hospital, but at length left, and retired to an obscure lodging, without any adequate means of support for himself and family. To this place Mr Cecil, on his arrival in town, with difficulty traced him. An early interview took place; and Mr B. having stated his misfortunes, "Well B.," said Mr Cecil, "what can be done for you? Would a hundred guineas be of any service to you?" "I should be truly thankful for such a sum," said B.; "it would be of great use to me, but I cannot expect it." "Well," returned Mr Cecil, "I am not a rich man, and I have not got a hundred guineas to give you; but," continued he, putting his hand in his pocket, I have got *one;* here it is at your service, and I will undertake to make it a hundred in a few days." Mr Cecil represented the case to his friends, fulfilled his promise, and the Bible which B. had formerly given to a child indirectly procured the means of once more opening his shop, and affording him subsistence.

UNIVERSAL SALVATION.

A CERTAIN print, devoted to the diffusion of the doctrine that the guilty and the good are alike happy hereafter, has on its front this text of Scripture:—"And the angel said unto them, fear not, for behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—Luke ii. 9, 10.

The text is wrongly quoted, as any reader may observe, in respect of its punctuation; and the fact that it is attributed to two passages, only the last of which really contains it, does not seem to argue great familiarity with that particular portion of the Scripture in those who have assumed it. But take it as it stands, and think of it a moment as applied to the doctrine of the universal salvation of men, without respect to their character or life! Suppose it to be announced in a family, that all law had been done away by the abolition of penalty; that it was cruel to inflict suffering for sin; and that each child thereafter might do as he would, swear, lie, steal, torment, and his compassionate parent would not be able to persuade himself to his punishment—would that be "good tidings?"

Suppose it to be announced in the state, that prisons were down, and their stones to be used to build palaces for the criminal; that law was an antiquated idea, and if men would not do as they ought to do, they must be left to do as they would; that if they insisted on indulging their unpleasant propensities, in burning houses and robbing banks, in cutting rich men's throats and wreaking outrages too hideous to be named upon defenceless women, there was no help for it but in the knowledge that the general principles of virtue were decidedly opposed to such courses, and in the hope that some time or other they might be brought to be sorry—would that be "good tidings?" Would the calm exulting joy of the virtuous and the philanthropic welcome with gratitude such revelations of "peace?" or would a yell of triumphant malice, and of infuriate lust, and of demoniac greed, rise to the skies as a pæan of fiends?

And how is it—in the name of good sense and humanity, as well as of religion—how is it, that the thought of the abolition of law by the abrogation of its penalty throughout God's system is a matter for joy? Suppose it to be true—if it is not too blasphemous for supposition—that every objective motive has been removed from piety, and every outward restraint on the indulgence of sin; that heaven has been promised equally to the miser and the martyr, to the meditative and devout Christian and the blood-glutted assassin, to the man who by patient continuance in well-doing seeks for glory and honour and immortality, and the man who is covetous and licentious, and who lies in wait to deceive. Suppose this true, and who are they that should rejoice at it? What "tidings" are there here, except of license to guilt; of a most monstrous partiality for the bad in distinction from the good; of a virtual dissolution of all the bands that bind together God's spiritual system? What "tidings," save of a dishonoured sovereign, and a desolated creation? If angels had ever come to bear such news, they must have come steaming from Pandemonium. And it could only have been the biting sarcasm of the fiend that hissed in their words—"Fear not!"—*Independent.*

APOSTASY DESTROYS THE CONFIDENCE EVEN OF WORLDLY MEN.

IT is well known that Frederick the Great took pride in having his soldiers well disciplined; and was therefore particularly attentive to the conduct of the subalterns. It is perhaps not so well known that he sometimes manifested a real respect for religious people; for few men could more clearly discern the excellence of the conduct produced by holy principles. While, therefore, he sneered at Christianity, he sometimes promoted to offices of trust those who consistently maintained it.

A sergeant, of the name of Thomas, who was very successful in training his men, and whose whole deportment pleased the king, was often noticed by him. He inquired respecting the place of the sergeant's birth, his parents, his religious creed, and the place of worship which he frequented. On being informed that he was united with the Moravians, and attended their chapel in William Street, he exclaimed, "Oh! Oh! you are a fanatic, are you? Well, well; only take care to do your duty, and improve your men."

The king's common salutation after this, was, "Well, how do ye do? how are you going on in William Street?" His majesty at length, in conversation with Thomas's colonel, mentioned his intention of promoting the sergeant to an office in the commissariat department, upon the death of an aged man who then filled it.

The colonel, in order to encourage Thomas, told him of the king's design. Unhappily this had an injurious effect upon the mind of the sergeant: for, alas! such is the depravity of the human heart, that few can endure the temptation of prosperity without sustaining spiritual loss. Thomas began to forsake the assemblies of his Christian brethren; and when reproved by his minister, he said, "His heart was with him, but he was afraid of offending the king." The minister told him to take good heed that his heart did not deceive him. Soon after the sergeant's religious declension, he was again accosted by the king, with "Well, how do you do? how are your friends in William Street?" "I do not know, please your majesty," was the reply. "Not know! not know!" answered the king; "have you been ill?" "No, please your majesty," rejoined the sergeant; "but I do not see it necessary to attend there so often as I used to do." "Then you are not so great a fanatic as I thought you," was the royal answer.

In a short time the aged officer died, and the colonel waited upon his majesty to inform him of the vacancy, and to remind him of his intention to raise sergeant Thomas to the situation. "No, no!" said the king, "he shall not have it; he does not go so often to William Street as he used to do." Surprised with this peremptory refusal, the colonel withdrew, and on his return found his sergeant waiting for the confirmation of his appointment. "I do not know what is the matter with the king to-day," said the colonel, "but he will not give you the situation.

He says you do not go so often to William Street as you used to do. I do not know what he means; but I suppose you do." Struck in a moment with the awful impropriety of his conduct, he bowed to the colonel, and departed to humble himself before God. He ever after adored the Divine mercy, which did not leave him fully to realize the scriptural threatening, "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them."

RIGHT IS MIGHT.

Though the strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks, yet the Lord was not in the strong wind. Nor was he in the earthquake; nor was he in the fire. In what then was he? In the still small voice; and this is one of its holy utterances—*Right is might.* As sure as God liveth—as sure as the Holy One of Israel is the Lord of hosts, the Almighty—right is might. Meekness is might. Patience is might. Humility is might. Self-denial and self-sacrifice is might. Faith is might. Love is might. Every gift of the Spirit is might. The cross was two pieces of dead wood; and a helpless, unresisting Man was nailed to it; yet it was mightier than the world, and triumphed, and will ever triumph over it. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but no pure holy deed, or word, or thought. On the other hand, might—that which the children of earth call so, the strong wind, the earthquake, the fire—perishes through its own violence, self-exhausted and self-consumed; as our age of the world has been allowed to witness in the most signal example. For many of us remember, and they who do not have heard from their fathers, how the mightiest man on earth, he who had girt himself with all might, except that of right, burst like a tempest cloud, burnt himself out like a conflagration, and only left the scars of his ravages to mark where he had been. Who among you can look into an infant's face, and not see a power in it mightier than all the armies of Attila or Napoleon?—*Archdeacon Hare.*

HOW TO REPRESS PASSION.

An excellent man, for many years a useful and honoured member of the Church, had inherited a temper of peculiar violence. He became easily excited with anger, and his passion when aroused was almost uncontrollable. He struggled manfully against the propensity after he became a Christian, but not with the success that he desired and sought. At length he hit upon the following expedient: Procuring a suitable book for the purpose, he determined, whenever he had been overtaken by passion, to record the fact, with all its causes and circumstances; what others had said, what he had replied, and what the issue had been. He thought, and properly, that as he undertook to reduce to writing the causes of his anger, they would be resolved before his mind into their true insignificance; that he should thus have the grounds of self-abasement, and penitence or prayer, brought more distinctly to view; that his watchfulness would be increased, and that he would be made familiar with the points of peculiar temptation.

As he thought, so it was. By his sudden death the record which he had always designed to destroy when he should have ceased to use it, came into the hands of his children; and they were able to trace there the mighty inward struggles through which the change had been wrought, that as visible in the life had stolen upon them imperceptibly. At first the record had sometimes been of anger excited more than once in the day, and repented of, and resolved against; and then it would be once in two or three days that the record would be opened; and afterward but once in the week, or in several consecutive weeks; and at length, but once perhaps in the whole progress of the year. And so the good man had "fought his fight," had slowly with difficult but steady and resolute steps ascended the steep, had reached its summit at last, and gained his crown!

How many are there who might do likewise?

GOD'S TRIUMPH IN THE GOSPEL.

God hath done something more than proclaim an open way of return to the sinners who stand afar off. He has told us how that way is opened. He has explained to us the mystery of sinners being brought near, and being taken into acceptance. He has not left us to guess, and to wonder, and to suspect the purity of his justice and the inflexibility of his truth, and to look upon sin as a trifle that may be easily fallen into by the creature, and as easily connived at by the Creator. He hath made known his mercy, but not till he got that mercy to meet and be in harmony with his truth. He hath published peace, but not till he established a firm alliance between peace and righteousness. Along with the revelation of his mercy He hath made an awful vindication of the majesty of his high attributes. It is true he condescended to put himself into the attitude of a petitioner and implore the return of sinners, and ply them with the assurances of his willingness to welcome them back again. Wonderful attitude, indeed, for the God whose law had been trampled upon, and who throughout this province of his mighty creation had a whole world turned in one wild outcry of rebellion against him; but, oh! my brethren, we mistake it, if we think that the attitude, wonderful as it is, was the attitude of fallen majesty, or of a God whose throne had been dismantled of all the securities which upheld it. Oh, no! my brethren; in this mighty triumph of mercy there was the triumph of his every other attribute; and while the messengers of God have a full warrant to pour into the sinner's ear the plaintive tenderness of a father in quest of his children who had wandered like sheep among the mountains away from him—the warrant is put into their hands by Him who, having magnified the law and made it honourable, has caused the truth and the righteousness of God to burst forth in brighter manifestation than ever upon the eyes of a guilty and humbled world.—*Posthumous Sermons of Dr Chalmers.*

DIVINITY TAUGHT BY AFFLICTION.

A minister was recovering of a dangerous illness, when one of his friends addressed him thus: "Sir, though God seems to be bringing you up from the gates of death, yet it will be a long time before you will sufficiently retrieve your strength, and regain vigour enough of mind to preach as usual." The good man answered:—"You are mistaken, my friend; for this six weeks' illness has taught me more divinity than all my past studies and all my ten years' ministry put together."

A MORNING MEDITATION.

BY THE REV. W. JAY, BATH.*

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord."—Psalm vi. 3

Authors have found the morning the best time for study and composition. Hence it has been called the friend of the Muses. It would be easy to prove that it is equally a friend to the Graces and the Duties. It is the finest season for reflection and devotion. David found it so; and therefore resolves: "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord." What voice? The voice of praise, and the voice of prayer—the one excited by looking back; the other, by looking forward.

How much is there in the morning to call forth the voice of thanksgiving! Let us think of the season we have just passed through. How many houseless creatures this night have had no place where to lay their head! How many victims of accident and disease have been full of tossing to and fro, until the dawning of the day; their beds have not comforted them, nor their couch eased their complaint! How many have been deprived of repose while attending their neighbours, friends, and relations, in sickness and sorrow! How many, since the last setting sun, have entered an awful eternity! How many, this night, have been cut off in their sins! Many have been terrified, robbed, injured, murdered, by wicked and unreasonable men! How many have been consumed by fire or drowned with water! How many, this night, have been engaged in works of darkness; and who, if any knew them, would be in the terrors of the shadow of death! How many have risen this morning to pass the day in anguish—how many to suffer want! How many, who have all things richly to enjoy, have risen only to live another day without God in the world! They lie down and rise up like the beasts that perish: God is not in all their thoughts. And is it otherwise with us? What shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward us? Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together!

And with how many of these merciful nights have we been favoured? Hence, perhaps, we have been so little affected with the goodness of God in them. How strange! that what increases the greatness of our obligation, should diminish the sense of it! Yet it is by the interruption, the suspension, the want of our comforts, we are made to learn the value of them. Let us guard against this perverseness of ingratitude. Let us remember, that if our mercies are common, they must be numerous; and, if numerous, they multiply the claims to our praise.

And shall our gratitude evaporate in a mere morning acknowledgment? Shall we not, by the mercies of God, dedicate ourselves to his service, and be in his fear all the day long?

And when we think of the day before us, how much is there to awaken concern! And what is *our* concern without the attention of God? He shall therefore, in the morning, hear not only the voice of praise, but the voice of prayer.

Who is to guide me through the day upon which I have entered? How much depends upon one mistake in my movements! And how easily may I go astray! The way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. "Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee."

Who is to guard me through the day? And I am much more exposed when awake than when asleep. My soul is more exposed—more exposed to sin—and sin is the greatest evil. And what am I, to resist a corrupt heart, a wicked world, and all the powers of darkness? "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. Be thou my arm every morning; my salvation also in the time of trouble."

Who is to help me through the day? I have many duties to discharge; I am to live soberly, righteously, and godly. I am to walk in wisdom towards those that are without; I am to speak the truth in love; I am to adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour in all things. "Lord, without thee, I can do nothing. Let thy grace be sufficient for me; and thy strength made perfect in weakness."

Who is to give me success in the business of the day? I know I ought not to be idle, but to be diligently and prudently employed in my

* From the venerable author's "Morning Exercises."

lawful calling. Means are mine; but how much more is necessary than my wisdom and anxiety! "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich; and he addeth no sorrow with it." "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. It is vain for me to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so he giveth his beloved sleep."

Who is to prepare me for the events of the day? and I know not what the day may bring forth. Perhaps I may receive the most unwelcome intelligence. Perhaps I may sustain losses in property. Perhaps I may meet with mortifications from my fellow-creatures, and be tried with disappointments in friends. My child may this day fall sick. The desire of mine eyes may be taken away with a stroke. There may be but a step between me and death. It is wonderful we live a day through. "May I know how to be abased, or how to abound! If in the world I have tribulation, in the Saviour may I have peace! So teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom, that, whether I live, I may live unto the Lord; or, whether I die, I may die unto the Lord: so that, living and dying, I may be the Lord's."

ELIZABETH HEARNE.*

THE DEATH-BED OF THE YOUNG BELIEVER.

From her childhood she had been remarkable for simplicity of character and sweetness of disposition. These two might be said so to grow with her growth and to strengthen with her strength, that, for the last few years of her life, her constant sweetness of temper, and her overflowing affection, gained her the esteem and the love of all who came to know her.

For some time previous to that illness which terminated in her death, Elizabeth manifested a strong desire to improve herself in every way, and to overcome a natural slowness which she had in acquiring knowledge.

So soon as the first rays of the morning light visited her little chamber she was at work; and if told at any time that she should sleep a little longer, she would softly reply—"I must do it, because I am slow." She would then be heard repeating some sweet hymn, or a portion of Scripture, and committing to memory her lessons for the day.

With all these pleasing symptoms, however, in the case, it could not positively be said of Elizabeth that she had undergone any real saving change of heart. All these symptoms might be traced to her own inherent amiableness, and to the daily instructions and counsels of those who were most deeply interested in her. She displayed many natural graces, for which all had reason to be thankful; but as yet, it could not be said of her that she was "a tree of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified." Her many endearing qualities might have led to the conclusion, that, like the young man in the gospel, she was not far from the kingdom of God; but they gave no sure proof that she had entered it. These seasons were, with Elizabeth, "the day of small things"—a day, however, which was to usher in one of greater peace to herself, and of greater promise to all who were interested in her spiritual welfare.

Her conversion from sin unto God was closely connected with the following striking incident; and it will afterwards be seen that she traced her conversion to what then took place.

Elizabeth had done something which gave displeasure to her aunt; and, on being reasoned with, she was reminded of the words of God—"Be sure your sin will find you out." These words made a deep impression on her mind at the time; and that impression was still more deepened on hearing the writer employ the same words on the Sabbath following. On going home she wrote these words, and placed them where they might frequently meet her eye. As she referred to these words, as leading her to think and to feel in a way she had never thought or felt before, she would say, that she then "felt what sin was;" and that, "from that time she had *prayed*, and not merely *said* her prayers." From this period, the change in the whole deportment of Elizabeth was most pleasing. The amiability and sweetness which characterized her before were so increased, or rather so directed, that it was a pleasure to be near her, and to watch her progress from day to day.

Towards the middle or the end of spring 1848, and soon after the death of her mother and grandfather, indications of a change in the usual health of Elizabeth began to appear. These, however, were so slight at first, and so modified by her uniform sweetness of disposition, that, save by herself, no serious results were anticipated; and *her* forebodings were traced only to a childish feeling.

At this period, Elizabeth had strong convictions of sin. She would often say, "I am a great sinner: I have never known a girl of my age so sinful as I am." On my first visit to Elizabeth, after her illness, I did not know her peculiar state of mind, and she had not confidence to tell me; and my remarks were therefore of a general nature, and did not meet her special case. She listened with marked attention to all I said, but remarked to her aunt on my leaving, that "I did not know how sinful she was, and therefore I had spoken kindly." Her aunt urged her to tell me, on my next visit, all her fears and anxieties. "I cannot," she said; "but I will tell *you* all my sins. I will try to remember them. Surely I have read somewhere, 'Confess your faults one to another:' I will do it, dear aunt, but promise you will not hate me."

From this time she enjoyed, and mostly without interruption, that "peace which passeth all understanding, and which keeps the heart and mind through Christ Jesus." Her sufferings were oftentimes very severe; but amid them all she would sweetly and confidingly say, "It is God's will." Elizabeth never murmured, never complained. Her patience, her resignation, her gratitude, under all her sufferings, and under all the painful remedies prescribed, were remarkable in one so young. An incident will illustrate this. One day, on coming into Elizabeth's room, the servant remarked, "I am sorry to see you suffering so much." To this she meekly replied, "My sufferings are nothing to those which the Lord Jesus endured for you and me."

When any manifestations of deep anxiety or of grief appeared in the countenances or in the ill-suppressed sobs and tears of those around, she would gently say, "Pray for the faith—I will pray that we all may have more faith." She would then clasp her feeble hands, and say, "Help me, O Lord, my God! O save me according to thy mercy, that they may know that this is thy hand, and that thou, Lord, has done it." She would then say to such as were around her bed, "Who but God could do it? I am so ill, and yet so happy." And then, enumerating the many acts of kindness on the part of those around, she would add, "You all *do* it, but God puts it into your hearts."

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* From a Memoir by her pastor, the Rev. J. Gardner of Birkenhead.

As Elizabeth advanced in knowledge and in grace, she became exceedingly desirous of doing good to all around her. And of such as came to visit her she would say, "I do so wish that I could *speak* what I *feel* for them; but I am a little girl; they will think me too young to warn them; and yet I know that they will not be saved if they do not repent, and pray for new hearts." In this desire for promoting the salvation of others, Elizabeth was properly encouraged, and she would speak in succession to all the young persons in the house, and to all her companions as they came to see her, urging them to flee from the wrath to come, and to lay hold on eternal life. These touching admonitions, entreaties, and prayers, have not, it is hoped, passed away without leaving some salutary impression behind; but the day will declare it. To one who was seen to smile at the simple address of Elizabeth, it was tenderly, yet reprovingly, said by her, "You do not think now, but remember you have a soul."

On a Sabbath evening, towards the close of her life, Elizabeth said to these young friends, "Now, I know you can *repeat* that Catechism—you have done so by my dying bed; but you will never know its *value*, unless you are laid as I am, and wish to understand it. When you are all asleep, I go through it, and *it makes the hours short*." Of such as were older than herself, Elizabeth would say, "How I wish that I might speak to them of God!—I will pray for them. I do pray for all I love, and I love so many."

Elizabeth was now so feeble that even a little reading caused nervous suffering; still she would not abandon any of her exercises. When told that she was too ill to do any thing, she would say, "While I can, I must do it." For several days previous to her decease, when asked what she wished to have read to her, she said always, "Something that Christ said"—clearly showing that with her Christ was "all and in all." On my asking her as to the grounds or reasons of her peace in the near prospect of death, she would tell me "that her peace arose from her believing that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned all her sin." She would then add—"God has been very merciful to me;" and her clear, full expression of countenance, showed how deep and how warm were her emotions. A sweeter or a more expressive countenance I never saw; and amid all her sufferings, and in a case of consumption, I have seldom or never seen these equalled—the sweetness and the expressiveness of that countenance remained untouched.

I saw Elizabeth for the last time on the day preceding her death. Her peace was still unbroken, her hope was still "as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast." It was still full of immortality. I could see that her weakness was rapidly increasing, and that her end could not be far distant; but I did not think I was conversing with and looking upon this young disciple for the last time on earth. It had, however, I think, been her own impression. When I was about to leave she took my hand, and holding it between hers, she said with more than her wonted tenderness, "I cannot reward you, sir, for all your kindness to me, but God will reward you. Read the close of Matthew xxv." And, quoting the passage, she said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In the morning there was no particular indication of an immediate change. She was cheerful, and tenderly affectionate to all. No duty was left undone. She prayed, and asked one to read the epistle to the Romans, 8th chapter. About half-past twelve o'clock, she listened most attentively to a favourite portion of a reflection in Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, saying, "How beautiful, how suitable! read it again"—repeating feebly the words, "I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest."

Soon after this, and in a moment, one of the violent spasms came on; and it was soon seen that she was now enduring the last struggle. That struggle was severe, but it was short. During that struggle Elizabeth spake not; but by those expressive movements of her hand and head, which had become familiar to those around, it was evident that she was aware of being about to enter the dark valley of the shadow of death. At the question, "Are you happy, love?"—a placid, contented smile passed over her countenance—a smile, a look, never to be forgotten, but which no language could describe; and with this the ransomed spirit winged its flight to the mansions of bliss.

Elizabeth lay down in peace and was at rest. In the shadow of God's wings she now makes her refuge, and all her calamities are overpast.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

THE RACE-COURSE AND ITS ACCOMPANIMENTS.

BY THE REV. C. B. TAYLER.

Among the facts which, during a long course in the service of my gracious and adorable Master, have come under my own observation, and which I trust, with his blessing, may be made useful to my readers, are many connected with races, and gambling, and the various other evils associated with the racecourse. I was for ten years placed in a position where those evils—and their name is Legion, for they are many—were necessarily brought before me in all their enormity.

I fully propose to publish a volume of facts on this subject at no distant period. I have much to say on the crying evils of the whole system, and facts are the best arguments. A few of them, in the meanwhile, I shall now bring before my readers.

I could cite the testimonies of others to prove the evil of races. I could refer to brother-clergymen at Epsom and Doncaster, who have spoken to me in decided terms of the effects produced by them in both those well-known places; but I confine myself to the city of Chester, because I can speak from my own experience, and record facts for the truth of which I can myself vouch. The crime, the sorrow, the ruin, the deaths, which I have witnessed, the lamentations which I have heard, are not to be forgotten; and I would add, with all Christian gentleness, but with all Christian faithfulness, they must not be kept back. I can well conceive that many who defend and promote the evils of which I speak have been ignorant of these things: but I have not been ignorant; and at the risk of displeasing some kind and friendly persons, who, I fear, do not desire to have their eyes opened, I must record my faithful testimony. Perhaps there is no place in England in which the evils of the race-course are so mixed up with the population of the place as the city of Chester: the race-course may be said to form part of the place. There is no need, as in other towns, to go even a short distance to be a spectator of the proceedings: a person standing on the western walls of the town has the whole race-course spread out at his very feet. During the last few years, owing to the exertions of a worthy magistrate of the place, at the time that he was a mayor, the first day of the race was altered from the Monday to the Tuesday, to avoid the awful profanation of the Lord's-day with which that week commenced. Before that change took place, the tumult of the streets, even during divine service, was so great, that it was a continual interruption to the congregations assembled in the churches. I have been jostled almost off the steps which led from my own church-door, as I descended them, by a crowd of ill-mannered fellows who came up arm in arm, one of the party puffing the smoke of his cigar in my face: and the Sabbath evening, in that ancient Christian city, presented, on every side, scenes that would have been disgraceful even to a heathen land. Carriages of all sorts came rolling into the town during the whole of the Lord's-day; and there were sights and sounds on every side, as the night drew in, ill suited to the Christian Sabbath—drunkards reeling and shouting about the streets, and the inns and public-houses of all sorts filled to overflowing with noisy and ungodly revellers. There was, a few years ago, one room in my own parish which has been so crowded by the mixed multitude of gamblers assembled there, that the men sat on one another's knees; and there hundreds and thousands of pounds were betted and taken; and not only there, but in every quarter of the old city, the gambler and the black-leg of high and low life might be seen, with care-worn brow and eager look, intent upon their close calculations—the bold and reckless gambler ready to stake his all upon the favourite horse—the selfish and the cautious,exercising all his skill in "hedging," to secure and to enrich himself.

Year after year it seemed as if some advancement was made in winning souls to God, and, humanly speaking, this was the case: many an individual began to manifest a desire to walk in the ways of godliness, and to take delight in the things of God; but perhaps at the very time that the snare of the fowler seemed broken, and the soul about to escape, the snare was again set, the temptation again presented, and the captive again secured. I believe that this is not only my testimony, but that of several other earnest and anxious ministers of Christ in Chester. How often have I seen some individual in whom I had begun to take a deep interest, and by whose apparent consistency in attending the means of grace. I had been led to hope that he was indeed strengthened, stablished, and settled, fall away, and prove that he was utterly unable to resist the influence of the periodical mania of the Chester race-week! With his eyes fully opened to the folly and the sin of the way which he was about to take, he has started aside from his new profession, like a broken bow, and realized the strong expression of the apostle Peter, by returning, "like the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire." Many an ingenuous youth well known to me has deplored, with shame-stricken countenance, and fast-falling tears, the gross immoralities of that season. I have before me the instance of two young men especially, in whom the consistent godliness of several years was totally overthrown. I rejoice to think they have been both, by the grace of God, brought back to the paths which they had forsaken, wiser and humbler from their fall, and have since been enabled to stand in a strength which they had not earnestly sought before. But, alas! how many there are who have not returned, and who have ended by hardening their own conscience, after having begun by resisting its checks.

There was a fine manly fellow of eight-and-twenty, apparently a steady, sober-minded man, a constant attendant for some time with his godly sister at my Church. He was a kind son, an affectionate brother, a good workman, and high in the confidence of his employers. He had joined my Bible class of young men, and had won my esteem by the simple frankness of his disposition and the plain manliness of his whole bearing. But gradually he withdrew himself from the Church and from the Bible class, and all my remonstrances, seconded by those of his widowed mother and sister, were civilly and quietly received, but steadily and inflexibly resisted. And yet there was no apparent immorality to be discovered—nothing in his life or conduct which either I or his relations could censure, except his utter disregard of the Lord's-day, and of all other means of grace. He was still the same affectionate son and brother; he brought faithfully to his mother at the end of the week, the sum of money—not a small one—which he had agreed to give her for his board and lodging. But his anxious mother sighed in secret, and felt that there was something wrong, though she hardly liked to own it to herself, while his pious and exemplary sister openly deplored to me the sad change in her beloved Charley. He was seized with an illness, which filled them with alarm. He had worked to the last moment; and one morning about eleven o'clock, he came in from his work quite exhausted, and throwing himself on a chair, said, with a countenance of deep sadness, "I must give it up; I can work no more." He took to his bed. His illness was of a lingering character, and at times he seemed to rally; but although his apparent recovery filled their hearts with more hope, still he was but the shadow of his former self; and at last he returned to his bed, never to leave it again. They wished him to see me; and I went to him immediately. The poor fellow was pleased to see me; and many an hour did I spend at his bed-side. It was impossible not to be pleased with him; but though as his friend I loved him, as the minister of Christ I could never feel satisfied with his state. He owned to me that he had given up every hope of recovering his health. He said that he knew he should die; but there was something—I could not discover it—which made me feel that there was no reality about his repentance, nothing genuine in his faith. It was no immorality in the common sense of the word to which he had yielded. I questioned him plainly but delicately on all such points. There was, however, a holding back of something, a coldness, a want of heart in all that he said, when replying to my earnest appeals on the one point of vital importance.

One evening on entering his chamber, I found him in close and earnest conversation with another man, a grave, middle-aged man, who seemed to be as steady and respectable as himself; his dress showed that he was well to do in the world, and his manner was more than commonly civil and respectful. He continued to converse with the sick man for a few minutes in a calm quiet voice; but I saw a look exchanged between them, and he rose up and took his leave. I remained with my poor friend about my usual time; but the visit was, as before, unsatisfactory, and yet I could hardly tell why. After I had left him, I was again suddenly summoned to the house. The mother met me with looks of alarm: poor Charley, she said, had suddenly been taken much worse: she feared he was actually dying at that very time. I hastened up to the chamber, and his sister quitted it as I entered. I think her brother had requested to be left alone with me. He was indeed to all appearance a dying man. Never have I witnessed so profuse a death-sweat in any dying person—his hands, his face, his hair, his own linen, and that of the bed, were reeking with the cold and heavy moisture, its chillness when I touched his hand alarmed me. I placed my finger on his pulse: it was scarcely perceptible. I spoke to him: his manly voice had died almost to a whisper. I said no more—I saw what was needed; and instantly quitted the room. "I must have strong hot brandy and water immediately for him," I said to his mother. "But he is forbidden," she replied, "to take wine or spirits of any kind. The doctor has ordered nothing but gruel." "He must have brandy, or he will sink at once," I answered, "and I will take the risk upon myself." The cordial was given; and he gradually revived. I continued sitting by his bed-side. I soon felt his pulse returning to its strength, and not long after, he was enabled to speak to me. "I must tell you, sir," he said, "what is the cause of all this. It is not bodily illness; it is not death; it is the state of my mind. I must tell you every thing. If I keep my secret any longer, it will kill me. I have made up my mind to speak to you in confidence, as my friend. But you will promise me not to tell my mother and sister: it would break their hearts to know what my course has been, and how shamefully I have deceived them. Ah, sir, those races! they have been my ruin! I had given up for a time—when I came to your Church, and to your young men's class—my gambling and my betting; but I did not know my own weakness; and by degrees, I fell back again: and the worst of it all is, sir, the secresy with which I have been going on in my bad ways. I have had my betting-books at many of the public-houses, not only in Chester, but in Liverpool. The man you saw in my room to-night is just such another as myself, a respectable, industrious workman, but as entirely given up as I was to that wicked gambling. He came to speak to me on the subject to-night; but I had told him, just before you entered the room, never to come to me again, for that I had done with the thing for ever. And now, sir, let me tell you what have been the ways of our set. We were all of us sober men, men of good character, industrious, and well-respected, but given up secretly to this betting and gambling. And it was on the Lord's-day that we made our plans and settled our books. We used to go quietly one by one from our own houses, taking a round by some of the back-streets of the town, to our place of meeting at the river-side, and there take a boat and go up the Dee for a few miles; and then, when we were out of sight and hearing, we settled our business. You would scarcely believe, if I were to tell you, the large sums that we have lost and won from our calculations and our bets on the various races throughout the country. We made it a matter of downright business, and carried on the work with the same coolness and steadiness that we gave to our regular calling. Oftentimes I have trembled to think of the risks I have run, and the difficulties in which I have been entangled, and the sums that were at stake, and the ruin that stared me in the face. The wonder has been, how I have been able to bring my mother my weekly pay, and to deceive her and poor Mary as I have all along done; but it is the secret deceit of the whole that has cut me to the heart; and as I lay and thought upon it to-night, it took me in such a way, that I think I have gone through all the pains and all the dreadful weakness and faintness of a dying hour. Ill as I am, sir, it was not my illness that reduced me to the state you saw: it was this, and only this—the horror that came over me, and the shame, when I thought how I had taken you all in; and, sir, I have never been in earnest—you must have seen it—I have never been in earnest—though I am all but a dying man—notwithstanding all the pains you took with me, and all the kindness you showed me, till now. I have never cared, really cared, for my soul, never loved my blessed Saviour. How could I, sir, keeping back my sin, and hiding my secret in my heart as I have done? But I am glad that I have told you; and that I have been open and plain-spoken at last. Ah! sir, perhaps you never knew till to-night what a curse these races have been to many a respectable man like myself, in a secret way. Only let me beg that what I have told to you, you will not let my poor mother and sister know; for I cannot bear to think of the grief which they would feel."

I said but little to him that night. There was now no cause to impress upon him the greatness of the sin, of which he was so deeply conscious. But in the little that I did say, I gravely assured him how fully I concurred with the view that he took of his sin, how thoroughly I agreed with him in the abhorrence he felt at the course of continued deceit which he had pursued; and kneeling down beside him, we poured forth together our solemn and humble prayer to Him who alone had the power and the will to forgive him, in that prevailing name by which only the guilty sinner can hope to find pardon and acceptance with an offended and heart-searching God.

When I went to him on the following day, his sister begged to speak to me before I went up to his chamber. Charles had told her and his mother every thing. On quietly thinking the matter over, he had judged it right to do so; and though they had not said a word in excuse of his sin, he had met with nothing but tender affection from those two loving hearts.

I found him much better—the burden which from the beginning of his illness had oppressed his spirit had been removed, and he had been enabled, not only to confide it to his earthly friends—he had laid the whole weight on that gracious Saviour who has borne our own sins in his own body upon the tree, and who is as willing as he is able to receive the returning and repentant sinner. He was enabled to rejoice in that great assurance, that, "if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." He was strengthened in spirit, for he was now rejoicing in hope; and his bodily health, though he was unable to quit his chamber or his bed, had apparently improved. The short interval thus graciously granted to him proved a season of great blessedness. There could be no doubt that the Lord had put away his sin, and had accepted him; and when his strength once more failed him, and his redeemed spirit departed, it seemed to all around him as if the Lord had said unto him, "Go in peace."

I am well aware that the worldly reader may say, that, after all, his sin was not a flagrant one. But those who have been brought to know that the dealings of God are with the heart, will take the same view as poor Charles —— did of the course of conduct which he had pursued, and will see in the peculiar tenderness of his conscience, and the anguish of mind which he suffered, a proof that he had at last entered into a true conception of the character of God and the evil of sin. All, however, must see from his case how fatal a snare those races had proved to him.—*Facts in a Clergyman's Life.*

THE FIDELITY OF THE PHYSICIAN.

[This article forms the greater portion of a chapter in a very excellent little work which we are anxious to introduce to the notice of our readers. It is entitled "Christian Fidelity in the House of Mourning." By the Rev. David Mitchell, of Free St Luke's Church, Glasgow—an excellent and devoted minister of Christ. It contains a large number of valuable statements and suggestions, and is fitted to be eminently useful in stirring up and directing those who wait upon the afflicted.]

THE medical practitioner stands on high vantage ground in the field of philanthropy and Christian fidelity. Admitted as he is, on all occassions, into the chamber of sickness and to the bed-side of the diseased, he has opportunities of doing good where others are excluded. It will be readily granted, that many, when they are seized with bodily pain, never think of applying for spiritual consolation until they have consulted the physician. They send for the medical practitioner in whom they have the greatest confidence, and to him they relate their tale of woe. Their great object is to find out a cure for their present malady, and obtain deliverance from their unhappy condition. They reflect not on their dangerous position as travellers to an eternal habitation. They think not on the peril of an immortal spirit—they reflect not on the breaking up of the constitution, as long as the physician continues to give them any hope of recovery; and, during this critical period, they treat the means of grace as unsuitable companions. In these circumstances, the Christian integrity of the medical attendant will appear highly valuable. We speak not at present merely of the opportunities he has of dropping an instructive and seasonable hint to the distressed. We dwell not on the precious moments which many of the profession, to their honour, fail not to improve. We dwell not on the profitable turn which may be given to conversation in an hour when danger is near. We refer especially to the conduct of the physician in giving facility to the admission of a minister of the gospel to the bed of sickness. Some are in the habit of giving such peremptory injunctions to the household of the distressed as amount to a prohibition of every one, except the nurse, from the precincts of the chamber where the patient resides. Now, we have yet to learn why a pastor may not be admitted into the presence of the sufferer, as well as the medical practitioner. He will not hesitate to take along with him a brother of the profession at the worst stage of the disease, and we do not see why the visit of a clergyman should be more agitating to the mind of the patient. We see no reason why the visit of a pastor should be considered as an emblem of sadness. We see no ground for considering his call as an infallible intimation that death is approaching. We do not see why his visit should not be conducive to the improvement of the health of the body and the vigour of the soul. A clergyman, from the nature of the discipline through which he must pass, has many qualifications calculated to fit him for acting a prudent and faithful part in the abode of mourning. Not to mention his experience as a Christian, his nervous system has to submit to a severer training during his education than in that of any other of the learned professions. He is also daily coming in contact with people labouring under mental depression, whose case he must study and thoroughly investigate before he can be successful in the discharge of duty. We cannot see, therefore, why he may not be trusted to use his discretion at all times in the chamber of sorrow. He comes armed with his Master's authority. He comes with a message of peace to man; and, if he follow the example of Him who came to heal the sick and the broken-hearted, no man has any thing to dread from his call.

We are aware that some are ready to assert that these visits are often very unseasonable and unprofitable—that they cast a shade over those who are already perplexed—that they cast a gloom over the mind which is already depressed, and that they tend to hasten the end of the sufferer. Such sentiments as these are the productions of a mind vitiated by the prevalence of sin. They are the polluted streams which flow from the pernicious fountain. They proceed from an understanding where darkness reigns. The religion of Christ is only gloomy to those who are ignorant of its power. It is forbidding only to those who are aliens to the principles and the joys it imparts; for the reception of it begets a peace, the experience of it a strength, and the contemplation of it a hope, which supports its subjects under all their griefs—enables them to rejoice in tribulation—bears them up under the agonies of disease, and prepares them to contemplate death with calm and devoted serenity. Even admitting, for the sake of illustration, the consequences which these men anticipate, we ask, Would their advice furnish a safe line of conduct? When we consider the awe-inspiring eternity which is the final destiny of man—when we remember that after death he enters upon a state of perpetual bliss or endless misery—can we for a moment place the danger of hastening his death for a few moments, or sending him a few hours sooner to his everlasting habitation, in competition with the danger of allowing him to depart insensible of impending ruin, ignorant of his spiritual malady, with a soul unredeemed, unclothed with the righteousness of Christ, and unprepared for appearing before that Judge, whose gospel he had neglected, and whose mediation he had despised? Surely the one danger will appear, when compared with the other, as the drop in the bucket, and as the small dust in the balance.

We believe the faithful physician does much more in the discharge of his professional duties to promote the gospel cause, than merely to give facility to the admission of a clergyman into the abode of affliction. We can bear our humble testimony to the Christian and upright conduct of many of this valuable class in society, who, while they use every exertion for the good of the body, are equally anxious for the good of the soul. They deal prudently and candidly with the sick. They do not ensnare their patients with delusive hopes of recovery when they are clearly sinking under the pressure of disease. But we regret we have reason for asserting, that there are some who belong to this profession that withhold from the patient the true state of his case. We regret to be compelled, by a faithful relation of facts, to mention, that there are some who hold out hopes of recovery, when each successive visit furnishes no doubtful testimony that the sick person must, erelong, take farewell of objects to which he is inordinately attached, and bid a final adieu to a world from which his affections have never been weaned. We refer not to the case of the nervous and debilitated man, who views every thing through a distorted medium, and puts the darkest construction on every sensation he feels. We allude not to the trembling invalid whose whole system shakes at the appearance of the physician, and whose spirits are deeply affected, not only by the conversation which passes, but also by the tone in which it is delivered. We refer not to cases of mental depression, where great caution and prudence are requisite to qualify for the faithful and successful discharge of duty. We allude to cases where disease has taken violent and powerful possession of the constitution, and the body is rapidly sinking into the dust. We refer to the condition of those, where the physician can tell, better than any one else, that death is in the cup, and that his harbingers are hastening apace. We have known cases of confirmed consumption, and that, too, in the last stage, where the medical attendant has carefully concealed the danger of the deluded victim, and given hope of returning health, when the most superficial observer could discover rapid decay and speedy dissolution. This has a baneful effect on the mind of the sufferer, especially in those cases where there is a deadness and an insensibility to the value of religion in the soul. The physician is the person who possesses the confidence of the distressed; he is the oracle of health, whose communications are received unhesitatingly; and, whenever pious friends and clergymen hint the dangers which are hanging over the sufferer, they are immediately set down as irksome intruders, who venture upon a subject of which they are unqualified to speak, and agitate his mind with unseasonable forebodings. Medical advisers, then, who, through a false delicacy, withhold the truth on these occasions, incur a fearful responsibilty. And we advert to their false delicacy the more cheerfully, that many of the most distinguished of the medical profession coincide entirely with our views. These men are careful in the prescriptions for the body, and their sense of responsibility to the God whom they serve gives them fortitude to be faithful on the most trying occasions. They yield to none in their anxiety for the temporal comfort of the patient. They feel for the exhausted body and the feeble mind. They have no wish to cause unnecessary pain to those who are already bowed down with suffering. Let not those, therefore, who avoid plain dealing at the couch of the dying, bring an accusation against those who act upon more enlightened principles. Those persons who discharge their duty merely with a reference to this world, may accuse us of the want of sympathy, and the want of tenderness, but we repel the charge, and assert, that their boasted regard for the dying is based upon a false foundation. They say, "Why should we disturb the already distressed with sorrowful alarm—why should we add uneasiness to the case of him who is already broken down?" We would reply, that we have no wish to add a pang to the grief of the sufferer, or do any thing to increase the pain of him who is sick and ready to die. He is labouring as in the furnace, he is tried as by fire. He spends the day in weariness, and the night in continual tossings. When sleep overtakes him he is scared by dreams and terrified by visions; and cold and unfeeling would be the heart which could increase such sorrow. But, while we yield to none in our sympathy for the body of the dying, we have a duty far more important to perform. We desire that corporeal suffering of every kind may be alleviated, and, if possible, be removed, but we have a stronger desire that the immortal soul may be prepared for entering an everlasting dwelling. And the physician who conceals the truth, from whatever motive, raises a powerful barrier against spiritual improvement, and pursues a course in opposition to what Scripture teaches. The grand lesson which we should learn in the school of affliction, is to turn the mind to Jehovah, that we may meditate on the administration of his justice, and also of his mercy. When disease, therefore, presses heavily upon those who are the subjects of it, and produces symptoms of death, the person who explains these away, and endeavours to turn the mind to some created object of interest, is doing what in him lies to thwart the designs of Providence, for the sake of a few moments' respite to a dying body—he is bartering away the most precious privileges of an ever-existing soul.

It is quite a possible thing for the physician to express his apprehension for the safety of his patient, and yet act an unfaithful part. He may give his opinion as to the termination of the disease, and yet explain away every fatal symptom so dexterously, as to lead the mind of the sufferer to entertain a lingering hope of life. We have a masterpiece of this kind of death-bed juggling in the case of King George IV. In an essay written by Sir Henry Halford, physician to that monarch, we thus read: "In the case of his late Majesty, the king's government and the royal family were apprised, as early as the 27th April, that his Majesty's disease was seated in his heart, and that an effusion of water in the chest was soon to be expected. It was not, however, until the latter end of May, when his Majesty was so discouraged by repeated attacks of the embarrassment in his breathing, as to desire me to explain to him the nature of his complaint, and to give my candid opinion of its probable termination, that the opportunity occurred of acknowledging to his Majesty the extent of my fears for his safety. After this, when he had set his house in order, I thought myself at liberty to interpret every new symptom as it arose in as favourable a light as I could, for his Majesty's satisfaction; and we were enabled thereby to rally his spirits in the intervals of his frightful attacks, to maintain his confidence in his medical resources, *and to spare him the pain of contemplating death until a few minutes before his Majesty expired.*" The monarch was the dupe of the unfaithful subject, day after day, and his mind was diverted from reflecting upon his approaching end, until a few minutes before the separation of the soul from the body! Are these the blessings of royalty?—are these the privileges of a prince? Is this the fidelity of a subject to a sovereign who swayed the sceptre over the most religious nation of the world?—the king, whose merchants were princes, and whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth—the king, who ruled over the millions of the East, where potentates bowed to his authority, and the governors of the nations did homage to his vicegerents—the king, whose sceptre was revered by every distinguished tribe on earth, is treated with less justice than the most outrageous felon that violates the rights of man! Was there ever a British subject, during that monarch's reign, who had the last sentence of the law executed upon him with only a few minutes previous notice? Did ever the king affix his signature to the death-warrant of a culprit who was so ignominiously treated? The royal relatives are told of the situation of the king, the responsible ministers of the crown are not ignorant—and the upper servants of the household, as well as the subordinate authorities, whisper that a change is approaching. From the moment the first bulletin was issued, until the herald proclaimed a successor to the throne, all was activity. Schemes were contrived—plans were laid—intrigues for personal aggrandisement were matured—the British public were informed that the death of their king was near, but the sovereign is more in the dark than any one else: the man who has to give an account of his stewardship must not be disturbed, every dangerous symptom must be explaind away as much as possible! The monarch must not be reminded of the rapid approach of death, nor of the preparation requisite for appearing at the bar of judgment, either as a private individual or as the responsible ruler of a Christian people! He is surrounded by a phalanx of hollow and heartless flatterers, who have neither the integrity nor the manliness to tell him the truth. They insinuate, indeed, their apprehensions for his safety, but these they contrive to counterbalance by plausible pretexts and evasions; and they admit they managed the sinful plot with such dexterity, as to conceal from the dying sovereign his real condition until a few minutes before he expired. Truly it may be said of such men that "their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips."

We again beg to remind the reader, that we have only advanced on this topic what we believe many of the medical profession daily put in practice. We have only been recommending the example of men who stand at the head of their profession, distinguished alike for their ability and Christian zeal—men who are first in deeds of philanthropy and benevolence—men of whom any nation has reason to be proud, and whom people of every age may well admire. These are the persons whom we would hold out as noble examples for others to follow. They are instrumental in promoting the glory of God in the welfare of their brethren around, and they receive the testimony of a good conscience, which is the best reward. Those who do not so discharge their duty cannot be happy. They may go from time to time and endeavour to prop up the tottering fabric which is falling into decay. They may enter the chamber with affected cheerfulness and strive to rally their drooping patient, but they cannot fail to discern that he is rapidly hastening to his eternal dwelling. The weeds of death are already wrapped about his head, and his countenance declares that he will soon become a fit inhabitant of the tomb. We know not a more pitiable occupation than that of those who pursue such a course. They hold a position which can ill bear a comparison with the condition of those who discharge their duty to their patient as in the sight of God. These men, after they have exhausted all their skill as medical advisers, can still have recourse to Infinite Wisdom; after they have ransacked all their store, and brought forward in vain every mean which their great and capacious minds could suggest, they can still find an imperishable cure; after every ingredient in the practice of medicine has failed to give relief, they can say, "Still there is hope; there is a Physician whose prescriptions never fail, and whose remedies are sure; there is one who will conquer death itself, and triumph over the power of the grave; there is a balm in Gilead and a Physician there."

A PICKPOCKET AT AN ANNIVERSARY.

THE first meeting of the Shoreditch Bible Association was held in the church, which was very much crowded. Some weeks afterwards, the collectors called on a widow, who kept a small grocer's shop, for her subscription, which she had always paid very cheerfully. As they were going away, she said, "Gentlemen, I have got a young man, a lodger, who is always poring over the Bible: I dare say he would subscribe." The collectors were introduced to him to solicit his subscription. He answered, "I certainly will;" and gave them a guinea, and desired them to put down his name as a subscriber of sixpence a week. The gentlemen were astonished, and hesitated at taking so much, and wished to return a part. He answered, "No, I owe my all to the Shoreditch Bible Association." About a month afterwards, the committee wished to increase its number. This young man was proposed and accepted. But when the matter was mentioned to him, he warmly replied, "No, gentlemen, you must pardon me—I am not worthy to form a part of your committee. If you want more money, I will gladly give it; but to act on your committee, I cannot." They in vain pressed the matter, and wished to know his reasons. About a year after, he requested his landlady to desire the gentlemen to wait upon him when they called (he had regularly paid his subscription through the medium of his landlady), as he wanted to speak to them; which they did. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "my lips are unsealed. I take my departure for America this week. Here are five guineas. I will now tell you my short history. Two years ago, I was one of the most profligate young men in the city of London. I was a common pickpocket. At your anniversary, seeing the church crowded, I, with several of my companions in iniquity, entered, in order to pursue our sinful practices. From the crowded state of the church we were separated. I got into the middle aisle, just in front of the speakers. The first words I caught were, 'Thou shalt not steal.' My attention was fixed; my conscience was touched; and tears began to flow. In vain did my companions make their signals to commence our operations. As soon as the meeting closed, I hurried away, threw myself into the first coach I found, drove to my lodgings in the west end of the town, paid my rent, took away all my things, and came into this part of the city, in order to hide myself from my companions; and providentially found this house. I immediately inquired for a Bible; and for the first time in my life began to read it. I found my convictions of the evil of my conduct increased; and I hope I have now found peace and rest in believing on that Saviour whom the Bible reveals."

GOD'S LOVE IN MAKING US CHILDREN.

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" God showed power in making us creatures, but love in making us sons. Plato gave God thanks that he had made him a man and not a beast; but what cause have they to adore God's love, who hath made them children! the apostle puts an *ecce* to it, *behold!* That we may the better behold God's love in making us children, consider three things:

1. We were deformed: (Ezek. xvi. 6, 8.) "When I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, it was the time of love." Mordecai adopted Esther because she was fair; but we were in our blood, and then God adopted us. He did not adopt us when we were clothed with the robe of innocency in paradise, when we were hung with the jewels of holiness, and were white and ruddy; but when we were in blood, and had our leprous spots upon us: the time of our loathing was the time of God's loving.

2. As we did not deserve to be made children, so neither did we desire it. No landed man will force another to become his heir against his will. If a king should go to adopt a beggar, and make him heir of the crown; if the beggar should refuse the king's favour, and say, "I had rather be as I am, I would be a beggar still;" the king would take it in high contempt of his favour, and would not adopt him against his will. Thus it was with us; we had no willingness to be made children, we would have been begging still; but God, out of his infinite mercy and indulgence, not only offers to make us children, but makes us willing to embrace the offer.—(Ps. cx. 3.) "Behold, what manner of love is this!"

3. Which is the wonder of love, that God should adopt us for his children when we were enemies. If a man would make another heir of his land, he would adopt one that is near akin to him. No man would adopt an enemy. But that God should make us children when we were enemies; that he should make us heirs to the crown when we were traitors to the crown—oh! amazing, astonishing love! "Behold what manner of love is this!" We were not akin to God; we had by sin lost and forfeited our pedigree; we had done God all the injury and spite we could, defaced his image, violated his law, trampled upon his mercies, and when we had angered him, he adopted us! What stupendous love was this! such love was never shown to the angels when they fell. God never vouchsafed this privilege of adoption to them; he did not make them children, but prisoners; they were heirs only to the treasures of wrath.—(Rom. ii 5.)

Use. Let all who are thus nearly related to God stand admiring his love. When they were like Saul, breathing forth enmity against God—when their hearts stood out as garrisons against him—the Lord conquered their stubbornness with kindness, and not only pardoned, but adopted them. It is hard to say which is greater, the mystery or the mercy. This is such amazing love, as we shall be searching into and adoring to all eternity; the bottom of it cannot be fathomed by any angel in heaven. God's love in making us children, is—

1. A rich love: it is love in God to feed us, but it is rich love to adopt us; it is love to give us a crumb, but it is rich love to make us heirs to a crown.

2. It is a distinguishing love; that when God hath passed by so many millions, he should cast a favourable aspect upon thee! Most are cut out for fuel, and are made vessels of wrath; and that God should say to thee, "Thou art my son," here 's a mirror of mercy, the meridian of love! Who, O who can tread upon these hot coals, and his heart not burn in love to God?—*Thomas Watson.*

THE CHILD AND HER PAPIST FATHER.

Says a correspondent of a foreign journal: I was in the city of P——, seated in the study of the brother with whom I had been labouring, when a little German girl, of twelve or fourteen years of age, entered the room, and bursting into tears exclaimed, in an animated tone, "Oh, Mr ——, I am sure the Lord is going to convert my father! I do believe he will be converted now," she added, with so much emotion as drew from me the inquiry, "Of whom is she speaking?" "Tell the gentlemen yourself, my child," said my friend, "what God has done for you, and what he has been trying to do for him."

From the simple story of the girl, I gathered the following. A year and a half before, in her ignorance and sin she had been led to enter the Church where my friend was preaching, and while there the Lord graciously met her, and converted her soul. Full of joy and wonder, she ran home to tell her father, who was a bigoted Romanist, what a Saviour she had found; but to her surprise he became very angry, beat her cruelly, and forbade the mention of the subject again in his house. She continued to attend Church, and expressed a wish to join with the people of God in commemorating the dying love of her Saviour. He told her if she did, he would beat her to death. With this prospect she determined to do her duty, putting her trust in Him who hath said, "I will never leave nor forsake thee." When she returned home and told her father what she had done, he beat her most unmercifully, and drove her from the house, telling her never to return until she had given up her newfangled religion. Thus forsaken of her father, the Lord took her up; she was provided with a place in a pious family, at service, reserving to herself the first Monday in every month, which day she spent in distributing tracts to all the German families of her acquaintance, and, whenever permitted, she prayed with them before she left, always taking her father's house in her way, though sure of being beaten, and driven from it. Month after month she offered the hardened man a tract, at the same time entreating him to think of his poor soul, and offering to pray with him. Although uniformly driven away with severe blows, she said, "I did not care for the blows; for, sir, my poor father's soul was all I thought of or cared for." In this course she persevered—how long do you think, indolent Christian? not one month, which many think too long to wait for an answer to prayer; but *eighteen months*, without seeing any fruit of her labour. Two months before I met her, she found, on visiting her father, that he was in tears over his work; he suffered her to read, converse and pray without interruption, and at parting bade her come again. The next month he was even more tender; and on the day I first saw her, she had seen him again, and she said, "*Oh, how changed was my poor father!* with tears he begged me to forgive him, and pray for him. I told him I had laid nothing up against him, and asked him to pray for himself. He knelt down by my side, but could only say, 'O Lord, forgive, forgive, O Lord, forgive;' and now, sir, I am sure the Lord will hear and convert my poor father."

The next evening, on entering the praying circle, I recognised the voice of the little German girl in the individual who was addressing the throne of grace. Her father was there, inquiring with trembling eagerness the way to the Saviour's feet. The father and daughter left the room together that night, rejoicing in the grace which had washed away their stains.

I MUST PRAY DIFFERENTLY.

Some time ago I felt strongly the necessity of praying *more;* and I expressed that impression in an article entitled, "I must pray more." Now I feel that I must not only pray more, but *differently;* and that my praying more will not answer any good purpose, unless I also pray differently. I find that *quality* is to be considered in praying, as well as *quantity;* and, indeed, the former more than the latter. We learn from Isaiah (chap. i.), that it is possible to make many prayers, or to multiply prayer, as it is in the margin, and yet not be heard. The scribes and Pharisees made long prayers; but their much prayer availed them nothing, while the single short petition of the publican was effectual to change his entire prospects for eternity. It was because it was prayer of the right *kind.* It is a great error to suppose that we shall be heard for our much speaking. Let me, however, say, that while length is not by itself any recommendation of prayer, yet we have the highest and best authority for continuing a long time in prayer. We know who it was that, "rising up a great while before day," departed into a solitary place, and there prayed; and of whom it is recorded in another place, that he "continued all night in prayer to God." Certainly they should spend a great deal of time in prayer who are instructed to "pray without ceasing." It is in the social and public worship of God that long prayers are out of place.

But to return from this digression. I must pray differently; and I will tell you one thing which has led me to think so. I find that I do not pray *effectually.* It may be the experience of others, as well as of myself. I do not obtain what I ask; and that, though I ask for the right sort of things. If I asked for temporal good, and did not receive it, I should know how to account for it. I should conclude that I was denied in mercy; and that my prayer, though not answered in kind, was answered in better kind. But I pray for spiritual blessings—for what is inherently and under all circumstances good—and do not obtain it. How is this? There is no fault in the Hearer of prayer, no unfaithfulness in God. The fault must be in the offerer. I do not pray right. And since there is no use in asking without obtaining, the conclusion is, that I must pray differently.

I find, moreover, that I do not pray as they did in old time, whose prayers were so signally answered. When I compare my prayers with those of the patriarchs, especially with that of Jacob—and with the prayers of the prophets, those, for instance, of Elijah and Daniel; when I compare my manner of making suit to the Saviour, with the appeals made to him by the blind men, and by the woman of Canaan; and above all, when I lay my prayers alongside of His who "offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears"—I perceive such a dissimilarity, that I thence conclude I must pray differently?

I find also that I do not urge my suits to God as I do those which I have sometimes occasion to make to men. I am wiser as a child of this world than I am as one of the children of light. When I want to carry a point with a human power, I find that I take more pains, and am more intent upon it, and use greater vigilance and effort, than when I want to gain something of God. It is clear, then, that I must alter and reform my prayers—I must pray differently.

But in what respects? *How* differently?

1. I must not speak to God at a distance. 2. I must *draw near* to him. Nor that alone. I must stir myself up to *take hold* of him.—(Isa. lxiv. 7.) Yea, I must take hold of his strength, that I may make peace with him.—(Isa. xxvii. 5.) I have been satisfied with *approaching* God. I must, as it were, *apprehend* him.

2. I must not only take hold of God in prayer, but I must *hold fast* to him, and not let him go, except he bless me. So Jacob did. There were two important ingredients in his prayer—faith and perseverance. By the one he took hold of God; by the other he held fast to him till the blessing was obtained.

3. I must be *more affected* by the subjects about which I pray. I must join tears to my prayers. Prayers and tears used to go together much more than they do now. Hosea says that Jacob "wept and made supplication." Hannah wept while she prayed. So did Nehemiah, and David, and Hezekiah; and God, in granting the request of the last mentioned, uses this language: "I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears." But a greater than all these is here. Jesus offered up prayers "with strong crying and tears." Some think it *unmanly* to weep. I do not know how that may be; but I know it is not *unchristian.* It is thought by some that men must have been more addicted to tears then than they are now; but it is my opinion that they *felt* more, and that is the reason they wept more. Now I must feel so as to weep; not by constraint, but in spite of myself. I must be so affected that God shall see my tears as well as hear my voice; and in order to being so affected, I must meditate. It was while David mused that the fire burned; and then he spake with his tongue in the language of prayer. And we know that which melted his heart affected his eye; for in the same Psalm, the 39th, he says, "Hold not thy peace at my tears."

4. There are other accompaniments of prayer which I must not omit. Nehemiah not only wept and prayed, but also *mourned*, and *fasted*, and *made confession.* Why should not I do the same?

5. I must *plead* as well as pray. My prayers must be more of the nature of *arguments*—and I must make greater use than I have ever done of certain pleas. There is one derived from the *character* of God: "For thy *name's sake* pardon mine iniquity. Have mercy on me *according to thy loving-kindness.*" Another is derived from the *promises* of God: "Hath he said, and shall he not do it; or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" Another is drawn from the *past doings* of God: "I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High: I will re-

member the works of the Lord; surely I will remember thy wonders of old." I must also plead *Christ* more in my prayers. The argument is drawn out to our hands by Paul: "He that spared not his own Son . . . . *how shall he not* with him also freely give us all things?"

6. But again: I must *cry* unto the Lord. Crying expresses more than praying. It expresses earnest, fervent prayer. This is what they all used to do. They cried to God. The Psalmist says, "I cried with my *whole heart.*" I must cry with my whole heart, yea *mightily*, as even the Ninevites did, else those heathen will rise up in the judgment and condemn me.

7. I must seek the Lord in prayer, feeling as did Job, when he said, "O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat!" And this I must do, as Judah is once said to have done, with my "whole desire." Yea, I must *search* for him with all my heart. I must even *pour out my heart* before him, as the Psalmist on one occasion exhorts. I must "keep not silence, and give him no rest," as Isaiah directs. "Night and day praying *exceedingly*," as Paul says he did.

8. And I must pray in the *Holy Ghost*, as Jude exhorts. We need the Spirit to help our infirmities, and to make intercession for us. Nor should we be satisfied with any prayer in which we have not seemed to have his help.

Finally, I must alter and alter my prayers till I get them right; and I must not think them right until I obtain the spiritual blessings which they ask. If I pray for more grace, and do not get it, I must pray differently for it till I do obtain it.

Oh, if Christians prayed differently, as well as more, what heavenly places our closets would be! What interesting meetings prayer-meetings would be! What revivals of religion we should have! how frequent, numerous, and pure! What a multitude of souls would be converted! What joyful tidings we should hear from our missionary stations, and from the heathen world! Oh, what times we should have! The millennium would be on us before we knew it!

And because the Holy Spirit is the Spirit of truth, the offering of a different kind of prayer for the Spirit would do more to put down error than all other means which can be resorted to. The preachers of truth cannot put it down without the aid of the Spirit of truth.

Let us then pray differently. Let us at least *try*. I am sure it is worth the effort. Let every one who reads this, resolve, "I *will* pray differently."—*Nevins.*

A WHOLE CITY VISITED BY ONE WOMAN.

An intelligent, industrious, and kind-hearted woman in Russia became a Christian. Her labours were transformed into Christian labours; and were followed up with an ardour and perseverance seldom exceeded. In her visits to the poor, she now carried books and tracts, as well as food and raiment; and when she found persons unable to read, which was frequently the case, she made it a point to read to them, and to explain what they could not understand.

Her prompt assistance was, in a great measure, instrumental to a zealous agent becoming extensively engaged in the circulation of the Holy Scriptures. She gave him two of the first Finnish Bibles that ever passed through his hands; and when there was a great demand for the sacred volume in that language, she actually sold her watch, in order to furnish one hundred Bibles to the poor, at reduced prices. This was a noble effort in the cause of God: it augured well as to future usefulness; and the expectations which were excited by it were more than realized. She took the whole city of St Petersburg for her sphere, and perambulated it alone; and succeeded beyond all expectations. In the course of a few months, she sold more than one thousand five hundred Bibles, and Testaments, and Psalters; and in this blessed work she continued perseveringly to engage. Hundreds derived advantage from her visits.

SOMETHING MORE AWFUL THAN THE JUDGMENT.

A CELEBRATED preacher of the seventeenth century, in a sermon to a crowded audience, described the terrors of the last judgment with such eloquence, pathos, and force of action, that some of his audience not only burst into tears, but sent forth piercing cries, as if the Judge himself had been present, and was about to pass upon them their final sentence. In the height of this commotion, the preacher called upon them to dry their tears and cease their cries, as he was about to add something still more awful and astonishing than any thing he had yet brought before them. Silence being obtained, he, with an agitated countenance and solemn voice addressed them thus: "In one quarter of an hour from this time, the emotions which you have just now exhibited will be stifled—the remembrance of the fearful truths which excited them will vanish—you will return to your carnal occupations, or sinful pleasures, with your usual avidity—and you will treat all you have heard 'as a tale that is told!'"

"THE ACCEPTED TIME."

Who has not heard of it? How often has it been sounded in the ears of sinful men, to arrest their attention, and turn their feet from destruction's fearful brink, to the paths of life? Alas! how few are willing to give it attention. Cain heard the admonition when murder was in his heart, "The Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? And why is thy countenance fallen? If thou dost well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou dost not well, sin lieth at the door." Ah! if Cain had heeded that merciful interposition, he might have escaped the fearful crime, and his name would not have gone forth to every generation of mankind as a murderer and fratricide. He would not heed God in the accepted time—crime and the curse followed that despised warning. Cain became "a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth." Did Cain ever repent? The Lord knoweth.

There was an accepted time for sinners of Noah's day. He warned them of coming destruction, and preached repentance. They would not listen to him. The flood came, and not one despiser escaped destruction.

There was an accepted time for the sinners' in Sodom. Lot was there to warn them; but they despised and derided. Even his sons-in-law treated him as one who mocked. Sodom and Gomorrah "are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire."

Jerusalem had an accepted day. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." How accepted the time when Christ offered to save. How condign and terrible their destruction.

How many precious, "accepted" seasons are lost, never to be retrieved! How many who neglect the one that now is, fondly thinking that they shall see many others, live not to see one more!

Experience and Scripture combine to teach us the solemn truth, which every soul should heed, that "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Oh! let us improve this priceless—it may be this *only*—season of escape.—*New York Evangelist.*

AFRAID TO DIE.

Some years ago, a minister was preaching in Plymouth, when a written paper was given to him to this effect:—"The thanksgivings of this congregation are desired to Almighty God, by the chaplain, passengers, and crew of the ——, West Indiaman, for their merciful escape from shipwreck during the late awful tempest." The next day the minister went on board the vessel, with some friends from the shore; and, talking with the passengers, a lady thus expressed herself:—"Oh, sir, what a blessing must true religion be! Never did I see it more than in my poor negress, Ellen, during the dreadful storm. When, sir, we were tossed to the heavens, and sunk again to the depths, and expecting every wave would break over the vessel and entomb us all, my mind was in a horrible state—I was afraid to die—I could not think to appear before God, but in dread dismay. Ellen would come to me and say, with all possible composure, 'Never mind, missa; look to Jesus Christ—he gave—he rule de sea—he prepare to die.' And when, sir, we neared the shore, and were at a loss to know on what part of the coast we were, fearing every minute to be dashed to atoms on the rocks, my mind still in a distracted state—I feared to die—I knew nothing of religion;—poor Ellen, with the same composure as before, came to me and said, 'Don't be fear, missa, look to Jesus Christ, he de rock; no shipwreck on dat rock; he save to de utmost; don't be fear, missa, look to Jesus Christ.' I determined, sir, I hope in divine strength, that if ever we reached the shore in safety, I would seek to possess that religion which so supported the heart of a poor negress in the midst of such dreadful danger."

"NONE TO SPEAK OF."

Dr Lathrop was a man of generous piety, but much opposed to the noisy zeal that seeketh the praise of men. A young divine who was much given to enthusiastic cant, one day said to him—"Do you suppose you have any real *religion?*" "None to *speak* of," was the excellent reply.

AFFECTIONATE MANNERS IN MINISTERS.

"How much ministers and religious teachers gain by a tender style! I hope, dear brother, you will never withhold the pungent doctrines of the gospel; but I do hope you will cultivate that affectionate solemnity which accomplishes much more than harshness. A minister preaches by his looks, his attitudes, and his tones, out the pulpit and in it, as well as by what he says. Oh! I do long to see *love* the prominent, all-pervading characteristic of every Christian."—*Mrs. Sarah L. Smith.*

GROANINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

These groanings of the Spirit of God which cannot be uttered, are those unutterable desires wherewith the heart is charged, and which can only find vent in the ardent but unspeakable breathings of one who first feels his need, and longs to be relieved from it—who hath a strong and general appetancy after righteousness, and yet can only sigh it forth in ejaculations of intense earnestness. These are called the groanings of the Spirit of God, because it is in fact He who hath awakened them in the spirit of man. When he intercedes for a believer, the believer's own heart is the channel through which the intercession finds its way to the throne of grace.—*Chalmers.*

WARS.

"**Wars**," says Jortin, "are the desolation of populous and flourishing regions, the loss of trade, the increase of taxes and debts, poverty, both public and private, the destruction of thousands, and the ruin of almost as many families; besides the sicknesses, the famines, the iniquities and cruelties, which accompany a state of hostility, and follow the camp." "It would have proved a striking part of a vision presented to Adam after the death of Abel," says a writer, "to have brought before his eyes half a million of men, crowded together in the space of a square mile. When the first father had exhausted his wonder on the multitude of his offspring, he would naturally inquire of his angelic instructor, for what purpose so vast a multitude had been assembled. What is the common end? *Alas! to murder each other;* all Cains, and yet no Abels!"

QUIET REBUKE.

John Howe, hearing a gentlemen speaking highly in praise of some one in a large party, and at the same time mixing many horrid oaths with his discourse, mildly but decidedly said to him, that he had omitted one great excellence in the character of that individual. "What is it, sir?" said th other with eagerness; "what is it?" "It is this," said Mr Howe, "*that he was never heard to swear an oath in common conversation.*"

DO YOU PRAY IN YOUR FAMILY?

BY THE REV. WILLIAM NEVINS, D.D., LATE OF BALTIMORE.

THERE are families that call not on the name of the Lord. Nor is it a new thing: there were such so long ago as when Jeremiah lived. He takes notice of them. He has a prayer about them. It seems he was divinely inspired to call down the indignation of the Lord upon such families. "Pour out thy fury," he says, "upon the families that call not on thy name." I would not like to have been a member of one of those families; and much less the head of one of them. It must have been very offensive to the Lord that there were families in which he was not acknowledged and worshipped. And if there were such families among the heathen nations that offended him, how much more must it have displeased him that there should be such families even among his people Israel—families that did not in the family capacity invoke him! I do not know why it should be less offensive now. I do not believe it is. Families are now under as great obligations to God as ever they were.

Some persons ask why we insist on family prayer as a duty. They say we cannot produce any precept enjoining it. That is true enough. But I wonder if that is not a duty, the omission of which is the subject of prophetic denunciation. I wonder if that is not by implication commanded, the neglect of which brings down the wrath of God on those guilty of the neglect. There are some things so manifestly reasonable, and of such self-evident obligation, that they need no law expressly enjoining them. It is not necessary that they should be taught *in so many words*.

But if we have no express precept on the subject, we have pretty good examples in favour of it. I suspect, *Abraham*, who was so careful to instruct his household in the way of the Lord, did not neglect to pray with them. And *David*, I am quite confident, prayed in his family. It is said of him, on one occasion, that "he returned to bless his household." No doubt there were both prayer and praise in that family. Certainly *Joshua* must have prayed in his house. How otherwise could he have fulfilled his resolution, that his house as well as himself should serve the Lord? What! resolve that his house should serve the Lord, and not join with them in supplication for the grace to serve him! That is not at all likely.

Now I would ask if it is not proper and right that every head of a family should adopt the resolution of him who said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord!" But can there be religion in a house without prayer? Is there not inconsistency in saying, "I and my family will serve God, but we will have no family altar nor offering?" Is not prayer an essential part of the service of God? I wonder if any one ever lived who supposed that family prayer was not more pleasing to God than the omission of it. I wonder if the practice of family prayer ever distressed any conscience. The omission of it has troubled many.

It is admitted, I believe, to be the will of God that we should pray to him *socially*. The Lord's prayer was constructed for *social* use. The disciples were directed to use it when they should pray together; and it is, accordingly, in the *plural* number: not "*my* Father," but "*our* Father." Now, is God to be socially worshipped, and yet not worshipped in that first, most permanent, and most interesting form of society—the form of society instituted by God himself—the family? Is that to be believed? But the Lord's prayer seems not only intended for social, but *daily* use. "Give us *this day* our daily bread," is one of its petitions. It does not contemplate the morrow. It asks supplies but for one day. Now, if, as it appears from this reasoning, social prayer should be *daily*, where but in the family, the society which is abiding, and which a single roof covers, can it with propriety be daily? Should there be public religious services daily, or daily prayer-meetings for this purpose? Then, how suitable it is that those who together share their daily bread should together daily ask it!

How reasonable and comely is household religion—family worship! Common blessings, such as families daily share, call for common thanksgivings. Common wants, such as families together feel, call for common supplications. Is it not fit that families, in retiring to rest at night, should together commit themselves to the divine keeping; and in the morning unite in praising the Lord for having been their protector? It is a clear case, it seems to me. Besides, fathers are directed to bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." But can they do this while they pray not with them and for them? I do not know how we are to comply with the apostolical exhortation to pray "every where," unless we pray in the family, as well as under other circumstances.

Is any one in doubt whether the practice or omission of family prayer will be the more pleasing subject of retrospect from the dying bed or the eternal world? Parents should not forget, that presently will come the long deferred and greatly dreaded season of taking the last look and the last leave of those whom their decease is to make orphans. Oh, then, what a sweet thought it will be to enter into the dying meditation, that they have been in the daily habit of bowing down with their children in prayer, and commending them to the care and grace of their heavenly Father, and that they may now indulge the confident hope that he will infinitely more than supply the paternal place which they are to leave vacant!

But what need of more argument? I suspect every body secretly admits the obligation of family prayer. I judge so from the trouble many are at to apologize for the neglect. It tries them not a little to satisfy even themselves with an excuse. The usual plea is *inability*. They have not the *gift*, they say. What gift? Can they not collect their family together night and morning? Have they not so much authority in their own house as that? And then can they not read a portion of Scripture to them; and, kneeling down, express their common desires to God. The beginning of almost every good habit is difficult. The most of those who make this apology *presume* on their inability. They say they cannot before they have tried. But until they have tried, they do not know whether they can or not. What if some have tried once and failed? One failure should not dishearten them, nor two, nor even twenty. Besides, how do those who presume on their inability to conduct family worship know what assistance they might receive from God, if they were to make an humble and faithful experiment?

If any one shall condescend to read this who does not pray in his family, I advise him to commence immediately. He knows that he will never be sorry for it, if he does; but he is not so sure that he may not be sorry for it if he does not. If there were no other reason in favour of the practice, this alone would be sufficient. I think it is *Jay* who says, that a family without prayer is like a house without a roof —it has no protection. Who would like to live in such a house?

UNEXPECTED FRUIT.

I WELL remember a sermon preached some years ago, and with which at the time the preacher felt thoroughly dissatisfied: perhaps, if he had spoken the truth to himself, he would have owned that his dissatisfaction arose from the deep sense that he felt of his own incapacity, and the poverty of his own ideas and illustrations in that sermon. He came down from the pulpit humbled in his own eyes, and cast down in spirit, feeling in how inefficient a manner he had ministered to the wants of a crowded congregation. One sentence, however, of Holy Scripture had been constantly brought before his hearers; and secret prayer had not been wanting on the part of the preacher, that the Lord God would send down his Holy Spirit and give effect to his own word. The words I allude to—and they were those of the text—were from the 32d chapter of Deuteronomy, and part of the 47th verse: "It is not a vain thing for you, because it is your life."

On the following morning, a letter was put into the preacher's hand. It came by the post. It was short, and evidently written by one unskilled in letter-writing; but its few earnest words were eloquent with the importunate anxiety of a soul newly awakened to a sense of its own priceless value, and to the consciousness of guilt to which no remedy had been as yet applied. The writer asked for guidance and instruction, and spoke as one bewildered and distressed, helpless, and almost hopeless of relief. The conclusion of the letter was peculiarly touching. "Oh! sir, do not turn away from me, *for it is not a vain thing* for me, *because it is my life!*" A few words were added by way of postscript, requesting that a reply might be sent by the post, directed to two initial letters, Post-office, ——. A reply was immediately sent; but the reply was rather in the shape of an inquiry, requesting to know more of the writer of the letter, whose sex and position were not declared. Another letter soon followed: it began with these words:—"I am a poor servant girl." And after speaking of her extreme ignorance, and of her deep anxiety, the following short account was given. "Last Sunday I went to church in the morning, and I laughed all the time; I went to church in the afternoon, and I slept during the whole service. I went to your lecture, sir, in the evening, and then it pleased God, for the first time in my life, to show me that I was a poor, lost, miserable creature." The words of the letter were ill-shaped, and the page seemed disfigured by them; but there was a natural flow of language, beautiful from its earnest and touching simplicity. If I remember rightly, no name was yet given, and no clue afforded by which I might discover the abode of the writer. But I now felt that I might be far more useful to my unknown correspondent if I could see and converse with her—if I could hear from her own lips her difficulties and her doubts—than if we continued to correspond by letter. But in this I was mistaken. She complied with my request, and called upon me. But she who could write with so much ease, and express her feelings so readily on paper, had scarcely a word to say, but was abashed and silent, proposing no question for herself, and answering those I put to her with a reserve which I found it impossible to overcome. During an acquaintance for many years, this manner continued. She has written to me from time to time; and in her letters she is able to express herself with the same natural flow of language. But from that evening—when the word of God won its way to her heart, and the Spirit of God impressed its vital truth there, awakening her whole soul to a sense of its eternal interests, quickening her conscience with the deep conviction of her lost and sinful state, and causing her to realize that night the message of God to her soul, and to "know that it was not a vain thing to her, because it was her life"—a change, as remarkable as life from the dead, took place in her; and she continued from that time in one quiet course of consistent godliness. She was one of an ungodly, but respectable family, and had been till then careless and light-minded. Nothing has been more remarkable in her ever since, than her unvarying seriousness and her modest propriety of manner. The bow had been drawn at a venture, but the arrow, directed by God's unerring hand, had reached its mark; and by what was literally the foolishness of preaching, an immortal but perishing creature had been made wise unto salvation. It is a sad, sad proof of the presumptuous ignorance of some professing themselves to be wise in the present day, that they attempt to throw discredit upon preaching—"God's great ordinance," as Cecil has well called it, to bring souls to himself. There is scarcely a portion of the inspired word more full of solemn grandeur, more awfully impressive, than the commission given by the great apostle Paul to his beloved son in the faith, towards the close of his Second Epistle to Timothy—his last epistle—"I charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom—*preach the word.*" "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God;" "for it is by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever, that man is born again;" "and this is the word," adds the apostle Peter, "which by the gospel is preached unto you."—(1 Peter i. 23-25.)—*Rev. C. B. Tayler.*

"ARE NOT MY DAYS FEW?" JOB x. 20.

NOT years, months, weeks—but days. Life is to be reckoned by *days*. Are not my days *few*? They are so in every respect—relatively—comparatively—absolutely. It will not be necessary to prove this. No one denies it. No one can deny it. Yet how much depends upon the proper use of a truth so obvious, and a reflection so simple! Are not my days few?

But how came they so? All men die, but not willingly. Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life: but he cannot continue it. He hates, he dreads death. It is the king of terrors. The thought of it embitters his comforts, and keeps him always subject to bondage. And could this have been the natural state of man as he came from the hands of his Maker? The Deist meets with this fact as well as we; and, as he cannot deny it, let him account for it under the empire and agency of a Being who is "omnipotent benevolence." Revelation gives us the only rational and convincing account—"The body is dead because of sin."—"By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death hath passed upon all men, because all have sinned." It is not "a debt due to nature." It is the consequence of a judicial and penal infliction: "For all our days are passed away in thy wrath." We are not struck with this, because we are accustomed to the result; and it gradually takes place. But could we have seen the deluge destroying the whole world at once, we should not have questioned the provocation of God by some mighty cause. But where is the difference, as to punitive justice, whether all the criminals are executed together or led forth one by one? Are not my days few?

Do not, then, render them fewer. "What!" you are ready to exclaim, "are we in danger of turning self-murderers?" Yet how many are continually reported as having destroyed themselves! But violence is not the only mode of shortening life. One of our most eminent physicians has affirmed, that "the board destroys more than the sword." Another has said, "Though all men are mortal, not one in a thousand dies a purely natural death." Many enervate themselves by lying late in bed, and living, if it deserves the name of life, in lazy inactiveness, as injurious to health as to virtue. Envy is the rottenness of the bones; fretfulness and anxiety corrode; anger and malice consume. It is needless to mention intemperance and sensuality, the effects of which so often lie down with the sinner in an early grave. Godliness has the promise of the life that now is—by freeing us from the malignant passions, which are always injurious to ourselves, as well as to others, and by inducing the affectionate and benevolent ones, which are always beneficial—by the peace it sheds abroad in the bosom, and the hope and confidence it authorizes and inspires, as well as by surrounding us with the care of Providence: it is, as David calls it, "the health of the countenance;" and justifies the admonition of his son—"Fear the Lord, and depart from evil. It shall be health to thy navel, and marrow to thy bones." Are not my days few?

Why, then, moderate your attachment to every thing that depends upon their brevity. Who would set their heart on that which is not? Who would load with treasure a vessel rotten or full of holes? All the admired distinctions and possessions of the world are very uncertain in themselves, and often leave us; but if they continue with us, we cannot continue with them. We brought nothing with us into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. Yet, stripped and naked as we shall go, go we must; and the time of our departure is at hand. Oh! what shall we think a few days hence of those pursuits which now so much engross us! "To-morrow we die:" and what will it signify whether we are carried to the grave from a cottage or a mansion, or leave behind us much or little? Endeavour to think always, as you will feel soon. "Brethren, the time is short: it remaineth, that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away." Are not my days few?

Then let us well employ and improve them. This is what Moses prayed for: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." And what is wisdom? This must be determined by circumstances. What is wise conduct in one man may be folly in another, because of their different relations and circumstances. But it is easy to determine what is wisdom in a man who numbers his days, and finds them to be few; and who has, during their continuance, an all-important interest to secure, and has no other opportunity. If he is guilty, it must be wise in him to seek forgiveness; if he is lost, it must be wise in him to seek salvation; and if he be unable to save himself, it must be wise in him to apply to another, who is appointed for the very purpose. And, in our case, such a one there is—his name is Jesus. He is mighty to save. He is willing to save. Instead of complaining of your application, he only complains of your neglect—"Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." Many have tried his power and his love, and recommended him from their own happy experience. He is now on the throne of grace. But he will not be always there. He will soon ascend the tribunal of justice. Seek him while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near. Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation.

This part of our subject branches itself into another line of duty. As you are to *gain* good, so you are to *do* good—and this, too, is equally enforced by the fewness of your days. Life is yours; and it affords you one privilege above the saints in light. It is the opportunity of beneficence—of relieving the poor, of instructing the ignorant, of converting the sinner. But remember two things: *their* days are few, and therefore they will soon be gone beyond the possibility of receiving relief; and *your* days are few, and you will soon be placed beyond the possibility of affording it. Wing your zeal, therefore, with the thought—"The night cometh wherein no man can work."

There is a way of lengthening life. It is—not by duration, but by diligence. It is by "filling our days." It is by doing much business in a little time. Some live longer in a week than others do in a year. —*Rev. W. Jay.*

A LYING WONDER.

The ecclesiastics of Rome have circulated in France, the last few years, a little book entitled *Prévisions d'un Solitaire de l'Abbaye d'Orval.* The preface states that this work was composed by a monk in 1544; that it lay buried in the dust of a library, and that, at length, it had been published through the diligence of a priest.

On opening this volume (astonishing and marvellous circumstance!) the reader finds clear and minute predictions of the principal events of the French Revolution, of the reign of Napoleon, and of the present time. But, according to the preface, these predictions had been written 300 years. Hence, by an argument quite logical, this monk must have received, from on high, prophetical inspiration.

This produced a lively sensation among the devotees, both male and female, of the papal church. These good people lifted up their hands to heaven in admiration, and said that Rome possessed still the *gift of miracles.* Mark well the necessary effect. Here is a man, who predicted, three centuries ago, every thing that has happened in our country! And this man a holy monk! And his work has been preserved by a merciful dispensation of Providence! This is evidently an incontestable sign in favour of the Catholic, Apostolical, and Roman religion. The monk of Orval was like the great prophets of the Old Testament, and whoever dared dispute the authenticity of these predictions, was an abominable heretic, deserving the most awful chastisement.

The thing went on very well for some time; but as the journals had commenced a fierce discussion on the subject, the Bishop of Verdun, in whose diocess the prophetic book had appeared, was forced to open an inquiry. And what was the result of this examination? Alas! the end of the affair was less agreeable than the commencement. It was proved that these pretended predictions were the work of an impostor; that this impostor was a priest named B——, curé of D——; that he had forged a false manuscript; that he had pretended the existence of an imaginary monk—in one word, that it was a pure trick. The prophecies were written after the events, and the author had only taken the trouble to imitate the style of the sixteenth century.

Great was the shame of the priest convicted of having been guilty of so disgraceful a fabrication, and deep was the confusion of the devotees who had believed it. The curé had to undergo a severe penance, and the bishop confessed that he had been sorely distressed by this affair. The men of the world made it the subject of their wicked jokes.

This circumstance teaches a lesson useful to all. I am persuaded that if all the prodigies of which Popery boasts had been subjected to a stricter examination, the result would have been the same. Gratuitous suppositions, lying inventions, fabulous narratives, forgeries, are the only terms applicable to the miracles of Rome. Will this church never renounce these *pious frauds,* which procure for it only ephemeral triumphs, and turn eventually to its hurt?—*Evangelical Christendom,* May 1849.

THE OLD AFRICAN.

There was an aged woman, named Litsape: she had lived during the reign of four of the kings of her tribe. In the year 1835, she was baptized and enrolled among the members of the Church of Christ, and to the day of her decease she continued a warm-hearted, zealous, and consistent disciple of our blessed Lord. During that period of ten years there was no part of her conduct to excite an unpleasant emotion in the minds of her teachers. "Some years ago," writes the Rev. Robert Moffat, "her only son and his wife, with whom she lived, and on whom she was dependent, left the station of Kuruman, and they employed every argument to induce the venerable woman to leave with them. Their importunity was the more remarkable, as she was almost helpless, and viewed by the heathen as a nonentity, or in their language—'a dry old hide.' Her son and daughter, both unbelievers, still persisted in their endeavours to take her away, but nothing could induce her to alter her resolution. Her replies were noble—'I can be happy any where if Jesus is only there; if I can only hear his voice? You tell me

I shall die of hunger here: I shall trust my Saviour for that. He cared for me, he fed me, and clothed me, during many, very many years, when I knew him not, and thanked him not! and will he not take care of me now that I love him? You know I love him. Leave my God, and the people of God, for Satan! No! Let me die where I am, and let me die of hunger too, rather than leave the service and the people of my Saviour. He feeds my soul. I shall not die but live!' "

Finding her immovable, they left her without a sigh; but other emotions possessed her soul. "You," addressing her son and daughter, "will soon forget me, but I will not so soon forget you; for while you sing and dance with the heathen, I shall be weeping for your souls, and praying for you, my children!" Her grand-daughter, who with her husband Magame were believers, took her to dwell with them, and her home was beneath their roof till she died. Her mind was ever alive to divine things, and she appeared to put the highest value on every word coming from God. She was never absent, even in the seasons of her greatest debility, from public worship. Latterly, having entirely lost her eyesight, she would totter along with a staff in one hand, and groping with the other, to hear the words of Jesus Christ. She rejoiced that the sense of hearing was still left to her, and that she could still hear her Saviour's voice. "She always appeared," says Mr Moffat, "to have her heart full of love to her Redeemer. Wherever she was, or at whatever hour of the day or night, she poured forth of the good treasure of her heart. She was all peace and contentment."

"The night before her dissolution I remained with her several hours, expecting each to be her last on earth. I was conversing with those present about her probable age. She heard us and she spoke. 'I am not old,' she said; 'I only began to live when I first knew and loved the Saviour. My former life was a nothing—a dream. I was asleep till a stranger came to me—it was Jesus. He cried, Awake! awake! I awoke, and beheld his hands and feet which my sins had pierced, and then I cried with horror—my heart died within me. I said, 'Let the anger of the Lord destroy me, for I have slain his son.' I felt I was a murderer! I felt I was made of sin! I was not a worm, but a serpent. My heart died—I became as a corpse. The eagles of heaven saw my body—they were descending to devour it; but Jesus came again, and said, Live!' I asked her if she had any misgivings in the certain prospect of soon entering into life, in the unseen and deathless state? She replied with great ardour, 'How can I doubt, when Christ has done all for me? I am not my own, I am part of his body.' I spoke of the unmingled happiness enjoyed in heaven in the society of saints and angels: 'Yes,' she added, 'but it is the presence of the Saviour that makes that happiness! Could I be happy were he not there? No.' She appeared to have no ebbs and flows of feeling. From the abounding fulness of her heart her mouth spake. She was much in prayer. Her lamp burned with a steady flame, throwing a lustre on every thing around her, till it died away in the pure day of heaven. She was truly a brand plucked from the burning—a trophy of the power of the everlasting gospel; for she had been a sinner of no common order—a kind of priestess of the unmeaning rites of heathenism. Her faith was simple as it was sincere; and, considering her great age when she was aroused to a sense of her danger, I was frequently surprised at the extent of her knowledge, and the clearness of her views on divine subjects."—*Rev. C. B. Tayler.*

PASSAGES FROM AN OLD AUTHOR.

I. A FOUNDATION FOR FAITH.

Is thy faith a temptation-quenching faith? Many say they believe: yes, that they do! They thank God they are not infidels. Well, what exploits canst thou do with thy faith? Is it able to defend thee in a day of battle, and cover thy soul in safety when Satan's darts fly thick about thee? or is it such a sorry shield that it lets every arrow of temptation pierce thy heart through it? Thou believest, but still as great a slave to thy lust as ever. When a good fellow calls thee out to a drunken meeting, thy faith cannot keep thee out of the snare, but away thou goest, as a fool to the stocks. If Satan tells thee thou mayest improve thy estate by a lie, or cheat in thy shop, thy faith stands very tamely by, and makes no resistance. In a word, thou hast faith, and yet drivest a trade of sin in the very face of it. O God forbid that any should be under so great a delusion, to carry such a lie in their hand, and think it a saving faith! Will this faith ever carry thee to heaven, which is not able to bring thee out of hell? for there thou livest while under the power of thy lust. "Will you steal, murder, and commit adultery, and swear falsely, and come and stand before me?"—(Jer. vii. 9, 10.) If this be faith, well fare the honest heathens who escaped these gross pollutions of the world, which you, like beasts, with your faith lie wallowing in. O venture not the life of your soul with such a paper shield; come to Him for a faith who is the faith-maker; he will help thee to a faith that shall quench the very fire of hell itself, though kindled in thy bosom, and divide the waves of the lust in which now thou art drowned (as once he did the sea for Israel), that thou shalt go on dry land to heaven, and thy lust not be able to knock off thy wheels of thy chariot. But if thou attemptest this with thy false faith, the Egyptian's end will be thine. "By faith they passed through the Red Sea as by dry land, which the Egyptians essaying to do, were drowned."—(Heb. xi. 29.) Though true faith gets safely through the depths of temptation, yet false faith will drown by the way. But perhaps thou canst tell us better news than this, and give us better evidence for the truth of thy faith. Let us therefore hear what singular thing hath been done by thee since thou hast become a believer. The time was thou wert as weak as water; every blast of temptation blew thee down; thou wert carried as a dead fish with the stream; but canst thou say, since thou hast been acquainted with Christ, thou art endued with a power to repel those temptations which before held thy heart in perfect obedience to their commands? Canst thou now be content to bring thy lusts, which once were of great price, with thee, as those believers did their conjuring books (Acts xix. 19), and throw them into the fire of God's love in Christ to thy soul, there to consume them? Possibly thou hast not them at present under thy foot in a full conquest; yet have they begun to fall in thy thoughts, and is thy countenance changed towards them to what it was? Be of good comfort, this is enough to prove thy faith of the royal race. "When

Christ cometh," said the convinced Jews, "will he do more miracles than these which this man hath done?"—(John vii. 31.) And when Christ comes by faith into the heart, will he do greater works than these thy faith hath done?

II. HOW FAITH MEETS DESPAIR.

FAITH gives the soul a view of the great God. It teacheth the soul to set his almightiness against sin's magnitude, and his infinitude against sin's multitude; and so quencheth the temptation. The reason why the presumptuous sinner fears so little, and the despairing soul so much, is for want of knowing God as great; therefore, to cure them both, the serious consideration of God, under this notion, is propounded, "Be still and know that I am God"—(Ps. xlvi. 10); as if he had said, "Know, O ye wicked, that I am God, who can avenge myself when I please upon you, and cease to provoke me by your sins to your own confusion." Again, "Know, ye trembling souls, that I am God; and therefore able to pardon the greatest sins, and cease to dishonour me by your unbelieving thoughts of me." Now, faith alone can thus show God to be God. Two things are required to the right conception of God. *First*, we must give him the infinitude of all his attributes; that is, conceive of him not only as wise, for that may be a man's name, but infinitely wise; not mighty, but almighty, &c. *Secondly*, This infinitude which we give to God, we must deny to all besides him. Now, faith alone can realize and fix this principle so in the heart that the creature shall act suitably thereunto; indeed, there are none so wicked who will not say (if you will believe them) that they believe God is infinite in his knowledge, and omnipresent, at their heels wherever they go—infinite in his power, needing no more to effect their ruin than his speaking it; but would they then in the view of these go and sin so boldly? They durst as well run their heads into a fiery oven as do it in the face of such a principle. So others believe God is infinite in mercy; but would they then carry a hell flaming in their bosoms with despair, while they have infinite mercy in their eye? No; it is plain God appears not in his true greatness to such. Despair robs God of his infinitude, and ascribes it to sin: by it the creature saith his sin is infinite, and God is not; too like those unbelieving Israelites, Ps. cvi. 7, "They remembered not the multitude of his mercies, but provoked him at the sea, even at the Red Sea;" they could not see enough in God to serve their turn at such a strait; they saw a multitude of Egyptians to kill, and multitudes of waters to drown them, but could not see multitude enough of mercies to deliver them. Thus the despairing soul sees a multitude of great sins to damn, but not an infinitude of mercy in the great God to save him. Reason, alas! is low of stature, like Zaccheus, and cannot see mercy in a crowd of sins. It is faith alone that climbs the promise; then, and not till then, will the soul see Jesus; faith ascribes mercy to God with an overplus: Isaiah lv. 7, "He will abundantly pardon:" multiply to pardon—so the Hebrew. He will drop pardons with our sins, "He will subdue our iniquities, and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." This is faith's language; he will pardon with an overflowing mercy. Cast a stone into the sea, and it is not barely covered, but buried many fathoms deep. God will pardon thy greatest sins, saith faith, as the sea doth cover a little pebble. A few sins poured out upon the conscience, like a pail of water spilled on the ground, seems a great flood; but the greatest poured into the sea of God's mercy, are swallowed up, and not seen. Thus, when "the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for," the Scripture saith "there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, they shall not be found; for I will pardon."—(Jer. l. 20.)

III. THE CALCULATIONS OF CHRISTIAN HOPE.

"OUGHT not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?"—(Luke xxiv. 26); as if Christ had said, What reason have you so to mourn, and take on for your Master's death, as if all your hopes were now lost? Ought he not to suffer? Was there any other way that he could get home, and take possession of his glory that waited for him in heaven? And if you do not grudge him his preferment, never be so inordinately troubled to see him onwards to it, though through the miry lane of suffering. And truly the saint's way to salvation lies in the same road. Rom. viii. 17, "If so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together," only with this advantage, that his going before hath beaten it plain, so that now it may be forded, which but for him had been utterly impassable to us. Afflictions understood with this notion, that they are as necessary for our waftage to glory as water is to carry the ship to her port (which may as soon sail without water as a saint land in heaven without the subserviency of afflictions), this well understood, would reconcile the greatest afflictions to our thoughts, and make us delight to walk in their company. This knowledge Parisiensis calls one of the seven beams of divine knowledge, for the want of which we call good evil, and evil good, think God blesseth us when we are in the sunshine of prosperity, and curseth when our condition is overcast with a few clouds of adversity; but hope hath an eye that can see heaven in a cloudy day, and an anchor that can find firm land under a weight of waters to hold by: it can expect good out of evil. The Jews open their windows when it thunders or lightens, expecting, they say, their Messiah to come at such a time to them. I am sure hope opens her window widest in a day of storm and tempest: (Zeph. iii. 12), "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the Lord." And Micah vii. 7, "Therefore will I look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation: my God will hear me." See what strong hold hope's anchor takes, and it is remarkable, if you observe the place; because all things were at so desperate a pass in the Church's affairs, "Therefore," saith the saint "I will look, I will wait." Indeed, God doth not take the axe into his hand to make chips; his people when he is hewing them, and the axe goes deepest, they may expect some beautiful piece at the end of the work. It is a sweet meditation Parisiensis hath upon Rom. viii. 28, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God;"—Where, O my soul, shouldst thou be more satisfied, free of care and fear, than when thou art among thy fellow-labourers, and those that come to help thee to attain thy so much desired salvation, which thy afflictions do! They work together with ordinances and other providential dealings of God for your good, yea, thy chief good; and thou couldst as ill spare their help as any other means which God appoints thee. Should one find, on rising in the morning, some on his house-top tearing off the tiles, and with axes and hammers taking down the roof, he might at first be amazed and troubled at the sight, yea, think they are enemies come to do him mischief; but when he understands they are workmen sent by his father to mend his house and make it better, which cannot be done without taking some of it down, he is satisfied to endure the present trouble, yea, thankful to his father for the care and cost he bestows on him: the hope of what advantage will come of their work makes him very willing to dwell a while amidst the ruins and rubbish of his old house. I do not wonder to see hopeless souls so impatient in their sufferings, sometimes even to distraction; alas! they fear presently, and have reason so to do, that they come to pull all their worldly joys and comforts down about their ears, which gone, what, alas! have they left to comfort them, who can look for nothing but hell in another world? But the believer's heart is eased of all this, because assured from the promise that they are sent on a better errand to him from his heavenly Father, who intends him no hurt, but good, even to build the ruinous frame of his soul into a glorious temple at last; and these afflictions came, among other means, to have a hand in the work; and this satisfies him, so that he can say, Lord, cut and hew me how thou pleasest, that at last I may be polished and framed according to the plan which love hath drawn into thy heart for me.

IV. THE POWER OF PRAYER.

CHRISTIAN, be you provoked to ply this oar more diligently; if this be neglected, a universal decay of all your graces follows. When the ports and havens of a kingdom are blocked up, that the merchant cannot go forth, there follows a damp on all the inland trade, so that an enemy needs not strike a stroke, but stand still and see them eat up one another. The psalmist tells us of a stream which makes glad the city of God.—(Psa. xlvi. 4.) The promise is this stream, upon which the saints have all their provisions brought to their doors; if this be kept open, Satan cannot much distress them, which is done when they can send out their prayers on this stream to heaven; but if once this trade be stopped, then they are hard put to it. It is observed of our neighbours in the Netherlands, that whereas other nations are generally made poor by war, they have grown rich by it, because by their wars they enlarge their trade. And if thou wouldst thrive by all thy temptations, thou must take the same course; whatever thou dost, stop not thy trade with heaven. God hath (to make thee more diligent in this duty) so ordered things, that all the treasure of the promises is to be conveyed to thee in prayer. This is like the merchant ship, "it brings thy food from afar." If thy mercies were of the growth of thy own country, thou mightest spare a voyage to heaven; but, alas! when thy storehouse is full, if no supplies come to thee from heaven, how soon wouldst thou be brought, with the poor widow, to eat thy last cake and die? It was not her little meal in her barrel, nor oil at the bottom of her cruse, but God's blessing multiplying them, that made them hold out so long: so it is not thy present grace, strength, or comfort, but God's feeding these with a new spring, that thou must live upon: cease praying, and the oil of grace will cease running. "Ye have not, because ye ask not." And when the store is spent, the city must yield. As thou wouldst not fall into Satan's hands, keep up a good correspondence with God at the throne of grace. Satan hath received so many overthrows by the saints' prayers, that he trembles at the force of this great ordinance of Heaven. This is the mighty voice of God in his saints which shakes these mountains of pride, divides the flames of their fiery temptations, and makes them cast forth their abortive counsels to their shame and disappointment: "O Lord, I pray thee, turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness." (2 Sam. xv. 21.) This one prayer made both Ahithophel a fool, and him that set him on also, defeating the wisdom both of man and devil. Satan hath such an impression of dread upon him, from the remembrance of what he hath suffered from prayer, that he will try every way to obstruct thee in it. "What do we?" said the Pharisees concerning Christ, for this man doth many miracles; if we let him alone, the Romans will come and take away both our place and nation. Satan cannot deny but great wonders have been wrought by prayer. As the spirit of prayer goes up, so his kingdom goes down. It is of the royal seed; he can no more stand before it than falling Haman before rising Mordecai. And therefore, seeing this is likely to do thee such great service against him, it behoves thee the more to defend it from his stratagems. Because the great artillery of an army is so useful to it, and formidable to the enemy, it hath a strong guard set about it.

V. CAUSE OF WANDERING THOUGHTS IN PRAYER, AND ITS REMEDY.

THESE wandering thoughts are occasioned by the Christian's non-observance of his heart in the act of prayer. Let him be at never so much pains before duty, yet if he doth not watch narrowly in the duty itself, his heart will leave it, and run into a thousand vanities. The mind of man is a nimble creature; one moment in heaven, and the next on the earth, like Philip, who, being joined to the eunuch's chariot, on a sudden was carried out of his sight, and found at Azotus, a place far distant. Thus our hearts are soon gone away from the duty, and taken a journey to the farthest part of the world in their wild imagination; yea, which is worse, sometimes the mind is off and gadding, but the Christian goes on with his lip labour, and takes no notice that his thoughts are gone astray; as Joseph and Mary were gone a day's journey before they missed their child. Thus the Christian loses his heart in duty, and goes on with a careless formality, that sometimes the prayer is almost done before he observes his spirit hath not borne him company all the way; who, had he, at the first stepping aside of his thoughts, been aware, might have recovered and rescued them out of the hands of those vanities which stole them, as David did his wives and children from the Amalekites, without any great trouble or loss. Therefore, keep thy heart with all diligence, observe whether it doth its part in the duty. As you do with your children, so you had need with your mind: haply they wait on you to church, but if not awed by your eye, they are gone, and play all the sermon time; to prevent which, you set them before you, that you may see their behaviour. If thou didst thus pray, observing and watching thy thoughts, thou wouldst find more composure in thy spirit than thou dost: nay, do not only observe thy thoughts in duty, but call them to a review after duty. Many go from prayer like boys from school, who think no more of their lesson till they return: they leave praying and all thoughts how they have behaved themselves in praying together. If thou neglectest to take an account of thyself, consider that thou must give an account of thy neglect to God himself, who will have the full hearing thereof. He sets not any about a work of which he means not to take cognizance how it was done; and were it not better that the audit should be in thy more private court, than thou to give up thy account at his dreadful tribunal? Resolve, therefore, to commune with thy heart upon this point; and the sooner thou goest about it the better it is likely to be done, because then the circumstances of the action will be fresh in thy memory. Go not, then, out of thy closet till thou hast examined thy heart: if thy thoughts in prayer shall be found to have been in any measure entire, thy affections warm and lively, matter of joy will arise to thee, and thanksgiving to God that thou hast escaped the hands of so many freebooters that lay in wait for thee. But take heed thou applaud not thyself for thine own care and circumspection; alas! thou wert not thine own keeper; He that lent his ear to thy prayer, gave thee thy heart to pray, and also kept it in duty. Say rather, with David, "What am I, that I should be able to offer so willingly?" If thy heart has played the truant, take shame, that thou be not put to shame before the Lord. Oh, blush to think thou shouldst be so unfaithful to God and thy soul; yea, so foolish as to run up and down on every idle errand which Satan sends thee, and neglect thy own work, of so great an importance. The spouse's complaint may fit thy mouth—"They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but my own I have not kept." He is unwise who, being sent to market to provide food, is drawn by every idle companion to spend both time and money in vain, and comes home without bread for the hungry family. O Christian! was not thy errand to the throne of grace to get new supplies from heaven for thy poor soul? And doth it not grieve thee to think that now thy soul must pinch for thy playing away thy praying time and talent; yea, that thou hast been injurious to God by taking his name in vain? Thy hand and voice were lifted up to heaven, as if thou meant to pray; but, like him who said he would go into the vineyard and did not, hou hast turned a contrary way, and set thy thoughts to work in another field: will not this afflict thy heart? And this affliction of thy spirit will be a sovereign means to excite thy care for the future. The faults which are unobserved are also uncorrected in the scholar's exercise, and so not likely to be mended in the next. Wandering thoughts in prayer are like vagrants: the best way to rid the country of the one, and the heart of the other, is to give both the law—the lash, I mean.

THE INDIAN CONJURER.

When Brainerd preached and laboured among the savages of North America, "an old Indian conjurer, a murderer and a drunkard, was brought, under one of his sermons, to cry for mercy to God with many tears. The work of God had assuredly commenced in the heart of that poor fallen sinner, but for many months his heart was full of wretchedness." His only reply to the questions of his affectionate pastor was, "My heart is dead, all is done, I can never help myself. I must go to hell," he said, when asked what he thought would become of him. "I asked him," said the missionary, "if he thought it was right that God should send him to hell?" He replied, "Oh, it is right! the devil has been in me ever since I was born!" And yet, while in this afflicted state, he was anxious to hear the missionary preach, and he seemed desirous to hear him preach the word of God every day. "I asked," says Brainerd, "why he wanted to hear me preach, seeing his heart was dead, and all was done, and that he could never help himself, but expected that he should go to hell?" Surely no livelier proof was ever given that the rebel had become a child of God, and that the love of God had been shed abroad in that contrite heart by the Holy Ghost, than by the reply which he made to his faithful and loving friend—"*I would have others come to Christ, if I must go to hell myself!*" "It was remarkable," adds the missionary, "that he seemed to have a great love to the people of God; and nothing affected him so much as the thought of being separated from them—this seemed to be a very dreadful part of the hell to which he thought himself doomed!" His heart was at length filled with admiration, comfort, satisfaction, and praise to God. "In all respects," concludes the godly Brainerd, "so far as I am able to judge, he bears the marks and characters of one created anew in Christ Jesus to good works!"—*Rev. C. B. Tayler.*

FRIENDSHIP IN DEATH.

Neither do I lay so much stress as many do on a few dying expressions. Indeed, they are never to be much regarded, unless they come from characters that yield us satisfaction without them. When elevated frames and triumphant confidences are not preceded by a way of which they are a suitable end—when the death, instead of being the natural and scriptural conclusion of the life, is the reverse of all that could have been reasonably inferred from it—we should always speak with caution and fear; for though we are not to limit the Holy One of Israel in the sovereignty of his operations, he has limited us in the rule of our judgment. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." Where there has been a real and obvious dedication to the service and glory of God, it is encouraging to see how God honours them that honour him; and when persons have said by their practice, "For me to live is Christ," it is delightful to hear them say by their comfort, "For me to die is gain." But physical causes may have great influence here; and I have known some very good men who have expressed but little confidence and joy in their last moments; and the full assurance of hope is not what I *only* or *principally* look after in a Christian dying; but the penitence which lays a man low at the foot of the Cross—the self-abasement which, under a sense of unworthiness and unprofitableness, cries, "Behold, I am vile"—the gratitude which acknowledges under every pain, "He has not dealt with me after my desert"—the resignation that avows, "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me"—the love to the Saviour that feels him "precious," and speaks "well of his name"—the concern to do good, that leads him, "while life and breath remains," to commend his ways to those he is leaving behind—all connected with humble confidence, and a "looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."—*Jay.*

SINFUL VIEWS OF THE MINISTRY.

Some regard only a man of genius and splendid abilities. Talents are the gifts of God; and it is delightful to see extensive learning, a profound understanding, the power of reasoning, and eloquence of speech, consecrated to the use of the sanctuary. But it is not to be concealed, that men of the mightiest fame will be surrounded hereafter by a small number of converts compared with some whose natural and acquired endowments never raised them into celebrity, but who deeply knew, and affectionately preached, Jesus Christ and him crucified. The treasure is put into earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may appear to be of God, and not of man. Dr Owen, early in his ministry, went to hear Dr Calamy, one of the most famous preachers of the day. After waiting in the place for some time, he saw ascending the pulpit a plain country man, and felt disposed to withdraw; but reverence forbade. He was soon struck with his prayer, and still more with his sermon. His text was, "O ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt?" and he entered so experimentally into the doubts of God's people, and so satisfactorily solved them, that the mind of this "prince of divines," as Cecil calls him, was so effectually released from a burden of distress, that from that hour he went on his way rejoicing. And I knew a man who was once hearing a minister whose preaching was very inferior to his character. At first he was much disappointed, and a naughty temper was working in him; but he received, he hopes, a very salutary rebuke by seeing at the end of the pew a poor woman bathed in tears under this very sermon; and he said to himself, "What God has sanctified call not thou common." A spruce, self-conceited young divine was recently, in company, turning into ridicule a very plain, but laborious, useful preacher in a village. There are occasions when, if we were to hold our peace, the very stones would cry out. A senior minister, therefore, said, "Sir, I never heard any one admire you, except yourself; but I have heard many speak well of the labours of this good man. I have never heard of any good you have done; but I have admitted two members into my church, both of whom were lately awakened by his warm and familiar addresses."

Some are entirely wrapped up in a favourite. A preference is allowable; and I hope it will always among you be in favour of the man you have voluntarily chosen. But he cannot, he ought not, to be always confined to this pulpit. Others must preach occasionally; and how censurable will it be if they look down and see empty pews—if they watch ill visages coming up the aisles, and malignant features in the seats, that seem to say to God, that he could not bless them now if he would! Some, if they know it, will not go unless their idol is to preach; but when he is present, it is enough; they think of nothing else, and go with the presumption, "Now know I that the Lord will do me good." "But might not this idolatry justly provoke God to remove this robber of his glory, or to render his services unprofitable?" "For are ye yet carnal? For whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men? For while one saith, I am of Paul; and another, I am of Apollos; are ye not carnal? Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So, then, neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."—*Ibid.*

A MEEK AND QUIET SPIRIT.

O WHAT a different world ours would be, if this heavenly jewellery were to become fashionable! but alas! how rarely do we see it worn! We hear much outcry of wrong, insult, ingratitude; the peace of every private circle is interrupted, more or less, by some petty contention: and here is a simple means which would heal every breach, calm every storm, allay every irritation. There is a certain temper called *spirit* in some young people, which is altogether opposed to meekness and quietness. The very terms, indeed, would probably excite in them a smile of contempt. But this would only prove them to be unacquainted with the nature of true dignity and real manliness. That the most perfect dignity of character and manner is consistent with these virtues, was eminently manifested in Him who was beyond all others "meek and lowly in heart." That *spirit* which is by some so greatly admired, would, upon investigation, be found to be made up of the most mean and pitiful qualities, and to proceed from a contemptible species of vanity. But can it be necessary to insist on the excellence of those tempers which the Bible itself recommends? Can that be mean, unmanly, or of small value, which, in the sight of GOD, is of great price!

Every word of God is true. It is therefore true, however reluctantly we may be disposed to admit it, that even a child who subdues a rising fit of passion, or submits patiently to some little grievance that he felt disposed to resist, is "greater than he that taketh a city."

Do we need other inducements to cultivate this temper? Let us make the trial for one day; let us be peaceable, meek, forbearing, submissive; determining not to be provoked by provocation; and remark, if that day will not be more productive of happiness to ourselves, as well as to all around us, than another in which rights have been maintained, privileges asserted, insults returned, and wrongs ever so successfully revenged. This, indeed, must be the case, because holiness and happiness, our duty and our interest, are inseparably connected.

Let our young readers then, while they wisely repress that inordinate attention to external decoration which so generally prevails, be ambitious to win and wear this choice array, these precious ornaments. Let them "learn of Him who was meek and lowly in heart," and they shall find peace in their consciences, and rest to their souls.—*Jane Taylor.*

LITTLE SINS.

BELIEVE it, there is a bottomless deceit in every sin; and this is the desperate issue of it, that if once you come to account any sin small, you will soon reckon the greatest sin to be no more.

We commonly reckon the greatness of sin by the abruptness of our advance to it. Possibly it would seem a horrid thing, at the first rising of a temptation in our hearts, if we should presently perpetrate the utmost of it into act: therefore, the method of sin is more smooth and deceitful: it counts a sinful thought a little transgression, and sinful discourse to have but a little more guilt in it than a sinful thought, and sinful actions to have but a little more guilt in them than sinful words; a great sin but in a little degree exceeds a less; and so, comparing sin with sin, and not by the law, we at length come, by invisible advances, to look upon the greatest impieties in the world to be but little sins, and so to commit them. If Satan prevails with us to go with him one step out of our way, we are in danger to stop nowhere till we come to the height of all profaneness; he will make us take a second, and a third, and so to travel on to destruction; for each of these is but one step; the last step of sin is but one step, as well as the first; and if the devil prevail with us to take one step, why should he not prevail with us to take the last step as well as the first step, seeing it is but one? Your second sin no more exceeds your first, than your first doth your duty; and so of the rest.

We should not, therefore, account any sins small; but look upon them as the spawn of all the vilest abominations. And as you would abhor death and hell, so abhor the least sin; because it hath a plot upon us, in subserviency to greater sins, that, without infinite mercy, will certainly bring to, and terminate in, death and hell.—*Hopkins.*

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

"We want Jesus as divine, not as human; least of all do we want him as the human, still out of humanity and above it, as held by many Unitarians. It is God that we want—to know him, to be near him, to have his feeling unbosomed to us. As to the real human, we have enough of that. And as to the unreal, superhuman human—that is, the human acted wholly by the divine, so as to have no action of its own save in pretence—what is it to us but mockery? What can we learn from it? True, we may draw from it the ideal of a beautiful and sinless life, and in that there may be a certain power. Still it is an ideal, presented or conceived only to be despaired of. For this beautiful life, being sinless, is really not human after all; and *we* cannot have it unless our nature is overborne and acted wholly by God in the same manner, which alas! is no longer possible, for we are deep in sin already. No! let us have the divine, the deific itself—the very feeling of God; God's own beauty, truth, and love. Then we shall have both the pure ideal of a life, and a power flowing out from God to ingenerate that life in us. God; God is what we want, not a man; God revealed through man, that we may see his heart, and hide our guilty nature in the bosom of his love.

"As a last evidence on this subject, and one that in my view winds up all debate, I add the holy formula of baptism—'into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.' That the Father is God is conceded; so also that the Spirit is God; and then between these terms, on either hand, we have dropped in, '*the Son*'—a man, we are told, a mere human creature, who is one of ourselves! This, too, in a solemn formula that is appointed for the consecration of a believing soul to God. I am well aware that one or two passages are cited to countenance this very harsh construction; but they are not parallel. If we turn, for example, 'to the general assembly and church of the first-born, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant'—this is only a case of mixed rhetoric, produced in part by the order of ideas. But in this baptismal formula we have nothing but a mere collocation of names, and one that suffers no dignified or endurable construction, unless each term is taken to import the real divinity of the subject. It appears evident to me, that Unitarians impose upon themselves, in the construction they give to this formula, by collecting about the person of Christ associations that do not belong to his proper humanity—associations which really belong to our view of his person, not to theirs. Were they to read—'in the name of the Father, A. B. the carpenter, and the Holy Ghost,' they would be sensible, I think, of some great violence done to the words by any construction which holds the strict humanity of Christ."—*Bushnell.*

WHY ARE MINISTERS SO MUCH MALIGNED?

The reasons why the storm of persecution hath chiefly fallen upon the ministers, are—

1. They have their corruptions as well as others, and lest they should be lifted up through the abundance of revelation, God lets loose some messenger of Satan to vex and persecute them. God sees they have need of the flail to thresh of their husks: the fire God puts them into is not to consume, but refine them.

2. The ministers are Christ's ensign-bearers to carry his colours; they are the captains of the Lord's host, therefore, are most shot at. Phil. i. 17—"I am set up for the defence of the gospel." In the Greek it alludes to a soldier that is set in the front of the battle, and hath all the bullets flying about his ears. The minister's work is to preach against men's sins, which are as dear to them as their right eye—and they cannot endure this. Every man's sin is his king, to which he yields love and subjection. Now, as Pilate said, "Shall I crucify your king?" men will not endure to have their king Sin crucified; this, therefore, being the work of the ministry to divide between man and their lusts, to part these two old friends, no wonder it meets with so much opposition. When Paul preached against Diana, all the city was in an uproar: we preach against men's Dianas, those sins which bring them in pleasure and profit: this causeth an uproar.

3. From the malice of Satan. The ministers of Christ come to destroy his kingdom, therefore the old serpent will spit all his venom at them. If we tread upon the devil's head, he will bite us by the heel. The devil sets up several forts and garrisons in mens' hearts—pride, ignorance, unbelief; now the weapons of the ministry beat down these strongholds. —2 Cor. x. 4. Therefore Satan raiseth his militia, all the force and power of hell, against the ministry. The kingdom of Satan is a kingdom of darkness.—Acts xxvi. 18; Rev. xvi. 10. And God's ministers are called "the lights of the world."—Mat. v. 14. They come to enlighten those that sit in darkness: this enrageth Satan; therefore he labours to eclipse the lights, to pull down the stars, that his kingdom of darkness may prevail. The devil is called a lion. —1 Pet. v. 8. The souls of the people are the lion's prey; the ministers' work is to take away the prey from this lion; therefore, how will he roar upon them, and seek to destroy them!

1. This shows us what a work the ministry is; though full of dignity, yet full of danger; the persecution of the tongue is the most gentle persecution can be expected; it is not possible, saith Luther, to be a faithful preacher, and not meet with trials and oppositions.

2. It shows the corruption of men's nature since the fall: they are their own enemies, they persecute those who come to do them most good. What is the work of the ministry but to save mens' souls—to "pull them as brands out of the fire?" yet they are angry at this. We hate not the physician who brings such physic as makes us sick, because it is to make us well; nor the chirurgeon who lanceth the flesh, because it is in order to a cure; why, then, should we quarrel with the minister? what is our work but to bring men to heaven? 2 Cor. v. 20—"We are ambassadors for Christ;" we would have a peace made up between you and God: yet this is the folly of depraved nature, to requite evil for good. Aristoxenus did use to moisten his flowers with wine, honey, and perfumes, that they might not only smell more fragrantly, but put forth more vigorously; so should we do with our ministers—give them wine and honey, encourage them in their work, that they might act more vigorously; but instead of this, we give them gall and vinegar to drink, we hate and persecute them. Most deal with their ministers as Israel did with Moses—he prayed for them, and wrought miracles for them, yet they were still quarrelling with him, and sometimes ready to take away his life.

3. If the fury of the world be against the ministers, then you that fear God had need pray much for them. 2 Thess. iii. 2—"Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked

men." People should pray for their ministers, that God would give them the wisdom of the serpent, that they may not betray themselves to danger by indiscretion; and the boldness of the lion, that they may not betray the truth by fear.—*Thomas Watson.*

LYING TO CHILDREN.

The Rev. Robert Hall had so great an aversion to every species of falsehood and evasion, that he sometimes expressed himself very strongly on the subject. The following is an instance, stated in his life by Dr Gregory:—Once, while he was spending an evening at the house of a friend, a lady, who was there on a visit, retired, that her little girl of four years old might go to bed. She returned in about half an hour, and said to a lady near her, "She is gone to sleep; I put on my nightcap, and lay down by her, and she soon dropped off." Mr Hall, who overheard this, said, "Excuse me, madam: do you wish your child to grow up a liar?" "Oh, dear, no, sir; I should be shocked at such a thing." "Then bear with me while I say, you must never act a lie before her: children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not is a lie, whether acted or spoken." This was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence, yet with a seriousness that could not be forgotten.

"YOU AND ME."

"**When** sitting under the ministry of a devoted servant of God," says one, "he on a certain occasion preached upon the Diotrephesian spirit. In his usual faithful manner, he pointed out its sad effects upon a church, until in his application he came so close, that I was surprised, knowing, as I did, how delightful the harmony had always been in that church. I soon began to persuade myself, however, that there was a Diotrephes there, but could not satisfy myself who it was. Finally, I ventured to seek information, and turning to a good brother, an elder in the church, I said, 'Mr L——, who DOES Mr S——, mean?' '*You and me*,' was his quick reply. I have never asked since *who my minister meant*, when he was delivering the message of his Master.

VOWS.

We do not always admire vows. They often ensnare the soul, and give the enemy an advantage over us. And Christians, as they advance in self-knowledge, are commonly more disposed to pray *to* God, than to stipulate *with* him. It is a useful hint which Cowper gives us—

"Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
'I never will deny thee, Lord;'
But, 'Grant I never may'"

Yet vows in some cases, may be useful. They may prove as a kind of fence to the field, or hem to the garment. They may serve to remind us when we forget, and to humble us when we fail. But two things should be always observed. The first is, that they be formed in an entire dependence upon divine grace. "By thee only will we make mention of thy name." "Through God we shall do valiantly."

The second is, that when we have made them, we should be concerned to fulfil them. "When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it; for he hath no pleasure in fools: pay that which thou hast vowed. Better is it that thou shouldst not vow, than that thou shouldst vow and not pay." Yet how often have men bound themselves when they were in danger, sickness, and affliction; and forgetting, or violating their vow, have turned again to folly! Even Jacob, after all his solemn covenanting with God, in the prospect of his journey, was awfully remiss upon his return; till, divinely rebuked, he said, "Let us arise, and go up to Beth-el: and I will make there an altar unto God, who answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way which I went." Hannah was more exemplary. She had vowed that, if her prayer was answered, she would give her son to the Lord as long as he lived. The surrender was painful: but as soon as she had weaned him, she took him to Shiloh, and brought him to Eli: "And she said, O my lord, as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him: therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

HILL AND THE ANTINOMIAN.

Rowland Hill would have tried the critical sagacity of the most erudite. His eccentricities are of great notoriety. With many strong points of character, he combined notions remarkably odd. One of those restless infesters of places of worship, commonly called Antinomians, one day called on Rowland Hill, to bring him to account for his too severe and legal gospel. "Do you, sir," asked Rowland, "hold the ten commandments to be a rule of life to Christians?" "Certainly not," replied the visitor. The minister rang the bell, and on the servant making his appearance, he quietly added, "John, show that man the door, and keep your eye on him until he is beyond the reach of every article of wearing apparel, or other property in the hall!"

NOW HAVE I KEPT THY WORD.

Sarah Howard, a poor old widow who had been bedridden fourteen years, when visited by her minister, thus spoke of her afflictions:—"I can set to my seal, that 'the Lord has chastened me sore, but he hath not given me over unto death,' Psalm cxviii. 19. I have been chastened in my person, and am quite helpless by long and severe illness; I have been chastened in my circumstances ever since I was left a widow; yes, I know what oppressing a widow, what bad debts, and hard creditors are: I have been chastened in my family, by a son, whom I was dotingly fond of, running away and going to sea. Besides all these, I have been chastened in mind, 'walking in darkness and having no light:' yet after all, I trust I can say with David, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word.' And I hope I can say that I am now returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls," 1 Pet. ii. 25.

THE ACTOR.

The late Rev. Samuel Lowell of Bristol, being once at Brighton, expressed a wish to walk on the Steyne, and to have the public characters pointed out to him. Amongst the rest, a celebrated comedian was noticed. "Ah," said Mr L., "is that ———, my old school-fellow? I'll speak to him." He accosted him, and the following conversation took place:—

Lowell. Sir, I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Mr ———.

Player. Yes, sir, my name is ———; but I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with you.

L. What! not know your old school-fellow, Samuel Lowell?

P. What! are you Samuel Lowell?

L. Yes, I am.

P. Well, I am very glad to see you; now tell me your history in five minutes.

L. First, my name is Samuel Lowell; I am a dissenting minister of Bristol, where I have lived upwards of twenty years; I have a large family.

P. So, you are a dissenting minister; well, you are a happy man, for you go to your work with pleasure, and perform it with pleasure: you are a happy man. *I go to my work like a fool, to please fools:* I am not a happy man.

YOU WILL BE WANTED.

Take courage, young man. What if you are but an humble and obscure apprentice—a poor neglected orphan—a scoff and byword to the thoughtless and gay who despise virtue in rags, because of its tatters? Have you an intelligent mind, all untutored though it may be? Have you a virtuous aim, a pure desire, an honest heart, and do you live in the fear of God? Depend upon it one of these days you will be wanted. The time may be long deferred. You may grow to manhood, and may even reach your prime ere the call is made; but virtuous aims, pure desires, and honest hearts are too few and sacred not be wanted. Your virtues shall not always wrap you about as with a mantle; obscurity shall not always veil you from the multitude. Be chivalric in your combat with circumstances. Be ever active, however small may be your sphere of action. It will surely enlarge with every moment, and your influence will have constant increase.

Work on, for surely you will be wanted, and then comes your reward. Lean upon the sacred verity, "I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Never despair; for the lives of good men abundantly testify, that often when the clouds are the blackest, and the tempest is fiercest, and hope is faintest, a "still small voice" will be heard saying, "Come hither—you are wanted," and all your powers will find abundant employment, and a wider sphere in God's service. Therefore take heart, young man, for, erelong, you will be wanted. —*Ohio Observer.*

LAST DAYS OF THE GODDESS OF REASON.

In the Paris papers of August 1. 1817, we find among the obituaries the following announcement:—"Died, within these few days, in the hospital of pauper lunatics of Saltpetrière, where she had lived unpitied and unknown for many years, the famous Theroigne de Mericourt (the Goddess of Reason), the most remarkable of the heroines of the Revolution." This female was seated on a throne by Fouché and Carnot in the Champ de Mars, and hailed alternately as the Goddess of Reason and Liberty. There was something remarkable in the history of the latter days of this poor creature, and her life is not without its moral. She who was taught publicly to blaspheme her Creator and dishonour her sex, was, for the last twenty years of her miserable life, subject to the greatest of human calamities—the deprivation of her *reason.* She repented severely of her horrible crimes, and her few lucid intervals were filled up by the most heart-rending lamentations. She died at the age of fifty-seven.

POOR IN BOTH WORLDS.

There are some who have no treasure either in heaven or earth. They are spiritually and corporeally poor: poor for eternity, and poor for time: in this world they have only a vale of tears; and in another, "lamentation, and mourning, and woe." You cannot suppose, unless you imagine the writer a barbarian, that he can say this without feeling. But he may feel, and yet be faithful; and how indeed could he express his concern for your welfare if he were to allow you to remain under a delusion the most dangerous? You think perhaps that your hardships and trials will recommend you to God; and you are often heard to say, "It is better to suffer here than hereafter." But you will suffer in both if you reject the counsel of God against yourselves, and adjudge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life. Christianity has indeed a most tender and a peculiar aspect towards the sons and daughters of want and woe—"The poor have the gospel preached unto them." But you must receive it in order to be benefited by it. Then, indeed, your privations will be sanctified; the Lord will bless your bread and your water; and your humble dwelling will become one of the palaces of Zion. —*Jay.*

HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD.

This is the pattern for every Christian. He is a counterfeit who does not strive to imitate it. The strength, the alacrity, the joy of the soul is connected with this imitation.—Religious people are heavy and moping, and cast down, because they are idle and selfish. The active, benevolent spirit of watching for opportunities to do essential service to our fellow creatures, they often feel no more than the profane. What, then, avail doctrines believed to no good purpose? Usefulness is the very excellency of life. No man in the real church of Christ liveth unto himself. Every true Christian is a tree of righteousness, whose fruits are good and profitable unto men. He is glad to help and to comfort others. He is diligent and industrious. He speaks to edification, dwells in peace, and gentleness, and love. He reproves what is wrong by an excellent example, and recommends by his own practice what is pleasing to God.

A WORD FOR THE WAY;

OR, HINTS TO TRAVELLERS AND TOURISTS.

BY THE REV. J. W. TAYLOR.

> "There is nothing can quit the cost and labour of travel but the gain of wisdom All is but cost, unless your busy mind shall, from what it sees, draw forth some quintessence of observation wherewith to inform and enrich itself."—*Bishop Hall's Letter to the Earl of Essex.*

THE annual return of railway passengers is upwards of *thirty-three millions, two hundred and seventy-one thousand!* And although the railway station is ever presenting the busy appearance of crowded trains arriving and departing, other modes of conveyance are by no means deserted. The decks of our steamboats, when summer suns shine bright, exhibit their goodly companies. Occasionally the sound of the horn announces the approach of the four-horsed coach, with its complement of four in and twelve out. Not a few have the luxury bestowed upon them by an indulgent Providence, of coaching it along in their own conveyance; while many more are obliged to have recourse to the primitive and independent method of journeying on foot.

The Church of England in her Litany, or general supplication, prays, "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord, that it may please thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water." To all such does this little tract extend its regard, anxious, if possible, to impart some elevating or tranquillizing thought to the mind, and thus to make the journey to minister to the wellbeing of the spirit. It is not a small victory, if, amid the bustle and noise and unsettledness of travelling, the mind is led to look upward. It is not a little acquisition, if the spirit returns homeward laden with the sweets of pleasant and hallowed remembrance, supplied by the journey. Speed on then, my little tract, on your errand of love, and may God of his infinite mercy deign to own thee and to bless thy perusal to every Reader!

LET HIM WHO WOULD PROSPER IN HIS WAY, WHETHER IT BE IN THE PATH OF PERMITTED PLEASURE OR OF NEEDFUL BUSINESS, MAKE DUE PREPARATION FOR HIS JOURNEY BY PRAYER.

Prayer will heighten pleasure and give success to business. It takes the matter out of the hand of man, and puts it into the hand of God. It calls in the protection of promise and of providence. It calms the spirit. It makes even the wilderness and the solitary place to be glad; and it clothes with additional charms the favoured spots on which nature has lavished her bounties and her beauties. Abraham's servant knew its value when he uttered his simple petition, "O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray thee, send me good speed this day!" So did Jacob when he vowed a vow unto God, and prayed amid the solitudes of Bethel, "that the Lord might be with him, and keep him in the way in which he went."

Difficult it is when we travel to have the composure for secret duties which we enjoy when we abide in our place, although this has been attained by the exercise of a high and hallowed self-denial and activity. Dr Doddridge relates regarding Colonel Gardiner, that he was wont to anticipate an early march or journey, by rising two hours before the time of starting, that his time of prayer might be preserved. But should we be overtaken by the frailties of our nature, and should the sudden call arouse us from amid the enjoyments of a balmy sleep, even then the duties of prayer must not be dispensed with. Short it must be, just as dressing and the morning meal must be short when time calls. As indispensable, let prayer be as the most obvious necessity. It is well not to leave the bed-chamber without bending the knee, lest amid the variety of little engagements this duty may be neglected. When prayer is the key by which to open the day, then may we expect all the day's doings and events to be prosperous.

The prayers of the closet are as the early rain; but it is doubly refreshing as the fulness of the latter rain, when welcomed, in the course of journeying, to the hospitalities of a Christian family, you leave them accompanied with their united benedictions. Behold the parting of a Christian company. "We departed and went our way; and they all brought us on our way with wives and children till we were out of the city, and we kneeled down on the shore and prayed. And when we had taken our leave one of another, we took ship, and they returned home again." One we knew who seldom, even in his earliest morning departures from home, omitted the observance of family devotion. The members of the family who could conveniently be summoned were gathered together—the voice of early psalms was heard—the traveller's Psalm, cxxi., was usually read, and to the care and keeping of an heavenly Father were all committed, both those who journeyed and those who abode in their place. Observed, this duty often was in haste, as the passover itself was; but seldom was it omitted. And when circumstances did occur to render the observance impossible, this good man could leave his home under the pleasing and soul-soothing assurance, that at the appointed hour the family sacrifice would be offered up, and blessings sought for him in his absence—for thus "he had commanded his children, and his household after him, that they should keep the way of the Lord."

It is the devil's policy to deprive the traveller of the peaceful and powerful influence of his morning prayer, and thus to make travelling a snare; and the heart, facile as it is deceitful, yields to the temptation, and either neglects prayer altogether, or hurries it over with a profitless haste, to the decay of true piety, and to the destruction of true comfort. Many a journey of pleasure has been marred, many a well-concerted journey of business has miscarried, and many grievous mischances have fallen out, because the preparations of prayer have been neglected.

Reader, *fail not to consecrate thy goings out*, by acknowledging God in them. The danger is infinite if thou neglect this. It may be to the loss of goods. It may be to the loss of life. It is sure to be to the hurt and damage of thy soul. The right observance of this duty will be recompensed, for *thy comings in* will be blessed.

Thus prepared, we set forth on our journey with the fairest prospect of enjoyment and success; for the Spirit has been refreshed and gladdened by its morning exercise, and comes forth ready to receive pleasure from all that it beholds, and to impart of its own cheerfulness to every thing around it. No effort is needed to entertain a mind thus exercised.

LET US OBSERVE WITH INTELLIGENT EYE THE OBJECTS AS THEY PASS IN QUICK SUCCESSION.

The eye is never satisfied with seeing, and here it may entertain itself with new and increasing delight. These little wild-flowers which we see are all there for gladness. The wood anemone scattered in profusion throughout the skirting plantation, the stately fox-glove with its dangling bells rising out of its stony bed, the modest primrose adorning the sloping bank, the broom with its tassels, and the whin with its golden branches, meet the view as we hurry by. Each tells its own tale of sweetness and of beauty. In the distance, a scene of woodland beauty opens out; or a little streamlet nigh at hand recalls the mind by its gentle meanderings. Out from the enclosed pleasure grounds proceed the mellow notes of the blackbird and the thrush, rivals in song; the grassy pastures resound with the bleating of the sheep; and soon are those succeeded by the moss, and the heather, and the marsh, where flies the lapwing with sounding wing and screaming note. To those who have been long pent up in populous cities, one day of such sights and sounds must be truly a day of delights. With the sky blue over head, and the earth green under foot, and the west wind blowing softly, and the sun shining cheerfully, joy must spring up in the heart. To the green fields and to the flowing streams old Izaak Walton sends men, to obtain the enjoyment of a calm and tranquillized spirit.

The mind which relishes the beautiful can relish also the sublime. Quench not the spirit when, in a rightful frame, it contemplates the works of the Lord. Place a man *alone*—for it is when alone that the heart gives forth its truest and most significant utterances—amid the grandeurs of Snowdonia, or on the heights of the Wynecliff, by the margin of Loch-Lomond, or at the base of Ben-Lomond, or in the deep solitudes of Glencoe, or by the rush of the Corra Linn, or (*ϖαρα θινα ϖολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης*) by the shore of the far-sounding sea, and there let his mind learn in silence. Can the mind fail to connect all that it sees with Him who made them all? It may—it often does; for the carnal mind is enmity with God. It does not like to retain God in its knowledge. Only after it has been changed by the mighty power of God, does it learn to connect the invisible things of God with the things which are made; and, casting its survey over all that is beautiful and grand, gives expression to its enraptured feelings in the borrowed language of poetry—

> "Thou art, O God, the life and light
> Of all this wondrous world we see;
> Its glow by day, its smile by night,
> Are but reflections caught from Thee!
> Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
> And all things fair and bright are Thine."

Every way has a religious mind the advantage. It judges not of sublimity by inches. It acknowledges not the bounds of the things which are seen; but above the highest mountains it lifts its eyes to Him who weigheth the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance—from the wide and spacious sea and the noise of its waves, or from the foaming waterfall, it can rise to Him whose voice is as the sound of many waters—from the gathering cloud or the sweeping hurricane, it can be led to that Mighty One who, all unseen by mortal eye, maketh the clouds his chariot and walketh on the wings of the wind. It holds converse with the one pervading Spirit, whose dwelling-place is immensity, and whose lifetime is eternity, and who is as great in creation as in salvation—the Saviour God, Jesus Christ, for he is Lord of all. Beyond the immensities of nature it sees, it feels, other altitudes and other deeps; for its desire is to be able to apprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that it might be filled with all the fulness of God. Embracing in one view all that it sees, and all that it feels, and all that is revealed, it can say, "Thou hast made me glad, O Jehovah, by thy works: in the works of thy hands I will exult."

WHILE ON THY JOURNEY, MEDITATE FAMILIARLY UPON THY PROVIDENTIAL PRESERVATION.

"In deaths often" is the traveller's condition. We know a friend who arrived at the pier of Greenock just three minutes too late to catch the steam-boat. It was the ill-fated *Comet*. On that night she was run down and many sank in a watery grave. The hand of God was here in our friend's preservation: it was no chance which happened to him.

If you go down to the sea in ships, it may be wholesome to think there is but a plank betwixt me and death. While you travel by railway, let the reflection cross thy mind, Some part of that nicely balanced machinery may give way, and I may be hurried into eternity. Or when coached briskly along, contemplate the possibility of a mischance. Such thoughts the writer has accustomed himself to entertain; not for the purpose of creating a nervous terror, to the hindrance of enjoyment, but with the view of learning his entire dependence upon God for journeying mercies, and for leading him to look upward at every stage of a prosperous progress, and to say with gratitude, "THOU has brought me hitherto." It is a natural, an instinctive, prayer of the heart, "From sudden death deliver us;" yet, although the prayer may not be answered, it is consoling to think that sudden death may not be unprepared death; and should the righteous be thus overtaken, his state is safe, and sudden death will only prove sudden glory. "Though the righteous be prevented with death, yet shall he be in rest."

And here it is that the mysterious procedure of an all-wise Providence brings us to a stand. The just man perisheth often, even as the wicked man; one event happeneth to all. The righteous man's righteousness protects him not against the common accidents of life. The lightning of heaven in its course shattered the monument which piety erected on the heights above Anwoth to the godly Rutherford. We see it, that one common calamity involves the man who seeks the Lord, and the man who calls not on his name. Doubtless, prayer would be offered up on that morning, when the Rev. Greville Ewing and his little party set out on a visit to the Falls of the Clyde, and God's presence would be asked to go with them, and to light up those scenes of grandeur which his fingers had formed. Yet grief met this little Christian party at the entrance; the horses shied, the party was precipitated into a declivity of the road, and Mrs Ewing received injuries which terminated in death. Near to that fatal spot too, it was, that bridal joy was turned, by a seeming accident, into burial lamentation. A bridal company were enjoying themselves amid the rocky cliffs which confine the angry flood, when the bride suddenly disappeared, and was seen no more. Thus soon and unexpectedly can pleasure be turned into mourning! That which hath been may be; that which hath befallen others, may happen to ourselves. And just at the tine when our spirits are most buoyant, and the heart is most full of life, and of some joyous anticipation, may mischance befall us; and, as in a moment, suddenly may we be called into the presence of God.

It may have been with light hearts that the companies of the *Pegasus* and of the *Forfarshire* assembled on the day of departure. At mid-voyage they trode upon a trembling wreck, and a yawning sea received them.

If, in the sovereignty of a righteous Providence, such disastrous accidents overtake those who are journeying on lawful errands, and at permitted times, during six days of the week which are given us for our own employments, what security can those have who sacrilegiously appropriate the seventh day of holy rest to their own purposes, and, instead of abiding in their places according to the commandment, and giving the day to God, journey either by public or private conveyance, in pursuit of pleasure, or for the furtherance of secular business? Is it not owing to the forbearance of a long-suffering God that they are not consumed in his anger by some fatal catastrophe? In crossing the crowded ferry of Birkenhead on a Sabbath evening, under circumstances which warranted that liberty, the writer had the opportunity of observing the appearance of those companies who endeavour to find their own pleasure in excursions on God's holy day. The boat was crowded. A levity, profane and disgusting—for it was more outrageous than is seen on a week-day—was manifested by the younger portion, who were abroad in their better dress. A look of discontent sat upon the more staid. A few tattered strollers prowled about, through the thick-set deck, as if intent upon prey; and here and there a loud laugh or an ineffectual attempt at merriment betrayed those who had left the beer-shop to come to the boat, and were now returning to their unhappy homes, more distant, by another day of grace wilfully abused, from all hopes of reformation and salvation. An occasional passenger might be seen looking pensively on this scene of wickedness and wretchedness, whom an errand of mercy or necessity, it may be supposed, had called from their homes. Short as was the passage, it was a great happiness when we landed at the other side. It was a double relief—*first*, An escape from a scene seemingly ripe for an outbreak of judgment; *second*, An escape from an intolerable society. We could not help observing to our companion when set free—If this short contact is so painful, what must hell be, where sinners are shut up closely, and for ever, with each other, while their habits, and even their very presence, will be mutually and increasingly repulsive and odious?—(*To be continued.*)

MRS THOMPSON OF BELLARY.

[The following interesting and affecting communication from the Rev. Dr Wardlaw appeared in the *Scottish Congregational Magazine* for June.]

DEAR SIR,—It has been suggested to me—and I feel as if compliance with the suggestion would be a pleasing solace to my own spirit—that I should send you, for your obituary department, a few brief *memoranda* of my late much-loved daughter, Mrs Thompson of Bellary. Not that there is any thing very special or extraordinary in her case. It is not, indeed, from cases that are far out of the ordinary course of Christian experience that most good is, in the average of minds, to be anticipated. Persons are apt, especially if their tendencies are to self-diffidence and despondency, to set such cases aside, as, with regard to them at least, out of the range of the attainable. But all exemplifications of the efficacy of the truths and promises of the gospel, in sustaining the soul under personal and relative affliction, and cheering it with good hope in a dying hour, have ever been found, as manifestations of its divine reality and of the faithfulness of a covenant God, eminently influential in confirming the faith, establishing the hope, and thus cheering and bracing up the spirits of surviving Christian pilgrims on their journey Zionward, and especially in their anticipations of "the valley of the shadow of death."

It was in the beginning of February 1841 that Mr and Mrs Thompson reached Madras, on their way to Bellary. The circumstances of their arrival at Madras are thus briefly noticed towards the close of the memoir of Mr Reid.*—"During the voyage out, Mr and Mrs T—— continued, while sorrowing for what they had left, to enjoy the anticipation of the society as well as the work which was before them. In the letter received from them announcing their arrival at Madras, the transition from the part of it written on ship-board, full of the cheerful buoyancy of hope, to the part of it written on shore, when they found the sad change which a few months had produced—receiving the intelligence that their brother-in-law was gone, and their sister on her way, with her bereaved family, to Madras, and thence to Britain, and in a state of health which made her arrival there a matter of medical doubt—was, to us at home, touching in no ordinary degree. The transition in their own feelings I leave it to the reader to imagine."

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* A son-in-law of Dr Wardlaw, who died in the missionary field in 1841.

Mrs Thompson, when she left home, was in the enjoyment of the best possible health. Hardly ever, indeed, during her previous life, unless under those maladies which are universally incident to childhood, had she required a medical visit. And for years she stood the effects of an Indian climate well. Although not retaining all her home vigour (for who does in that trying clime?) yet it was not till early in 1848, that the debilitating influence of it began so to indicate itself, as to render necessary a temporary removal from Bellary *to the Hills*—a situation at about thirty miles distant. Even so late as September 1847, soon after she had become a mother for the fourth time, her husband writes respecting her:—"Dear Jessie has enjoyed a very good proportion of health for some time past; and we trust that the enjoyment of the same blessing is still in store for her."

In this same letter her children are described as "all well," with the exception of one—a dearly loved little girl of somewhat more than four years old, of whom it is said she was "just recovering from a rather severe attack of fever." But this fever had arisen, it appeared afterward, from an inward organic malady, which, till after death, evaded medical scrutiny—so that, although this letter was dated on the 13th, the dear child, after suffering extreme distress from this hidden cause—distress which was enough to make death a relief to the agonized feelings of the parents as well as to the sufferer herself—expired on the 15th. All who wrote of this child represented her as singularly engaging. It was a heavy stroke. Both parents felt it very deeply. And to a constitution already debilitated, how could it fail to induce increased prostration? Even when grace maintains a due ascendency over nature, nature's feelings will still affect nature's frame. That grace did maintain its ascendency, and was strengthened, not weakened, in its hold upon the mind and heart by the trial, is sweetly manifest from the manner in which she expresses herself on the occasion:—"My dearly loved parents,—According to custom, my paper ought to have worn the badge of mourning, as the enclosed will tell you.* Yes—this day fortnight we were called to part with our darling, precious Janie. You have, though it is now long since, experienced the bitter pang of being separated from two beloved little ones; and you will, I am sure, sympathize with us. We have both been very graciously supported in this time of trial. We have been enabled, I think, to bow submissively, and even cheerfully, to the will of our heavenly Father, and to say from the heart—'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight!'—'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!' I cannot say that no murmurs have arisen in my rebellious heart. I have been tempted to ask in my grief—'Why hast thou done it?' Why has she—'the desire of my eyes'—been so soon and so unexpectedly taken from us? But I know that there is a *need-be* for this chastisement—and I think I see *why* He has done it. I feel that it is in love and mercy. My heart was too deeply entangled with the things of the world; my affections too much *here*." She then dwells, with a pleasingly plaintive fondness, on all that, in her dear departed child, was lovely in a mother's eyes, and winning and charming to a mother's heart. It was not precocious cleverness—Nothing of the kind is ascribed to her; but various elements of *engagingness*, by which others were captivated as well as her parents. Like many other Christian mothers—from looking, perhaps, for more than ought to be expected of the manifestations of the influence of any such minute germs of religious instruction as it is possible to introduce into the mind at so tender an age—she was agonized with occasional misgivings of heart on the all-interesting point of her dear child's happiness in another world. About the salvation of *infants* she entertained no doubt. The torturing question was, whether a child of four years could be classed with infants. Her doubts settled down, however, on the right side—not the favourable side only, but, as I unhesitatingly believe it to be, the *right* side:—"Our other dear children are well; but her removal has made a sad blank in our happy family. Sometimes an unspeakable yearning after her almost overpowers me. When I can believe and feel that she is now one of the lambs in the heavenly fold, I feel resigned and happy. And I am thankful to say, that for the last two days my mind has been more tranquil; and I feel *almost sure*, that if I am found faithful when my own hour of departure arrives, she will welcome me to the eternal home." "I know," she adds afterwards, speaking of another of her children, "I ought not to seek another earthly object to supply her place, but try to have my treasure in heaven, and my heart's affections fixed on that dear Saviour to whom I do trust she has gone." I doubt not she is *more than sure* now, having found, to her unspeakable delight, the anticipated welcome.

She was now in a strait. Her beloved husband's health was good. He retained his full fitness for labour. But the thought of coming home *without him* was one which nothing short of necessity could induce her for a moment to admit. She clung to hope. And so did he. Nothing on his part which warm and faithful affection could think of or do, for checking the progress of debility and restoring vigour, was unthought of or undone. A *pundall* on the hill was converted into a *cottage*, as a place of more frequent resort, and for longer periods. "We feared," she says, in vindicating the little expense thus incurred, "from what the doctor said, that if I did not try some change immediately, we should very soon be called to separate for a year or two at least, as William felt *he could not leave his post* when his health was so good, unless I had been *too ill to go alone*. Now, though nothing in this world would give me greater pleasure than to revisit my dear home *with him*, I have no wish to do so *without him*. If I should be obliged eventually to leave him, I trust I shall be enabled to follow the path of duty. but we were anxious (and I feel sure that you will sympathize with our feelings) to put off the day of separation to as distant a period as possible. So we thought, and the doctor thought too, that if I could stay up here for a time, and, if spared, could spend the hot season always here, that I might be able to remain in this country for some years."

Thus the feelings of nature and the convictions of duty combined, deferred her removal till, alas!—as the event has proved—it was too late. Her case came to be pronounced hopeless, unless she could be removed; and yet her removal an imminent risk. The attempt, however, was resolved upon. "After the medical men here," writes my son in a letter to myself since her death, "gave her an unfavourable judgment regarding her case, I remember going to her bed-side, and asking her how she felt. She calmly replied to my query, adding—'They seem to have taken away my hope.' 'Well, dearest,' I enjoined, 'they have not given us much ground for hope regarding your recovery; but there is one hope—a better and more glorious hope—which they cannot take from you.' 'O yes!' she said, 'I know it—I feel it; but I have such a wish to see dearest papa and mamma!" "And," adds he—for I cannot withhold the pleasing reflection—"And she *will* yet see you. O what a delightful and soul-cheering thought is it, that we shall all see each other at last!—that we shall meet where sorrow is unknown, in our Father's house above—the 'house of many mansions,' which Jesus hath gone to prepare for them that love him!"

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* "The enclosed" was a lock of the dear child's hair, in an envelope, marked with the dates of her birth and death

Letters from Ghooty, seventy miles from Bellary, on the way to Madras, were the first that gave us at home serious alarm. Her prostration of strength, we then discovered, was much greater than we had ever previously imagined. But I can enter into no details. Thus far Mr and Mrs John S. Wardlaw accompanied them; there taking their farewell—with regard to the loved invalid, as they tremblingly anticipated, a final one—to make a tour of missionary labour before returning to Bellary. The journey from Bellary to Madras was one of 316 miles, which, at the tedious rate of about *ten miles a-day*, exclusive of Sabbaths, occupied *thirty-four days!* Yet, amidst extreme debility, and with repeated revivals and relapses, it was, through Divine mercy, accomplished. In calling upon us to unite with him in thanksgiving for the success thus far of an attempt from which medical advice had rather dissuaded, and at the thought of whose "greatness, difficulty, and risk, his own heart almost sunk within him," and which he undertook as the only resource in a case pronounced otherwise without hope, Mr Thompson himself thus writes from Madras on the 13th of February:—"Well, it has pleased God to watch over and sustain the dear invalid. Short stages, frequent halts, and careful nursing, with the Divine blessing, have brought us 316 miles in thirty-four days, through a country in many places overrun with jungle, invested with wild beasts, and affording miserable accommodations. We had two palankeens, one for dearest Jessie, and one for the *ayah* and our two younger children. Dear Ralph and myself made the journey on horseback." At Cuddapah, where they rested two days, and again at Naggery, Mrs T. sunk so much that the result was seriously apprehended. "Not," says Mr T., "that she then, or now, or at any other time, had any unwillingness to depart; but she prayed that, if it were the Divine will, she might be spared to her sorrowing husband and our beloved children. She once more rallied, and we came on to Trippasore, where we met with Mr Drew, and remained two days. He came on with us to Madras; and in his commodious, quiet house we have been staying." At Madras she sunk again and again revived. Their cabin was secured in the "Vernon." Every thing was done that could be done for the comfort of the dear invalid, and the sea voyage was now looked to—still with many fears—as the only remaining earthly means of a more permanent rallying. "May it please our heavenly Father to bless our feeble endeavours, and to spare the life so precious to us all! If we are spared to reach England, I shall consult the best medical advice in London, and shall then hope to bring my beloved and our dear children to Glasgow, *via* Huddersfield"—(the residence of his own relations). This was written ten days before her departure. And in ignorance of that departure, and in "trembling hope" of yet seeing her, we might still have remained, but for the *express* from Madras to this country, conveying the tidings of the second and more successful engagement with the Sikhs. This afforded an opportunity of writing again ere he sailed; and although his letter was written in much agitation, and was meant for no eyes but those of parents and relatives at home, yet I feel as if I should fail to do justice either to him or to the departed, were I to suppress it. It is creditable to the characters of both; and it will awaken a responding chord in the hearts of many a domestic circle. The letter is dated 24th February 1849:—

"MY EVER LOVED AND MUCH HONOURED PARENTS,—I write to you with a heavy heart; and in doing so, I know the sorrow which will fill *your* hearts on the receipt of this. May the God of all grace sustain you under this heavy trial! Our beloved Jessie has been 'received up into heaven.' Yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, her happy spirit took its flight. This morning, at daybreak, we committed her mortal remains to the tomb. She lies in the mission burying-ground. And since commencing this, I have been interrupted by the sculptor, who is to erect over her a granite tomb. This will be one memorial of our tenderly beloved Jessie—but three sweet children are left me, the pledges of our love. 'I resign them to you,' she said with her last breath, 'and I resign them to God!' Dear, dear children!—my heart bleeds for them—deprived so early of a mother's care and love! It was long before my beloved J—— could give them and her poor husband up. The night before she died, I was sitting on a *morah* near her couch, when dear little Jessie came and stood near me. My beloved looked at her with inexpressible tenderness, and said—'Sweet child! I cannot but think I shall be permitted to play with her again, with her nice little cot and drawers.' Dear Ralph and I had been to the ship, fitting up the cabin ready for our reception the next day; but I found the noise on board so great, that I thought it better to wait until this morning before I should take my Jessie on board. God, in his great mercy, made wiser and better arrangements for her. Deep as is my present affliction, it would have been much increased had she died on shipboard; or, what more probably would have been the case, in her passage to the ship. All our baggage was taken on board on Thursday; and the vessel was to sail on the Sunday morning. But God, in his all-wise providence, is now detaining it here until Wednesday next, the 28th instant. This gives me a little time; and further, enables our esteemed missionary brother, Mr Drew, to go with us to Pondicherry. Had the Vernon sailed punctually to the time appointed, my distress would have been greatly increased. Thus the Lord 'doeth all things well.' Our trials have their alleviations. Yet with all their alleviations, how heavy are they to bear! I feel extremely depressed and desolate. The sight of my darling children arouses me for a little; but it is only to add to my grief. Their dear mother gone—the burden of their education for both worlds on myself alone. My heart sinks within me. Dear, dear children, your best earthly friend has been removed, and your poor father is agitated and perplexed. Dear Willy and Jessie scarcely know their loss; and dear Ralph knows it but imperfectly. The dear little fellow and I have wept and prayed together; and I trust that this affliction may be sanctified to us both. I feel that I have needed chastisement; but the stroke is indeed grievous. My dearest Jessie, up to an hour before her death, indulged hope of recovery; but she was quite prepared for her great change. We have frequently, daily, spoken together on divine things; and excepting once, for a few moments, when her spirit seemed to be depressed, her hope has been firm. She was remarkably placid during her long illness—nay, at times cheerful. About two hours before her death, she tried to encourage my fainting heart, by telling me that she was not so ill as she appeared to be. Her end was very peaceful—without a struggle or a groan—the breathing out of her spirit. One day, when speaking to her, she quoted with much feeling the words of a half-witted man who had been brought to the knowledge of the truth—(another 'poor Joseph?')—

'I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all;
But Jesus Christ is all in all.'

This was the prevailing habit of her mind. She trusted in Christ with all simplicity and confidence. And he was very gracious in his dealings with her. My beloved Jessie you committed to my poor care now more than eight and a-half years ago—and they have been happy years to me. She was a wise and faithful counsellor, and a most affectionate wife. As a mother, she was equalled by few, and surpassed by none. Now she is gone, and I am strangely desolate. The world assumes a very altered aspect. I feel too much paralyzed to write more. I commend my beloved children and myself to your sympathy and prayers. You, I am sure, will not forget us. May your hearts be comforted with gracious influence from above! Dear Ralph unites in warmest love to you all.—Your ever affectionate son,

"William Thompson.

"I have with difficulty written this letter. You, I am sure, will excuse it."

We did not think it needed excuse; and neither, I trust, will the reader. In mentioning similar details of his sister's departure, her brother, writing from Bellary, says—"May we 'follow her faith!' That faith was unassuming, but sincere and firm. It kept her mind in peace, calm and submissive, during all her illness; for she never breathed a murmuring word. It sustained her in the moment of dissolution—and now she is reaping its full reward in glory, in 'fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore!' We feel greatly her loss; for we loved her much. And to you, and to her fond and affectionate mamma, it will be a severe trial, a trial in which all around you will share. On dear William [Thompson] the stroke falls heavily indeed; and he feels it very keenly. He was very fond of Jessie, and would have done any thing for her. This must make the sorrow of his heart all the deeper. Poor dear fellow! we feel much for him. May the Lord sustain and comfort his spirit, and pour into the wound he has inflicted the healing balm! He is now, with his dear children—God bless them!—on the bosom of the mighty deep. . . . . . May the winds and waves have charge concerning him and his little ones, and may they all be carried in peace and safety to the shores of our native land! It will be a trial for you to meet them; but the promise stands—'As thy day, so shall thy strength be!' The truth of that promise you have often experienced, and will experience to the last."

The partiality of a father, and the unanticipated extent of this communication, concur in interdicting any sketch of character. He may be permitted to say, in a single sentence, that, young as she was when she left her home in a capacity so serious and responsible, being only in her nineteenth year, she possessed a well-cultivated mind, a more than ordinarily thoughtful and sound judgment, a discriminative prudence, a buoyant elasticity and playfulness of spirit, warmth of heart, and tender susceptibility of feeling, such as rendered her, like most others of a similar temperament, occasionally somewhat oversensitive, or what in common speech is termed *touchy*, but only for the moment, neither sullen nor resentful. And her whole character was imbued with the hallowing influence of an early, enlightened, and deep-seated piety. She was a devotedly affectionate and dutiful child. Her character in other relations has already appeared.

It is impossible not to mark special coincidences, even though there is no conclusion whatever to be drawn from them. It was on the 28th day of February 1841, that my daughter, Mrs Reid, sailed from Madras, a widow, with her five fatherless children, on her return to this country, leaving behind the precious dust of a husband and child: it was on the same day of the same month, the 28th of February 1849, that my son-in-law, Mr Thompson (who, on the former occasion, met at Madras, in the agony of disappointed hopes, the widow and family of him with whom he had joyfully anticipated a reunion in their happy and harmonious labours, and went to Bellary to weep over his grave) sailed for this country, a widower, with his three motherless children, leaving behind him the precious dust of a wife and child. The dead, in the far land, do not, indeed, all rest in the same hallowed spot. But, in the terms of my son's letter—"Thanks be to God! wherever we are called to deposit the ashes of those loved ones who 'sleep in Jesus'—whether in the bosom of the earth or in the bosom of the trackless deep—whether in a land of strangers or in 'the place of our fathers' sepulchres'—we can say with tears of mingled grief and gladness—'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them!'"—Yes; and as, from Britain and from India alike, the spirts of those who "die in the Lord" find their way to the same heaven, so, in due time, will their sleeping dust, their raised and glorified bodies; that, body and soul together, they may "BE EVER WITH THE LORD!"

REMEMBER LOT.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, HELMINGHAM.*

Who is there among you all that feels secure, and has no fear of lingering? Come and listen while I tell you a few passages in Lot's history. Do as he did, and it will be a miracle indeed if you do not get into the same state of soul at last.

One thing, then, I observe in Lot is this, *he made a wrong choice in early life.*

There was a time when Abraham and Lot lived together. They both became rich, and could live together no longer. Abraham, the elder of the two, in the true spirit of humility and courtesy, gave Lot the choice of the country, when they resolved to part company. "If thou," he said, "wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."—(Gen. xiii. 9.)

And what did Lot do? We are told he saw the plains of Jordan, near Sodom, were rich, fertile, and well watered. It was a good land for cattle, and full of pastures. He had large flocks and herds, and it just suited his requirements. And this was the land he chose for a residence, simply because it was a rich, well-watered land. It was near the town of Sodom! He cared not for that. The men of Sodom, who would be his neighbours, were wicked! It mattered not. They were sinners before God exceedingly! It made no difference to him. The pasture was rich. The land was good. He wanted such a country for his flocks and herds. And before that argument all scruples and doubts, if indeed he had any, at once went down. He chose by sight, and not by faith. He asked no counsel of God to preserve him from mistakes. He looked to the things of time, and not of eternity. He thought of his worldly profit, and not of his soul. He considered only what would help him in this life—he forgot the solemn business of the life to come. This was a bad beginning.

But I observe also that *Lot mixed with sinners when there was no occasion for his doing so.*

We are first told that he "pitched his tent toward

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* From a characteristic tract recently published by the author under this title.

Sodom."—(Gen. xiii. 12.) This, as I have already shown, was a great mistake.

But the next time he is mentioned, we find him actually living in Sodom itself. The Spirit says expressly, "He dwelt in Sodom."—(Gen. xiv. 12.) His tents were left. The country was forsaken. He occupied a house in the very streets of that wicked town.

We are not told the reasons of this change. We are not aware that any occasion could have arisen for it. We are sure there could have been no command of God. Perhaps his wife liked the town better than the country, for the sake of society. It is plain she had no grace herself. Perhaps she persuaded Lot that it was needful for the education of his daughters. Perhaps the daughters urged living in the town for the sake of gay company: they were evidently light-minded young women. Perhaps Lot liked it himself, in order to make more of his flocks and herds. Men never want reasons to confirm their wills. But one thing is very clear—Lot dwelt in the midst of Sodom without good cause.

Reader, when a child of God does these two things which I have named, you never need be surprised if you hear, by and by, unfavourable accounts about his soul. You never need wonder if he becomes deaf to the warning voice of affliction, as Lot was (Gen. xiv. 12), and turns out a lingerer in the day of trial and danger, as Lot did.

Make a wrong choice—an unscriptural choice—in life, and settle yourself down unnecessarily in the midst of worldly people, and I know no surer way to damage your own spirituality, and to go backward about your eternal concerns. This is the way to make the pulse of your soul beat feebly and languidly. This is the way to make the edge of your feeling about sin become blunt and dull. This is the way to dim the eyes of your spiritual discernment, till you can scarcely distinguish good from evil, and stumble as you walk. This is the way to bring a moral palsy on your feet and limbs, and make you go tottering and trembling along the road to Zion, as if the grasshopper was a burden. This is the way to sell the pass to your worst enemy—to give the devil the vantage ground in the battle—to tie your arms in fighting—to fetter your legs in running—to dry up the sources of your strength—to cripple your own energies—to cut of your own hair, like Samson, and give yourself into the hands of the Philistines, put out your own eyes, grind at the mill, and become a slave.

Reader, wake up and mark well what I am saying. Settle these things down in your mind. Do not forget them. Recollect them in the morning. Recall them to memory at night. Let them sink down deeply into your heart. If ever you would be safe from lingering, beware of needless mingling with worldly people. Beware of Lot's choice. If you would not settle down into a dry, dull, sleepy, barren, heavy, carnal, stupid, torpid state of soul, *beware of Lot's choice.*

Remember this in choosing a dwelling-place, or residence. It is not enough that the house is comfortable—the situation good—the air fine—the neighbourhood pleasant—the expenses small—the living cheap. There are other things yet to be considered. You must think of your immortal soul. Will the house you think of help you towards heaven or hell? Is the gospel preached within an easy distance? Is Christ crucified within reach of your door? Is there a real man of God near, who will watch over your soul? I charge you, if you love life, not to overlook this. *Beware of Lot's choice.*

Remember this in choosing a calling, a place, or profession in life. It is not enough that the salary is high—the wages good—the labour light—the advantages numerous—the prospects of getting on most favourable. Think of your soul, your immortal soul. Will it be fed or starved? Will it be prospered or drawn back? I beseech you, by the mercies of God, to take heed what you do. Make no rash decision. Look at the place in every light, the light of God as well as the light of the world. Gold may be bought too dear. *Beware of Lot's choice.*

Remember this in choosing a husband or wife, if you are unmarried. It is not enough that your eye is pleased—that your tastes are met—that your mind finds congeniality—that there is amiability and affection—that there is a comfortable home for life. There needs something more than this. There is a life yet to come. Think of your soul, your immortal soul. Will it be helped upwards, or dragged downwards, by the union you are planning? Will it be made more heavenly or more earthly—drawn nearer to Christ or to the world? Will its religion grow in vigour, or will it decay? I pray you, by all your hopes of glory, allow this to enter into your calculations. Think, as old Baxter said, and think, and think, and think again, before you commit yourself. "Be not unequally yoked."—(2 Cor. vi. 14.) Matrimony is nowhere named among the means of conversion. *Remember Lot's choice.*

Remember this, if you are ever offered a situation on a railway. It is not enough to have good pay, and regular employment, the confidence of the directors, and the best chance of rising to a higher post. These things are very well in their way, but they are not every thing. How will your soul fare, if you serve a railway company that runs Sunday trains? What day in the week will you have for God and eternity? What opportunities will you have for hearing the gospel preached? I solemnly warn you to consider this. It will profit you nothing to fill your purse, if you bring leanness and poverty on your soul. Beware of selling your Sabbath for the sake of a good place. *Beware of Lot's choice.*

Reader, you may perhaps think, "a believer need not fear—he is a sheep of Christ—he will never perish—he cannot come to much harm. It cannot be that such small matters can be of great importance."

Well! you may think so; but I warn you, if you neglect them, your soul will never prosper. A true believer will certainly not be cast away, although he may linger; but if he does linger, it is vain to suppose his religion will thrive. Grace is a tender plant. Unless you cherish it, and nurse it well, it will soon become sickly in this evil world. It may droop, though it cannot die. The brightest gold will soon become dim when exposed to a damp atmosphere. The hottest iron will soon become cold. It requires pains and toil to bring it to a red heat. It requires nothing but letting alone, or a little cold water, to become black and hard.

You may be an earnest, zealous Christian now. You may feel like David in his prosperity, "I shall never be moved."—(Psalm xxx. vii.) But, be not deceived. You have only got to walk in Lot's steps, and make Lot's choice, and you will soon come to Lot's state of soul. Allow yourself to do as he did, presume to act as he acted, and be very sure you will soon discover you have become a wretched lingerer, like him. You will find, like Samson, the presence of the Lord is no longer with you. You will prove, to your own shame, an undecided, hesitating man, in the day of trial. There will come a canker on your religion, and eat out its vitality without your knowing it. There will come a consumption on your spiritual strength, and waste it away insensibly. And at length you will wake up to find your hands hardly able to do the Lord's work, and your feet hardly able to carry you along the Lord's way, and your faith no bigger than a grain of mustard seed; and this, perhaps, at some turning-point in your life, at a time when the enemy is coming in like a flood, and your need is the sorest.

Ah! reader, if you would not become a lingerer in religion, consider these things. *Beware of doing what Lot did.*

MISCELLANIES.

BY ARCHDEACON HARE.

I MET this morning with the following sentences:—"An upholsterer nowadays makes much handsomer furniture than they made three hundred years ago. The march of mind is discernible in every thing. Shall religion, then, be the only thing that continues wholly unimproved?"

What? Does the march of mind improve the oaks of the forest? does it make them follow its banners to Dunsinane, or dance as Orpheus did of old? does it improve the mountains? does it improve the waves of the sea? does it improve the sun? The passage is silly enough: I merely quote it, because it gives plain utterance to a delusion which is floating about in thousands, I might say in millions of minds. Some things we improve, and so we assume that we can improve and are to improve all things; as though it followed that, because we can mend a pen, we can with the same ease mend an eagle's wing; as though because nibbing the pen strengthens it, paring the eagle's wings must strengthen them also.

People forget what things are progressive, and what improgressive. Of those too which are progressive, they forget that some are borne along according to laws independent of human control, while others may be shoved or driven on by the industry and intelligence of man.

In one point of view, indeed, we do improve both the oaks and the mountains, both the sea and even the sun; not in themselves absolutely, but in their relations to us. We make them minister more and more to our purposes; and we derive greater benefits from them, which increase with the increase of civilisation. In this sense too may we, and ought we, to improve religion; not in itself, but in its relations to us; so that it may do us more and more good, or, in other words, may exercise a greater and still greater power over us. That is to say, we are to improve ourselves in the only way of doing so effectually: we are to increase the power of religion over us, by obeying it, by submitting our wills to it, by receiving it into our hearts with more entire devotion and love.

WHEN will the earth again hear the glad announcement, that "the people bring much more than enough for the service of the work which the Lord commanded to make?"—(Exod. xxxvi. 5.) Yet, until we bring more than enough, at least until we are kindled by a spirit which will make us desire to do so, we shall never bring enough. And ought we not? Your economists will say "*No.*" They who would think the sun a useful creature if he would come down from the sky and light their fires, will gravely reprehend such wasteful extravagance. At the same time, no doubt, they will continually be guilty of far greater and more wasteful.

Among the numberless marvels at which nobody marvels, few are more marvellous than the recklessness with which priceless gifts, intellectual and moral, are squandered and thrown away. Often have I gazed with wonder at the prodigality displayed by nature in the cistus, which unfolds hundreds or thousands of its white starry blossoms morning after morning, to shine in the light of the sun for an hour or two, and then fall to the ground. But who, among the sons and daughters of men—gifted with thoughts "which wander through eternity," and with powers which have the godlike privilege of working good and giving happiness—who does not daily let thousands of these thoughts drop to the ground and rot? who does not continually leave his powers to draggle in the mould of their own leaves? The imagination can hardly conceive the heights of greatness and glory to which mankind would be raised, if all their thoughts and energies were to be animated with a living purpose—or even those of a single people, or of the educated among a single people. But as in a forest of oaks, among the millions of acorns that fall every autumn, there may perhaps be one in a million that will grow up into a tree, somewhat in like manner fares it with the thoughts and feelings of man.

What then must be our confusion when we see all these wasted thoughts and feelings rise up in the judgment, and bear witness against us!

But how are we to know whether they are wasted or not?

We have a simple infallible test. Those which are laid up in heaven, those which are laid up in any heavenly work, those whereby we in any way carry on the work of God upon earth, are not wasted. Those which are laid up on earth, in any mere earthly work, in carrying out our own ends, or the ends of the spirit of evil, are heirs of death from the first, and can only rise out of it for a moment, to sink back into it for ever.

TRUE goodness is like the glowworm in this, that it shines most when no eyes except those of heaven are upon it.

HE who does evil that good may come, pays a toll to the devil to let him into heaven.

THE mind is like a sheet of white paper in this, that the impressions it receives the oftenest, and retains the longest, are black ones.

A cobweb is soon spun, and still sooner swept away.

AS oftentimes, when walking in a wood near sunset, though the sun himself be hid by the height and bushiness of the trees around, yet we know that he is still above the horizon, from seeing his beams in the open glades before us illumining a thousand leaves, the several brightnesses of which are so many evidences of his presence: thus is it with the Holy Spirit. He works in secret; but His work is manifest in the lives of all true Christians. Lamps so heavenly must have been lit from on high.

It has been deemed a great paradox in Christianity, that it makes humility the avenue to glory. Yet what other avenue is there to wisdom, or even to knowledge? Would you pick up precious truths, you must bend down and look for them. Every where the pearl of great price lies bedded in a shell which has no form or comeliness. It is so in physical science. Bacon has declared it: *Natura non nisi parendo vincitur;* and the triumphs of science since his days have proved how willing nature is to be conquered by those who will obey her. It is so in moral speculation. Wordsworth has told us the law of his own mind, the fulfilment of which has enabled him to reveal a new world of poetry: *Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop than when we soar.* That it is so likewise in religion we are assured by those most comfortable words, *Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*

One of the first things a soldier has to do, is to harden himself against heat and cold. He must inure himself to bear sudden and violent changes. In like manner they who enter into public life should begin by dulling their sensitiveness to praise and blame. He who cannot turn his back on the one, and face the other, will probably be beguiled by his favourite into letting his enemy come behind him, and wound him when off his guard. Let him keep a firm footing, and beware of being lifted up, remembering that this is the commonest trick by which wrestlers throw their antagonists.

How different are summer storms from winter ones! In winter they rush over the earth with all their violence; and if any poor remnants of foliage or flowers have lingered behind, these are swept along at one gust. Nothing is left but desolation; and long after the rain has ceased, pools of water and mud bear token of what has been. But when the clouds have poured out their torrents in summer, when the winds have spent their fury, and the sun breaks forth again in its glory, all things seem to rise with renewed loveliness from their refreshing bath. The flowers glistening with raindrops smell sweeter than before; the grass seems to have gained another brighter shade of green; and the young plants, which had hardly come into sight, have taken their place among their fellows in the borders, so quickly have they sprung up under the showers. The air too, which may previously have been oppressive, is become clear and soft and fresh.

Such, too, is the difference, when the storms of affliction fall on hearts unrenewed by Christian faith, and on those who abide in Christ. In the former they bring out the dreariness and desolation which may before have been unapparent. The gloom is not relieved by the prospect of any cheering ray to follow it, any flowers or of fruit to show its beneficence. But in the truly Christian soul, "though weeping endure for a night, joy comes in the morning." A sweet smile of hope and love follows every tear; and tribulation itself is turned into the chief of blessings.

Nothing hides a blemish so completely as cloth of gold. This is the first lesson that heirs and heiresses commonly learn. Would that equal pains were taken to convince them, that the having inherited a good cover for blemishes does not entail any absolute necessity of providing blemishes for it to cover.

The corruption and perversity of the world, which should be our strongest stimulants to do what we can to remove and correct them, are often pleaded by the religious as excuses for withdrawing from the world and doing nothing. How unlike is this to the example of Him who *concluded all under sin*, that He might have mercy upon all, that He might take their sinful nature upon Him, to purify it from its sinfulness!

The greatest truths are the simplest: and so are the greatest men.

When we are gazing on a sweet, guileless child, playing in the exuberance of its happiness, in the light of its own starry eyes, we are tempted to deny that any thing so lovely can have a corrupt nature latent within; and we would gladly disbelieve that the germs of evil are lying in these beautiful blossoms. Yet, in the tender green of the sprouting nightshade, we can already recognise the deadly poison that is to fill its ripened berries. Were our discernment of our own nature as clear as of plants, we should probably perceive the embryo evil in it no less distinctly.—*Guesses at Truth.*

THE SLEEP AND THE WAKING.

That which we call death is not death indeed to the saints of God—it is but the image of death, the shadow and metaphor of death, death's younger brother; a mere sleep, and no more. There are two main properties of death which do carry in them a lively resemblance of sleep. The first is, that sleep is nothing else but the binding up of the senses for a little time, a locking up of the doors, and shutting of the windows of the body for a season, that so nature may take the sweeter rest and repose, being freed from all disturbance and distractions: sleep is but a mere parenthesis to the labours and travails of this present life. Secondly, sleep is but a partial privation, a privation of the act only, not of the habit of reason. They that sleep in the night, do awake again in the morning. Then the soul returneth to the discharge of all her offices again: in the internal faculties, to the act of judging and discourse in the intellect—to recalling things for the present, and recording things for future use in the memory—to its empire and command in the will—to its judicature in the conscience: so likewise the soul returns again to the execution of all her functions in the external senses—to seeing in the eye, to hearing in the ear, to tasting in the palate, as also to working in the hands, to walking in the feet, and so as to the rest. In a word, the whole man is restored again to itself, as it were, by a new creation: that which lay so senseless and useless all the night, is raised now again more fresh and active in the morning than it lay down at night.

Such as this is what we commonly call death, but with this considerable advantage, that in the interim of death the soul acts more vigorously than before, as being released from the weights and entanglements of the body.

First, it is but a longer and closer binding up of the senses—nature's long vacation. The grave is a bed, wherein the body is laid to rest, with its curtains drawn close about it, that it may not be disturbed in its repose; so the Holy Ghost pleaseth to phrase it, "He shall enter into peace: they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness."—(Isa. lvii. 2.) Death is nothing else but a writ of ease to the poor weary servants of Christ, a total cessation from all their labour of nature, sin, and affliction: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labours," &c.—(Rev. xiv. 13.) While the souls of the saints do rest in Abraham's bosom, their bodies do sweetly sleep in their beds of dust, as in a safe and consecrated dormitory. Thus death is but a sleep.

Secondly, and then again, as they that sleep in the night do awake in the morning, so shall the saints of God do; this heaviness may endure for a night (this night of mortality), but joy cometh in the morning: in the morning of the resurrection they shall wake again. (Ps. xvii. 15.) It will not be an everlasting night, an endless sleep; but as surely as we awake in the morning, when we have slept comfortably all night, so surely shall the saints then awake, and shall stand upon their feet, and we shall behold them again with exceeding joy.

O blessed morning! How should we long and wait for that morning, more than they that watch for the dawning of the day!

Let this teach us to moderate our sorrow over departed Christian friends; for, do we sigh and lament when any of the family are gone to bed before us in the evening? Do we cry out, Woe and alas! my father is fallen asleep, my mother is laid to rest; my sweet child, the delight of mine eyes, the joy of my heart, his eyes have closed, and the curtains are drawn close about him? Do we, I say, thus take on, and afflict ourselves in this case? No, surely. Why, then, do we so here?—the case is the same; only, if the night be a little longer, the morning will be infinitely more joyous, and make us more abundant compensation for our patience and expectation. We call also the absence of our friends by a wrong name. We say, My father is dead, my mother is dead, my Isaac is dead. Dead! the letter killeth. Death is the most terrible of all terrible things; the very name of it strikes a chilness and coldness into our hearts. Let us, then, call things as God calls them; let us make use of the notions which God hath suggested to us; let us say, My parent is at rest, my beloved babe is fallen asleep, and, behold, the terror of death will cease.

If God hath clothed this horrid thing death with softer notions for our comfort, let not the consolation of the Almighty be a small thing with us. What comfortable lives might we live, had we but the right notions of things, and faith to realize them.—*Case.*

JOHN WESLEY AND HIS LIKENESS.

Mr Dudley was one evening taking tea with that eminent artist, Mr Culy, when he asked him whether he had seen his gallery of busts. Mr Dudley answering in the negative; and expressing a wish to be gratified with a sight of it, Mr Culy conducted him thither, and after admiring the busts of the several great men of the day, he came to *one* which particularly attracted his notice, and on inquiry found it was the likeness of the Rev. John Wesley. "This bust," said Culy, "struck Lord Shelburne in the same manner it does you; and there is a remarkable fact connected with it, which, as I know you are fond of anecdote, I will relate to you precisely in the same manner and words that I did to him. 'My lord,' said I, 'perhaps you have heard of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists?' 'O yes!' he replied; '*he—that race of fanatics!*' 'Well, my lord; Mr Wesley had often been urged to have his picture taken, but he always refused, alleging as a reason, that he thought it nothing but vanity; indeed, so frequently had he been pressed on this point, that his friends were reluctantly compelled to give up the idea. One day he called on me on the business of our church. I began the old subject of entreating him to allow me to take off his likeness. 'Well,' said I, 'knowing you value money for the means of doing good, if you will grant my request, I will engage to give you ten guineas for the first ten minutes that you sit, and for every minute that exceeds that time you shall receive a guinea.' 'What!' said Mr Wesley; 'Do I understand you aright, that you will give me ten guineas for having my picture taken? Well, I agree to it.' He then stripped off his coat, and lay on the sofa; and in eight minutes I had the most perfect bust I had ever taken. He then washed his face, and I counted to him ten guineas into his hand. 'Well,' said he, turning to his companion, 'I never till now earned money so speedily; but what shall we do with it?' They then wished me a good morning, and proceeded over Westminster Bridge. The first object that presented itself to their view was a poor woman crying bitterly, with three children hanging round her, each sobbing, though apparently too young to understand their mother's grief. On inquiring the cause of her distress, Mr Wesley learned that the creditors of her husband were dragging him to prison, after having sold their effects, which were inadequate to pay the debt by eighteen shillings, which the creditors declared should be paid. One guinea made her happy! They then proceeded on, followed by the blessings of the now happy mother. On Mr Wesley's inquiring of Mr Barton, his friend, where their charity was most needed, he replied he knew of no place where his money would be more acceptable than in Giltspur-street Compter. They accordingly repaired thither, and on asking the turnkey to point out the most miserable object under his care, he answered, if they were come in search of poverty they need not go far. The first ward they entered they were struck with the appearance of a poor wretch who was greedily eating some potato skins. On being questioned, he informed them that he had been in that situation, supported by the casual alms of compassionate strangers for several months, without any hope of release, and that he was confined for the debt of half a guinea. On hearing this, Mr Wesley gave him a guinea, which he received with the utmost gratitude, and he had the pleasure of seeing him liberated with half a guinea in his pocket. The poor man, on leaving his place of confinement, said, 'Gentlemen, as you came here in search of poverty, pray go up stairs, if it be not too late.' They instantly proceeded thither, and beheld a sight which called forth all their compassion. On a low stool, with his back towards them, sat a man, or rather a skeleton, for he was literally nothing but skin and bone; his hand supported his head, and his eyes seemed to be riveted on the opposite corner of the chamber, where lay, stretched out on a pallet of straw, a young woman in the last stage of consumption, apparently lifeless, with an infant by her side, which was quite dead. Mr Wesley immediately sent for medical assistance, but it was too late for the unfortunate female, who expired a few hours afterwards from starvation, as the doctor declared. You may imagine, my lord, that the remaining eight guineas would not go far in aiding such distress as this. No expense was spared for the relief of the now only surviving sufferer. But so extreme was the weakness to which he was reduced, that six weeks elapsed before he could speak sufficiently to relate his own history. It appeared that he had been a reputable merchant, and had married a beautiful young lady, eminently accomplished, whom he almost idolized. They lived happily together for some time, until, by failure of a speculation in which his whole property was embarked, he was completely ruined. No sooner did he become acquainted with his misfortune than he called all his creditors together, and laid before them the state of his affairs, showing them his books, which were in the most perfect order. They all willingly signed the dividend except the lawyer, who owed his rise in the world to this merchant; the sum was two hundred and fifty pounds, for which he obstinately declared he should be sent to jail. It was in vain the creditors urged him to pity his forlorn condition, and to consider his great respectability; that feeling was a stranger to his breast, and, in spite of all their remonstrances, he was hurried away to prison, followed by his weeping wife. As she was very accomplished, she continued to maintain herself and her husband for some time solely by the use of her pencil, in painting small ornaments on cards; and thus they managed to put a little aside for the time of her confinement. But so long an illness succeeded this event, that she was completely incapacitated from exerting herself for their subsistence, and their scanty savings were soon expended by procuring the necessaries which her situation then required. They were driven to pawn their clothes, and their resources failing, they found themselves at last reduced to absolute starvation. The poor infant had just expired from want, and the hapless mother was about to follow it to the grave when Mr Wesley and his friend entered; and, as I before said, the husband was so reduced from the same cause, that, without the utmost care, he must have fallen a sacrifice; and as Mr Wesley, who was not for doing things by halves, had acquainted himself with this case of extreme misery, he went to the creditors and informed them of it. They were beyond measure astonished to learn what he had to name to them; for so long a time had elapsed without hearing any thing of the merchant or his family, some supposed him to be dead, and others that he had left the country. Among the rest he called on the lawyer, and painted to him, in the most glowing colours, the wretchedness he had beheld, and which he (the lawyer) had been instrumental in causing; but even this could not move him to compassion. He declared the merchant should not leave the prison without paying him every farthing! Mr Wesley repeated his visit to the other creditors, who, considering the case of the sufferer, agreed to raise the sum and release him. Some gave one hundred pounds, others two hundred pounds, and another three hundred pounds. The affairs of the merchant took a different turn: God seemed to prosper him, and in the second year he called his creditors together, thanked them for their kindness, and paid the sum so generously obtained. Success continuing to attend him, he was enabled to pay all his debts, and afterwards realized considerable property. His afflictions made such a deep impression upon his mind, that he determined to remove the possibility of others suffering from the same cause, and for this purpose advanced a considerable sum as a foundation fund for the relief of small debtors. And the very first person who partook of the same was *the inexorable lawyer!*"

This remarkable fact so entirely convinced Lord Shelburne of the mistaken opinion he had formed of Mr Wesley, that he immediately ordered a dozen of busts to embellish the grounds of his beautiful residence.

POWER OF CHRISTIAN LOVE.

O DIVINE love! The sweet harmony of souls! the music of angels! the joy of God's own heart! the very darling of his bosom! the source of true happiness! the pure quintessence of heaven! that which reconciles the jarring principles of the world and makes them all chime together! that which melts men's hearts into one another! See how St Paul describes it, and it cannot choose but enamour your affections towards it: "Love envieth not, it is not puffed up, it doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." I may add in a word, it is the best-natured thing, the best-complexioned thing in the world. Let us express this sweet harmonious affection in these jarring times, that so, if it be possible, we may turn the world into better music. Especially in matters of religion, let us strive with all meekness to instruct and convince one another. Let us endeavour to promote the gospel of peace, the dove-like gospel, with a dove-like spirit. This was the way by which the gospel was first propagated in the world. Christ did not cry, nor lift up his voice in the streets—a bruised reed he did not break, and the smoking flax he did not quench;" and "yet he brought forth judgment unto victory." He whispered the gospel to us from Mount Zion in a still voice, and yet the sound went out quickly throughout all the earth. The gospel at first came down upon the world gently and softly, like the dew upon Gideon's fleece; and yet it quickly soaked quite through it; and, doubtless, this is still the most effectual way to promote it further. Sweetness and ingenuity will, doubtless, more command men's minds than passion, sourness, and severity, as the soft billow sooner breaks the flint than the hardest marble. Let us follow the truth in love—and of the two, indeed, rather miss of the conveying of a speculative truth than to part with love. When we would convince men of any error by the strength of truth, let us withal pour the sweet balm of love upon their heads. Truth and love are two of the most powerful things in the world, and when both go together, they cannot easily be withstood. The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or no.—*Cudworth.*

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

A COURT-room in one of our large cities is thronged with a dense mass of spectators. From floor to cieling rises one crowded array of anxious faces. The room is as silent as death. A human being is on his trial for life, and his advocate is just rising to make his last defence. Mark the carefulness with which he reviews the testimony. Mark the intense solicitude with which he avails himself of every symptom of feeling in the jury-box. And as he draws near the close of his argument, see how his hand trembles, how his face is flushed, how his whole frame is sinking under the weight of an overwhelming solicitude too great even for utterance. *Is he too earnest?* Is his appeal too impassioned and fervid? Look at that wretched criminal with his quivering lip, and let him answer! Look at that pale wife, and that group of children, all waiting in agonizing suspense for the fate of a husband and a father! Ask that breathless bystander, and he will answer, "No! he *cannot* be too earnest; the life of a fellow-being is at stake; if he manifested any less solicitude, he would not only be wanting in professional fidelity, but even lacking the ordinary feelings of humanity."

When the next Sabbath comes, you meet that same bystander in the house of God. Around you are a large company of travellers to eternity. Some of them are ignorant. Some of them are careless and indifferent. A large portion of them are enemies of God, with the whetted sword of almighty wrath already hanging over them. As the minister of Christ casts his eye over his audience, he sees many who are utterly "without hope;" and if death were suddenly to overtake them, he knows that they must sink to eternal darkness and the undying worm. Even *to-morrow* some of those hearers may be wrapped in their shrouds, and their souls be in another world!

Weighed down with the tremendous responsibility that rests upon him, the herald of the cross proclaims his message with strong cryings and tears. Every argument that could be drawn from thundering Sinai or darkened Calvary, from an open heaven or a yawning hell, is presented from a soul breaking with solicitude for dying men. And when the message of love has been delivered, and the minister of Christ has returned to his closet, to mourn there that he did not plead his Master's cause yet more earnestly, where are his auditors? How many heard his message? How many gave any heed to it? How many remembered it until they reached their own dwellings? Well will it be if some did not retire to mock and sneer at it all as the effusion of crazy enthusiasm, or a fanatical bigotry. The modern Festus, who applauded the eloquent advocate in the court-room, pronounces this man "mad;" and even many a frigid professor thinks that the worthy preacher was somewhat "beside himself," from the ardour of his emotion.

If such painful contrasts sink the souls of God's ministers here into sorrow, and wellnigh to despair, how must they appear to those who behold them from another world? How must they appear to a saint in bliss, or to a lost soul in the world of woe!

THE NEW PASTOR.

"AH!" said Simeon, as he delivered back the adorable Babe into the arms of his mother, "this child is set for the falling and rising again of many in Israel." The same may be said of the destiny of this young minister. Some—O that it may be many!—some will hail the hour they heard him when they come to die, and the memory of it will delight them through all eternity. Others—may you all go home and ask, "Lord, is it I?"—others will execrate the day he arrived among them. Of all the objects that will haunt their wretched imaginations hereafter, the chief will be the figure of this pulpit; and of all the food for the worm that never dies, and the fuel for the fire that never shall be quenched, the principal will be the sermons which he has delivered in vain from it. His ministry cannot be neutral: it must be a blessing or a curse. It cannot be inefficient: it must either kill or cure—save or destroy. "For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish. To the one, we are the savour of death unto death; and to the other, the savour of life unto life: and who is sufficient for these things?"—*Jay, in an Ordination Sermon.*

THE THREE ENTRIES.

ONE of the Rev. John Fletcher's parishioners in Madeley, who was living when Mr Cox wrote his life of that saintly man, relates the following characteristic circumstance:—When a young man, he was married by Mr Fletcher, who said to him, as soon as the service was concluded, and he was about to make the accustomed entry—"Well, *William*, you have had your name entered into our register once before this." "Yes, sir, at my baptism." "And now your name will be entered a second time; you have no doubt thought much about your present step, and made proper preparations for it in a great many different ways." "Yes, sir." "Recollect, however, that a third entry of your name—the register of your burial—will sooner or later take place. Think, then, about death, and make preparation for that also, lest it overtake you as a thief in the night." This person also is now walking in the ways of the Lord; and states, that he often adverts to this and other things which this holy man found frequent occasion to say to him.

LOOK HIGHER.

A LADY applied to an eminent philanthropist of Bristol, Richard Reynolds, on behalf of a little orphan boy. After he had given liberally, she said, "When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Stop," said the good man, "Thou art mistaken. We do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank HIM who giveth both the clouds and the rain."

A WORD FOR THE WAY;

OR, HINTS TO TRAVELLERS AND TOURISTS.

BY THE REV. J. W. TAYLOR, FLISK.

(*Continued from* p. 159.)

WHILE ON THY JOURNEY, OMIT NO OPPORTUNITY OF GOOD-DOING.

> "A solemn yet a joyful thing is life,
> Which being full of duties, is for this
> Of gladness full."

And in this world, he who would be happy must have his employment. "Blessed is he who has found his work, let him ask no other blessedness."

Would you wish to see "life in earnest?" Visit the railway station, and the steamboat quay, and the mail-coach office. The changing crowds which you there see are all impelled by the activities of life, and each one has his own errand. Yet amid all this diversity and multiplicity, there might be a unity, were each man to make it part of his calling to do good as he had opportunity. And sure that time will come, when upon the horse's bells there shall be written "Holiness unto the Lord;" and when of the inhabitants of a regenerated world the faithful word shall be fulfilled, "All thy people shall be righteous," and then good-doing shall prosper in each man's hand.

A journey of philanthropy, "a circumnavigation of charity," such as Howard and Fry planned and executed, it is beyond our scope to speak of. We would be pleased with those lesser and incidental acts of kindness which any man can do without turning out of his way. A serious word spoken in season may show the upward tendency of the spirit. It may connect God with what is seen; it may be a wayside-witnessing for Christ, or it may be productive of lasting results. Such was the effect of Hervey's well-timed question to his coach-companion, when expatiating upon the pleasures of the theatre—the pleasant hopes going—the enjoyment while there—and then the pleasures of remembrance. "But one pleasure," added the divine, "is still unmentioned." "Indeed!" asked his gay companion, "What can it be?" "It is," said he with gravity, "the pleasure it will yield you on a death-bed."

There is an influence which, go where he will, the true Christian bears along with him—it is the unconscious yet powerful and ever-operating influence of a godly example. It is a pure and healthful atmosphere with which he is always surrounded, and which is felt by all who approach him. His garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad. He is an epistle known and read of all men. His Christian courteousness his journeying companions can appreciate. The attendants at the inn see it and acknowledge it. His beauty is as the olive-tree. But his influence is also voluntary and active. He checks profanity. He reads the Bible which lies in the room as the gift of some pious traveller. He leaves a tract behind him as a silent monitor. He keeps holy the Sabbath. He thus makes his humble sphere shine with his fair example.

Instances there are in which the wayside labours of the traveller have been honoured to stretch into eternity, and their widening influence to spread over a whole district. Such was the effect of the Rev. Charles Simeon's (of Cambridge) visit to Mr Stewart of Moulin. "He was," says Mr Stewart, "*a man sent from God to me*, and was my guest for two days in June 1796." Mr Simeon's conversation and prayers and preaching were much blest in leading Mr Stewart's mind to right views regarding the way of salvation through Christ. As the blessed result, Mr Stewart's preaching was changed in character and spirit. The heart of the people was moved, and with one accord many gave heed to those things which were spoken, and there was great joy in that parish. The joyful minister thus writes—"Having lately made an enumeration of those of our congregation whom, to the best of my judgment, I trust I can reckon truly enlightened with the saving knowledge of Christ, I find their number about seventy." Mr Simeon in his short memoranda of that journey says, "That he will have cause throughout eternity to bless God for that journey, and these two days' sojourn in the manse of Moulin!"

How different this good man's reflections from those of the poor profligate young man who, when a-dying, left it as his request, "Gather up my influence and bury it with me."

EVER BEAR ABOUT WITH YOU, AMID ALL YOUR WANDERINGS, THE IMPRESSION THAT LIFE ITSELF IS BUT A JOURNEY.

Not long is the traveller left without frequent remembrances of this. The way reminds him of it. Lean over the bulwarks of the steamer, and look upon the paddle-wheels tearing their way through the water; or watch from the top of the stage-coach the wheel confounding the spokes with its speedy revolutions;

> "And when looking reflect, while they rapidly run,
> That our lives run rapidly too"

Or while hurried along the iron pathway of the rail, observe how all the objects which are near at hand seem in active motion, while beyond, the fields, and the hills, and the woods, all appear stationary. It is but another picture of human life, wherein men are continually beset with a numberless host of little incidents continually hovering around them, and soliciting their thoughts, while in the distance stand in all their magnitude, stable and unchanging, the high hills of eternity.

The inn reminds the traveller that he is but a passer-on. Leighton expressed a wish, which was granted, that he might die from home and at an inn. He considered such a place as suitable to the character of a Christian, to whom the world is an inn—a place of accommodation by the way—not his home. He thought also that the care and concern of friends were apt to entangle and discompose the dying saint, and that the unfeeling attendance of strangers weaned the heart from the world and smoothed the passage to heaven. It was while halting for the night at a distant inn in North Wales, and while musing in a lonely mood, that passage in Jer. xiv. 8—"O the hope of Israel, the saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldest thou be as a stranger in the land, and *as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night?*"—arose with a considerable sprightfulness and vigour, affecting my own heart, and leading me to look from the daily changes to that last and great change, and to Him who changeth not. Every time we lay down our head and all the more when on a strange pillow, we have the memento of our mortality in the ceaseless motion of the heart, incessantly hasting to its appointed period—*incerta certa mortis hora*—the uncertain certain hour of death.

"Our hearts though stout and brave,
Like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

REFRESH THY SPIRIT WITH THE PROSPECT OF A JOYFUL HOME-COMING.

One spot of earth there is which every one knows, where the kindly smile awaits us, and the welcome hand is ready to receive us: thither the mind returns untravelled after all its wanderings; and in its endeavour to reach a loved home, it outstrips the speediest locomotive, and thinks "diligence itself to be lazy." Thus having placed him amid the endearing charities of life, we would take leave of our Reader, wishing him well. And well it will be, if, after having finished the journey of life, and laid aside the pilgrim's staff and the pilgrim's scrip, we are received at last into everlasting habitations.

WORSHIP OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

I.—EXTRACT LETTER FROM MALTA.

Rome may attempt as much as she likes to explain away the homage paid to saints and images, so as to make it appear not to amount to the sin of idolatry; but it is all in vain. If this is not idolatry, then there is no idolatry in this world, and never was. And this is the crying sin of Rome against God. She teaches her children to bow down to images, the work of men's hands, and she deifies the saints, and particularly the Virgin Mary. The *Mariolatry* of the Romish church is one of its most prominent and offensive features. There is no disguising it—Mary is not only every where put in the place of Christ, the only Saviour of sinners, but divine attributes and honours are ascribed to her, both in the preaching of the priests and in the religious sentiment and practice of the people. This is indeed a sad picture of a community claiming to be not merely *a* church of Christ, but *the only* church of Christ in this world; but it is just the sadness of the truth itself. After an intimate acquaintance of many years with members of the Roman communion in different places, I do not hesitate to say that it is my sober opinion that, in the minds and hearts of the people generally, Mary has a far higher place than the Lord Jesus Christ! The idea of Christ as our tender-hearted and sympathizing Saviour—our "High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," unto whom we can at all times come "with boldness," and "find grace to help in time of need"—is wholly unknown in the Roman church, and Mary is every where presented to the people as holding precisely this relation to the sinner. They are instructed to look to her as the only mediator through whom they can be *sure* of being heard. It is not denied that Christ is *a* Mediator (for who could have the temerity to deny this?) but he is represented as being the Mediator of *saints* rather than of *sinners;* and the latter class, who, according to the Roman creed, compose almost the whole body of *living* men, whether in the church or out of it, are exhorted to look to Mary as the *refuge of sinners,* always placable, never angry (as Christ is oftentimes), and always able and willing to procure for them the pardon of their sins, and every gift and grace which they may need.

I have now before me a book written by "Saint Alphonsus Liguori," one of the most esteemed theologians of the Romish church, who wrote near the beginning of the eighteenth century, from which I will make a few quotations. The book is called *The Glories of Mary;* and it has gone through many editions in different languages, and is always published by the sanction of the highest church authorities. The author begins by addressing a prayer to Jesus and to Mary, in the midst of which he turns to Mary as his "most sweet mistress and mother," and says, "I acknowledge that all my good, my conversion, my vocation to leave the world, and all the graces which I have received from God, were given me through your intercession." On a subsequent page he says, "It is the opinion of many (and I hold the opinion to be true and indubitable) that all God's graces are dispensed through the hands of Mary, and that all the elect are brought to salvation through this divine mother. In conformity with this opinion, it may be said that the salvation of all depends on preaching devotion to Mary, and confidence in her intercession." In another place he quotes from St Arnaud, who asks, "Why should not the Mother enjoy conjointly with the Son the honours of royalty?" and upon this he remarks, "Mary is the Queen of the universe, since Jesus is its King; thus, as St Bernadine observes, 'as many creatures as obey God, so many obey the glorious Virgin; every thing in heaven and on earth which is subject to God, is also under the empire of his most holy Mother!'" Again he says, that "Mary offered this only Son to his Father as a holocaust for our sins." Again, "Mary spared not her own son, her own soul, for the salvation of many," and that Christ "was pleased that she might co-operate with him by the generous sacrifice of his life;" and on the same point he quotes the saying of St Bonaventura, that "Mary so loved us that she has given us her only Son."

It is painful to me in the extreme to copy such blasphemies; but a simple desire to contribute something to make this boastful Romish church known to my countrymen impels me to make some further quotations. Our author approves of the wish of Father Diego Martinez, who said, "I would desire to have at my disposal the lives of men, that I might consecrate them to the service of Mary;" and of St Germanus, "who recognised Mary as the source of all good, the deliverance from all evil;" and of St Antonius, who said, "All good things come to me from her;" and of St Basil, who is represented as exhorting sinners thus: "Do not fear, but in all your necessities seek Mary, and call her to your aid, invoke her power, for by divine appointment she is a universal succour;" and he himself declares that "Mary presents herself between God and his offending creatures." In another place he declares, that "it was the opinion of St Bernard that God has constituted Mary the ordinary dispensatrix of his graces," and that "this is now the common opinion of all theologians and all doctors." Furthermore, Liguori affirms, that "the principal office given to Mary, when she appeared on earth, was to raise man from sin, and to reconcile him with God," and that "it is impossible that a true servant of Mary should be damned;" and furthermore, that "Mary is the beginning, middle, and end of our felicity—the beginning, in obtaining for us the remission of our sins; the middle, in procuring us perseverance in grace; the end, in opening paradise to us."

After reading the above extracts, can any one be surprised to hear our author address his readers as "*children of Mary*," or, as he does in his introduction, "My dear reader and brother *in Mary!*" And does it not appear evident that, according to the system of the Roman Church, Jesus Christ, in his office of priest to atone and intercede for us, and king to rule over and defend us, is completely superseded by Mary? If Mary is the appointed medium of access to God, and for receiving from him every spiritual blessing that we need, as is every where asserted in this book, then what place remains for Christ, and what further need have we for him? And, in point of fact, whatever work the doctors may contrive for Christ, when pressed with argument, it is my full conviction that, theoretically and practically, he has no part in the work of human salvation in the minds and hearts of the great mass of the people. Their feelings all cluster around Mary. To her they look for succour in every time of danger. In her intercessions alone they confide, and to her they commend their departing spirits! And this is just what they are instructed by their priests to do. The Bible is locked up in a dead language, but this book from which I have quoted is every where published in the vulgar tongue. *It was written expressly for the common people*, and more particularly for the *female* part of the community. I went into a book-store in this island a few weeks ago, and asked the bookseller to show me what books he had containing the services, &c., of the Romish Church. He handed me the *Breviary*, the *Missal*, and three or four other such like volumes, and last of all he showed me two small books which he said were for the special use of the females. One of these was Liguori's *Glories of Mary*, and the other the *Archonfraternity of the immaculate heart of Mary*. This confirmed an impression I had previously had, that Satan invented this worship of Mary expressly to secure, by the strongest possible bond to this system, the *female* portion of the community. Mary was a female, and all the Roman legends and practices concerning her are calculated to take a strong hold upon the female heart; and the devil was wise enough to know, that if he could secure the *sisters*, the *wives*, and the *mothers* to the worship and service of Mary, he was sure of having all the rest.

The feeling of love, confidence, and reverence for the Virgin Mary is so deeply seated in the female breast among the Romanists, that it is a well-known fact that, even after conversion, an undue honour to her is the last error that is eradicated from the mind.

In going to visit St Paul's Bay in this island, not long ago, I stopped to examine a fine church, dedicated to the Virgin, in the village of Nasciar. Within is an inscription in Latin in unusually large and prominent characters, of which the following is a translation:—

"O ye people, as many as ye are that worship the most sacred image of the most blessed Virgin—created before the ages,—ennobling the universal church by the admirable splendour of her virtues—frequent her sanctuary with praises and songs of glory."

II.—THE PAPAL ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

THE fugitive and dethroned Pope is determined to show the world that he is the genuine descendant and worthy representative of the Pauls, and Clements, and Innocents, and Gregories of other days—that he is not disposed to abate an inch of the Papal prerogatives, or to surrender a dogma of the Romish creed. From his chosen retreat at Gaeta, he has, in the plenitude of his pontifical functions, and by a stretch of infallibility exceeding that upon which any of his predecessors has ventured in this matter, undertaken to determine a controversy which has divided the Papal community for many centuries. At any former time, the Catholic world would have been startled at the tenor of an Encyclical Letter which, though it does not definitively or formally decide the question in dispute, announces, that the Pontiff has appointed a commission of cardinals and learned ecclesiastics to examine into the subject in all its relations, and to report their resolution, the nature of which may be pretty confidently anticipated from the tenor of the whole document. The point in question is, the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary!

The Encyclical Letter bears date, Gaeta, Feb. 3, 1849, and is addressed to the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the whole Catholic world. It begins with stating that, "in a marvellous manner, under the Pontificate of Gregory XVI., there was awakened throughout the Catholic world an ardent desire to see at length decreed by a solemn judgment of the holy see," the affirmative doctrine, viz., "*Sanctissimam Dei Genitricem, omniumque* *nostrum amantissimam matrem, immaculatam Virginem Mariam absque labi originali fuisse conceptam.*" The Holy See has, it seems, been besieged by incessant petitions upon this subject; and the illustrious order of Preaching Friars have been especially urgent in soliciting permission to use the word "Immaculate" in the worship of the Virgin. Multitudes are astonished that the apostolic see has not yet decreed this honour to the Blessed Virgin!

To those of our readers who are not versed in the varieties and polemics of Romanism, it may seem almost incredible that any agitation or even interest should, in the nineteenth century, exist in reference to this moot point of Marian orthodoxy. The disgusting controversy sprang up about the year 1140, in the Gallican Church, the Canons of Lyons taking the lead in adopting the new festival in honour of the dogma, and St Bernard distinguished himself in opposing the innovation. The affirmative was zealously maintained by the Franciscans, and as fiercely combated by the Dominicans. The Council of Basle, in 1431, decreed this dogma to be an article, the belief of which is necessary to salvation; but the authority of this decision was not generally acknowledged, and, in 1483, Pope Sixtus IV. issued a decree commanding the disputants on both sides to refrain from condemning and reviling each other, since the Church had left it an open question. The Council of Trent, although adopting language which may be thought to favour the Franciscan dogma, left the point still undecided, and renewed the constitutions of Sixtus IV. In 1708, Pope Clement XI. went a step further, and appointed a festival in honour of the conception of the Virgin Mary, but without using the term "Immaculate" in the enactment. The Dominicans, however, refused to observe this festival. In the seventeenth century, the kingdom of Spain was so miserably agitated by factions taking opposite sides in this controversy, that solemn embassies were sent to Rome, both by Philip III. and his successor, urging the Pontiff to put an end to the dispute; but they could obtain only an ambiguous answer from the oracle. The Franciscan creed was the popular one. Bourgoyne states, that "on entering a house in Spain, unless you wish to be regarded as impious, you must pronounce the words, "*Ave Maria purissima;*" to which you will be sure to receive the response, "*Sin peccado concebida*" (conceived without sin). Subscription to this tenet was formerly exacted, previously to graduating at the Spanish universities; and the oath was even administered to mechanics upon their being made free of a guild.

The willing ignorance and charitable credulity of many Protestants lead them to imagine, that Popery has undergone a marvellous transformation of late years, and that Jesuits, Franciscans, and Dominicans are but historical personages, or, if their actual existence cannot be denied, that they bear no likeness or relation to those of the eighteenth century. We have no doubt that, in the House of Commons, a reference to the subject of this Papal Encyclical Letter, as having the slightest importance attached to it in the judgment of Catholics, would be met with shouts of derisive laughter, or resented as an imputation, originating in Exeter Hall bigotry. At all events, it would be said, *we* have nothing to do with it. The Roman paper, the *Tablet*, is not of this opinion. "To us in this country," he says, "the decision of the holy see will be matter of more than ordinary interest. Our own Archbishop, St Anselm, was distinguished for the zeal with which he urged the celebration of the Feast of the Conception, and for his devotion to the Mother of God; it was to St Thomas that she revealed her Seven Heavenly Joys; and our great schoolman, Scotus, maintained against those who denied it, that her conception was immaculate, without stain of original sin." Both the original Latin and an English version are given, in order that all the readers of the *Tablet* "may participate in the common joy!"

It is, assuredly, no unimportant or insignificant fact, little as it may appear to concern us immediately as Protestants, that millions of professed Christians should be so besotted as to receive with implicit faith, as an article of religion, the *dictum* of a fallible, weak, and misguided priest; and that the doctrine which excites so intense an interest, should be one invented in the darkest period of the apostasy, for the purpose of exalting a creature to the place and office of the only Mediator and Saviour—even to the "throne of God." We had hoped better things of Pius IX., who, in many of his more private letters, has contrived to keep his Mariolatry in the background; but, in this official document, he uses the following unequivocally blasphemous language:—

"Thus, from the commencement of our pontificate, we have directed with an extreme interest our most serious cares and thoughts towards an object of such high importance, and have not ceased to raise unto Almighty God humble and fervent prayers, that he may deign to illuminate our soul with the light of his heavenly grace, and make us know the determination which we ought to make upon this subject. We also repose all confidence in this, that the blessed Virgin, who has been raised 'by the greatness of her merits above all the choirs of angels up to the throne of God,'* who has crushed, under the foot of her virtues, the head of the old serpent, and who, 'placed between Christ and the Church,' full of graces and sweetness, has ever rescued the Christian people from the greatest calamities, from the snares and from the attacks of all their enemies, and has saved them from ruin, will in like manner deign, taking pity on us with that immense tenderness which is the habitual outpouring of her maternal heart, to drive away from us, by her instant and all-powerful protection before God, the sad and lamentable misfortunes, the cruel anguish, the pains and necessities which we suffer, to turn aside the scourges of Divine wrath which afflict us by reason of our sins, to appease and dissipate the frightful storms of evil with which the Church is assailed on all sides, to the unmeasured grief of our souls, and, in fine, to change our sorrow into joy.

"For you know perfectly, venerable brethren, that the foundation of our confidence is in the most Holy Virgin; since it is in her that God has placed the plenitude of all good in such sort, that if there be in is any hope—if there be any spiritual health—we know that it is from her that we receive it, because such is the will of Him who hath willed that we should have all by the instrumentality of Mary."

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* Cited from "St Gregory," *Exposit. in Libros Regum.*

Such is the Romanism, the paganized Christianity, of the nineteenth century! How truly described as placing "*between Christ and the Church*," between the body and the Divine Head, between the sinner and his Saviour, the believer and his Lord, an object of idolatrous worship, alike unable to hear or to save. In this daring and dreadful corruption of the gospel, there is, indeed, no room for Christ as an object of worship or of confidence. The Virgin is "on the throne," the *successor*, in the Papal Pantheon, to Him who has sat down at the right hand of the Father—a mere figment fictitiously substituted for that eternal life which is in the Son.—*Patriot.*

ANDRIA SERETSE.

The Rev. Robert Moffat has transmitted to the London Missionary Society, the subjoined interesting description of the character and sufferings of a Bechuana Christian, who died in the triumph of the gospel in the month of April last year:—

"The following sketch not only exhibits the power of the blessed gospel in the conversion of a sinner, but the soothing consolation it affords under circumstances the most afflictive. The untutored heathen dies as the beast dies, without those emotions of terror or remorse which not unfrequently mark the death-bed scenes of those who have been brought up under the sound of the gospel.

"Being considered no longer good for any thing, they seldom receive in old age those tender attentions which they so greatly need, and are even denied the tear of sympathy to alleviate the gloomy forebodings of annihilation that reign within. But they are nurtured from early years to hate sorrow. The hoarse voice of the war-song, and the sound of the dance, are the only soothing accents which the dying chief requires. 'Why so merry,' I asked a dancing party, 'and your chief so ill?' 'He likes it,' was the reply.

"Andria Seretse, whose brief history I now present, was the son of a chief man, who, when the gospel was first introduced in these regions, gave good promise of becoming one of its earliest converts. But time has not realised our hope, and he is a heathen to this day. The mother of Andria, a woman who always ridiculed the Word of God, and advocated heathen customs, also continues the dupe of ignorance and the slave of sin.

"When about to commence a course of instruction to prepare him for future usefulness, an affection of the spine commenced its slow but fatal attacks. He died in April last, after having been a sufferer for three years, the greater part of which time he lay in infant helplessness.

"As he could read and understand English, he spent much of his time in perusing simple books in that language; but the English Bible was his daily companion. So long as he could use his fingers, he was in the habit of writing letters on a slate, first to one and then to another of the members of the mission families, and especially to Mrs M——, to whom he seemed to feel an affectionate obligation and esteem. But long before he left his frail tabernacle every limb was powerless: he became incapable of moving a single muscle, and the tongue ceased to articulate. His eyes alone retained language, and those told eloquently the emotions of his mind.

"When he lost the power of articulating, he spent most of his remaining time, which was more than a year, in reading the Bible. Mr Hamilton made a stand on which to lay the book: he was daily raised upon his couch, and there he would sit the livelong day, perusing the passages of Divine inspiration, which contained all his hope and all his desire. When he wished a leaf to be turned, or to read in another place, he gave a sign with his eyes, which retained their animation to the last. He evinced a lively interest in the progress of translation, and eagerly read every new production from the press.

"Though the progress of the disease was sometimes painful, his countenance never lost its wonted smile, while it would brighten, as if a ray of divine glory had fallen on it, when a Saviour's love became the theme; and thus smiling, when seized by the last paroxysm which loosed the silver cord, he fell asleep in Jesus."

PASSAGES FROM JOHN FOSTER.

I.—ZEAL WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.

"For I bear them record, that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge."

The first good use of some texts is to endeavour to prevent a bad one. To an evil-disposed mind it is exceedingly gratifying to find Scripture that can be quoted with a specious appearance of sanction. This sentence is an example; for it has very often been cited for the purpose of depreciating *zeal itself*, of the genuine kind, and in its best applications. Think on how many excellent projects, and efforts, and men, this has been pronounced—"Zeal without knowledge." How many excellent and eventually successful designs would have been abandoned, if this had always been listened to as a right application of the text. What would have become, for instance, of most of the missionary projects which are now in hopeful, or eminently successful operation? of many designs for enlightening, reforming, Christianizing, dark parts of our own nation? of many venturous experiments for good, hazarded upon the strength of *one* circumstance in favour, while there appeared many against? of any project of hostility to a prevailing evil, boldly conceived and undertaken? In every such instance, the cry has infallibly been—"Zeal without knowledge."

With men of indifferent, frozen, temperament, this has been about the most favourite sentence in the Bible. Timid, cowardly men, though otherwise well disposed, very naturally take refuge here—the parsimonious are always ready with this good text—the idolaters of custom, and of every thing established and old—an intellectual class, content with mere speculation, and regarding scarcely any thing as worth being attempted to be done. With most of these classes of persons, however, it is not that zeal itself, for some use or other, is denied to be a most excellent thing. No, certainly; they extol it, and "none would be more zealous than they, on a *proper occasion*." But when can that occasion come? Is it to be an occasion expressly devised and brought on by Providence for the one simple purpose of enabling *them* to show that they really possess this high virtue? Or, is it to be when the world, and themselves, and all things, are a great deal mended, so that there shall be less difficulty, less to be done, and to be resisted? But who, then, or what, is to do all this that is to be accomplished in the mean time? There are immediately and constantly at hand plenty of such things as have always been deemed by zealous men the objects worthy of zeal. But the deficiency of this right spirit never fails to be supplied by ingenuity enough to make out, that these are not the proper objects and occasions. How evident it is, therefore, that every thing which may be said in the way of disapproving and repressing zeal, should be said cautiously and discriminatively.

II.—GOD'S CONTROVERSY WITH THE NATIONS.

[Our readers will find the following passage full of striking thoughts and statements. It was written upwards of twenty years ago; and while the correspondence between its anticipations and the actual results as they are now passing before our eyes is remarkable and interesting, the general views which it presents of the principles of the divine dealings with nations are full of solemnity and importance.—Ed. C. T.]

It cannot be that God has appointed the general human mind to subside in quiet enslavement and stagnation. There will be mighty commotions—a "shaking of the nations" in all probability. But the omens are very dark as to any speedy results from them, of a kind to satisfy a Christian and philanthropic spirit. The gloomy omens arise from *this*, that God has his own controversy with all the nations. The assemblage of nations over which the portentous signs are darkening and thickening, with the gloom of thunder, are nominally Christian nations; but for the far greater part sunk in actual idolatry, mingled with infidelity. If some of these be excited to a grand commotion against overwhelming tyranny, the simple point of right, so far, may be plain. But this is not all. When there is a conflict between a nation of idolaters on the one side, and of mingled idolaters and infidels on the other, there is much more in the case for the jurisdiction of the Supreme Governor than a mere question of relative right in the particular matter immediately in question. He may set that question aside for a while, and, in *his* sovereign justice, make such nations the equal scourges of one another; and, in such a process, there may be a succession of overturnings, each apparently reversing the preceding. And when we survey the superstition and the irreligion, and the moral depravity equally combined with both, through the nations of Europe, we have cause to apprehend a long train of convulsions and calamities before either liberty or religion can prevail.

Indeed, how should there be any such thing as genuine liberty in combination with the slavery of superstition, and the license of irreligion and vice? And it is awful to think with what a measure of calamity these may first be visited, partly to punish and partly to shake and loosen their hold. If we look at superstition alone, the Popish superstition—*that* has, in some of the countries, taken such entire possession of the people's minds, so wholly pervaded and conformed their habits of thought, and is so intervolved in all their institutions, that—a confusion and upsetting of their whole national economy may be absolutely necessary to shake this odious despotism of error and delusion. Something may be necessary to disturb, confound, and distract their minds—to drive and tear them out of their ancient position—to force thoughts, and doubts, and new apprehensions upon them—to make a convulsive wrench of their mental fetters—to shake, and crack, and rive their prison-house. It may be necessary that the regular order of their superstitious ceremonies should be violently interrupted and broken up. It may be necessary that many of their institutions be ruined; and their ecclesiastical tyrants be rendered objects of suspicion, hostility, or contempt. *This* may be the required *overturning;* and this may be effected by political commotion—by war and revolution, backward and forward. *Necessary*, we said, not of course that God could not cause a nation's deliverance from superstition by milder means; but mild means have not been his method with corrupted, superstitious nations (the Jews for example), and are very little likely to be so now. Therefore, if the Almighty be really going to accelerate the progress of his cause, and of human improvement (and the thickening shocks and commotions of the moral world, corresponding to the images and predictions of prophecy, warrant us to hope so), we have yet a dark and fearful prospect before us. But the consolation is, that all these *overturnings* are to displace and destroy what obstructs the cause of heaven, and of human happiness. And the object is worth all that the Sovereign Governor has doomed that it shall cost. To hasten the destruction of the spiritual reign of *the Man of Sin*, and of the stupifying dominion of ignorance, and of the oppressions of despots and tyrants, it is worth that there should be wars, invasions, and revolutions, dreadful as they are. Dreadful indeed! and thus we see what nations that forget God, and grow inveterate in evil, entail on their posterity.

"I will overturn, overturn, overturn!" The repetition of this word of solemn denunciation has a striking sound and import. How strongly it intimates the reluctance of mankind to change to what is good, to what is finally right. They and their affairs change only to what requires to be changed again; and a third time changed, and still again! What a race it is! that when driven from one position by Divine judgments and calamities, is sure to go in a direction where it must be encountered by more such judgments! so that they cannot at the first turn have the good that is intended ultimately from violent changes; there must be more changes first.

Men of easy faith and sanguine hope have sometimes, after one great commotion and change, joyously assured themselves that *this* would suffice—"The grand evil is removed, we shall now happily and fast advance with a clear scene before us." But, after a while, to their surprise and dismay, another commotion and change has perhaps carried the whole affair back, apparently, to the same state as before! Recollect the history of the Reformation in this land, begun by Henry VIII., established, it was gladly assumed, in the reign of his son. But that youth dies, and then we have the instant return of Popery in all its triumph, fury, and revenge. After a while, Queen Mary departs; and all the pious souls exult in liberation and Protestantism. But then again, in Elizabeth's time, there comes a half-popish, severe, spiritual tyranny. Later down, after the overthrow of the tyrant Charles, there arose for the first time a prospect of real religious liberty. But his son resumes the throne, and all such liberty was utterly abolished, and so continued long; and another revolution was required, that religious faith and worship might be free.

In human affairs there have sometimes been great overturnings, which did give a rare and glorious opportunity for good, *if*, at the juncture, there had been the wisdom and uprightness to take advantage of them; but instead, there was folly or iniquity just ready at hand! Providence did not send the wisdom and equity to guide the change. Why? Because the state of men was such as to deserve and require more vials of the divine judgments to be poured out. It has even sometimes been intended to remove and clear away almost the whole present generation, when no rigours or terrors of discipline could frighten men from their iniquities. That this last fact may be, all history testifies, and revelation too. Recollect the prophetic descriptic description, that, after the most awful plagues, the people that remained *blasphemed the God of heaven*. Were not their expressions equal to an infallible prophecy of more such visitations to destroy the survivors of the preceding?

But it is not *the wicked* alone that suffer in the mighty convulsions in human affairs, the same as in the calamitous events in the natural world. But the faithful, the children of God, have high consolation—their supreme interest is safe. The calamities are something better to them than mere inflictions and punishments. Their hatred of sin is aggravated; their sense of dependence on God exercised; they become more detached from the world; and they have faith that these events are successive measures in a Divine process for bringing about the most glorious ends at length. The brightness of these anticipated ends seems to shine back on the dark train of the mean.

And here observe how different may be the ends that God has in view, from any that may be intended by the immediate chief actors. ("He meaneth not so, but it is in his heart to cut off and destroy nations not a few.") And often these actors may be amazed and confounded by results directly contrary to what they had intended. As to the actors and instruments, God will make many *bad* ones serve his great design—the lovers of commotion for its own sake, as before observed, the haters of all good order, insane ambition, bigoted superstition, and perhaps very eminently, infidelity itself. Let us adore the wisdom and power that can make even all these work to an ultimately glorious end! That *end*, for which are all the *overturnings*, is the glorious kingdom on earth *of* Him *whose right it is;* his *right* all this while! (Mysterious that he should permit himself to be so long debarred!) His right, by many and infinite claims—his right, assured by prophetic declaration. How just, then, the overturning of all things that withstand it! And if his right, how certain to be at length possessed! And how happy the scene when he shall have taken the full possession! A splendid contrast for the readers, then, of the history of our times!

III.—THE SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE CONTRASTED WITH THE PERMANENCE OF THE OBJECTS OF NATURE.

History itself—*why* is history, but because the generations of men are gone? We want to know something of them, and to converse with them, as a former world of men. And history tells us of one generation and of another that has passed away, leaving not a living "rack behind." In a few hours of this retrospective contemplation, a whole age of the race is seen off the world; followed by another, and another. We may look till we are quite weary of the long succession—confounded by the rapidity of endless change, and almost mortified to see the race thus continually reduced to vanity and dust. And yet here remains the very same world: "The earth abideth for ever;" and what it retains of them all is just, literally, so much mould as their dissolved bodies have yielded, a substance, however, which it contained before they existed.

It is obviously suggested here, that we have another illustration of the text (Eccles. i. 4) in places of interment that have been such for ages. The earliest of the generations that have terminated their earthly existence, are gone beyond memory or tradition. Of a subsequent, but still early period, you find some two or three half-obliterated monumental inscriptions; with them was contemporary a whole generation deposited there in their season, but totally forgotten and unknown. In greater number there are dates of a later generation, still far gone in the past. And so you come down at last to the *recent* grave and tomb.

But the fields, the hills, the streams around are the same. The sun shines on the spot, the shadows of the clouds pass, the rains and snows fall, the grass and plants grow the same. And also *living men*, young and old, are seen on a fine Sabbath morning, walking about or standing in social parties, or leaning in perfect unconcern, perhaps against the monumental stones: just thus it was in the former ages. It is very striking to observe this last circumstance (especially in some rural burying-ground), and to think that *these* (many of them probably the descendants of those mouldering under their feet) are the "generations" next to "pass away." The time approaches when they also will be gone; and still the world of nature will remain the same, not united with their doom, not sympathetic with their declining—their sickness—their growing old—their dying.

But not only the abodes of the *dead*, those of the *living* also, may yield illustration of the contrast; those of them which were built in a former age, or, take them collectively, in a village, town, or city, as this city. How many successions of the inhabitants since it became a populous city! Would it be an extravagant conjecture that seven or eight times as many persons have died in it as are at this hour living in it? We are setting out of view, in the calculation, the circumstance that many of the houses have perished and been replaced by new ones. We take it in the mass as if it were one great abode. But think now of the whole population having been so many times changed! It requires thought; because the change being gradual, is at no one time presented in its full magnitude. Were it in the nature of things, that there should be, at one grand sweep, the removal of so vast a number, repeated at the average period of an age of man, the event and the succession of such events would have an overwhelming awfulness. But what is in *effect* equal to this takes place, and but feebly excites attention. But think sometimes, when you traverse the city, how many entire generations have walked along some of those streets. Or look over it from one of the neighbouring eminences, and think of the difference between the scene of all its busy crowd, and of that mightier multitude of which not one being now mingles with that crowd. But the hill is the same, the general landscape the same: "The earth abideth for ever!" . . . .

The great general instruction from all this is, how little hold, how little absolute occupancy, we have of this world. When all the scene is evidently fixed to *remain*, *we* are under the compulsion to go. We have nothing to do with it, but as passing from it. The generation "comes" but to "pass away," seeing another following it closely under the same destination. Men may strive to cling—to seize a firm possession—to make good their establishment—resolve and vow that the world *shall* be theirs. But it disowns them—stands aloof; it will stay, but they must go. It seems to declare to them, that it is no more for *them* than it has been for the countless preceding generations;

those in their time wished to appropriate it, but what is become of *them?* It warns us that it was designed for *us*, but just as much as it was for all those departed tribes; and we may consider what *they* have of it now. It signifies to us, that equally to *all* it will yield *one* matter of permanence—just one, and no more, and that is, a grave. If *that* enduring possession of the earth will content us, *that* is secure. In all other senses of possession it will eject us. Men. in their earnest adhesion to it, may raise mighty works of enduring stability—towers, palaces, strongly built houses, as if they absolutely would connect themselves with the world's own prolonged duration. Well, they may do so; and the earth will retain *these*, but will expel *them*. They may construct what they please that shall *stay;* it is *their own absence* that will be enforced. It is their concern whether they can beguile themselves to fancy, that in the permanence of such proud representatives of themselves, they can actually hold, when gone, any real and gratifying possession of the earth.

But should not the final lesson be, that the only essential good that can be gained from the world is that which can be carried away from it? Alas! that mere sojourners—beings of transition—travellers rapidly passing away—should be mainly intent on obtaining that which they must leave, doom themselves to depart in *utter* deprivation—when their inquisitive glance over the scene should be after any *good that may go with them*—something that is not fixed in the soil, the rocks, or the walls.

Let us look on the earth in the spirit of this inquiry, "What has the bounteous Creator placed here? what has the glorious Redeemer left here, that I may, by his grace, seize and take with me, and find it invaluable in *another* world?" It will then be delightful to look back with the reflection, "I could not stay on that earth. I saw but a little while its enduring objects, its grand solidities; I saw them but to be admonished that I should remove. I have left them maintaining their unchanging aspects; but in my passage, I descried, by the aid of the Divine Spirit, something better than all that they signified to me was no possession for me—I seized the pearl of great price, and have brought it away."

PROVIDENTIAL SHOWERS.

A YOUNG lady, the daughter of a tradesman in the city (London), fell into ill health, and in consequence of this a lodging was taken for her in Wells Street, Hackney. Her parents were very much averse to earnest religion; and finding that the people with whom she lodged were dissenters, cautioned her against their sentiments, fearing that in the weak state of her health they would render her gloomy. The good people invited her to their family worship, but she steadily refused, saying she belonged to the Church of England. She occasionally, however, overheard the good man in prayer through the wainscot, and could not help thinking he was a good man, though mistaken in forming such precise notions as she conceived him to entertain.

One evening when taking her walk, a shower suddenly came on for which she was not prepared, and she ran for shelter to the porch of the chapel of which the late excellent Mr Collison was the minister; but she determined not to go beyond it. In hastening, however, to the porch, she became exhausted in consequence of her weakness, and would have sunk, had not the pew-opener, who was sitting near the door, caught hold of her, and placed her on a seat which was within the chapel. She felt unwilling to remain when the shower should have ceased, but after the kindness of the pew-opener she did not like to rise in the face of the congregation and leave the place; and by the time the shower had well ended, she had begun to feel interested in the sermon, which appeared, so far as she could judge, to have just commenced when she entered. She returned to her lodging with her mind deeply affected. The result, under the Divine blessing, was her conversion. Her parents, who were at first greatly distressed at what had occurred, finding that her new religion, instead of rendering her gloomy, promoted her cheerfulness, were induced to accompany her to the place where she had received this spiritual good, and they also became decidedly pious. She very soon became active in the school for Jewish females, supported by the London Missionary Society, afterwards married Mr Elliot, a missionary to the East, where she became a widow, and after her return became an inmate in the Retreat for ministers' widows at Hackney, where she died about seven years ago.

It is often regretted when a shower comes on just before the commencement of public worship; but even this may subserve the merciful purposes of Him whose wisdom is inscrutable, by occasioning the attendance of some, if it impede the attendance of others.—*Baptist Magazine.*

REMEMBER THY CREATOR—THE CHILDREN'S MEETING—THE MINISTER'S STORY.

BY SAMUEL G. GREEN, B.A.*

ARE there any good reasons why little children should remember him? Yes; there are many. Think of what I have said. *He does not forget the young* any more than the old; therefore, in return, the young as well as the old should remember him. Jesus was willing to show his kindness to all men; but he said. "Suffer the little children to come unto me." And, now he is upon his throne in heaven, I think he feels the sweetest delight as he bows to listen to the prayer of a little one on earth,

Besides, *you will grow up happier* if you remember your Creator in youth. A life spent in the service of God, be sure, is the happiest life. I know some dear children do not think so. "How miserable you must be, now you have become religious!" said one little girl in the Sunday-school to another. 'Miserable! no, dear," was the answer of her companion; "I am the happiest child, I think, alive. For God is my Father, Jesus is my Saviour, the Holy Ghost is my Comforter, heaven is my home." The dear child was right. Oh, I often look around the gallery where sit the dear children of my own Sunday-school, or think of others who may read these addresses, and say to myself, Some of these beloved young people may grow up in after days to be useful and happy in the service of God. Ministers may be among them, and missionaries, and many Christian men and women, who will above all things love to obey their Saviour, and to do his work. It will be a glorious life! I pray that you may all have grace to choose it. But why not begin it now? Many good people have been sorry all their days that before beginning to serve God they lost so much time, precious time, which they could never have again. *Now*, then, remember *now* thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

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* From a little volume entitled, *Addresses to Children with Introductory Suggestions to Ministers and Teachers*, which we have much pleasure in recommending to the attention of parents and Sabbath-School teachers.

But *some of you may not live* to grow up. Little children often die. God may soon call you away. I shall not speak much about this now; only think how sad it would be to have to say when lying on the bed of death, "I have forgotten God, I am not his child; I must die, and where he is I can never, never be." But how joyful then to think, "I remembered God in life, and I love to think of him now. He is my father, and I do not fear to die, for he is going to take me to his home above."

There is yet one reason more. Though you were to live many years, if you forget God in the days of your youth, *you would find it very hard to seek him* in the days of your age. I know young people sometimes fancy that another day it will be easier for them to repent—when they are older and wiser they think they will be better able to turn to God than they are now. So they wait, and though they know they ought to do it, put it off. Perhaps some of you, my children, may have sometimes had a thought like this. Be sure it is a great mistake. When older, you would love sin more than now, and it would be harder to give it up. Your hearts would have become more careless. Very likely you might find yourselves too busy to attend to the truths of God's word. Or perhaps you might be where you would be unable any more to hear of the Saviour's love. Let me tell you something that I once saw and heard.

A large meeting was gathered together. Almost all there were young people. All were sitting very still and solemn; for many ministers had been speaking to them of the salvation of their souls, and of the way to heaven. The time had almost come for the meeting to end. Suddenly there came a minister into the crowded chapel. He went straight to the platform, stood up, and said, "My dear young friends, before you go, listen to me. I wish to tell you where I have just been." They were very attentive, and he went on. "I have been to see two old men. They are both very near death. Neither of them can live, I think, to the end of this week. The first I found lying very weak and pale upon his bed. Yet there was a happy light in his eyes, and a cheerful smile upon his lips. I could see that he was not afraid to die. He told me that Jesus was his Saviour, and that he was ready to go and be with him. The thought filled him with joy amidst his pain, and made that poor cottage room seem like the very gate of heaven. I asked him if he had known the Saviour long. 'O yes,' he said, 'it was when I was quite a boy that I first sought the pardon of my sins. All my life long I have found him my friend. He has never forsaken me or been unkind. O, sir, I have many mercies to be thankful for! I lie here, and love to remember them. But most of all do I praise my God for this, that I was led to know and serve him in my younger days.' A good deal longer I stayed with him; he was full of thankfulness and peace, but of all his recollections the happiest seemed this, that he had learned to remember his Creator in the days of his youth.

"I went then to see the second old man. He was sitting in a great arm-chair by the fireside, for he was too ill to lie down. 'My friend,' I said, 'you seem to be very bad.' 'Yes, sir,' he answered, 'I suppose I cannot live long.' 'And when you die, do you expect to be happy for ever?' He slowly, but quietly, shook his head! 'What, do not you think you shall go to heaven?' 'No, sir, no.' 'But surely you do not wish your soul to be lost?' 'I cannot help it, sir, I suppose.' 'O yes! my friend, there is a way by which you may be saved. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. God is full of goodness and mercy.' The poor man, as well as he could, slowly put up his hand as if to stop me. 'Yes,' he said, 'I know all about it; you need not tell me, I have heard it long ago.' 'But do you not think it is true, then.' 'O yes! it is quite true, I dare say, but it is of no use to me.' 'Do not say so, for Christ came to save you. He will cast out none.' 'So my minister and teachers used to tell me, years ago.' 'Then,' I said, 'you had teachers to speak to you of the love of God.' 'Yes, sir, when I was young. I used then often to think of what they said, and to resolve that I would seek the Saviour; but I forgot it again, and now it is too late.' 'No, no; it can never be too late for his love. Seek and you shall find.' 'I tell you I do not wish to seek him.' 'What! do you feel no desire to be saved?' 'I do not feel at all about it, any way; only I know I shall be lost.' I hardly knew what to say to him; yet it seemed terrible to see him sitting there, an aged dying man, and to hear him talk so quietly about being lost. I asked him, full of pity, 'Will you let me pray to God to have mercy upon you?' 'Yes, sir, if you like.' I knelt and prayed as earnestly as I could; but when I rose from my knees, he only said, 'Thank you, sir, my teachers used once to pray with me in that way. It might have done some good then, only I was careless and forgetful; but it can do no good now.' I talked with him some time longer, but nothing could make him feel. His heart seemed as hard as a rock. He still kept to the same thing: 'When I was a boy I heard of Jesus, and used to think of his love, and might have sought him as my Saviour; but that time has gone by, I cannot seek him now. It is too late. I know I am dying, and I know I shall be lost.'"

Such was the minister's tale. A few days after, both these old men died, one hopeful and rejoicing, the other cold and sullen. What made the difference? One had remembered his Creator in the days of his youth; the other had forgotten him. O my beloved children! could you bear the thought of having to say at last, like that miserable man, I cannot turn to God, I cannot repent? Do not then wait for another day before you seek the Saviour. He asks you now to give him your hearts. If you stay till you have grown older, you may not then be able. This is the day of salvation. Your heavenly Father is full of love to every one of you. Often have you forgotten him, but he has always remembered you. Do not any longer cast away his mercy, but this day turn from your sins, beseech his forgiveness, and resolve all your lives long to serve him for the Saviour's sake Farewell.

"TOO LATE—TOO LATE!"—THE DYING UNIVERSALIST.

(*A leaf from the Journal of a Home Missionary.*)

I VISITED him lying on a sick-bed, from time to time, but his heart was hard and unrelenting. With his deluded wife, he trusted in universalist principles. Thus, apparently with perfect indifference, he continued several months upon his sick-bed. But death was now drawing near. The physician informed him that he could live but a very short time. As I was thinking upon his situation one evening in my study, at a very late hour, I heard a rap at my door. I found a messenger from the dying man, desiring me to come immediately and see him. Although his family had endeavoured to persuade him to wait till morning, yet he must see me without delay. I went immediately to the house of death; all was still and solemn as I entered the apartment where the dying man lay. As I approached the bed, his languid eye rested upon me. "Oh!" said he, calling me by name, "you see that I am going fast. I have sent for you that I may attend to the interests of my soul. What I do, must be done quickly. I have often heard them say that a dying bed was a poor place for repentance; I find it to be true. *O what shall I do?*" I endeavoured, as I had previously done, to direct his mind to "behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." After a moment's pause, "Oh!" said he, "it is too late; is it not? I have long slighted the offers of mercy. The time was, some five years ago, when I felt mercy was very near" (alluding to a revival season when he was almost persuaded to be a Christian); "but," said he, "I grieved away the Spirit, and now he has gone from me." Now, in great agony of mind, he endeavoured to pray, calling for mercy. He now turned to his weeping wife and said, "Ah! we have tried to believe in universal salvation; but it will not satisfy us in a dying hour." He now expressed his sorrow for maintaining such principles, and exerting the influence he had over others. Again he cried, "O, what shall I do? *What shall I do?*" An anxious sister replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." "O, how *shall* I believe? Ah! it is too late; I have delayed this matter too long; it is too late."

His lips now closed in silence; he said no more to encourage the least hope that he died in peace. I retired from the scene, reflecting upon the folly of the sinner in putting off repentance to a dying hour. "It is too late," said the dying man; "It is too late!" and he gave no evidence but that it was indeed too late. God had frequently called, but he had refused. Now he was given up, in this hour of calamity, to feel it was too late. Thus closed the scene with one who had been living very near the means of grace, but for many years was scarcely seen in the house of God.

SCOTLAND'S DANGER—TOKENS OF THE LORD'S WRATH.

(*From a Sermon delivered two hundred years ago.*)

We are set upon the Lord's watch-tower, we must sound an alarm, and tell you, "There is wrath coming, there is wrath coming." As the Lord lives, and as I am speaking to you that see and hear me this day, if you take not warning, if you search not out, and put not away the accursed thing, *there is wrath coming, there is vengeance abiding you.* I warn you, and I beseech you, take warning, as you would not have your blood upon your own heads. *There is wrath coming, there is wrath coming.* Out of the way of God's wrath, by fleeing to his mercy through Christ! Perhaps you will say, "Minister, these are sad tidings indeed. But what is your ground for such a message?" My beloved, I speak not without ground, and I hope some of you will be convinced of it ere we part.

1. *The Lord is packing up his jewels, and some of them in the midst of their strength.* You know, when a man is putting up his pleniishing, it says, he is going to flit. My friends, I am afraid—and woe's me for it!—that God hath a mind to depart from us. Why? He has been packing up many of his jewels within these few years. "The righteous perish (i. e. from among the living in this world) and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come."—Isa. lvii. 1. They are taken home to their rest, and that is a token there is a storm coming. My friends, God hath taken away many a godly minister, and Christian men and women, who were standard-bearers, within these few years, and yet few have been seriously laying it to heart, few looking upon this as a token of the Lord's anger. But,

2. Another sad token of wrath from God is, *His withdrawing of his presence.* When God will not be spoken to, that is an ill token. What saith the Lord, Hos. v. 15? "I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offence; I will turn my back upon you." It was a sad token of a storm to the Spouse, when her Beloved had withdrawn himself.—Song v. 6. It was a sad token when the Lord said unto Moses (Exod. xxxii. 9, 10), "And the Lord said unto Moses, I have seen this people, and behold it is a stiff-necked people; now therefore let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them." When God withdraws from his people that would stand in the gap, when he will not hear their prayers, when there is a restraint upon their spirits in pleading for a sinful generation, it is a sad prognostic of a storm coming. O how lamentable is the case of a people, when ministers and Christians cry, and the Lord will not hear them, nay, when he will not be entreated for a people! What says the Lord, Jer. vii. 16? "Pray not thou for this people, neither lift up cry nor prayer for them, neither make intercession to me; for I will not hear thee." What saith the Lord, Jer. xiv. 11, 12? "Pray not for this people for their good; when they fast, I will not hear their cry, and when they offer burnt-offerings and an oblation, I will not accept them; but I will consume them by the sword, and by the famine, and by the pestilence." A sad token the Lord is angry when he thus withdraws. My friends, we are afraid that the Lord is about to visit Scotland with dreadful judgments; we fear the fire of his wrath be kindled; and we are so much the more afraid of this, that, alas! many are nowise concerned about it at all. Alas! my friends, God is withdrawn; he is far off from ministers and ordinances. Where is that life and power that sometimes accompanied the ordinances, and especially fast-days and communion days? Alas! "we are fallen from our first love."—Rev. ii. 2. Alas! we are become like stocks and stones—a sad token of the Lord's withdrawing, and of wrath coming.

3. Another sign from God of wrath coming is the Lord's gradual procedure in his judgments. This says, worse are a-coming; and that these gentle rods are but forerunners of more heavy and dreadful visitations. What says Christ, Matt. xxiv. 6, 7, 8? "Ye shall hear of wars, and rumours of wars; . . . nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places." Well, these are judgments terrible enough; but what says the Lord, verse 8? "All these are the beginnings of sorrows;" for worse than these follow in the next verses, "They shall deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you," &c. There is a beginning of sorrows, and a procedure therein, till these sorrows at length issue

in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone. And while the Lord is dealing with a person or people in the way of his judgments, the plain and obvious language of them is this—if lesser judgments do not reform, greater will still be inflicted; for the event of God's dealing after this manner is either reformation or ruin. Concerning this gradual procedure of God in his judgments, you may read at your leisure, Ezek. ix., x., xi.; but particularly you find, that "the glory of the Lord God of Israel went up from the cherub, whereupon he was, to the threshold of the house" (Ezek. ix. 3); and "that the glory of the Lord departed from off the threshold of the house, and stood over the cherubims" (chap x. 18); and then, "that the glory of the Lord went up from the midst of the city, and stood upon the mountains" (chap. xi. 23). Here is a gradual procedure. And hath not the Lord dealt even so with us? Hath he not visited us sometimes with one stroke, sometimes with another? What is the language of all this, but that he would give people fair warning, that by all possible means they be brought to a due sense of their sins, that they may turn from them, and escape the wrath that is threatened. O sirs! be afraid, lest the Lord take his leave of us, and go unto the mountains, unto some uncultivated place of the world, and make it his inclosed garden; for the Lord will not want a church: when he removes from one place, he sets up his tabernacle in another. It should indeed be our concern "that his way may be known upon earth, and his saving health among all nations."—Ps. lxvii. 2. And the day is coming, when, from the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, his name shall be great among the Gentiles." —Mal. i. 11. But this should not diminish our concern for ourselves, that the Lord may yet keep up his tabernacle among us. But alas! when we consider the Lord's way of procedure by lesser judgments, and that hitherto we have not been reformed, what can we look for but ruining strokes; "for his spirit will not always strive with man?"—Gen. vi. 3 Is there not a conscience among you to observe it? Hath not the Lord been warning us by lesser judgments? And is not this his ordinary way? For he is loath to depart from a covenanted people; but when they are not reclaimed by other means, hath he not removed the candlestick from them? The church of the *Jews*, the seven churches of *Asia*, are known instances hereof. And what ground have we to expect that the Lord should step out of his ordinary way for us? He hath visited the church of France with dreadful persecution, and other judgments. Britain and Ireland have been in no small danger of being reduced unto the same lamentable circumstances. I hope you have not forgot what wide steps were taken towards this in the late reigns. God hath been pleased mercifully to interpose, and to send us a seasonable and remarkable deliverance. But are we yet reformed? Alas! for the misimprovement of this our mercy. Well, the Lord hath been for some years visiting us with dearth and famine. My beloved, if we take not warning by this, there are many arrows in God's quiver, and we may be afraid that the next will be as a dart that will pierce into the very heart of our most valuable concerns and privileges, both civil and sacred.

4. Another token of wrath coming from God is the joint cry of his heralds. When the trumpet soundeth, it is a call to the battle. God's ministers have been sent out these several years, not with an olive branch, a sign of peace. No, these are not the words of God's mouth. Ezek. iii. 17—What says the Lord there? "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel, therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me." What says Habakkuk, chap. ii. 1, 2? "I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what he will say unto me, and what I will answer when I am reproved. And the Lord answered me and said, Write the vision and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it." What means all this, say ye? That is, Minister, take this message to the people from me. tell them plainly there is a stroke coming; make it so plain that he may run that readeth it. My friends, we have all ground to warn you of judgments coming, and I am persuaded you have not wanted warning. There is not an honest minister in Scotland but hath been setting the trumpet to his mouth, and sounding the alarm. And think you all this is for nought? No; though desolating judgments may be for some time delayed, they will come, if we be not reformed by other means; and you will think them soon enough, come when they will. Hab. ii. 3—"The vision is yet for an appointed time. but at the end it shall speak and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it because it will surely come, it will not tarry." Alas! people will not see God's hand that is lifted up, but they shall see it.—Isa. xxvi. 11. My friends, I must discharge my conscience this day, and give you plain and fair warning, that I may be free of your blood. I'll tell you all that hear me this day, this plain word. I am persuaded that God's wrath and judgments shall not be quite removed from Scotland till we be either reformed or ruined! The Lord grant we may be reformed, and that ruin may be prevented. Remember, my dear friends, such warnings from God's heralds will not fall to the ground. O that we may in time consider our ways, and return unto the Lord!

A RELIGIOUS LIFE.

THE Rev. Mr Carter, one of the most learned and pious ministers of a former age, on calling to see a religious acquaintance, learned that he was at work in his shop. Not wishing to interrupt his industry, he repaired thither. The man was busily employed on some part of the process of tanning a hide. Mr Carter came up softly behind him, and gave him a pleasant tap on the shoulder. The man turned suddenly, and seeing who it was, blushed deeply, and said, "Sir, I am ashamed that you should find me thus."

"Let Christ, when he cometh, find me so doing," said Mr Carter.

"What do you mean, sir; do you wish to be found in this employment?"

"Yes, I wish to be found faithfully performing the duties of my calling."

The remark of Mr Carter suggests the true idea of a religious life. There are those who seem to think that a religious life consists mainly if not entirely in formal acts of devotion, of self-denial, and of specific efforts for the salvation of souls. They do not seem to be aware of the truth that they can serve God in their daily employments as truly as in the sanctuary, and ought to do so. They come far short of apprehending the idea contained in the injunction of the apostle: "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." The consequence is, the lack of a steady and symmetrical growth in Christian character. Their path is not "as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The true idea of a religious life embraces all the actions of our lives. It requires us to employ every moment of our time in a manner acceptable to God. It teaches us that we have but one thing to do, viz., the will of God. It assures us, that when, at a proper season, we are diligently labouring in our calling, whatever that calling may be, we are as really doing his will as when we are listening to his truth in the sanctuary, or praying in our closets.

FASHIONABLE MANNERS.

There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behaviour, have not a particle of soul or of cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position; not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and the gaiety of social intercourse—the frankness that spreads ease and animation around it—the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text ("Be courteous"), and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint.—*Dr Chalmers' Sermons in Posthumous Works.*

DARKNESS IS NOT DEPTH.

The following suggestive anecdote, which we do not remember having seen in print, has been told of Coleridge. In his school-boy days, the poet once went to bathe with another lad in quite a shallow stream. His comrade, vexed at being able only to wade where he wanted to swim, and noticing at a short distance a spot thickly overshadowed by the foliage of a large tree, cried out, "Ah, there's a deep place yonder, let's go there!" "No, no," replied Coleridge, after glancing first at the water and then at the tree, "it isn't deep, it's only dark!"

Darkness is too often mistaken for depth. Many an infidel, whose shallow mind is overcast by the gloom of doubt, is considered "a very deep fellow" by his unthinking acquaintances. Not a few writers have received undue credit for profound ideas, on account of an obscure style. More than one system of philosophical or of theological opinions is admired merely because it is incomprehensible: superficial observers are ignorantly tempted to plunge into it, because its surface, reflecting some huge and dismal error, seems to be deep when it is only dark.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

ANECDOTE OF DR JOHNSON.

Mrs Hannah More, speaking of Dr Johnson, says, "I now recollect, with melancholy pleasure, two little anecdotes of this departed genius, indicating a zeal for religion which one cannot but admire, however characteristically rough. When the Abbé Raynal was introduced to him, upon the Abbé's advancing to take his hand Dr Johnson drew back, and put his hands behind him, and afterwards replied to the expostulation of a friend, 'Sir, I will not shake hands with an infidel.' At another time, I remember asking him if he did not think the Dean of Derry a very agreeable man, to which he made no answer, and, on my repeating my question, 'Child,' said he, 'I will not speak any thing in favour of a Sabbath-breaker, to please you or any one else.'"

THE DAY OF PAYMENT.

A wealthy but niggardly gentleman was waited on by the advocates of a charitable institution, for which they solicited his aid, reminding him of the divine declaration, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that what he hath given will he pay him again." To this he replied, "The security no doubt is good, and the interest liberal; but I cannot give such long credit." Poor rich man! the day of payment was much nearer than he anticipated. Not a fortnight had elapsed from his refusing to honour this claim of God upon his substance, before he received a summons with which he could not refuse to comply. It was, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall those things be which thou hast withheld?"

Fragments.

There are two ways in which iniquities may prevail against the Christian—the first is in the growing sense of his guilt, the second is in the power of their acting. This prevalence cannot be entire, for sin shall not have dominion over them; but it may be occasional and partial. There are two ways, according to Scripture, in which God purges our transgressions; and they always go together. The one is by pardoning mercy. Thus David prays: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean." Thus the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. The other is by sanctifying grace: "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean." And this is as much the work of God as the former. He subdues our iniquities, as well as forgives them.—*Jay.*

God never pardons one sin, but he pardons all; and we dishonour him more by not trusting in him for complete forgiveness, than we did by sinning against him. Christ took up all our sins, and bore them in his own body on the cross; and God cannot punish twice, or demand a second satisfaction to his justice. "Nothing can pacify an offended conscience but that which satisfied an offended God," says Henry; and well may that which satisfied an offended God pacify an offended conscience.—*Adam.*

The Christianity of the heart, which cheers us in toil, lights our homes with a gleam from God's heaven, smoothes our pillow in sickness, and in the sad, stern hour of death, sings hymns to our parting soul, and leads it gently home to immortality. Can this religion of the heart ever die?

The rose is sweetest when it first opens, and the spikenard when it dies. Beauty belongs to youth and dies with it; but the odour of piety survives death and perfumes the tomb.

THE TWELVE STROKES OF THE SPIRIT.

BY THE REV. THOMAS BOSTON.[*]

First, WHEN the Spirit of the Lord comes to deal with a person, to bring him to Christ, he finds him in Laodicea's case, in a sound sleep of security, dreaming of heaven and the favour of God, though *full of sin against the Holy One of Israel*—(Rev. iii. 17) *Thou knowest not that thou are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked;*—and therefore he darts in some beams of light into the dark soul, and lets the man see he is a lost man, if he turn not over a new leaf, and betake himself to a new course of life. Thus by the Spirit of the Lord acting as a *spirit of bondage,* there is a criminal court erected in the man's breast, where he is arraigned, accused, and condemned, for breaking the law of God, *convinced of sin and judgment,* (John xvi. 8.) And now he can no longer sleep securely in his former course of life. This is the first stroke the branch gets, in order to cutting off.

Secondly, Hereupon the man forsakes his former profane courses, his lying, swearing, Sabbath-breaking, stealing, and such like practices; though they be dear to him as right eyes, he will rather quit them than ruin his soul. The ship is like to sink, and therefore he throweth his goods overboard, that he himself may not perish. And now he begins to bless himself in his heart, and look joyfully on his evidences for heaven, thinking himself a better servant to God than many others. (Luke xviii. 11) *God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers,* &c. But he soon gets another stroke with the axe of the law, showing him that it is only he that doth what is written in the law who can be saved by it, and that his negative holiness is too scanty a cover from the storm of God's wrath. And thus, although his sins of commission only were heavy on him before, his sins of omission now crowd into his thoughts, attended with a train of law-curses and vengeance. And each of the ten commands discharges thunder-claps of wrath against him for his omitting required duties.

Thirdly, Upon this he turns to a positively holy course of life. He not only is not profane, but he performs religious duties: he prays, seeks the knowledge of the principles of religion, strictly observes the Lord's-day, and, like Herod, *does many things, and hears* sermons *gladly.* In one word, there is a great conformity in his outward conversation to the letter of both tables of the law. And now there is a mighty change upon the man that his neighbours cannot miss to take notice of. Hence he is cheerfully admitted by the godly into their society as a praying person, and can confer with them about religious matters, yea, and about soul-exercise, which some are not acquainted with. And their good opinion of him confirms his good opinion of himself. This step in religion is fatal to many, who never get beyond it. But here the Lord reacheth the elect branch a further stroke. Conscience flies in the man's face, for some wrong steps in his conversation, the neglect of some duty, or commission of some sin, which is a blot in his conversation; and then the flaming sword of the law appears again over his head, and the curse rings in his ears, for that he *continueth not in all things written in the law to do them,* (Gal. iii. 10.)

Fourthly, On this account he is obliged to seek another salve for his sore. He goes to God, confesseth his sin, seeks the pardon of it, promising to watch against it for the time to come; and so finds ease, and thinks he may very well take it, seeing the Scripture saith, *If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins* (1 John i. 9)—not considering that he grasps at a privilege which is theirs only who are engrafted into Christ, and under the covenant of grace, and which the branches yet growing on the old stock cannot plead. And here sometimes there are formal and express vows made against such and such sins, and binding to such and such duties. Thus many go on all their days, knowing no other religion but to do duties, and to confess and pray for pardon of that wherein they fail, promising themselves eternal happiness, though they are utter strangers to Christ. Here many elect ones have been cast down wounded, and many reprobates have been slain; while the wounds of neither of them have been deep enough to cut them off from their natural stock. But the Spirit of the Lord gives yet a deeper stroke to the branch which is to be cut off; showing him that, as yet, he is but an outside-saint, and discovering to him the filthy lusts lodged in his heart, which he took no notice of before. (Rom. vii. 9) *When the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.* Then he sees his heart a dunghill of hellish lusts, filled with covetousness, pride, malice, filthiness, and the like. Now, as soon as the door of the chambers of his imagery is thus opened to him, and he sees what they do there in the dark, his outside religion is blown up as insufficient, and he learns a new lesson in religion, namely, *That he is not a Jew which is one outwardly* (Rom. ii. 28).

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[*] We have been led to insert this remarkable passage from the writings of Boston by the knowledge of a recent instance in which it was remarkably blessed to an individual soul. Of course the venerated author did not mean to convey the impression that every soul, previous to conversion, passes through all the various stages of experience mentioned here. The grace of God is not bound. To some inquiring souls the light "breaks forth speedily," while others stumble on for a time in darkness, and reach the city of refuge only after having made a longer or shorter circuit of "refuges of lies," or having been driven from them all. And the object of the author apparently is to give as complete an enumeration as possible of these false refuges, that poor souls resting in any of them may have their eyes opened, and may be quickened to arise and flee. We may mention that the passage has been printed separately as one of an excellent series of tracts published at Rothesay.

Fifthly, Upon this he goes further, even to inside-religion, sets to work more vigorously than ever, mourns over the evils of his heart, and strives to bear down the weeds he finds growing in that neglected garden. He labours to curb his pride and passion, and to banish speculative impurities, prays more fervently, hears attentively, and strives to get his heart affected in every religious duty he performs; and thus he comes to think himself not only an outside, but an inside Christian. Wonder not at this; for there is nothing in it beyond the power of nature, or what one may attain to under a vigorous influence of the covenant of works. Therefore another yet deeper stroke is reached. The law chargeth home on the man's conscience, that he was a *transgressor from the womb;* that he came into the world a guilty creature; and that, in the time of his ignorance, and even since his eyes were opened, he has been guilty of many actual sins, either altogether overlooked by him, or not sufficiently mourned over, (for spiritual sores, not healed by the blood of Christ, but skinned over some other way, are easily ruffled, and as soon break out again.) And therefore the law takes him by the throat, saying, *Pay that thou owest.*

Sixthly, Then the sinner says in his heart, *Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all;* and so falls to work to pacify an offended God, and to atone for these sins. He renews his repentance, such as it is, bears patiently the afflictions laid upon him; yea, he afflicts himself, denies himself the use of his lawful comforts, sighs deeply, mourns bitterly, cries with tears for pardon, till he hath wrought up his heart to a conceit of having obtained it; having thus done penance for what is past, and resolving to be a good servant to God, and to hold on in outward and inward obedience for the time to come. But the stroke must go nearer the heart yet ere the branch fall off. The Lord discovers to him, in the glass of the law, how he sinneth in all he does, even when he does the best he can, and therefore the dreadful sound returns to his ears (Gal. iii. 10), *Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things,* &c. *When ye fasted and mourned,* saith the Lord, *did ye at all fast unto me, even to me?* Will muddy water make clean clothes? Will you satisfy for one sin with another? Did not your thoughts wander in such a duty? Were not your affections flat in another? Did not your heart give a whorish look to such an idol? And did it not rise in a fit of impatience under such an affliction? *Should I accept this of your hands? Cursed be the deceiver which sacrificeth to the Lord a corrupt thing* (Mal. i. 13, 14). And thus he becomes so far broke off, that he sees he is not able to satisfy the demands of the law.

Seventhly, Hence, like a broken man who finds he is not able to pay all his debt, he goes about to compound with his creditor. And being in pursuit of ease and comfort, he does what he can to fulfil the law; and wherein he fails, he looks that God will accept the will for the deed. Thus doing his duty, and having a will to do better, he cheats himself into a persuasion of the goodness of his state: and hereby thousands are ruined. But the elect get another stroke, which looseth their hold in this case. The doctrine of the law is borne in on their consciences, demonstrating to them that exact and perfect obedience is required by it, under pain of the curse, and that it is doing, and not wishing to do, which will avail. Wishing to do better will not answer the law's demands; and therefore the law sounds again, *Cursed is every one that continueth not*—to do *them;* that is, actually to *do them.* In vain is wishing then.

Eighthly, Being broken off from hopes of compounding with the law, he falls a-borrowing. He sees that all he can do to obey the law, and all his desires to be, and to do better, will not save his soul: therefore he goes to Christ, intreating that his righteousness may make up what is wanting in his own, and cover all the defects of his doings and sufferings, that so God, for Christ's sake, may accept them, and thereupon be reconciled. Thus, doing what he can to fulfil the law, and looking to Christ to make up all his defects, he comes at length again to sleep in a sound skin. Many persons are ruined this way. This was the error of the Galatians, which Paul, in his epistle to them, disputes against. But the Spirit of God breaks off the sinner from this hold also, by bearing in on his conscience that great truth (Gal. iii. 12), *The law is not of faith; but, The man that doeth them shall live in them.* There is no mixing of the law and faith in this business; the sinner must hold by one of them, and let the other go; the way of the law and the way of faith are so far different, that it is not possible for a sinner to walk in the one, but he must come off from the other; and if he be for doing, he must do all alone; Christ will not do a part for him, if he do not all. A garment pieced up of sundry sorts of righteousness is not a garment meet for the court of heaven. Thus the man, who was in a dream, and thought he was eating, is awakened by the stroke, and behold his soul is faint, his heart sinks in him like a stone, while he finds he can neither bear his burden himself alone, nor can he get help under it.

Ninthly, What can one do, who must needs pay, and yet neither has as much of his own as will bring him out of debt, nor can he get as much to borrow; and *to beg he is ashamed?* What can such a one do, I say, but sell himself, as the man under the law, that was *waxen poor?* (Lev. xxv. 47.) Therefore the sinner, beat off from so many holds, goes about to make a bargain with Christ, and to sell himself to the son of God (if I may so speak), solemnly promising and vowing, that he will be a servant to Christ as long as he lives, if he will save his soul. And here oft-times the sinner makes a personal covenant with Christ, resigning himself to him on these terms; yea, and takes the sacrament to make the bargain sure. Hereupon the man's great care is, how to obey Christ, keep his commands, and so fulfil his bargain. And in this the soul finds a false, unsound peace, for a while, till the Spirit of the Lord fetch another stroke, to cut off the man from this refuge of lies likewise. And that happens in this manner: When he fails of the duties he engaged to, and falls again into the sin he covenanted against, it is powerfully carried home on his conscience that his covenant is broken; so all his comfort goes, and terrors afresh seize on his soul as one that has broken covenant with Christ; and commonly the man, to help himself, renews his covenant, but breaks again as before. And how is it possible it should be otherwise, seeing he is still upon the old stock? Thus the work of many, all their days, as to their souls, is nothing but a making and breaking such covenants, over and over again.

Object.—Some perhaps will say, *Who liveth and sinneth not? Who is there that faileth not of the duties he is engaged to? If you reject this way as unsound, who then can be saved? Ans.*—True believers will be saved; namely, all who do by faith take hold of God's covenant. But this kind of covenant is men's own covenant, devised of their own heart—not God's covenant revealed in the gospel of his grace; and the making of it is nothing else but the making of a covenant of works with Christ, confounding the law and the gospel—a covenant he will never subscribe to, though we should sign it with our heart's blood. (Rom. iv, 14) *For if they which are of the law be heirs, faith is made void, and the promise made of none effect;* (ver. 16) *Therefore it is of faith, that it might be by grace, to the end the promise might be sure to all the seed.* (Chap. xi. 6) *And if by grace, then it is no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace; otherwise work is no more work.* God's covenant is everlasting: once in, never out of it again; and the mercies of it are *sure mercies,* (Isa. lv. 3). But that covenant of yours is a tottering covenant, never sure, but broken every day. It is a mere servile covenant, giving Christ service for salvation: but God's covenant is a filial covenant, in which the sinner takes Christ, and his salvation freely offered, and so *becomes a son*—(John i. 12) *But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God;*—and being become a son, he serves his Father, not that the inheritance may become his, but because it is his, through Jesus Christ. (See Gal. iv. 24, and downward). To enter into that spurious covenant is to buy from Christ with money; but to take hold of God's covenant is to buy of him *without money and without price,* (Isa. lv. 1)—that is to say, to beg of him. In that covenant men work for life; in God's covenant they come to Christ for life, and work from life. When a person under that covenant fails in his duty, all is gone; the covenant must be made over again. But under God's covenant, although the man fail in his duty, and for his failures falls under the discipline of the covenant, and lies under the weight of it, till such time as he has recourse anew to the blood of Christ for pardon, and renew his repentance; yet all that he trusted to for life and salvation, namely, the righteousness of Christ, still stands entire, and the covenant remains firm. (See Rom. vii. 24, 25, and viii. 1.)

Now, though some men spend their lives in making and breaking such covenants of their own, the terror upon the breaking of them wearing weaker and weaker by degrees, till at last it creates them little or no uneasiness; yet the man in whom the good work is carried on, till it be accomplished in cutting him off from the old stock, finds these covenants to be as rotten cords, broke at every touch; and the terror of God being thereupon redoubled on his spirit, and the waters, at every turn, getting into his very soul, he is obliged to cease from catching hold of such covenants, and to seek help some other way.

Tenthly, Therefore the man comes at length to beg at Christ's door for mercy: but yet he is a proud beggar, standing on his personal worth. For, as the Papists have mediators to plead for them with the only Mediator, so the branches of the old stock have always something to produce, which they think may commend them to Christ, and engage him to take their cause in hand. They cannot think of coming to the spiritual market without money in their hand. They are like persons who have once had an estate of their own, but are reduced to extreme poverty, and forced to beg. When they come to beg, they still remember their former character; and though they have lost their substance, yet they retain much of their former spirit; therefore they cannot think they ought to be treated as ordinary beggars, but deserve a particular regard; and if that be not given them, their spirits rise against him to whom they address themselves for supply. Thus God gives the unhumbled sinner many common mercies, and shuts him not up in the pit, according to his deserving; but all this is nothing in his eyes. He must be set down at the children's table, otherwise he reckons himself hardly dealt with, and wronged: for he is not yet brought so low as to think *God may be justified when he speaketh* (against him), *and clear* from all iniquity, *when he judgeth him*, according to his real demerit, (Ps. li. 4). He thinks, perhaps, that even before he was enlightened he was better than others; he considers his reformation of life, his repentance, the grief and tears his sin has cost him, his earnest desires after Christ, his prayers and wrestlings for mercy; and useth all these now as bribes for mercy, laying no small weight upon them in his addresses to the throne of grace. But here the Spirit of the Lord shoots a sheaf of arrows into the man's heart, whereby his confidence in these things is sunk and destroyed; and, instead of thinking himself better than many, he is made to see himself worse than any. The naughtiness of his reformation of life is discovered. His repentance appears to him no better than the repentance of Judas; his tears like Esau's, and his desires after Christ to be selfish and loathsome, like theirs who sought Christ *because of the loaves* (John vi. 26). His answer from God seems now to be, Away, proud beggar! *How shall I put thee among the children?* He seems to look sternly on him, for his slighting of Jesus Christ by unbelief, which is a sin he scarce discerned before. But now, at length, he beholds it in its crimson colours; and is pierced to the heart as with a thousand darts, while he sees how he has been going on blindly, sinning against the remedy of sin, and in the whole course of his life trampling on the blood of the Son of God. And now he is, in his own eyes, the miserable object of law-vengeance, yea, and gospel-vengeance too.

Eleventhly, The man being thus far humbled, will no more plead, *He is worthy for whom Christ should do this thing;* but, on the contrary, looks on himself as unworthy of Christ, and unworthy of the favour of God. We may compare him, in this case, to the young man who followed Christ, *having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; on whom when the young man laid hold, he left the linen cloth, and fled from them naked* (Mark xiv. 51, 52). Even so the man had been following Christ, in the thin and coldrife garment of his own personal worthiness; but by it, even by it, which he so much trusted to, the law catcheth hold of him, to make him prisoner; and then he is fain to leave it, and flees away naked; yet not to Christ, but from him. If you now tell him he is welcome to Christ, if he will come to him, he is apt to say, Can such a vile and unworthy wretch as I be welcome to the holy Jesus?, If a plaster be applied to his wounded soul, it will not stick. He says, *Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord* (Luke v. 8). No man needs speak to him of his repentance, for his comfort; he can quickly espy such faults in it as makes it nought; nor of his tears, for he is assured they have never come into the Lord's bottle. He disputes himself away from Christ, and concludes now that he has been such a slighter of Christ, and is such an unholy and vile creature, he cannot, he will not, he ought not, to come to Christ; and that he must either be in better case, or else he will never believe. And hence he now makes his strongest efforts to amend what was amiss in his way before. He prays more earnestly than ever, mourns more bitterly, strives against sin in heart and life more vigorously, and watcheth more diligently, if by any means he may at length be fit to come to Christ. One would think the man is well humbled now; but ah! devilish pride lurks under the veil of all this seeming humility. Like a kindly branch of the old stock, he adheres still, and will not submit to the righteousness of God (Rom. x. 3). He will not come to the market of free grace *without money*. He is bidden to *the marriage of the King's Son*, where the bridegroom himself furnished all the guests with *wedding garments*, stripping them of their own: but he will not come, because he wants a *wedding garment;* howbeit he is very busy making one ready. This is sad work; and therefore he must have a deeper stroke yet, else he is ruined. This stroke is reached him with the axe of the law, in its irritating power. Thus the law, girding the soul with cords of death, and holding it in with the rigorous commands of obedience, under the pain of the curse; and God, in his holy and wise conduct, withdrawing his restraining grace, corruption is irritated, lusts become violent, and the more they are striven against, the more they rage, like a furious horse checked with the bit. Then do corruptions set up their heads, which he never saw in himself before. Here oft-times atheism, blasphemy, and, in one word, *horrible things concerning God*, *terrible thoughts concerning the faith*, arise in his breast; so that his heart is a very hell within him. Thus while he is sweeping the house of his heart, not yet watered with gospel grace, these corruptions, which lay quiet before in neglected corners, fly up and down in it like dust. He is as one who is mending a dam, and while he is repairing breaches in it, and strengthening every part of it, a mighty flood comes down, overturns his work, and drives all away before it, as well what was newly laid, as what was laid before. Read Rom. vii. 8, 9, 10–13. This is a stroke which goes to the heart; and by it his hope of getting himself more fit to come to Christ is cut off.

Lastly, Now the time is come when the man, betwixt hope and despair, resolves to go to Christ as he is; and therefore like a dying man stretching himself just before his breath goes out, he rallies the broken forces of his soul, tries to believe, and in some sort lays hold on Jesus Christ. And now the branch hangs on the old stock by one single tack of a natural faith, produced by the natural vigour of one's own spirit, under a most pressing necessity. (Ps. lxxviii. 34, 35), *When he slew them, then they sought him: and they returned and inquired early after God. And they remembered that God was their rock, and the high God their redeemer.* (Hos. viii. 2), *Israel shall cry unto me, My God, we know thee.* But the Lord, minding to perfect his work, fetches yet another stroke, whereby the branch falls quite off. The Spirit of God convincingly discovers to the sinner his utter inability to do any thing that is good; and so he dieth, Rom. vii. 9. That voice powerfully strikes through his soul, *How can ye believe?* (John v. 44.) Thou canst no more believe than thou canst reach up thine hand to heaven, and bring Christ down from thence. And thus at length he sees he can neither help himself by working, nor by believing; and having no more to hang by on the old stock, he therefore falls off. And while he is distressed thus, seeing himself like to be swept away with the flood of God's wrath, and yet unable so much as to stretch forth a hand to lay hold of a twig of the tree of life, growing on the banks of the river, he is *taken up and engrafted into the true vine*, the Lord Jesus Christ giving him the spirit of faith.

CONVERSION OF CAROLINE FRY.

(From her Life and Correspondence.)

I WANT to tell you what you ask about myself; but how shall I convey a just impression of what I was when mercy found me, in few enough words in a letter? For years I had never bent my knee in prayer, or any way recognised the existence of a God. I hated, and *knew* I hated—which is not commonly the case—the very *name* of God. Mine was an *understanding* enmity. I knew not only what is in the written word, but even the shades and colourings of opinion, in the construction of it. I had heard the gospel and read controversy, as I read every thing else; and had even made up my mind, that if there were any thing in it at all, the Calvinists were right. But I believed it was all fiction together, and beneath an *intellectual being* to be troubled about it at all. Happily, I was always modest, and therefore I never gave utterance to my opinions. I believe even my brothers and sisters had no idea of *more* than absolute *indifference* to religion. It was far more—*indifference* has no existence in my nature—it was *hatred*. My brother, though he knew nothing of *this*, said of me, that I was the most hopeless of his family. "There is the pride of intellect that will never come down," was his expression. I *delighted* to hear the name of God, and the truth of God made a jest of; but as to disliking the people of God, or saying any thing to pain them, I should as soon have thought of hating a man for believing or disbelieving the Copernican system. You must guess the rest, or I shall never end. At the time of conversion, I was in a clergyman's family in Lincolnshire, of the true old-fashioned High Church, in its coldest, stupidest, most inoffensive character. The necessity of going to church, the necessity of *hearing* the Bible read by my pupils, was to me a painful and *degrading* task, which could not but betray itself, though words they heard not from me about the matter. I held them, I fear I treated them, who only admired and pitied *me*, in sovereign contempt. Without a shade of real religion themselves, they were of course shocked at my manifest disregard of what they called so; but they never spoke to me upon it. At this time, I violently attached myself to a lovely young woman of my own age, daughter of a neighbouring clergyman. *After my manner*, I wrapped myself up in this one satisfaction—my idol for the time being. I invested her with all the excellencies she had or had not; no matter what she really was (about which I have no clear opinion), quite certain it is that she had no knowledge of true religion *at all*, and never pretended to have, and despised the gospel of Christ to the full as much as I did. But she had *a* religion—a *sentimental* desire for a better world, such as comes simply of disappointment in this. My inferior mentally, she surpassed me in the very thing I prided myself upon—philosophy—in the conduct of ordinary life, to be *above* circumstances, misfortunes, disappointments, and all manner of "this world's wrongs," which we used to set ourselves to abuse, while we read Young's *Night Thoughts*, to avenge ourselves. In short, she always behaved well, and acted properly, and spake wisely; while I, with all my knowledge and philosophy, was "a wild ass's colt," with a mind beyond my own control, or that of any body else, and too artless to wear the guise of any thing I was not. I saw her advantage, and spoke often to her of it, lamenting my own want of self-control and submission to circumstances. This finally occasioned her, not having courage to *speak* to me of my want of *religion*, to write me a letter, remonstrating with me upon it, and assuring me it was *religion* alone that gave her that advantage over me which I so admired and coveted. Now I can fully say that in this letter was no mention of *Christ*—no reference to the *Spirit*—no one word of the gospel method of salvation, or any thing that might not have been said by a Socinian or a Deist—by any one who believed in an over-ruling God, or a future state of happiness or misery.

On my first reading it, my indignation knew no bounds. It was an insult upon my understanding, a presumption upon my friendship. I sat down and answered in all the bitterness of wounded pride and unrestrained contempt. It happened the letter could not go that day; it was some miles of. The next day—O what a day that was!—I must not make remarks, but merely state facts. I felt that I was *moved, shaken*. What shame, what degradation! I, even I, moved by such things!—impossible. I could have buried my head in the earth for shame and humiliation. The only comfort was *nobody* could *ever know it*. But this changed my purpose; if I was to seem unmoved, why should I be angry? I burned the letter and wrote another, very kind, very dignified, very philosophical and high-minded, but quite indifferent, of course. It happened again the letter could not go, but my conflict was now with God; I loathed, I scorned, I refused, I told the blessed Redeemer, who by his Spirit was contending for me, that I would not yield, I *would not* have him, I *would not* be his. Words are not adapted to describe things like these that pass between spirit and spirit without voice or word; and yet are more real than words could make them. I hated my friend for telling me; I hated myself for caring about what she said; but O! I hated most the blessed One who was thus trying to force upon me the *degradation* of his *name*. It was soon over; on the third day I wrote another letter. I owned the precious truth of what she had reproached me with; avowed my altered purpose, and acknowledged my obligation to her. Beyond that, I said nothing to any body at the time; they would only have mocked and wondered, and taken me for mad, and my friend would have been foremost in that opinion. All that they saw was, that I had *become religious;* that is, I read the Bible. I became ill, and was almost immediately removed. But from that *third day*, all was changed to me: I read, I praised, I prayed, I rejoiced with joy unspeakable. I had nothing to learn as to the nature and manner and meaning of the change. I knew all that before as a fiction; it was now an experimental truth. From that time Jesus was mine, and I was his; but O what a soil it was for the seed to grow in! what a time before it could be wrought upon to profit! all to do, all to undo, and every thing in the natural character against the work. However, you know the issue; it was hard work he undertook at first, and has been hard to the last. I have defeated him, dishonoured him, denied him, *practically*, never professedly, a thousand, thousand times; but from that hour to this I have never doubted him. How could I? Had Paul himself more evidence than I had? No, for he had never been what I was, and he made no resistance. The recital is long, I leave you to make the comment on the bare text; but it may interest you to know, that my *friend* subsequently married a dignitary of the Church, of high birth and indifferent character; forgot, in her change of fortune, her preference of another world; affected fashionable life, derided all I said to her and wrote to her about the change, of which she had been the instrument, till, as my religious profession grew, being really unacceptable to herself, and offensive to her worldly, irreligious husband, our acquaintance was broken off; and I know only by common report, that she died last year suddenly while dressing for a ball. Thus God has secured the whole glory to himself; there was none to the creature on any side.

SONG FOR THE SAILOR.

WHEN the parting bosom bleeds—
When our native land recedes—
While the wild and treacherous main
Takes us to her breast again—
Father, view a sailor's woe—
Guide us wheresoe'er we go!

When the lonely watch we keep,
Silent on the mighty deep—
While the boisterous surges hoarse,
Bear us darkly on our course—
Eye that never slumbers, shed
Holy influence on our head!

When the Sabbath's peaceful ray
O'er the ocean's breast doth play,
Though no throngs assemble there,
No sweet church-bell warns to prayer,
Spirit, let thy presence be
Sabbath to the mustering sea!

When the raging billows dark,
Thundering toss our threaten'd bark,
Thou, who on the whelming wave
Didst the meek disciple save,
Thou who hear'st us when we pray,
Jesus! Saviour! be our stay!

When in foreign lands we roam,
Far from kindred and from home,
Strangers' eyes our conduct viewing,
Heathen bands our steps pursuing,
Let our conversation be
Fitting those who follow thee.

Should pale death with arrow dread
Make the ocean wave our bed;
Though no eye of love might see
Where that shrouded grave might be,
Thou who hear'st the surges roll,
Deign to save a sailor's soul!

PREVALENT DISHONESTY.

"It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."—Prov. xx. 14.

Alas for poor, selfish human nature! How much fraud and over-reaching in buying and selling! A man goes out to buy a horse. He finds one that he likes, and that the owner wants to sell; but he is determined, if possible, to get him under what he is worth. Accordingly he sets himself to depreciate the animal, by pointing out what he calls his defects and blemishes. "I like your horse in some respects, but he is too old. The man you bought him of must have deceived you. He called him *eight*, you say. He must have been nearer *twelve*. See him how his teeth are worn down. I can't afford to give you any thing like your price. Besides, his pace is slow and heavy, and he trips, I see, as if he had been foundered. He is raw-boned too, and carries his head badly, and is too hard upon the bit, and I do not like the colour. If he was a bright bay, I would give you a good deal more for him." Thus he cheapens the animal as much below his real worth as he can, and when he has got so far away that he thinks the owner will not hear of it, boasts what a good bargain he has made. "I would not sell the animal for twice the money. He is of the right age, and just what I want." "But then you must have cheated the man you bought him off." "Oh no, it was a fair bargain. It is true he asked more at first, but he wanted the money, and at last came to my terms, which was the best thing, probably, he could do."

Another man wants to buy a yoke of oxen. He goes to somebody who is obliged to sell, puts on an honest face, is willing to give all they are worth; but "they don't quite suit him; they are not heavy enough for the work he wants to put them to; the price is more than he can afford to give. He has seen another pair that he likes better, which he can have for less money." Thus he runs on, beating the seller down to the lowest notch; then drives the cattle home, invites his neighbours to look at them, and boasts of his good bargain.

Another wants to buy a house, and adopts a similar course to get it for less than it is worth. "I don't like the location," he says, "it is too far from church; the ground is too low; it stands too near the street; it is badly planned; the rooms are too small or too large; the hall is too wide, or not wide enough; the kitchen is inconvenient; it was slightly built, and must have great many repairs," &c., &c. "What do you ask for it?" "Five hundred pounds." "Five hundred pounds! Then there is no use in saying any more about it. I can buy a better place for a great deal less money." "Well, what will you give?" "Four hundred; and that I consider more than it is worth." The seller knows it is cheap at five hundred, and so does the buyer. But he cannot afford to keep it. He must take what he can get, and the writings are drawn. The buyer goes his way with the deed in his pocket. "It was nought, it was nought," before, but now "he boasteth." Ask him what he will take for the property, and his lowest price is six hundred pounds. Now all at once the location is good; the place is convenient; it was well built; and it will cost but little to put it in first-rate repair. It *is* a very good house. He cheated the seller by crying it down, and he knew it at the time. But "a bargain is a bargain," and every one must look out for himself! It is his "heart's ease!"

And so I might instance in a hundred other cases, where the buyer taxes all his ingenuity to run down the article, and when he has got it in his possession, boasts how cheap he bought it. Now, what is this but sheer *fraud*, *cheating*, *swindling*, or by whatever synonymous name you may please to call it? It is heaven-wide from the golden rule.

No doubt the buyer has a right to examine what he wants to purchase carefully, and to judge for himself whether he can afford to give the price. If he thinks it too high, though he should be mistaken, he has a right to offer the seller less, and to induce him to take less if he can. No doubt the buyer may and often does make very advantageous bargains for himself, without doing any injustice to the seller. Nay, the exchange of property may be for the advantage of both, as it ought, as far as possible, to be in all bargains.

The seller is sometimes obliged to part with his property for less than it is worth, if any body chooses to take advantage of his necessities; but the case of the buyer is different. He may take it at the price or not, as he pleases; and no one has a right to complain. He must be his own judge what he can afford to give. But if he take advantage of the ignorance or necessities of his neighbour; if he beats down a poor man who must sell below what he knows in his own conscience the thing is worth, and worth to him, it is dishonest; it is cheating the seller out of so much money. And if he "goeth his way and boasteth," he is condemned out of his own mouth. You have made a great bargain, have you? You have got the property for half or two-thirds its value; then you have defrauded your neighbour to that amount. It will not do to plead, that if you had not taken advantage of him, somebody else would. If you wanted the property, then you could afford to give what it is worth, and why did you not to prevent its being sacrificed?

Some men, who are noted for making good bargains, in the way above pointed out, are too worldly wise to boast of their skill and success. It might get abroad and injure their reputation. And so they maintain that they gave as much as the property was worth, when every body knows that they got it much below its true value, and nobody better than themselves. But in the eyes of Him who "trieth the heart and the reins," it amounts to the same thing whether, when they have gone their way, they boast or not. It is a dishonest way of making money; it is cheating; it is taking so much out of the seller's pocket. If one man, by crying down another's property, gets it for a quarter less then it is fairly worth, he defrauds him to that amount just as truly as if he had swindled him out of it in any other way.

To what extent this dishonesty in dealing is practised is known only to God; but that it is very common admits not of a doubt. It is practised more or less in every community; and by some we fear, who, not having looked at the matter in its true light, would resent the least insinuation that they have ever been guilty. Let every man, when he is making a bargain, think of it, and not take any advantage which will give him trouble on his death-bed, or at the bar of his final Judge.

A SHORT FIRESIDE STORY ABOUT HONESTY.

One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the wayside, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave the half to his boy. "Not so, father," said the boy, "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me; and you must be very hungry. I shall wait till you are done." "You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father; "your love to me does me more good than my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother who has left us, and who told you to love me as she used to do; and indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now that I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn now to eat." "Thank you, father; but break this piece in two, and take you a little more; for you see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do." "I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy; but eat it I shall not; I have abundance; and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how shall he not give us all other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies!" The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin together their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several large pieces of gold, of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father. "My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch that money; it is not ours." But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?" "I know not as yet to whom it belongs; but probably it was put there by the baker, through some mistake. We must inquire: run." "But, father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf, and then the baker may tell a lie, and"—— "I will not listen to you, my boy; I bought the loaf, but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him. Remember Him who told us to do to others as we would have others do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us; but that is no reason why we should try and cheat him. I am poor, indeed; but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, O let us share also his goodness and his trust in God! We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, *trust God, and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to shame.* Now, run to the baker, and bring him here; and I shall watch the gold until he comes." So the boy ran for the baker. "Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money;" and he showed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found. "Is it thine?" asked the father; "if it is, take it away." "My father, baker, is very poor, and"—— "Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money." The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf. "Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker, "and my neighbour, David, the flax-dresser, spoke but the truth when he said, thou wert the honestest man in our town. Now, I shall tell thee about the gold: A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the honestest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me, as a customer, this morning; and as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf, with all its treasure—and certes, it is not small!—is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it!" The poor father bent his head to the ground, while the tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his hands about his neck, and said, "I shall always, like you, my father, trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."—*Edinburgh Christian Magazine.*

SATAN HINDERED US.

Paul intended to make a journey to the Thessalonians, but was hindered by Satan. It were well if his hindrances were confined to journeys. They affect, alas! many other things.

A professing Christian is prompted to go to an impenitent sinner, and to remonstrate with him respecting his course. Satan suggests that the effort will be in vain, or that another time will do just as well. In consequence, the sinner goes on unwarned, and becomes hardened to resist subsequent appeals.

A Christian is at variance with his brother. He sees and feels that it is a sad thing for difference to exist between those who are redeemed by the same blood, and travelling together to the same Father's house. He finds that he cannot offer the petition, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." He resolves to go to his brother, and make confession, and seek reconciliation. Satan tells him that he has done enough now that he is prepared to confess his fault—that the offending brother is bound to come half the way—that it is not wise to make any advances till he is assured they will be well received. Thus he is hindered, and the cause of Christ continues to suffer.

A Christian is sitting by his fireside reading an account of the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom. His heart rejoices, and the petition rises to his lips, "Thy kingdom come." He perceives that there is a call for funds to aid in spreading the word of life. He is ready to meet the call; but while he is considering what sum he shall give, Satan suggests that he will thus diminish his capital, and lessen his profits in a transaction in which he is about to engage—that it will be better to secure those profits, and then to make a larger donation to the cause.

Reader, has Satan hindered you in any of your purposes of doing good? Be on your guard. When an opportunity for doing good is presented, beware of giving place to the devil. If you must be hindered by him, let it be by his influence over others, and not by the free consent of *your* mind.—*New York Evangelist.*

A BENEVOLENT GOD MUST PUNISH SIN.

The love of *benevolence*—good-will towards his creatures—requires that God should manifest his disapprobation of whatever has a tendency to defeat their happiness. The relation of God towards his intelligent creatures is not merely that of one individual being toward other individuals; it is that of a moral governor, who should aim to secure the greatest good of the greatest number of his subjects. He must regard each moral being not as an isolated individual, but as a member of the community, whose conduct tends either to increase or to diminish the happiness of the whole. His treatment of the individual, therefore, must be determined by a proper regard for the general welfare.

The love of a father for his family demands that he should not show partiality for any of his children, and that he should not suffer one child to impose upon or tyrannize over the rest. A true regard for the welfare of the family will lead the father to punish the child who disturbs the peace of the family, who annoys and injures the rest, though that child may be dear to him as his own soul.

The civil magistrate is bound to protect the community against the depredations of individuals, and he must inflict the penalty of the law upon those whose conduct militates against the public good, even though they may be allied to him by the closest ties of kindred and affection. The magistrate who should refuse to do this, who, through favouritism towards an individual, should suffer the community to be wronged and the law to be violated with impunity, would be denounced as unfit for his station, and as an enemy to society. There is no difference of opinion as to what benevolence requires of men in such relations. Benevolence and justice are not opposed to each other; on the contrary, he who sacrifices justice cannot be benevolent. A regard for the general welfare requires that justice be maintained.

Now, sin is the greatest evil in the universe. It is a violation of the law of love. It puts self-interest above and before the general good. God has manifested his love for his creatures by requiring them, under pain of his displeasure, to love one another, and to seek the happiness of all. Universal obedience to this law would produce the highest conceivable happiness. If, then, any transgress this rule, the very love of God for his creatures as a whole must call forth his strong disapprobation of the conduct of such—must make him a "consuming fire" to burn up every thing that would injure the purity and the happiness of his kingdom. His law would be worthless without a penalty, and the penalty would be an idle threat if it were never to be inflicted.

Benevolence requires that law and justice shall be maintained. To do otherwise would be infinitely "dishonourable to God." The infliction of punishment upon the wicked is no more proof that God "delights in the misery of his creatures," than the sentencing of a criminal is proof that the judge delights in inflicting pain. In both cases it may evince a benevolent regard for the general good. And what evil, short of the eternal misery of the wicked, could be an adequate expression of God's regard for the happiness of the universe, and of His disapprobation of conduct which would destroy that happiness by overthrowing law and government?

So, too, the love of *complacency*—delight in moral excellence, the approbation of goodness—involves a hatred of impurity and sin. Can he who loves virtue, love vice also? Can he who delights in the society of the pure, delight also in that of the impure? The very feeling of pleasure in that which is right involves a feeling of repugnance toward that which is wrong; and the intensity of the one feeling will be the measure of the intensity of the other. God hates sin because he loves holiness. If the eyes of the Lord regard the righteous with favour, then "the face of the Lord" must be "against them that do evil." The love of holiness and the hatred of sin are one and the same state of mind.

That which makes God "a consuming fire" to the wicked, is that very moral purity and benevolence which cause him to be characterized as LOVE. And it will be "a fearful thing" for incorrigible transgressors "to fall into the hands of the living God," not merely because of his justice, nor yet because of his power, but because of the infinite purity of his character, because of his unchangeable love of holiness, as the indispensable means of happiness to his moral kingdom.

He is a "consuming fire" to the wicked because of the instinctive, the intense, the unconquerable repulsion between holiness and sin—between a mind that loves purity and goodness, and a mind that loves iniquity.

The doctrine of the future punishment of the wicked is, therefore, philosophically a credible doctrine. So far from being contradicted by the known character of God, it is rather a direct inference from his benevolence and integrity as a moral governor.—*Independent.*

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

A CLERGYMAN who was chaplain of a little squadron stationed in the Mediterranean for five years, related the following interesting anecdote, which occurred during that time:—

"The Commodore was a frank and generous man, who treated me with marked attention, and I used to preach in all the ships but one. This was a small frigate, and its captain was an irreligious and profane man. He used to say he wanted no Methodist parson for a pilot, and he embraced every opportunity of annoying me. Being a person of violent temper, he took offence, and insulted the Commodore, who meant to send him home. When I heard of his intention, I waited on the Commodore, and said I was come to ask a particular favour of him.

"'That shall be granted. I am always happy to oblige you. What is it?'

"'That you will overlook the conduct of Captain S——,' said I.

"'Nay, nay: you can't be serious. Is he not your greatest enemy? and I believe the only man in the fleet who does not wish to see you on board his ship.'

"'That's the very reason why I ask the favour, Commodore; I must practise as well as preach.'

"'Well, well, 'tis an odd whim; but if, on reflection, I can grant your request without prejudice to his Majesty's service, I will do it.'

"The next day I renewed my petition.

"'Well,' said he, 'if Captain S—— will make a public apology, I will overlook his conduct.'

"I instantly got into a boat, and rowed to the frigate. The captain met me with a frown upon his countenance; but when I told him my business, I saw a tear in his eye, and taking me by the hand he said, 'Mr ——, I really don't understand your religion, but I do understand your conduct, and I thank you.'

"The affair blew over, and he pressed me to preach in his ship. The first time I went there, the whole crew were dressed in their best clothes, and the captain at my right hand. I could hardly utter a word, my mind was so much moved, and so were the whole crew. There seemed a more than ordinary solemnity among us.

"That very night the ship disappeared, and not a soul survived to tell the tale. None ever knew how it happened; but we supposed, as there had been a gale of wind, she had foundered, and went down in deep water."

How cheering the thought, that the men thus suddenly summoned into eternity had listened to the blessed message of the gospel, and that too under circumstances which, through the blessing of God, were so peculiarly adapted to prepare their minds to welcome and receive it!

See, dear young reader, how "example" is more regarded than "precept!" Persons can understand our conduct if they cannot appreciate our principles, and they form their opinion of us more from what we do than from what we say. We should therefore rather strive to live well than to talk well. "Even a child is known by his doings." The religion of Christ teaches us to let our light shine before men; and it is highly important that those who profess to love the Saviour should be careful to "adorn" in all things his doctrine.—*Church of England Sunday Scholar's Magazine.*

THE AGED IN AFFLICTION.

I ONCE knew an old man whose white hairs were silvered by the frosts of more than fourscore years. He had been active in his sphere, a minister of the cross of Christ. In season and out of season had he laboured in his Master's cause, "in watching, and in weariness oft," but "always rejoicing as became a good soldier of Jesus Christ." But now the infirmities of age had gathered around him. He could no longer go out among the lanes and hedges, to minister to the poor and afflicted. His voice was broken, his eyes were dim, and it was only the loud tones of familiar voices that could reach his ear. And then sickness came and suffering. But still life was spared, and he felt that on him now, as well as in health, rested that great command, "Glorify God with your body and your spirit, which are his." But *how* should he glorify Him? Every avenue to usefulness seemed closed, for it was only in broken whispers that he could communicate his few wants to those around, and what *could* he do? It was the subject of many a prayer, the burden of many a thoughtful hour. At length it was suggested to him, that even in his sufferings, if patiently endured, he might show the sustaining power of the gospel. He felt that it was so, that this was the only path wherein he might still pursue that object which had been the guiding star of his long life—the glory of God; and he prayed that suffering, he cared not how severe, might be laid upon him, if thereby Christ's cause might be promoted. In his own words, "It is not enough to say that I submit cheerfully to pain—I rejoice in it, because it is God's will that I should bear it." His prayer was heard, suffering *was* laid upon him. Death often comes to the aged calmly as slumber to the wearied child; but to him it came in pangs, in sorrow, in paroxysms of pain so severe, that it seemed to those around almost too terrible to witness; yet he smiled through them all. His heart was stayed on that God whom he so delighted to glorify, and it was his perfect peace that enabled him to die with that holy smile upon his brow, triumphing over death and the grave, strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

I have thus recalled the memory of the dear departed, that he, being dead, might yet speak, by his example, to the aged and sometimes desponding Christian, who feels, perhaps, that he is laid aside from his Master's work, and is but a burden in the way. To such it says, the Christian's work is never done but with life. If we are laid aside from its active duties, we may yet glorify our Father by cheerfully suffering—we may yet honour his name by showing that we are partakers of His spirit whose meat and drink it was to do his Father's will; and if we do this, the life of the most infirm is not, cannot be, useless. Let us strive so to live, that when sickness and old age shall come upon us, we may not only not repine, but rejoice that His will, not ours, is done.

YET THERE IS ROOM.

"ALL things are now ready; come unto the marriage." And why should not all comply? Why should any exclude themselves? Let every one resolve for himself, "For my part, I will not make myself that horrid exception." Will you, as it were, shut the door of heaven against yourself with your own hand? I once more assure you, there is yet room, room for all. There are Abraham, Isaac, and

Jacob, and the patriarchs, *and yet there is room.* There are many from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, *and yet there is room.* There are persecuting Manasseh and Paul; there are Mary Magdalene, the demoniac, and Zacheus the publican; and *yet there is room.* There is the once incestuous and excommunicated, but afterwards penitent Corinthian, "washed, sanctified, justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God;" and there may you also be, though vile as they, if, with them, you come in at the call of the gospel; *for yet there is room.* There is, says St John, Rev. vii. 9, "a great multitude, which no man can number, out of every kindred, and tongue, and nation;" multitudes from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and *yet there is room.*

By the consideration of your own extreme, perishing necessity; by the consideration of the freeness, the fulness, and sufficiency of the blessings offered; by the dread authority, by the mercy and love of the God that made you, and who is your constant benefactor; by the meekness and gentleness of Christ; by the labours and toils of his life; by the agonies of his death; by his repeated injunctions, and by his melting invitations; by the operation of the Holy Spirit upon your hearts, and by the warnings of your own consciences; by the eternal joys of heaven, and the eternal pains of hell; by these considerations, and by every thing sacred, important, and dear to you, I exhort, I entreat, I charge, I adjure you, I would compel you, to come in.—*President Davies.*

WHEREFORE DO THE WICKED LIVE?

This question was one of deep interest to the afflicted patriarch. It has been not less so to many who have lived since the days of Job, and have exclaimed with the Psalmist, "These are the ungodly who prosper in the world, they increase in riches."

The wicked are permitted to live,

1. That they may develop the *depravity of their hearts.* It is very common for unregenerate men to deny their depravity, and God lets them live that they may demonstrate in their lives the truth of his word in regard to human character. Thus, Hazael once exclaimed, "But what! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" and yet he lived to do it with a bloody hand. In this demonstration, the truth is confirmed and good is done.

2. The wicked live that the *kindness and long-suffering of God* may be made manifest. God is determined to show to the world that he delighteth not in the death of the wicked. Hence he bears long with him. Like a sympathizing father, he waits to see if the sinner will not put away his transgressions, so that iniquity will not be his ruin. And this principle of the Divine government he makes the sinner demonstrate by permitting him to live.

3. The wicked live that they may *have space for repentance.* Were they cut down in the moment of their rebellion, repentance and salvation would be equally impossible. But God determined to give the sinner the opportunity to choose life, and also to show to the world that those who are lost have rejected the offer of life, and have consequently chosen death, and become their own destroyers. And this he does by permitting them to live.

4. The wicked live that they may be *instrumental in accomplishing the purposes of God.* The wrath of man is made to praise God. The selling of Joseph into Egypt did much to preserve the patriarchal family, and to accomplish the fulfilment of the covenant promise which was made to Abraham. Belshazzar's feast was the means of executing the purpose of God, in his own destruction. The accusers of Daniel did much to honour the religion of the Bible, and carry the convictions of truth to the mind of the Median king. The Jews fulfilled the Divine purpose in crucifying the Lord of glory; and afterward, by driving the disciples out of *Jerusalem,* sent them every where preaching the gospel of the Son of God. And so it is in all ages of the world, the wicked live to execute the purposes of the Divine *mind.*

5. The wicked live *in answer to the prayers of God's people.* The disciples prayed for the unfruitful fig-tree, and it was spared yet another year. Abraham prayed for the deliverance of Sodom, and he had the promise that it should be spared if ten righteous men could be found in it. And so it is now. Good men are praying that the lives of sinners may be spared, that they may be brought into his kingdom and made heirs of his grace. Consequently, the wicked are permitted to live.

6. The wicked live as a *means of sanctifying the people of God.* The mere fact that the eye of the wicked is upon God's people, makes them more watchful. Every finger of scorn, and every scoffing tongue, and every persecuting hand, drives the Christian nearer to God, and strengthens his purposes of holy life. They all tend to bring him into a more perfect conformity to the will of God, and the spirit of heaven. It was in view of this tendency, that the apostle counted it all joy when he fell into divers temptations (trials), knowing this, that the trial of our faith worketh patience.

7. The incorrigibly wicked live that they may be *fitted for destruction.* "Have ye not asked them that go by the way, and do ye not understand their tokens, that the wicked are reserved unto the day of destruction? They shall be brought forth to the day of wrath." We are told that God "gives up the wicked to uncleanness and vile affections;" and that "after their hardness and impenitent heart, they treasure up unto themselves wrath against the day of wrath, and the revelation of the righteous judgment of God." And also that "God endures with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction." And again, "God shall send upon them strong delusions, that they should believe a lie, that they might be damned who believe not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness."

For such ends do the wicked live. Impenitent reader! does it not become you, in view of these thoughts, to turn your feet unto the ways of righteousness, and walk in the testimonies of the Lord?

EXCITEMENT.

"Tell the mother," says the Rev. D. E. Ford in his *Damascus,* "as she watches the dying agonies of her only babe, to beware of excitement: she has a husband left, and for his sake it behoves her to cling to life, and hope to be happy. Tell the widower, as he tears himself from the coffin of his best earthly treasure, to beware of excitement: his children are spared, and for their sakes he must return to the cares of life again. Tell the man whose house is burning over his head, to beware of excitement; for calmness and self-possession may facilitate his rescue. But never tell the sinner who bewails his transgressions, who apprehends the terrors of the Lord, who trembles at the thought of judgment to come, who is uncertain whether the next moment of his life will not find him in hell—never tell that man to beware of excitement (for what can you set before him to countervail his anxiety?)—but caution him against a spirit of slumber; caution him against a return to indifference; tell him that the struggle is for immortality, and that the alternative is death, certain, remediless, and eternal."

LOOK UP!

A little boy went to sea with his father, to learn to be a sailor. One day his father said to him, "Come, my boy, you will never be a sailor if you don't learn to climb; let me see if you can get up the mast." The boy, who was a nimble little fellow, soon scrambled up; but when he got to the top and saw at what a height he was, he began to be frightened, and called out, "O father! I shall fall; I am sure I shall fall; what am I to do?" "Look up, look up, my boy," said his father; "if you look down you will be giddy, but if you keep looking up to the flag at the top of the mast, you will descend safely." The boy followed his father's advice, and reached the bottom with ease. Learn from this little story to look more to Jesus and less to yourselves.

SCATTERED YET UNITED.

Let us not be so hide-bound with prejudice as to refuse to acknowledge goodness out of our own petty sects. I should feel sad indeed if I thought that all the virtue of the world was compromised in the one communion to which I belong. But

> "I have wandered over many lands,"

and I have found some goodness, some piety, every where—some devout men and women, who believed in Christ, and were walking in his steps. In the Scottish glen and on the moor; in the Alpine gorge and on those upland pastures where the shepherd feeds his flock—the voice of singing ascends to God. Yonder, down in the deep forest, where a solitary lamp from a cottage window twinkles through the darkness, an old man is at prayer!

> "There kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
> The saint, the father, and the husband prays"

These are all members of one church catholic—of one invisible, but universal communion, "the communion of saints." They are the scattered sheep of one fold, and under one shepherd.

The Church of God includes all the good that have lived on earth, and that shall live to the end of time. It is a mighty army, issuing out of the regions of death, gathering out of every clime, and stretching into heaven. It includes a multitude whom no man can number, both among the living and the dead.—*H. M. Field.*

ON THE DEATH OF TWO MINISTERS IN ONE WEEK.

Two famous lights in one week are put, not under a bushel, but under a gravestone. God is now calling in his labourers, then who shall gather in his harvest? He is putting out the lights, and who shall guide us to Emmanuel's land? God's gardens take a great deal of dressing; and when dressers are taken away, what danger are vineyards in of becoming like the field of the slothful! The loss of a guide in the way to heaven is not a small loss. God pulls out stakes in Zion's hedge, but few are put in to make up the gap. But while we obey the precept, "Pray ye therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest," Lord, fulfil thy promise, "I will give you pastors according to my heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding."—*Pauling.*

A SINGULAR TREASURE.

Where is it? What is singular respecting it? It is of singular *value.* Gold and precious stones cannot compare with it. It is worth more than all the riches of the world. It is singular, in that it never does *injury*, but always does *good.* This cannot be said of treasures of gold and silver. They have been the undoing of millions for time and for eternity. It is singular, in that it does not make men *proud, arrogant, oppressive,* nor *vicious.* The treasures of gold very generally have these effects on the minds of men. But the more of this singular treasure men have, the more *humble, meek, kind, affable,* and *virtuous* are they. It is singular in that it never produces *discontent* nor *unhappiness* in the minds of those who *have* it, nor is made a source of misery to those who have it not. Is it so with treasures of gold? Do they not disquiet thousands every day? What corroding cares, what jealousies, family quarrels, litigation, frauds, and almost every species of crime and vice, are engendered and cherished by the riches of the world! It is singular, in that it will *endure for ever.* "Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away." The flames consume—the floods carry away. Bankruptcies occur almost every day. At the longest, earthly riches can endure for the present life only. They can do no good to the dead. But this singular treasure can never lose its value. It is worth immeasurably more after death than in the present life. Its highest value is never realized until men have passed into the "bourne whence no traveller returns." But *what is* this treasure? It is a treasure of *fear.* A very singular treasure, truly. Even so. Now, please turn to Isaiah 33d chapter, 6th verse, and read—"The fear of the Lord is his treasure."—*Pilgrim.*

Fragments.

The Evidences of Christianity.—A person discovering the proofs of the Christian religion, is like an heir finding the deeds of his estate. Shall he officiously condemn them as counterfeit, or cast them aside without examination?—*Pascal.*

A Solemn Thought.—Reader, you may die any moment, and you are as near to heaven or hell as you are to death.—*Rev. J. A. James.*

The Root of the Evil.—The moralists of our age, whether in lessons from the academic chair, or by the insinuating address of fiction and poetry—while they try to mend and embellish human life, have never struck one effective blow at that ungodliness of the heart which is the germ of all the distempers in human society.—*Dr Chalmers.*

Birth and Death.—Those born once only, die twice—they die a temporal, and they die an eternal death. But those who are born twice, die only once—for over them the second death hath no power.—*Jay.*

Unbelief.—No man is an unbeliever, but because he will be so; and every man is not an unbeliever because the grace of God conquers some, changeth their wills, and binds them to Christ.—*Charnock.*

Human Philosophy.—Philosophy is a proud, sullen detector of the poverty and misery of man. It may turn him from the world with a proud, sturdy contempt; but it cannot come forward, and say, "Here are rest, grace, peace, strength, consolation!"—*Cecil.*

Prayer.—It is not the length but the strength of prayer that is required; nor the labour of the lip but the travail of the heart that prevails with God. "Let thy words be few," as Solomon says, but full and to the purpose.—*Spencer.*

NOVEL-READING.

FEW persons suspect how many novels are written, and printed, and sold. There are about five thousand five hundred offered for sale in this country. If a man were to read one a-week for seventy-five years, he would not be through the list. There are, of course, many novel-readers. Something on a great scale will be the result. What will it be—good or evil? Let us see.

It is natural to enquire who write novels? A few pious persons have written works which are sometimes called novels; but they are too serious for the gay, and too gay for the serious—so they are seldom read. I have seen but one such for years. They are not in demand. Others are written by moral persons, who really seem anxious to teach some truth in an easy way. But nearly or quite all such are thought dull, and so they lie, covered with dust, on the shelves of the bookseller, are sent to auction, sell for a few pence, and are heard of no more. The popular novels of our day are, to a great extent, written by men whom no wise man would take for patterns. Indeed, they are known to be lax in principle, and loose in life. England and France contain no men who are more free from the restraints of sound morality than their leading novelists. They are literal and "literary debauchees."

But do not novels contain many good things, which cannot be learned elsewhere? I answer, They do not. It is confessed that they never teach science. It is no less true, that they pervert history, or supplant it by fiction. This is throughout true of Walter Scott, who has excelled all modern novelists in the charms of style. The literature of novels is commonly poor, and that of the best cannot compare with the standard English and French classics. Even Scott's best tales are intended to ridicule the best men, and to excuse or extol the worst men of their age. Like Hume, he was an apologist of tyrants, whose crimes ought to have taken away both their crowns and their lives. The lowest occupation of a great mind is to flatter a living tyrant. I am mistaken. To burn incense at the shrine of a dead tyrant is the last step in degradation. I beseech you not to read novels. I will give my reasons.

1. Their general tendency is to evil. They present vice and virtue in false colours. They dress up vice in gaiety, mirth, and long success. They put virtue and piety in some odious or ridiculous posture. Suspicion, jealousy, pride, revenge, vanity, rivalries, resistance of the laws, rebellion against parents, theft, murder, suicide, and even piracy, are so represented in novels as to diminish, if not to take away, the horror which all the virtuous feel against these sins and crimes. Almost all that is shocking in vice is combined with some noble quality, so as to make the hero on the whole an attractive character. The thief, the pirate, and especially the rake, are often presented as successful, elegant, and happy. Novels abound in immodesty and profane allusions or expressions. Wantonness, pride, anger, and unholy love, are the elements of most of them. They are full of exaggerations of men and things. They fill the mind with false estimates of human life. In them the romantic prevails over the real. A book of this sort is very dangerous to the young, for in them the imagination is already too powerful for the judgment.

2. Novels beget a vain turn of mind. So true is this, that not one in a hundred of novel-readers is suspected, or is willing to be suspected, of being devout. Who by reading a novel of the present day was ever inclined to prayer or praise? Novel-reading is most unhappy in its effects on the female mind. It so unfits it for devotion, that even in the house of God levity or tedium commonly rules it. Thus practical atheism is engendered. The duties of life are serious and weighty. They whose trade it is to trifle and to nourish vanity cannot be expected to be well informed, or well disposed respecting serious things. However much novel-readers may weep over fictitious misery, it is found that they generally have little or no sympathy with real suffering. Did you never know a mother to send away a sick child, or a daughter to forsake a sick mother, for the purpose of finishing a novel? If irreligion and impiety do not flourish under such influences, effects cannot be traced to causes.

3. The price of these books is often low, yet the cost of them in a lifetime is very great. Miss W. borrowed some books, yet she paid L.12 in one year for novels alone. Doing this

for fifteen years, she would spend L.180. Yet her nephews and nieces were growing up without an education. Mrs L. stinted her family in groceries that she might have a new novel every month. Mr C. pleaded want of means to aid the orphan asylum, yet he paid more than L.10 a-year for novels for his daughters. This waste is wanton; no good is received in return.

4. Novel-reading is a great waste of time—time,

> "That stuff that life is made of,
> And which, when lost, is never lost alone,
> Because it carries souls upon its wings."

Nothing is so valuable as that which is of great use, yet cannot be bought with any thing else. We must have time to think calmly and maturely of a thousand things, to improve our minds, to acquire the knowledge of God, and to perform many pressing duties. The business of life is to act well our part here, and prepare for that solemn exchange of worlds which awaits us. He whose time is spent without economy and wasted on trifles, will awake and find himself undone, and will "mourn at the last, when his flesh and his body are consumed, and say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof, and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me."

5. The effects of novel-reading on morals are disastrous. Many young offenders are made so by the wretched tales which now abound. In one city, in less than three months, three youths were convicted of crimes committed in imitation of the hero of a novel. Here is a court of justice in session. Blood has been shed. Men are on trial for their lives. All the parties involved are intelligent and wealthy. The community is excited. Crowds throng the court-room from day to day. The papers are filled with the letters which led to the tragical end of one, and the misery of many. The whole scene is painful in the highest degree. Among the witnesses is one of manly form, polished manners, and hoary locks. Even the stranger does him reverence. His country has honoured him. He must testify, and so sure as he does he will tell the truth; for he has honour, and blood is concerned. He says, "The husband of my daughter was kind, honourable, and affectionate;" and "if my daughter has been in an unhappy state of mind, I attribute it to the works of Eugene Sue and Bulwer." All these cases have been judicially investigated and published to the world. They have filled many a virtuous mind with horror, and every judicious parent with concern.

Nor is novel-reading a wholesome recreation. It is not a recreation at all—it is an ensnaring and engrossing occupation. Once begin a novel, and husband, children, prayer, filial duties, are esteemed trifles until it is finished. The end of the story is the charm. Who reads a novel a second time?

Some say, Others do it, and so may we. But others are no law to us. The prevalence of an evil renders it the more binding on us to resist the current.

Novel-reading makes none wiser, or better, or happier. In life it helps none,—in death it soothes none, but fills many with poignant regrets. At the bar of God, no man will doubt that madness was in his heart when he could thus kill time and vitiate his principles. I add,

1. Parents, know what books your children read. If there were not a novel on earth, you still should select their reading. Leave not such a matter to chance, to giddiness, or vice. Give your children good books: a bad book is poison. If you love misery, furnish novels to your children.

2. Young people, be warned in time. Many, as unsuspecting as you, have been ruined. Be not rebellious to your own undoing. Listen to the voice of kindness, which says, Beware, beware of novels.

3. Pastors, see that you do all in your power to break up a practice which will ruin your young people, and render your ministry fruitless. Greatly was I shocked when I heard of one of you recommending a novel which exposed the arts of the Jesuits. The Jesuits are indeed bad, but not worse than Sue.

4. Booksellers, let me say a word. A young man, with a hurried manner, entered a druggist's shop, and asked for an ounce of laudanum. It was refused. He went to another, and got it, and next morning was a corpse. Which of these druggists acted right? You sell poison when you sell novels. They kill souls. You sell for gain. "Woe to him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house, that he may set his nest on high, that he may be delivered from the power of evil! Thou hast consulted shame to thy house by cutting off many people, and hast sinned against thy soul. For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it." You may make money by depraving the public morals, but for all these things God will bring you into judgment.—*American Messenger.*

JONAH.*

THE TIME AND CIRCUMSTANCES OF JONAH'S APPEARANCE AS A PROPHET.

It is always of importance for a correct understanding of the prophetical scriptures to know something of the time when they were indited, and of the persons to whom they were originally addressed. In the case of Jonah it is not difficult to ascertain this, as a passage in the Second Book of Kings marks with sufficient distinctness the period of his agency in the affairs of Israel. Speaking of the second Jeroboam, the great-grandson of Jehu, and the last of his seed that for any length of time occupied the throne of Israel, the inspired historian says, "He restored the coast of Israel, from the entering of Hamath unto the sea of the plain, according to the word of the Lord God of Israel, which he spake by the hand of his servant Jonah, the son of Amittai, the prophet which was of Gath-hepher (a town in the tribe of Zebulon); for the Lord saw the affliction of Israel, that it was very bitter; for there was not any shut up, nor any left, nor any helper for Israel; and the Lord said not, that he would blot out the name of Israel from under heaven, but he saved them by the hand of Jeroboam, the son of Joash."—(2 Kings xiv. 25-27.)

This passage puts it beyond a doubt, that Jonah was in the exercise of his prophetical office, certainly not later than the commencement of the reign of Jeroboam II.; for, the prediction he is recorded to have uttered respecting the recovery of a part of the Israelitish territory from the yoke of Syria was fulfilled by the hand of Jeroboam. And as this monarch, in fulfilling it, had to wage a difficult and arduous warfare with Syria, in the course of which he got possession of Damascus, the capital of the kingdom, and raised Israel anew to much of its former splendour and importance, we may certainly conclude, that he was at the time in the vigour of his days, and that the conquests achieved by his hand were made much nearer the beginning than the close of his reign. But the prophecy which foretold the result of these conquests must have been earlier still. Nay, it was manifestly uttered at a time when the affairs of Israel were in the most shattered and depressed condition; when, as it is said, "there was none shut up or left," that is, confined or left at large; when there was neither bond nor free, the inhabitants of all conditions being utterly wasted, and there seemed to be none that could act the part of "a helper for Israel." But the kingdom of Israel was never in such a state at any period during the reign of Jeroboam, nor even when he ascended the throne. It had been so, indeed, in the days of his father Joash, who had found the kingdom reduced to the most abject subjection to the king of Syria; but he had gradually restored it, by a succession of victories, to comparative strength, and commenced the prosperous career which was only continued and carried out by Jeroboam. So that the utterance of Jonah's prediction concerning the recovery of Hamath and Damascus, seems rather to belong to the earlier part of the reign of Joash than to any period of Jeroboam's reign; and, though the fulfilment of it is ascribed only to Jeroboam, because it was he who recovered the more distant portion of the territory of which it spake, yet the prophecy itself appears to have equally included the preceding victories and nearer conquests of Joash.

We thus arrive at the result that Jonah was the earliest, in point of time, of all the prophets whose labours and predictions have been recorded in separate books. Hosea and Amos are both reported to have prophesied in the days of Jeroboam; but, from the other marks of time given in their writings, they could not have begun to prophesy till near the close of his reign.* The time of Jonah thus treads closely on that of Elisha; and we can scarcely doubt that the two were for some years contemporaneous. Elisha lived to an advanced age, and died some time in the reign of Joash, before the close of his successful conflict with the Syrians. And as Joash's entire reign did not exceed sixteen years, we may reasonably infer that Jonah, who in the course of that reign appeared on the prophetic stage, had in his early years sat at the feet of Elisha. His first appearance also was of a kind that fitly became the successor of that gentle and humane ambassador of heaven; for the word then put into the mouth of Jonah, the only *direct* word, indeed, he is recorded to have uttered concerning Israel, was a word of mercy and consolation to the covenant people. It told them, that the Lord still yearned over them for their good, and would once more drive back the tide of evil which had been flowing in upon them, and recover the territory they had lost. Yet, while this promise of returning prosperity was held out, it was not doubtfully intimated, that all stood in an uncertain and hazardous position. The mercy of heaven hovered over the land, as if ready to take its departure; and the Lord had only *not said*, he would blot out the name of Israel, but neither had he said, he would preserve it. The fate of the kingdom hung in a kind of fearful suspense, as if He on whom its destinies depended were waiting the issue of a last trial to decide whether it was to be established in peace or given up to perdition.

Such was the posture of affairs in the kingdom of Israel when Jonah entered on his prophetical career. But whence originally arose this extreme danger? How did it happen that, in a religious and moral point of view, they had come into so peculiarly critical and perilous a condition? It is necessary to know this, in order rightly to understand the future mission and history of the prophet of Gath-hepher; and it will consequently be proper here to take a rapid glance of the course which this kingdom of Israel had pursued since its commencement, and of the kind of dealing to which it had been subjected on the part of God.

The erection of the kingdom of Israel, or of the ten tribes, into a distinct and separate government, it is necessary to bear in mind, is constantly represented in Scripture as a great evil. It came at the first as the visitation of a sore chastisement; and, so long as it existed, it necessarily destroyed the unity of the covenant-people, maintained a rival interest in what should have remained an undivided brotherhood of love, interfered with the arrangement which conferred the rights of royalty as a divine inheritance on the house of David, and opened the door both for corruptions springing up within, and for the assaults of adversaries making havoc from without. Fraught as it necessarily was with such great evils, the erection of the separate kingdom could not fail to be displeasing to the mind of God; nor could prosperity in the full sense—prosperity as designed and promised by God—be enjoyed by either branch of the divided inheritance until the breach was again healed, and the people were once more united under one head of the house of David. At the same time, there can be no doubt that, in a certain modified sense, the erection of the separate kingdom had God's sanction and approval. It came expressly as a gift from God to Jeroboam, under the hand of Ahijah the prophet, and with a promise from the Lord, not indeed of its absolute perpetuity, but of its prolonged existence, if Jeroboam and his seed would walk in the ways of the Lord (1 Kings xi. 30–39). On this account, also, Rehoboam was discharged from attempting to reduce the lost tribes again under his dominion, as the Lord had meanwhile given them to Jeroboam. And for the reason of the proceeding, we must, no doubt, find it in the fact, that the house of David had proved unfit to exercise the high and responsible trust committed to it, as appointed to reign in God's name over God's heritage, and carry out the great ends of his spiritual and righteous government. The external power and glory that had come to be connected with the honour, was more than David's successors—more even than his most renowned and wisest successor—could properly bear and employ; even in his hands, it was abused to purposes of carnal pomp and selfish aggrandizement at home, and abroad to the rendering of Jehovah's name utterly distasteful, by the exaction upon the subject heathen of an oppressive tribute, and the enforcement of a galling yoke. Even the abominations of those surrounding heathen, which should have been striven against and dispelled by the manifestation of divine truth to their consciences, were taken by the house of David under its countenance and protection; and thus, instead of serving as a sacred lever to raise the state in all its relations into nearer contact with heaven, the elevation of that house was rather tending to depress it in condition and character to the level of an earthly kingdom. The Lord must, therefore, bring a shade over its external glory, and weaken the arm of its temporal power, in order, if possible, to check the carnalising tendency, and secure for it a higher good.

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* From an excellent treatise just published, entitled, *Jonah, his Life, Character, and Mission, &c.*, by the Rev. Patrick Fairbairn of Salton.

* Thus Amos expressly states, that he began to see his vision concerning Israel in the days of Uzziah and Jeroboam, two years before the earthquake. Now, this earthquake, we learn from Zech. xiv. 5, happened in the reign of Uzziah king of Judah, who did not begin to reign till about fourteen years before the death of Jeroboam. But Jeroboam reigned altogether forty-one years, so that at whatever precise period in Uzziah's time the earthquake may have happened, the two years before it, mentioned by Amos as the commencement of his prophetical agency, necessarily carries us into the latter half of Jeroboam's reign. Then Hosea is said to have prophesied so late as the reign of Hezekiah, king of Judah; and between even the last year of Jeroboam's reign and the first of Hezekiah's, a period of about sixty years intervenes. He must, therefore, have been a very young man at the close of Jeroboam's reign, and could not have entered on the prophetic office much earlier So that Jonah, who seems to have uttered a prediction in the days of Joash, was considerably earlier than either of these prophets They were the next to follow him; and as it is probable that the transactions recorded in the book which bears his name took place in the latter period of his life, the book itself may possibly not be much older than some portions of the writings of Hosea and Amos. Various reasons might be assigned for the Jews not placing his book precisely at the commencement of the minor prophets; and the belief of Lightfoot (*Chronica Temporum*) and many others, as to his being actually later than Hosea and Amos, seems partly to have arisen from a wrong view of his mission.

But the incompetency on the part of the house of David to bear the glory to which it had been exalted, had its counterpart among a large portion of the people, in their insensibility to the honour of having a visible representative of the Most High God reigning over them, and their disposition to view the kingdom in the light of a mere human institution. Great pains had been taken by Samuel at the period of its institution to elevate the people's notions respecting it; and David, during his lifetime, had also exerted himself to the uttermost to give the kingly government a divine aspect in the eyes of the people, and awaken that higher and fuller development of the divine life, which it was the special calling of the Lord's anointed to foster and promote among the tribes of his inheritance. This David did partly by the vigour and righteousness of his administration, which ever had mainly at heart the interests of truth and piety; partly also by the new life and power which he infused into the tabernacle worship; and finally, by the composition and destination to public use of those divine songs, which were not more adapted to beget and nourish a spirit of devotion, than to identify in the minds of the people the peculiar glory of their nation with the royal dignity and blessed administration of David's house. Still, the people as a whole never became thoroughly adjusted to the constitution under which they were placed. They wanted spiritual discernment and faith to enter into the plan of God, and to realise their own honour in the honour of the house of David. A large proportion of them viewed its exaltation with a carnal and envious eye, and bore with impatience the yoke of its authority; for which, doubtless, the selfish and worldly spirit that so early appeared in that house itself furnished too ready an excuse. Therefore, on both accounts—both as a necessary chastisement and humiliation to the house of David, and as the most appropriate way of administering a wholesome discipline and instruction to the people—the Lord saw it needful to disturb and weaken the commonwealth for a time by the erection within it of a separate kingdom. Happy if both parties had understood that this device was sanctioned only as a temporary expedient, a grievous evil in itself, though intended to work out an ultimate good, and an evil which, so long as it lasted, inevitably prevented the full inheritance of blessing which God had promised to bestow. This, however, they failed to do. The breach, instead of leading to true repentance for sin, and from that to mutual reconciliation on higher grounds, became perpetually wider and deeper. And those who attained to power in the new kingdom of Israel were plainly bent on nothing more than on establishing their total independence of the house of David and the kingdom of Judah.

It was not against this, however, the *civil* aspect of the evil, that the prophets in the kingdom of Israel struggled, or were called directly to interfere. They had to do only with the *religious* change, by which it was soon followed, and which had in no respect the sanction of God; but, on the contrary, his uncompromising resistance and severe reprobation. While he in some sense authorized Jeroboam to erect the ten tribes into a separate kingdom, he gave him no permission to institute within its borders a separate worship; and to throw, if possible, an effectual bar against any attempt in that direction, he caused Ahijah twice in the original message to Jeroboam, to declare Jerusalem to be the one place he had chosen, in which to put his name.—(1 Kings xi. 32, 36.) Motives of worldly policy, however, induced Jeroboam to disregard this plain intimation of the divine will, and to set up a separate worship; for he naturally imagined, that if the people of his kingdom should continue to go up to Jerusalem at the stated feasts, their hearts in process of time would be won back to the house of David, to the prejudice of his own family, and the ultimate overthrow of his kingdom. And so, pretending to a considerate regard for the comfort and convenience of the people—that it was too far for them to travel to Jerusalem— he consecrated two sanctuaries with their respective altars, the one at Bethel in the south, the other at Dan in the north. With these also he connected two golden calves, which were apparently designed to hold the same relative place to the sanctuaries at Dan and Bethel, that the ark of the covenant did to the temple at Jerusalem; were designed in short, to serve (after the manner of Egypt, where Jeroboam had spent many years of his life) as proper and becoming symbols of the true God. But such innovations were too palpably opposed to the law of Moses to meet with the approval of the priesthood, who therefore, with one consent, refused to enter the sanctuaries of Jeroboam, and minister at his altars. Their refusal, however, only led to another flagrant violation of the Mosaic constitution; for Jeroboam, still determined to adhere to his wretched policy, took and consecrated for priests of the vilest of the people—men needy in circumstances, and worthless in character, entirely fitted to act the part of obsequious ministers to the royal will. Thus the religion introduced into the kingdom of Israel in four most essential particulars—its sanctuaries, altars, symbols of worship, and ministering priesthood—bore on it an earthly image and superscription, it was polluted at the centre by the inventions of men; and though most of the rites of Judaism were still retained in it, yet "the Lord could not smell in the solemn assemblies of the people, nor accept their offerings." Besides, the religion being thus essentially changed in character, it necessarily lost its moral influence on the people;—itself now a grovelling superstition, moulded after the will of man, and administered by unclean and servile hands, it could raise no effectual bulwark against the tide of human corruption; a rapid degeneracy ensued in the general character of the nation; and this again made way, as it proceeded, for further corruptions in worship, until at last undisguised heathenism, with its foul abominations and shameless profligacy of manners, took possession of the field.*

Such were the inevitable results of the change introduced by Jeroboam into the worship of God, which, from being regarded as essential to the independence of the kingdom, was clung to ever afterwards with fatal obstinacy. But there were also certain attendant circumstances which contributed materially to accelerate the progress of the evil. Of this nature was the secession of the priests and Levites, who went over in a body to the kingdom of Judah—thus withdrawing from the kingdom of Israel not a little of its spiritual life.—(2 Chron. xi. 13, 14.) And not only did many in Israel continue as before to go up to Jerusalem to worship; but the growing evil in Israel on the one hand, and the revived zeal and prosperity of Judah and the house of David on the other, led multitudes to abandon altogether their inheritance in the kingdom of Israel, and go to reside in that of Judah.—(2 Chron. xv. 9.) Thus another large draft was made upon the life blood of the nation. So strong was the tendency in this direction for some time in Israel, that we are told Baasha, the king of Israel, set about building Ramah as a convenient fortress for preventing the intercommunion between the two kingdoms.—(2 Chron. xvi. 1.) It appears afterwards, indeed, to have almost ceased; which is easily accounted for, as Judah itself became leavened with the surrounding corruption, and alliances were even formed between the house of David and the infamous family of Ahab, who carried the apostasy to its height in Israel.

This second decline on the part of the house of David and the kingdom of Judah gave rise to a new stage in the method of God's procedure toward Israel. Hitherto he had left the testimony against the prevailing evil to be borne by the faithful still remaining in the land of Israel, aided by the salutary influence which had proceeded from Judah, and which was felt even in some of the neighbouring heathen countries.—(2 Chron. xv. 8; xvii. 9-11.) When Judah, however, also began to prove unfaithful, and the iniquity in Israel became more flagrant and atrocious, stronger and more direct measures were required to meet the evil. These were found, first, in the gigantic energy and labours of Elijah, who for a time fought single-handed against the rampant idolatry; and then by the new organization of the prophetic order, or the re-establishment of the schools of the prophets, which he accomplished with the aid of Elisha. By these means a very considerable revival was effected in the kingdom of Israel, which reached even to the palace of Samaria; for while Elijah, at the commencement of his career, found it difficult to obtain standing-ground for his ministry, the very name of Jehovah being proscribed, there were, some time before his death, four hundred prophets in Samaria who openly *professed* to speak in the name of Jehovah.—(1 Kings xxii. 5, 6.) And a little farther down in the history, we find Joram, the son of Ahab, professing to entertain the highest respect for Elisha, and requesting Elisha's servant to rehearse the miraculous deeds that had been done by his hand.—(2 Kings iii. 12; viii. 4.)

But, whatever abatement this might indicate of avowed hostility against the worship and service of Jehovah, the original corruption remained in full vigour; and it would even seem that, under a certain disguise, the worship and service of Baal held its place to the last. For though, on the occasion of Ahab's going up with Jehoshaphat to Ramoth-Gilead, the prophets all professed to speak in the name of Jehovah, yet there was evidently a marked contrast between the four hundred who had the confidence of Ahab, and Micaiah, who alone uttered the mind of the Lord. And on another occasion, when Jehoshaphat and Joram were engaged in the war with Moab, and they went together to ask counsel of Elisha, the prophet indignantly addressed the king of Israel with the words: "What have I to do with thee? get thee to the prophets of thy father, and to the prophets of thy mother;"—plainly indicating that these still were virtually prophets of Baal. Not only so, but when Jehu was executing his fearful commission against the house of Ahab, a false proclamation brought out four hundred in Samaria—an ominous number, being precisely that of those who had formerly contended with Elijah on Carmel, and were slain—who styled themselves prophets of Baal, and as such were put to death.—(2 Kings x.) And passing a few generations more, as we approach the close of the kingdom of

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* The great evil of idolatry, even in its earliest and least offensive form—that is, when it does not set up a plurality of gods, but only an image or symbol through which to worship the supreme God—consists in its necessarily conveying low and debasing views of his character and glory The mind contemplates God through the symbol, and rests in the ideas it suggests. Hence, as no symbol can adequately represent Jehovah, he can never be known and worshipped as the true God where idolatry is practised; for example, the symbol of the bovine form, or calf, as it is generally called in Scripture, was regarded in Egypt, the country of its birth, as the emblem of productiveness; it represented God as the great producer, the source of all life and sustenance, or material comfort.—(Wilkinson's *Egypt*, V. p. 191.) And, no doubt, the promoters of the false worship in Israel would endeavour to reconcile men to it, by asking if the representation it gave of God was not a just and honourable one? It might have been such, indeed, if the God of Israel had been merely the God of nature—the source of life and production as these exist in the external world. But there is plainly nothing moral, no germ of holiness in such an idea of God; it is just what all heathenism in some form or another always was—the deification of nature; whereas the true God is pre-eminently the Holy One and the Just; and precisely in proportion as this fundamental idea is lost sight of, in any form of religion, will its influence for good be found to decline, and the bonds of morality under it become loosened. From what has been said, it appears, and it is not unimportant to notice, that the worshipping of God anciently under the symbol of a calf, was relatively quite the same with acknowledging and worshipping him now simply as the God of nature. Those who disown or forsake God as he is revealed in the face of Jesus Christ, and who, neglecting his sanctuaries and his Sabbaths, go to explore him, as they say, in the works and operations of nature, are the legitimate followers of him who made Israel to sin Worshippers of a shadow! their religion wants the reality of truth for its foundation; and being at best but a nature-worship, it has no moral power to regenerate and sanctify the heart.

Israel, we find the worship of Baal again rising into notice as part of the prevailing abominations for which the wrath was made to fall upon them to the uttermost: "And they left all the commandments of the Lord their God, and made them molten images, even two calves, and made a grove, and worshipped all the host of heaven, and served Baal."—(2 Kings xvii. 16.) To which may be added the tesitimony of Hosea ii. 13: "And I will visit upon her the days of Baalim, wherein she burned incense to them, and she decked herself with her earrings and her jewels, and she went after her lovers, and forgat me, saith the Lord."—(See also Micah vi. 16.)

It would seem, therefore, that with the mass of the people, and in the high places of the land, there had been only a superficial improvement but no thorough reformation. The terrible displays which Jehovah had given of his power and glory, and especially the slaughter of Baal's prophets on Mount Carmel, had inspired the worshippers of that Syrian deity with terror; and afraid of again provoking such awful outbursts of judgment, but still unwilling to abandon their corruptions, they attempted to compound the matter by calling Baal Jehovah, and Jehovah Baal—(hence, "Thou shalt call me no more Baali," my Baal, Hosea ii. 16),—as if these were but different names for one and the same God. This was in the highest degree insulting to Jehovah, because, in the most offensive manner, it lifted up his name to a thing of vanity, and proceeded on the supposition that there was no fundamental difference between him and the idol gods of the Gentiles. And that the people at large, in particular the more wealthy and influential classes, really viewed the object of their worship rather as an impure Syrian deity than the heart-searching righteous Jehovah, is abundantly manifest from those portions of the prophetical writings which describe the moral condition of Israel in the last years of their political existence, and which represent the land as all polluted with scenes of lust, revelry, oppression, rapacity, and crime.—(See especially Amos ii. 6–8; v. 7–15; vi.; Hos. iv.; Isa. v.; ix. 8–21.)

To sum up the whole: The grand evil in the kingdom of Israel was the idolatry and corruption introduced into God's worship, with its natural and necessary consequences. The Lord in various ways caused a solemn protest to be lifted against the evil at the period of its introduction—by the self-denying resistance of the priests and Levites—by the warning voice of the prophet that went from Judah (1 Kings xiii.), and the appalling word of judgment delivered by the aged Ahijah to Jeroboam's wife (1 Kings xiv. 9–11). The protest was for some time vigorously maintained by a faithful remnant in the kingdom, who refused to assemble for worship at Dan and Bethel, but still repaired to Jerusalem, and not a few of whom ultimately went to settle there. It was further maintained, or rather in another and more palpable form raised, by Elijah and Elisha, and the schools of the prophets instituted by them, who formed a kind of supernatural order of God's servants in the kingdom, called forth by the emergency of the times—a provisional substitute for the exiled priesthood of the house of Aaron, and a standing witness against the existing worship, from whose unauthorized priesthood and disallowed services they stood entirely aloof. By terrible things in righteousness the Lord had also protested against the evil, having expressly on this ground first cut off the house of Jeroboam, then the house of Baasha, then Zimri, then the family of Ahab—while, at the same time, he raised up the kingdom of Syria as an instrument of evil to scourge and afflict the land of Israel in its borders. And now, at the time of Jonah's appearance on the stage of history, the house of Jehu, because they also followed in the same forbidden course, had been brought to the verge of ruin, and the whole kingdom lay bleeding under strokes of judgment so severe that recovery seemed almost hopeless. But Divine compassion was not yet exhausted, the Lord remembered once more his covenant, and, seeking to win the people again to his love and service, he gave yet another promise of returning prosperity, which he also fulfilled by the hands of Joash and Jeroboam. This new course of prosperity, however, only supplied new wings to corruption; a more heedless infatuation and wide-spread profligacy every where appeared; and, sinking into profound carnality of spirit, the people had come to ascribe both their former troubles and their present prosperity to merely natural causes, "not regarding the works of the Lord or the operation of his hands." But might there still not be another, if possibly a final and desperate, effort put forth for their recovery, one that, from its very nature, might at once bespeak the inexcusable nature of their impenitence, and the certainty, if continued, of immediate retribution? There *was* such another, and we find it in the great work and mission of Jonah. Though bearing respect immediately to the Ninevites, it spoke also in the loudest and most impressive manner to the people of Israel, and was even like the shooting of God's last arrow of mercy, leaving no alternative in respect to them, should it prove ineffectual, but the speedy execution of vengeance.

(*To be continued.*)

ANECDOTES OF THE PURITANS.

The Intemperate Student.—A student of the University of Cambridge, England, became exceedingly intemperate and profane. One day as he was passing along the street, he heard a woman say in a threatening tone to a child, "Hold your tongue, or I will give you to drunken Perkins yonder." The remark made a deep impression upon his mind. It induced reflection, which led to his conviction and conversion. He became a very diligent student, and made great attainments in knowledge. When he was twenty-four years of age, he was elected a fellow of his college, and he became a preacher of the gospel the same year. He went to the keeper of the jail in Cambridge, and prevailed upon him to collect the prisoners together in one spacious room, where he preached to them every Sabbath. The blessing of God attended his labours, and many of the prisoners were set free from the bondage of sin. His reputation soon became widely extended, and he was chosen preacher at St Andrew's church, where he continued to labour till his death. He used to write in his books, "*Thou art a minister of the Word: mind thy business.*" He was a thorough Puritan; and though he was called before the Star-chamber, yet, from some cause, he escaped the sufferings which many of his brethren were called to endure. His last sickness was a very painful one. A little before his death, a friend prayed for the mitigation of his pains. "Hold, hold!" said he, "do not pray so; but pray the Lord to give me faith and patience, and then let him lay on me what he pleases." He died in 1602, when he was forty-four years of age. It would be well for every Christian to write upon his memory, "*Thou art a Christian: mind thy business.*" The sole business of the Christian is to do the will of God.

Richard Rodgers.—Mr Rodgers was one day in company with a gentleman of respectability, who said to him, "Mr Rodgers, I like you and your company very well, only you are too precise."

"Oh, sir," replied Mr Rodgers, "I serve a precise God."

Mr Rodgers was called the Enoch of his day. He was wont to say, "I should be very sorry if every day were not employed as if it were my last."

When he had laboured faithfully in the ministry more than thirty years, he was silenced for nonconformity. "It greatly troubles me," said he, "that after labouring betwixt thirty and forty years in the ministry, I am now accounted unworthy to preach, while so many idle and scandalous persons enjoy their ease and liberty."

Mr Rodgers had two sons who became eminent ministers. Daniel was "a man of great parts, great grace, and great infirmities." Of him it was said by Mr Ward, "My brother Rodgers hath grace enough for *two* men; but not enough for *himself!*" Ezekiel came to New England in 1638, and, with those who came with him, settled the town of Rowley, Mass.

A LIVING LIBRARY.—Dr Andrew Willett, who was born in 1562, and educated at Cambridge, was so familiar with the works of the learned, that he was called "a living library." His learning, however, was not his brightest ornament: he was quite as remarkable for the religious ordering of his family, and his liberality to the poor, as for his learning. His family became very numerous, but he did not regard that as a sufficient reason for abridging his liberality. "The more children, the more charity," was his motto. It is said that his property increased with his liberality. It were well, if men gave more heed to the words of the wise man, "There is which scattereth, and yet increaseth."

He wrote a work in which no less than fifteen hundred errors and heresies are charged against the Church of Rome, and most ably refuted. Said work contains upwards of thirteen hundred folio pages. The 18mo readers of the present day will not be likely to trouble it.

He was accustomed to say, "As it is most honourable for a soldier to die fighting, and for a bishop or pastor praying; so, if my merciful God will vouchsafe to grant me my request, I desire that I may finish my days in writing and commenting on some part of Scripture." God granted him his request, for he was called away while he was writing a commentary on Leviticus.—*American Paper.*

"O WRETCHED MAN THAT I AM!"

WHO is it that is so miserable? Perhaps there are many human hearts that will answer, "It is I, most certainly. I am sure that my case is designated." But who are you? A man of pleasure? Yes, a man of pleasure. You have sought for happiness in the ball-room, in the theatre, at the card-table or bowling alley; you, like the boy, have chased the rainbow, but have never been able to overtake it. It has always been in the next valley, or on the next hill. In all your giddy round of pleasure, you have never found any substantial good; you have been repeatedly deceived, and you are conscious that you are a wretched man. This is indeed most true. But you have not that state of feeling that Paul had, when he uttered the words at the head of this article. He was never "a man about town." Your wretchedness has no sympathy with his source of anguish.

The man of wealth exclaims, "My case is designated. I have for years made it my study, day and night, and used unceasing toil to accumulate wealth, and I have partially succeeded; but my desires have outstripped my acquisitions, and I am no more satisfied than I was in early life. I am indeed a wretched man!" But the source of your unhappiness is not similar to that of the apostle to the Gentiles. He never sought for the gold of Ophir or California. He learned that in whatever state he was therewith to be content.

The ambitious man says, "The caption of this article describes my case. I have sought for the honour and applause of this world, and have partially obtained my object; but in the train of my success have followed cares and perplexities, that have far outweighed all my consolations. All my happiness consisted in anticipation, not in fruition, and I am more wretched than I was in the humble walks of life." You also greatly mistake the source of the apostle's unhappiness. He never sought to please men. If this had been his governing purpose, he could not have been the servant of Christ.

The question asked at the beginning still remains unanswered. Who is the wretched man? Not the man of pleasure, nor the ambitious man. They are indeed most miserable—consuming all things and hungry still; but they understand not the exclamation placed at the head of this article.

At a certain period in the life of Paul he had no knowledge of this source of grief. Once he was alive without the law, but the commandment came, sin revived, and he died. By the law he obtained a knowledge of sin, yea, by looking into the glass of the divine law, he was taught his exceeding sinfulness. He had indeed received Christ as the end of the law for his righteousness; but there was a law in his members that warred against the law of his mind, and brought him into captivity. As he advanced in his Christian course, he still advanced more and more in a knowledge of the wickedness of his own heart. This it was that led him to cry out, "O wretched man that I am!"

"My God! I cry with every breath,
Exert thy power to save;
O break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave!"

We learn from this truth, that a knowledge of the sinfulness of the human heart is essential to true piety. There are those who profess to have made great attainments in sanctification, who seem to have very little acquaintance with indwelling sin. In a short time, under particular influences, they have risen very high, in their own estimation, in spiritual attainments. They are rich, increased in goods, and have need of nothing. But if their feelings are analyzed, you will not find Paul's sense of sin as its base. This is not an ingredient in its history. That religious experience which has not the essential features of Paul cannot be genuine. A knowledge of the sinfulness of the human heart is absolutely essential to true piety. This was a constituent part of President Edwards' piety. "I am," says he, "accustomed to go about from week to week, and from month to month, saying as I go, 'Infinite upon infinite, infinite upon infinite;' such is my sense of my sins."

Such a man as Edwards sympathized with Paul, and entered into his feelings when he exclaimed, "O wretched man that I am!" Reader, have you any sympathy with this spirit? Do you continually cry to God to deliver you from this bondage of sin? Will you answer these questions?—*American Paper.*

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

WHATEVER brings us to a sense of our own ignorance, folly, weakness, sin, and wretchedness; whatever tends to break every reed upon which we are apt to lean, to pull down every lying refuge in which we are prone to trust; whatever tends to raze every sandy foundation of creature-dependence; in a word, whatever ungrasps our hold of creature-delight, empties us of all personal sufficiency, and lays the soul low, helpless, and hopeless, at the feet of the Redeemer, trusting alone in his free mercy, may, with the strictest propriety, be considered as sanctified, and to our advantage.

Ephraim had his dark and cloudy days of bemoaning himself amidst his reproach and shame, when God became a moth in his substance, and a lion in his family, rending and tearing away his dearest delights, shattering his idols, and casting down all his altars to sin. But were not these instances of the Divine conduct towards him most evidently the fruits of God's unalterable attachment to him, and the greatest blessings that could possibly have befallen backsliding Ephraim—blessings which operated in his favour even when he was as yet far from having the comfort of them—blessings all tending to bring him to that union of heart and affection to God described in Hosea, chapter xiv.?

Believers are apt to mistake in nothing more than in the effects produced by their afflictions. The ultimate issue of them most undoubtedly is, the peaceable fruits of righteousness. But their first and immediate effect is, to harrow up the soul, and bring the weeds, which grow there secretly, to open view. The wise husbandman thus harrows up the weeds in spring, which would otherwise spoil his expected crop; and when he has so done, he burns them with fire. At first view, one would suppose that the beauty of the field is entirely ruined by this operation; yet in the end it effectually secures both its beauty and fertility.

There is a gracious promise delivered by Moses to Israel, which ought to be much regarded—"And the Lord thy God will put out before thee all these thine enemies by little and little"—a promise which sets before us the whole work of God in our sanctification, the agency by which, and the manner how, the work is carried on. Much beauty lies in that clause—"Thine enemies shall be put out before thee." Thou shalt see thine enemies before they are put out; and as sure as they are brought to thy view as enemies, the Lord thy God will put them out, though it may be by little and little. God will bring all our inward enemies, every lurking Canaanite, to light, before he puts them out, whatever pain the awful discovery may give us; for he studies our salvation and final possession of the promised land, rather than our present inclination and pleasure. We would gladly enter into the land without so much as seeing war; but this is contrary to the purpose of God. It is the Divine purpose, that the Canaanitish lusts of the human heart must be led to execution first: in order to which, they must be drawn forth from their dark and deep recesses, and brought before us, that we may bear witness against them of the evils which we have suffered on their account and by their means.

If a man is robbed on the highway, in order to bring the villain who robbed him to public justice, he must confront him before the judge, and swear to the reality of the robbery, and identity of the person of the robber. But when our gracious Redeemer, by means of affliction or otherwise, brings forth the abominations of our heart to the view, how shocking is the discovery! how dreadful our apprehensions! as if we were in danger of being left to their power and dominion; not recollecting, that they are so many prisoners in the hands of the officers of justice, and restrained from doing us any real harm. A certain lady being robbed and barbarously treated on the highway, the ruffian who perpetrated the villany being taken, was brought to trial, and the lady obliged to appear against him at court. No sooner had she set her eyes on him when brought to the bar, than she screamed out, as under the most alarming apprehensions of danger, and with difficulty could be brought to believe that the villain was in fetters, and wholly in the power of the officers of the king. It is frequently so with the poor believer, upon any particular discovery of what is in his heart. For want of considering that sin hated is sin pardoned, that abominations loathed are abominations cleansed, he is apprehensive of the most awful and tremendous consequences of the discovery of his heart.

These things duly attended to, I am inclined to think it will appear the Lord's people are frequently afraid where there is no real ground for fear, and that we receive good very often under the disguise of evil. I shall add nothing more, but earnestly pray that our sympathizing Redeemer may bless these few remarks for the benefit of the afflicted reader.

DOCTRINE OF THE RESURRECTION.

[The late distinguished Dr Mason thus disposes of certain popular objections to thus consoling doctrine of our holy faith.]

WHATEVER have been the disputes about other doctrines of Christianity, no man can deny that it teaches the resurrection of the body. The very gates of hell, in the shape of that unhallowed philosophy which fritters away its most precious truths into Eastern metaphors and Jewish allegories, have not ventured to tamper with the faith of the resurrection. This stands confessed a Christian peculiarity.

This clay which we commit to the grave, under that universal sentence, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," will be quickened again, and re-assume, even after the slumber of ages, the organization, the lineaments, the expression of that selfsame being with whom we were conversant upon earth—otherwise it were a new creation, and not a resurrection; and will be re-animated by that selfsame spirit which forsook it at death—otherwise it were a different being altogether, and not the one with whom, under that form, we held sweet communion in this life, and walked to the house of God in company. The body will be raised under circumstances and with properties suited to the new state of being and action on which the saints shall enter. God shall bring them with the Lord Jesus Christ. They shall be found in Christ's train. They shall be adorned with Christ's likeness. "Beloved! it does not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

The change requisite for this exaltation shall pass upon the body without destroying its sameness—as flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body"—fit for the occupations and enjoyments of the heavenly world.

But how are these transformations to be effected? How? By that same power which calleth things that be not as though they were. God shall bring his risen ones with Jesus Christ. This is our short answer. I cannot open my ears to the objections of unbelief. We are upon too high ground to stoop to the caviller who marshals his ignorance and imbecility against the knowledge and the might of God.

Let him puzzle himself with his theories about personal identity; let him talk about one part of the body being interred in Asia, another in Africa, and a third in Europe; let him ask as many questions as he can devise about limbs devoured by ravenous animals, and become, by nutrition, part of their bodies; which bodies again have passed, by the same process, into the flesh of other animals; and these, in their turn, consumed by man, and incorporated with the substance of a human body: let him ask such questions, and ten thousand like them. Has he done? "Dost thou not therefore err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God?"

It will be time enough to plead thy difficulties when God shall commit to thee the raising of the dead. For it is sufficient that he who rears up the living blade from the rotten grain, will be at no loss to rear up an incorruptible from a corruptible body, through what forms and varieties soever it may have passed.

The main question, however, is not what Omnipotence can, but what it will perform. That God should raise the dead, if it so please him, will not appear incredible to any sober man. But what proof have we that our faith on this head is not fancy, and that our hope shall not perish? The best of all possible proof. We have, in the first place, the Divine promise. God has engaged to raise his people up by Jesus, and to present them together with him. Jesus himself has said, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall be live: and he that liveth and believeth on me, shall never die."

A thousand scientific demonstrations are not equivalent, as the ground of our confidence, to one word of Him who cannot lie. And so shall we find it in our last extremity.

CONVERSION BY A SHIPWRECK.

Captain B. possessed all the attributes of a man of the world. He was admirably fitted by nature to participate in its scenes, and to contribute to its enjoyments. He danced gracefully, retained his box at the opera, and was the attraction and the soul of every gay party in the regiment. At the time that most momentous event of his life took place, which we are now recording, his regiment was quartered at Aubege de Castle, Malta, commanding a beautiful view of the harbour. Standing one day at his window he beheld a ship sailing out of the harbour, and stretching for the ocean. As he gazed upon the beautiful object, he observed her suddenly tremble, the masts went overboard, and she sunk! She had struck upon a rock; and so severe was the concussion, she instantly went down. This solemn spectacle was the voice of God to his conscience. Such was the arousing, convincing effect upon his feelings, he instantly fell upon his knees, and exclaimed.—"Such will be the shipwreck of my soul, O Lord, if thou dost not undertake for me!" From that moment he became an earnest seeker of the Lord Jesus. Seeking, he found the Saviour, and finding the Saviour he found the chief good, the satisfying good, and he was happy! To the surprise and regret of his companions, he withdrew from the world, and attached himself to the little band of Christians assembling together for the worship of God in the island. His friends mourned that he had imbibed "Methodistical opinions," which had so "spoiled him for the world;" but he had found an all-satisfying, sanctifying good in Christ, and from the moment that this precious treasure obtained a lodgement in his heart, in the face of scorn, obloquy, and reproach, he "forsook all and followed Jesus in the way." Reader, are you not afraid of the shipwreck of your soul? You are voyaging to eternity. There are sunken rocks, many and treacherous, in your way. The most concealed and fatal of all is self-righteousness.—*O. Winslow.*

THE PSALMS.

When we come to the book of Psalms, we seem to leave the world, and to enter the temple of the Most High God. Hitherto we have been in patriarchs' tents, in royal courts, and in the camp of the warrior. But now the gates of the tabernacle swing open before us, and we hear the solemn voices issuing forth—"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! Blessed are they that dwell in thy house. O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker!"

As we enter the sublime house of prayer, we feel our minds drawn away from outward things. The paltry vanities of earth pass from our sight. Our souls are tranquillized into repose; and something of the feeling which overawed the disciples on Tabor's summit steals over our spirits. Every thing around us is calculated to subdue and to solemnize, and yet to elevate and to purify. Before our spiritual eye are unfolded things the most majestic, the most tender, the most enlivening. At one time we are lifted into adoring rapture as we hear the voice of inspiration chanting forth—"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

Then the mighty roll of triumphant anthems shakes the arches—"O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he has done marvellous things! His right hand and his holy arm have gotten him the victory. Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein."

And then again, a low and plaintive sound steals upon the ear, like a lamentation for the dead. It comes from a smitten and anguished spirit. And as we listen, we hear a voice, as the voice of the mourner, wailing forth—"Have mercy upon me, O God! according to thy loving-kindness; according to thy tender mercies blot out my trangressions. Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise!"

Thus every utterance of devotion, from the loftiest praise to the lowest penitence, finds here a place.

In this "*Epitome of the Scriptures*," every thing we can conceive of as belonging to the Divine glory, or to the Christian's experience, is embodied. Eloquently has it been said, that "the outer universe of God, and the inner heart of man, are alike unfolded." All that can alarm the wicked, revive the penitent, console the afflicted, and confirm and elevate the saint, is found in this comprehensive book of Psalms. —*T. L. Cuyler.*

FORETASTES OF HEAVEN.

Dr Payson of Portland, speaking of the work of the Spirit on the hearts of believers, says:—

"He sheds abroad his love in their hearts, makes them know the great love wherewith he has loved them, shines in upon their souls with the pure, dazzling, transforming beams of celestial mercy, truth, and grace; displays to their enraptured view the ineffable beauties and glories of Him who is the chief among ten thousand, and enables them in some measure to comprehend the lengths and breadths, and heights and depths of that love of Christ which passeth knowledge. While the happy Christian, in these bright, enraptured moments, sinks lower and lower in self-abasement and humility, the Spirit of God, stooping from his blessed abode, raises him, as it were, on his celestial wings, and places him before the open door of heaven, and enables him to look in and contemplate the great I AM, the Ancient of Days, enthroned with the Son of his love, the brightness of his glory. He contemplates, he wonders, he admires, he loves, he adores! Absorbed in the ravishing, the ecstatic contemplation of uncreated loveliness, glory, and beauty, he forgets himself—he almost forgets that he exists. His whole soul goes forth in one intense flame of admiration, love, and desire; and he longs to plunge into the boundless ocean of perfection which opens to his view, and to be wholly swallowed up and lost in God. With an energy and activity of soul unknown before, he roams and ranges through this infinite ocean of existence and happiness, of perfection and glory, of power and wisdom, of light and love, where he can find neither bottom nor shore. His soul dilates itself beyond its ordinary capacity, and expands to receive the tide of felicity which fills and overwhelms it. No language can do justice to his feelings, for his joys are unspeakable; but with an emphasis, a meaning, an energy, which God only can excite, and which God alone can comprehend, he exclaims, in broken accents, 'My Father, and my God!'"

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

There were two neighbours, who had each a wife and several little children, and their wages as common labourers were their only support. One of these men was fretful and disquieted, saying, "If I die, or even if I fall sick, what will become of my family?" This thought never left him, but gnawed his heart as a worm the fruit in which it is hidden. Now, although the same thought was presented to the mind of the other father, yet he was not fretted by it, for he said,—"God, who knows all his creatures and watches over them, shall also watch over me and mine." Thus he lived tranquil whilst the other never tasted either repose or joy. One day, as the latter was labouring in the field, sad and cast down because of his fear, he saw some birds go in and out of a plantation. Having approached, he found two nests placed side by side, and in each several young ones, newly hatched and still unfledged. When he returned to his work he frequently looked at these birds as they went out and returned, carrying nourishment to their young ones. But, behold! at the moment when one of the mothers is returning with her bill full, a vulture seizes her, carries her off, and the poor mother, vainly struggling beneath his grasp, utters a piercing cry. At this sight the man who was working felt his soul more troubled than before; for, thought he, the death of the mother is the death of her young ones. Mine have only me—no other!—What will become of them if I fail them? All the day he was gloomy and sad, and at night he slept not. On the morrow, as he returned to the field, he said,—"I should like to see the little ones of that poor mother—several, without doubt, have already perished." He set off towards the plantation, and looking into the nests, he saw the young ones alive and well—not one seemed to have suffered. Astonished at this, he hid himself in order to see the cause. After a little while he heard a light cry, and perceived the other mother bringing back in haste the food she had gathered, which she distributed to all the young ones without distinction. There was some for each, and the orphans were not abandoned in their misery. In the evening, the father who had distrusted Providence, related to the other father what he had seen, who observed, "Why fret yourself? God never abandons his children; his love has some secrets which we do not know; let us believe, hope, love, labour, and pursue our course in peace; if I die before you, you may be able to be a father to my children, and if you die before me, I will be a father to yours; and if we both die before they are of age to provide for their own necessities, they will have for father 'Our Father who is in heaven.'"

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

It is wonderful to observe throughout God's system, how vast a disproportion often exists, in respect of visible importance and power, between the effect which is produced and the cause which produces it. The light comes to the earth so silently each morning that no ear catches the rushing of its waves; and yet each day, and week, and season, it new-creates the world. The acorn seems perishable and insignificant, yet folds within itself the planks and ribs of the world-famous ship. The spring is little and unnoticed—a stone will obstruct its waters; yet in it and in its equally tiny neighbours lie the head waters of mightiest currents that shall, if need be, bear navies upon their bosom, and shall sweep to the sea through broad estuaries.

In the spiritual world—the world of feeling and thought and sensitive mind—this fact becomes more obvious still, and more impressive. An influence there exerted partakes of the immortality of the soul which feels it. It changes or quickens the states of feeling. It implants or eradicates the germs of principle. It sends the currents of desire and hope in one course or another. And so it affects for ever the history of the soul. Invisibly though it enters, it exists there as a guiding or modifying power. It may not be itself distinctly perceptible thereafter; but if not, it will certainly combine with other elements of character and activity, and shape them differently, and through them shape the life. So it is that a chance word has sometimes decided the course of a soul that was wavering and undecided. So it is that whole systems of belief have grown up in some minds, from a single remark, or text of Scripture, heard and pondered. So it is that revolutions which have shaken the earth, as though a falling planet had dashed its bulk against it, have had their origin, under God's providence, at moments and in agencies the least to be suspected; in some advice of parental piety; in some well-considered precept of a revered instructor; or, on the other hand, in some rash and exciting appeal of the misguided and discontented.

We almost never enter a Sabbath-school without thinking of this, or without feeling that we are standing in the midst of a spiritual seed-field, under a silent shower of influences, the fruits from which are to be reaped hereafter—in public engagements faithfully or carelessly performed—in domestic scenes of enjoyment or of bitterness—in characters of beauty or characters of shame—in heaven or in hell. And it certainly seems to us, that if Christians felt this as they ought, they would oftener remember such schools in their prayers, would oftener be *in* them themselves to work effectually for the Church; and that if teachers felt it, they would prepare sedulously for their vocation, and count it among the noblest to be found on earth.

SAYINGS OF LUTHER.

FAITH.

THE first, the noblest, the most sublime of all good works, is faith in Jesus Christ. From this all others ought to proceed: they are all the vassals of faith, and receive their efficacy from it alone. A Christian who has faith in God does all with a free and joyful spirit; whereas, the man who is not one with God is full of anxieties and still in bondage; he asks himself in his anguish how many good deeds are required of him—he runs hither and thither—he questions this man and that man—he nowhere finds peace, and does every thing under the influence of fear.

Where is this faith to be found, say you, and how can a man receive it? This, in fact, is what it is of the utmost importance to know. Faith comes from Jesus Christ alone, freely promised and bestowed.

O man! place Christ before thee, and contemplate the display which God makes of his mercy to him without being anticipated by any merit on thy part. From this display of his grace draw forth the belief and assurance that all thy sins are forgiven thee. Works cannot produce it. It flows from the blood, from the wounds, from the death of Christ: from these it gushes forth in the hearts of believers. Christ is the rock whence flow milk and honey, (Deut. xxxii).

God values all things by the standard of faith.

SUGGESTIONS ON DRESS.

DRESS is intended for warmth, decency, and comfort; not for gaudy show, nor to excite vanity and pride. Be careful, then, never sacrifice health, decency or comfort, to a love of finery.

Bestow but a small portion of your time, money, or thoughts, upon dress; there are things of far greater moment which demand the larger part.

Always have something better to recommend you than the garments that cover your person. If these are your chief recommendation, it is a proof that th occupy the chief place in your heart; in other word that you are a vain and frivolous character.

Guard against the love of dress, lest it should le you to self-flattery, extravagance, dissipation, a ruin. Remember that neither fine dress nor pers nal beauty will last long. In a very few years, most, we shall have nothing to wear but a shroud a a coffin, and instead of being admired we shall loathed.

On the other hand, do not rush into the extre of rigid simplicity and singularity. The medium propriety in dress may be expressed by the ter plain, becoming, and dignified.

Let your dress be neat, modest, appropriate times and seasons, and, as far as is consistent with t foregoing cautions, agreeable to those with whom y associate.

CLOUD OR SUN.

HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful to the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee;
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine—
Enough that thou hast made it mine.
Where falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath—
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

"I WISHED MYSELF AMONG THEM."

So said the dreamer of Bedford jail, when he h looked into the celestial city, as the gates had open to receive Christian and Hopeful, and had clos again, leaving him still a pilgrim. I do not wond at his wish. He saw things there which might ma any one who loves what is holy and blessed, desire be there. "Now I saw in my dream, that these t men went in at the gate, and lo! as they entere they were transfigured; and they had raiment put that shone like gold. There were also that met the with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; t harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token honour. Oh, those harps of praise!—that crow which the Lord the righteous Judge will give to who love his appearing! That shining raiment Shall the time come when my soul shall be as one those shining ones?" Shall I be clothed in t spotless robe of a Saviour's righteousness? Shall yet be near him, and like him, and praise him as ought? Shall I, through his infinite grace, have t crown of victory over sin? Why do I not think these things more? Why am I not daily, and hour praying for them, and seeking to be prepared f them? What is there in the world that should kee my heart from Christ, and hold me back fro heaven? The world has riches. Suppose it shou give them all to me. How long could I enjoy them? Would they satisfy the soul's desires? If I had not Christ, those riches might be unsparing tormentors. Besides, heaven has riches. "I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets were paved with gold." They who have treasures laid up in heaven need not linger here to enjoy the uncertain riches of this world. In heaven are things "more precious than silver and gold," and which secure bliss and glory, which gold cannot purchase, and which they whose hearts are set on the world's riches can never have.

The world has honours. Well, let those covet them who will. My prayer shall be that I may not desire them. They are exceedingly dangerous. How few who have them are not elated by them, and made to despise the humility which is before honour. One who is infinite in wisdom has asked, "How can ye believe, which receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?" "How can ye" seems here to have the force of "ye *cannot.*" And nothing is more true. They who supremely love the honours of men cannot love Jesus Christ.

The world has pleasures. Oh yes! I know it. And its pleasures have been my greatest enemies. How seductive, how sure to turn the heart away from the Saviour! How true is it, that "she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." I suppose it is as true of one sex as the other. No, ye pleasure-seekers, I desire not your joys. Would that I had never known them! The remembrance of them is anguish to my soul. I long to be purified from all their stains, and freed from all their power to defile the heart.

There are pleasures which I desire. But they are not the pleasures of the world. They are such as the world see not, neither have known. They are discerned only by the eye of faith. Much of them may be seen, many of them may be enjoyed even here, by those who are on pilgrimage, who are going to the "celestial city." But if you would know their perfection and their fulness, you must look into those gates—you must enter there. Yes, let me be a stranger and sojourner, unhonoured and unknown of men, so that I may at last, through grace abounding to the chief of sinners, reach those celestial gates, and be one of the least among those shining ones. "In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for ever more."

THE MEMORY OF THE CHILDREN.

It is noteworthy that children, who are taken away by death, always remain in the memory of the parent as children. Other children grow old; but the one we lost continues in youth. It looks as we last saw it in health. The imagination hears its sweet voice and light step, and sees its silken hair and clear bright eyes—all just as they were. Ten or twenty years may go by—the child remains in the memory as at first, a bright happy child. Its young and beautiful form moves before us; and what is such a memory but an angel-presence? Certainly, next to seeing an angel, is seeing, with a parent's heart, such a cherished form. Amidst this world of ambition and show, who shall say that this is not a means, under Providence, of subduing and spiritualizing the mind? Thus, in order to cherish such a remembrance, we are at times willing to turn even from the charms of the living. The sigh becomes sweeter than the song. Sorrow subdued becomes a friend, and sacred joy is mingled with tears of holy recollection. Thus as grief ascends the mount of time, she seems to pass through a sort of transformation. The convulsive agony changes to passive sorrow; and querulous misgivings to quiet meditation. There must be distress: let, then, the gushing tears flow, for it is the course of nature; but, even with this, let there be the victory of Christian faith, the glorious hope of our holy religion. For

"Such a hope, like the rainbow, a being of light,
May be born, like the rainbow, in tears."

SONG OF MAULMAIN.

Dr Judson, writing to the editor of an American periodical, says:—Having just met with the following lines in Mrs Judson's portfolio, I lay hold on them, and send you a copy for your periodical, agreeably to the direction in the last line of the first stanza.

Ply the lever, pioneers!
Many a waiting angel cheers;
Christ above is interceding;
Here the Holy Ghost is pleading,
  And the promise of Jehovah
  Stands upon his blessed book.
Cheerly, cheerly ply the lever!
Pause not—faint not—falter never!
Course the river, thread the alley,
From the hill-top to the valley,
  Go this barren desert over,
  Scattering seed in every nook.

Gifted with a little wing,
Far the seed shall float and spring.
Trim your lamps; dark Burmah's centre,
Shrouded, sealed, their light must enter,
  Even the sacred groves of Boodha,
  And the monarch's golden hall.
Cheerly, cheerly ply the lever!
Pause not—faint not—falter never!
With a trusting heart and humble,
Toil till Boodha's throne shall crumble!
  Monastery and pagoda
  Reel before the cross and fall.

Fragments.

"All things to all men," in any sense but the right one, signifies nothing to any body.—*Tupper.*

One who has been at the gates of death, brings back rich clusters of grapes to the wilderness for fellow travellers.—*Miss Plumptre.*

Fear.—Ills that never happened, have chiefly made thee wretched.—*Tupper.*

Anger is like a ruin; it breaks itself upon what it falls.

Earth hath its bubbles as the water has.—*Shakspeare.*

The cross of Christ is the sweetest burden I ever bare; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or sails to a ship.—*Rutherfurd.*

OCCASIONAL MEDITATIONS.

BY BISHOP HALL.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A LARK FLYING UP.

How nimbly doth that little lark mount up singing towards heaven in a right line! whereas the hawk, which is stronger of body and swifter of wing, towers up by many gradual compasses to his highest pitch. That bulk of body and length of wing hinders a direct ascent, and requires the help both of air and scope to advance his flight; while that small bird cuts the air without resistance, and needs no outward furtherance of her motion. It is no otherwise with the souls of men in flying up to their heaven; some are hindered by those powers which would seem helps to their soaring up thither; great wit, deep judgment, quick apprehension, send men about with no small labour for the recovery of their own incumbrance, while the good affections of plain, simple souls raises them up immediately to the fruition of God. Why should we be proud of that which may slacken our way to glory? why should we be disheartened with the small measure of that, the very want whereof may (as the heart may be affected) facilitate our way to happiness?

UPON THE LENGTH OF THE WAY.

How far off is yonder great mountain! My very eye is weary with the foresight of so great a distance; yet time and patience shall overcome it; this night we shall hope to lodge beyond it. Some things are more tedious in their expectation than in their performance. The comfort is, that every step I take sets me nearer to my end: when I once come there, I shall both forget how long it now seems, and please myself to look back upon the way that I have measured.

It is thus in our passage to heaven; my weak nature is ready to faint under the very conceit of the length and difficulty of this journey; my eye doth not more guide than discourage me. Many steps of grace and true obedience shall bring me insensibly thither; only let me move, and hope, and God's good leisure shall perfect my salvation. O Lord! give me to possess my soul with patience, and not so much to regard speed, as certainty. When I come to the top of thine holy hill, all these weary paces, and deep sloughs, shall either be forgotten, or contribute to my happiness in their remembrance.

UPON THE SINGING OF THE BIRDS IN A SPRING MORNING.

How cheerfully do these little birds chirp and sing, out of the natural joy they conceive at the approach of the sun and entrance of spring, as if their life had departed and returned with those glorious and comfortable beams! No otherwise is the penitent and faithful soul affected to the true Sun of Righteousness, the Father of Lights: when he hides his face, it is troubled, and silently mourns away that sad winter of affliction; when he returns, in his presence is the fulness of joy; no song is cheerful enough to welcome him. O thou who art the God of all consolation, make my heart sensible of the sweet comforts of thy gracious presence, and let my mouth ever show forth thy praise!

UPON THE SIGHT OF RAIN IN THE SUNSHINE.

Such is my best condition in this life—if the sun of God's countenance shine upon me, I may well be content to be wet with some rain of affliction. How oft have I seen the heaven overcast with clouds and tempest, no sun appearing to comfort me; yet even those gloomy and stormy seasons have I rid out patiently, only with the help of the common light of the day; at last, those beams have broken forth happily, and cheered my soul. It is well for my ordinary state, if, through the mists of my own dulness and Satan's temptations, I can descry some glimpse of heavenly comfort. Let me never hope, while I am in this vale, to see the clear face of that sun without a shower: such happiness is reserved for above; that upper region of glory is free from these doubtful and miserable vicissitudes. There, O God! we shall see as we are seen. Light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A FLY BURNING ITSELF IN THE CANDLE.

Wise Solomon says, that the light is a pleasant thing; and so certainly it is: but there is no true outward light which proceeds not from fire; the light of that fire, then, is not more pleasing than the fire of that light is dangerous; and that pleasure doth not more draw on our sight, than that danger forbids our approach. How foolish is this fly, that, in a love and admiration of this light, will know no distance, but puts itself heedlessly into that flame, wherein it perishes! How many bouts it fetched, every one nearer than the other, ere it made this last venture! and now that merciless fire, taking no notice of the affection of an over-fond client, hath suddenly consumed it. Thus do those bold and busy spirits, who will needs draw too near unto that inaccessible light, and look into things too wonderful for them, so long do they hover about the secret counsels of the Almighty, till the wings of their presumptuous conceits be scorched, and their daring curiosity hath paid them with everlasting destruction. O Lord! let me be blessed with the knowledge of what thou hast revealed; let me content myself to adore thy Divine wisdom in what thou hast not revealed; so let me enjoy thy light, that I may avoid thy fire.

UPON OCCASION OF A REDBREAST COMING INTO HIS CHAMBER.

Pretty bird! how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing, and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal, and at night must shroud thyself in a bush for lodging! what a shame it is for me that see before me such liberal provisions of my God, and find myself set warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop under a distrustful and unthankful dulness! Had I so little certainty of my harbour and purveyance, how heartless should I be, how careful! how little list should I have to make music to Thee or myself! Surely, thou camest not hither without a providence; God sent thee not so much to delight as to shame me, but all in a conviction of my sullen unbelief, who, under more apparent means, am less cheerful and confident. Reason and faith have not done so much in me as, in thee, mere instinct of nature; want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy here, than the foresight of better things maketh me.

O God! thy providence is not impaired by those powers thou hast given me above these brute things; let not my greater helps hinder me from a holy security and comfortable reliance upon thee.

UPON THE SIGHT OF AN OLD UNTHATCHED COTTAGE.

There cannot be a truer emblem of crazy old age than mouldered and clay walls, a thin uncovered roof, bending studs, dark and broken windows; in short, a house ready to fall on the head of the indweller. The best body is but a cottage: if newer and better timbered, yet it is such as age will equally impair, and make thus ragged and ruinous; or, before that, perhaps casualty of fire or tempest, or violence of an enemy. One of the chief cares of men is to dwell well: some build for themselves fair but not strong; others build for posterity, strong, but not fair, not high; but happy is that man that builds for eternity, as strong, as fair, as high, as the glorious contignations of heaven.

(*To be continued.*)

THE INFIDEL.

One cloudy morning, in the dark month of November, several persons rushed to the door of an hotel to secure a passage in an American stage-coach, just then announced.

An elderly gentleman, of a calm, dignified aspect, first handed to the carriage two young ladies, who, from their striking resemblance, were justly supposed to be twin sisters. Next, a tall, elegant young man handed to the front seat a sister also tall and elegant. Two gentlemen, one of rough exterior, the other a fair and rather delicate young man, occupied the middle seat. When the necessary bustle of servants with baggage, &c., was over, and the stage on the road, a long silence ensued. Each sat scrutinizing his fellow-traveller with the eye of a physiognomist.

This silence was first broken by the fair youth, who addressed his rough companion with that very familiar question, "What think you of the weather, captain?" "Stormy, stormy," he replied, "if I can judge from observations on the larboard quarter; but a sailor in a stage-coach, like a landsman at sea, is in an awkward position, and a poor judge of wind and weather. Had it not been for important business, I assure you, Mr Romain, you would not have met me here; I would rather have gone to New York in a ferry-boat. Oh, indeed, Mr Romain, I had rather swing on the topsailyard in a storm, and would even prefer a dodge between waterspout and iceberg to this jolting and rattling over rocks, and through ditches—it is worse than dull prose; but there's excitement, poetry, in a sea-game, whether we gain or lose. Oh yes! excitement, poetry of the most exquisite kind."

"I thank you, captain," said their elderly companion, in a kind tone, "for solving a problem in my mind, laconically and satisfactorily. I have often wondered that men should so readily sacrifice the thousand endearments of home and refined society, to suffer peril and privation on the 'mountain wave;' but now I see how it is—men love excitement, and will make costly sacrifices to obtain what they love."

"True," said Mr Romain, "I learned more

of the characteristics of sailors in one short voyage"—

"Yes, but I taught you," interrupted the captain, "I taught you when on board the William Henry."

"We were mutual teachers," said Mr Romain, gravely. "You taught me, Van Husan, many of the wonders of the sea; and as you, in your sailor-like manner, quoted portions of sacred Scripture in your descriptions of the sublimity of the ocean, a chill of awe often crept over me. I felt, in spite of my principles, that no language but that of inspiration could do justice to the sublimity of 'ocean into tempest wrought'—that it was Jehovah who commandeth and lifteth up the waves thereof—that the Bible alone can describe the sea when it ceases from raging: 'He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.'"

The captain turned on him a look of surprise and contempt. "You talk of Scripture and inspiration, Mr Romain," said he; "pray, where did you learn your creed?"

"At the very threshold of heaven, the deathbed of a Christian mother."

"Pardon my mistake, sir," said the captain, with a very sober face, "I thought you were an infidel."

"You thought right, Van Husan," said Romain, "I was one; I acknowledge it with a blush. Yet how could I be otherwise, educated as I was in the very lap of scepticism by a misguided father, who spared no efforts to infuse into my young mind the poison with which his own was so fatally imbued!—I say fatally, for he lived and died a professed disciple of Voltaire."

"Ah, Mr Romain, you did not use to talk thus," interrupted the captain, "when on board the William Henry, bound to France; 'divine, beautiful France,' as you sometimes called it."

"Too true, my good friend," said Romain, "I did cast off fear, and, young as I was, I laughed you out of your principles, and taught you my own dark infidel creed; and the fear that I can never undo what I have done to destroy your soul, and the souls of others, is the most bitter ingredient in my present painful emotions; but," he continued, "at some proper opportunity, I hope, by a relation of my own emancipation, to break those chains I riveted upon you."

"I wish that proper time were the present," said the young man on the front seat. "I most heartily respond to the wish of my brother," said his sister. "We should be highly gratified by such a relation," said one of the sisters behind him The old gentleman expressed a similar desire, provided Captain Van Husan did not object.

"Pray, don't stand about a preface," said the captain, "but come at the story at once; for I expect that our pilot, helmsman, captain, or what you call him, out here, will luff up to some watering-place, or come to anchor, just outside some brandy harbour, or we shall get an addition to our crew, and so lose the story after all."

The whole party responded to the sentiment of the captain, and Mr Romain commenced as follows:—

"My father was not religiously educated, and entered life, as many young men do, without any fixed religious principles. He considered it a matter of very little importance what a man believed, or whether he had any system of faith, provided he did not commit any overt act of wickedness. He saw some professors of religion who did not live better than himself, in his own opinion, and he was willing to risk the interests of his soul on his own supposed goodness. At an early age he entered the army; he was a man of tact and talents, and so distinguished himself, that he rose in office and in the estimation of his superiors, and prided himself much on his patriotism.

"It was amidst the corruptions of the camp that he imbibed those deistical sentiments to which he ever afterwards adhered.

"Unhappily for my father, after the conclusion of the war, several of his former companions settled near him, and their intimacy continued. Their nocturnal revels were usually held at our house; and the scenes of these infidel meetings are embodied among my first and most vivid recollections. I was the oldest child, and was often called in to display my dexterity in military exercises, and show how fearlessly I could use profane language, as taught by my father. Often have I heard my mother pleading to have me excused from such a display, but she pleaded in vain—a command from my father to be silent usually closed the argument; for my father was one of those who look upon woman as inferior, as an object capable only of serving man, made to be in subjection, but having little to do as a companion or intellectual being.

"My silent, uncomplaining mother, therefore, had no voice in these domestic arrangements, but only to obey in whatever my father enjoined; and, strange as it may seem, he often urged upon her the duty of submission, by arguments drawn from those very Scriptures which he professed to disbelieve and despise."

"I wish," said the young lady before him, "that your father were a solitary example of such an incongruity; but I fear there are many such." Her brother coloured, and begged his sister not to interrupt the gentleman's narrative. She bowed assent, and Mr Romain continued:—

"The society to which I was introduced on entering life was of the most dangerous kind. It was composed of young men from families in high life, but destitute of religious principle. The Sabbath was a day of worldly pleasure and hilarity. Bad as my principles were, my circumstances had kept me from the more open vices. But now an opportunity was furnished for the appearance of the legitimate fruits of those principles.

"No sooner was my daily routine of business performed, than some wily associate stood ready to allure me to scenes of riot and dissipation, under the specious pretext of amusement or recreation. The gambling-house, the card or billiard-table, were a common resort.

"For a long time I had to contend with the force of habit, a sense of propriety, the upbraidings of conscience, and a guilty fear of detection. But I gathered strength with the repetition of the act, and grew bold as I advanced in vice, till, in the face of the world, I could play away my last piece of money, my coat from my back, or hat from my head, without compunction or shame. Nor did the evil stop here. Gambling is the parent of a host of kindred vices. Intemperance follows or accompanies it almost inevitably. The destruction of property was one source of amusement with us, especially in moments of drunkenness and frenzy.

"But this course of dissipation soon affected my health, and my father became alarmed: physicians prescribed a voyage to sea, and my father determined on sending me to France for my restoration. It was on board ship that I exerted those baneful influences over your mind, Van Husan, that I now so deeply regret." The captain seized his hand, but did not utter a word, and he proceeded: "My residence in France with my father's infidel friends restored my health, but did not mend my principles. I returned home as full of selfishness and infidelity as I went forth.

"On my arrival at New York, I learned that my mother was in the last stage of consumption, if alive. My mother was the only being on earth who had a hold on my conscience. She had made an impression on my heart which infidelity itself could not eradicate. The idea of seeing her no more, was agony; I therefore hurried on towards home, agitated with a thousand fearful apprehensions.

"The sun was just rising over my native hills when I alighted at my father's door. All was still! I was just about to give a loud rap, when my sister opened the door, and bade good morning to the nightly nurse who was just departing. 'My brother, have you come!' was all she could articulate, and, weeping, led me the way to my mother's room.

"She stepped lightly in, withdrew the curtain slightly from her bed, and left the room. I walked softly to the bed; my mother seemed dozing: her face was turned from me, and so pale, so emaciated, that my first impression was, that she was dead. But a smile passing over her features, convinced me of my mistake. I saw her lips moving; I heard a whisper; I leaned over her. 'I come, I come,' said she; 'I come, I come.' Then opening her eyes, she said, 'Am I here? Oh! I thought I was there.' 'Where, mother?' said I, tenderly. 'There, said she, pointing upward. I drew back, so that she supposed it was my sister who spoke. 'Hark!' said she again. I moved instinctively forward, and listened. 'I come,' said she again, 'to join your everlasting song.' A placid smile now lighted up her features. I gazed at her a moment; and, in spite of my infidelity, conscience, reason, my better judgment, whispered unitedly, These are the consolations of the religion of the Bible!

"Alarmed at my own thoughts, I drew the curtain close, and walked to the window. Deep awe came over me. I felt for once how awful goodness was; I seemed to be in the presence of some all-pervading spirit. I looked out; the sun was climbing up the blue horizon, and pouring his beams over the face of nature. Who made that sun? seemed whispered in my ear. 'He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good,' busy memory replied. I twirled my watch-key with trembling fingers. I caught up a book, and turned over the leaves with a trepidation and haste that showed how deeply I was agitated, and how absent my mind was; for I had not the most distant idea what book I held in my hand. I heard again my mother's voice, and hastened back to her bed just to hear her repeat—

'Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wish'd below.'

"Still more agitated, I wiped away the tears which I thought it weakness to shed; and with a secret and repelled conviction of the reality of vital godliness, was about to leave the room, when, recollecting the book in my hand, I went back to lay it down on the table, when, casting my eye, for the first time, on the open page, I read—

'Lorenzo, dost thou feel these arguments?
Or is there nought but vengeance can be felt?'

Lifting my eye to the top of the page, I read, 'The Infidel Reclaimed.' I dashed the book from me, and hurried out of the room.

"On entering the breakfast room I met my father, who welcomed me with more than his usual paternal kindness, and inquired if I had seen my mother. I replied that I had seen her, but had not spoken with her. 'She is a poor, weak, bewildered woman,' said he. 'In her wild moments, she is eloquent and touching in many of her appeals; but we know she is not herself.' My sister, with surprising firmness, said, that whatever her father might think of her mother, she had the clearest evidence that she had the most perfect use of her reason; and that, while her body was fast wasting away, her 'inward man was renewed day by day.'

"I turned a look of inquiry on my sister; her features were lighted up with the same glow of feeling which I had seen in the face of my mother. My father muttered something about enthusiasm and priestcraft, and left the room.

"A private talk with my sister convinced me, that a surprising change had taken place in her own feelings on the subject of religion since I had seen her. Conscience reiterated, 'Dost thou feel these arguments? Or is there nought but vengeance can be felt?'

"After breakfast I hastened again to the sick-room. My mother was awake, had been informed that I was there, and received me with perfect composure. 'One thing have I desired of the Lord, and he has given me the desire of my heart,' said she, with a smile, giving me a mother's kiss. The solemn query of Dr Young still sounded in my ears, 'Dost thou feel these arguments?'

"In the afternoon the minister came, and the family were all desired to be present. After a solemn and impressive interview was ended, my mother addressed my father in the language of affectionate warning; then began with the youngest child, and ascended in her addresses or admonitions, till she had spoken to all of them but me. She bade them farewell, gave her hand to each, and they departed, all but myself.

"My mother, thought I, feels that my case is hopeless, and desires to leave me to pursue my own chosen path to ruin. Tears rushed to my eyes; but I suppressed them, and strove hard to escape from the inward voice which continued to repeat, 'Dost thou feel these arguments?' I rose to leave the room. She called me back, and asked me to take a seat near her bed. She beckoned to my sister to leave the room. 'Alone with God,' said she, and, raising her hands to heaven, she pleaded for strength to do her duty, her last duty to her first-born son; lamented that she had, through fear of man, acted with so little decision, had done so little to save her children; appealed to Him who seeth in secret, for well she knew that her life had been one of stifled hopes, slavish fear, and bitter repentance; but thanked God that he had at last given her the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Then turning to me, she alluded to my infidelity, and presented me a Bible. 'My son,' said she, 'I know you are an infidel. I know you reject the Bible as a revelation from God. I have, with painful interest, watched the progress of scepticism in your young mind. I know the art and sophistry with which it was mingled with your earliest perceptions. I know the arguments by which it has been defended, how soothing its doctrines are to guilt. I have felt its influence, and I feel for you all that a mother in my circumstances can feel. The chill of death is now creeping over my frame. This is the last effort of my maternal love. Life is fast ebbing away, time seems fast receding; and eternity is opening with all its solemn realities to my view. What I do must be done quickly. The grave is ready for me. My house is set in order; all my work on earth is done, except a few parting words to you my first-born son. Let me first ask you one question, which I wish you to answer to God and your own conscience. Do you wish me to die a believer in the dark creed of Voltaire or Thomas Paine? If so, step forward with me to the tomb, which, in the light of infidelity, is dark as darkness itself. But infidelity has rendered my life wretched; the past has been a weary way; all its future is dark as the shadow of death. There is nothing in heaven, or on earth, that can give a ray of light, or hope, or consolation to the dying infidel. Should you name the promises—the deist's God never made a revelation of himself to man. Should you speak of Him whom the apostle calls "the Resurrection and the Life"—he is called an impostor by the deists. Do you speak of prayer—the God of the deist is not a prayer-hearing God, it is effrontery to call upon his name. Come with a licentious song, or an idle jest; say something to stifle reflection, and quiet the forebodings of guilt, and you give him a partial relief. But it is a short reprieve; the 'king of terrors' will not be put off with a jest, or charmed with a song, or bribed with money, or foiled by sophistry; the last convulsive pang comes on, the spirit struggles with the clay, it bursts its frail enclosure, and is gone—gone. Where, O where? My son, we must leave the departed deist where he chooses to leave himself—in darkness. Now, do you wish your mother to die thus? O no, you do not, cannot! And, thanks be to God, I do not die thus! But while life recedes, my hope and confidence in the God of my salvation strengthen, brighten. Peace, peace, like a river, pours its balmy influence over me. Eternity and immortal life open on my soul's delighted vision: unutterable thoughts of God and heaven fill my already expanding capacities. I feel the assurance that God is my Father, Christ my Saviour, and the Holy Spirit my Comforter—that I shall soon have an unclouded vision of the glory of God—that all which now is dark, or deep, or high, to my present limited capacity, will be unfolded and understood. Nature, providence, and grace, will furnish themes for eternal research; the perfections and attributes of God, an endless intellectual feast; and redemption, an everlasting song.

"'And not only shall my immortal spirit live, but my body shall also rest in hope. The resurrection has rolled away the stone from the sepulchre, illuminated that dark enclosure, and swallowed up death in victory. My Saviour, Jesus, the sinner's Friend, is with me when all other friends forsake me; and his presence is sweet, is sweet. Oh, my son!'——she would have proceeded, she gasped, and sunk back on her pillow. I called the family—she was gone

The smile, the look of peace, and hope, and joy, still rested on her features. My father was pale, he trembled, and sunk into a chair. My sister calmly closed my mother's eyes.

"I stood awe-struck; I looked first at the peaceful clay, then at my father, then at my beloved, pious sister. I saw infidelity in all its deformity. I saw the religion of the Bible, in its proper fruits, giving support and joy in this hour of affliction. I had seen the triumphant departure of a believer to a brighter, better world. I saw myself as a lost sinner. I saw my remedy—it was the Saviour of sinners revealed in that long neglected and despised book, the Bible. Can you, then, dear Captain Van Husan, blame me, that I resolved to forsake the foolish, and live, and go on in the way of understanding?"

The captain's head had sunk on the shoulder of his young companion, and he sobbed audibly. Tears were in the eyes of our companions.

The stage-coach stopped where they were to separate. The old gentleman lifted his hands, and with the same serene countenance and gentle voice, said, "Father in heaven, we thank thee that we have met; sanctify to us this interview; bless us in parting; prepare us to meet in heaven." As they stepped from the coach the young man before mentioned seized the hand of Mr Romain. "You have saved me," said he, with great emotion; "I am on the verge of ruin, temporal and eternal; I resolve in the strength of Him who giveth power to the faint, to profit by your example. Farewell."

The whole party shook hands in silence, and their paths in life probably diverged for ever.

JONAH.

THE DISPLEASURE OF JONAH AT THE PRESERVATION OF NINEVEH.

(*Continued from* p. 198.)

FROM the effect produced on the mind of God by the repentance of Nineveh toward him, we now pass to the effect produced on the mind of Jonah by the repentance of God toward Nineveh. This at first sight appears strange, so strange as to seem almost inexplicable in a man who had passed through such singular experiences, and had been so peculiarly honoured in his work. "But it displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was very angry (or rather he was very much grieved or vexed). And he prayed unto the Lord, and said, I pray thee, O Lord, was not this my saying, when I was yet in my country? Therefore I fled before unto Tarshish: for I knew that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil. Therefore now, O Lord, take, I beseech thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live. And the Lord said, Doest thou well to be angry?" The marginal reading here is nearer the proper meaning, but it should be, as the Septuagint correctly renders it, Art thou very much grieved?

Why should Jonah have been so displeased and vexed, and rendered even weary of life, by an event which one would think fitted to inspire thankfulness and joy into every well-constituted mind? "Because," says Calvin, expressing the general view of commentators, "he was unwilling to appear as a vain and lying prophet." And Dr Adam Clarke, whetting the matter a little more sharply upon poor Jonah, says, "He had more respect to his high sense of his own honour than he had to the goodness and mercy of God. He appeared to care little whether 620,000 persons were destroyed or not, so as he might not pass for a deceiver, or one that denounced a falsity." This, indeed, is the view that very naturally suggests itself on a somewhat hasty and superficial consideration of the subject; and yet there is something about the circumstances of Jonah, something even in the very account given of his vexation, which can scarcely fail to beget a conviction of there being a still deeper ground for the painful feelings that agitated his mind. For, if Jonah was so greatly to blame here, if his own credit with the world stood so high in his esteem, that he would rather have seen the largest city on the earth buried in ruins, than that he should be exposed to the taunt from thoughtless and inconsiderate persons (for such alone in the circumstances *could express* it) of having spoken what had not literally taken place, he must have belonged, we shall not say to the lowest class of saints, but to the worst specimens of humanity: he must have had the breast of a demon rather than of a man. And such Dr Clarke not obscurely insinuates was the case, when he asks, "Who but he who is of a fiendish nature will be grieved because God's mercy triumphs over judgment?"

But this is plainly to give a darker view of Jonah's character and conduct than the circumstances of the case warrant, or than is borne out by the later allusions of Scripture respecting him. Had such been really the ground of Jonah's uneasiness he would have deserved the severest rebuke and chastisement, especially considering what he had already suffered from warring against the mind and purposes of God. And yet the Lord does no more than mildly expostulate with him, and, by a course of treatment much more remarkable for its gentleness and condescension than for its severity, tries to convince him of his mistake. Not only so; but, when we come down to New Testament times, we find such honourable mention made of Jonah, and such a close resemblance drawn by our Lord himself between his own mission as a prophet and that of Jonah's, that we cannot rest with satisfaction in the view suggested above. We cannot believe such marked and honourable reference would have been made to him, if he had been the selfish, perverse, unreasonable creature he is represented to have been; but are rather driven to the conviction, that deeper views and less discreditable feelings gave the tone to his behaviour here, than such as a hasty glance might naturally dispose one to imagine.

Besides, viewing the matter even on the lowest ground, and with reference to the prophet's repute in the world, it must surely have appeared to any one but the most depraved or childish being, a far more ennobling distinction to have been, under God, the reformer of a great people and the saviour of their city, than simply to have been known as the herald who had truly announced its doom. Though what he proclaimed had not literally taken place, his preaching was still the instrumental cause of saving the city from ruin; and if carnal ambition had wrought in his bosom—if worldly honour, in reality, was the jewel so dear to him—it seems hard to understand why he should have wished an opposite result, at least so passionately wished it as to have longed for death because he had been disappointed in the object of his desire.

But what reason have we to suppose that Jonah's vexation and concern turned at all upon the point of his own veracity, and as connected with that, his reputation in the world? This is nowhere expressed, nor even hinted at in the text, and is but an inference hastily and unwarrantably drawn, from there being apparently no other motive on hand to account for such keen dissatisfaction and pungent sorrow in the prophet's bosom. It is carefully to be noted, however, that in his address to God not only is no stress laid upon the failure of the prediction, but no mention whatever is made of it; the exercise of the Divine clemency, and the saving of Nineveh from destruction, is the whole that is brought into view. So much had the thought of this weighed upon the prophet's feelings, weighed even as a depressing load upon the energies of his mind, that he alleges it now as the main reason why he had at first shunned the charge committed to him, and fled to Tarshish. But the charge then given, it will be remembered, did not require Jonah to announce the destruction of Nineveh; it simply required him to cry against the Ninevites, because their sins were crying for vengeance in the ear of God. This would certainly have betokened that they were in danger of the Divine judgments; but it would not have placed Jonah in a position in which he run any risk of having his veracity impeached. It was only on the second commission being given that the word put into his mouth took the definite form of a proclamation, that the city should be overthrown in forty days. Yet, in the expression he now gave to his feelings, he appears to have entirely overleapt this new turn of affairs, and throws himself back upon the original ground of dissatisfaction—he is vexed and chagrined for no other reason, so far as we can judge, than that there was here a new exercise of the Divine forbearance, and a city spared that had deserved to go to perdition. This precisely is the point we have to account for: Why should such a manifestaion of the Divine goodness have sunk so heavily upon the soul of this man of God? why, when apparently gaining, beyond all reasonable expectation, the great end for which he had come to exercise in Nineveh the calling of a prophet, should he have regarded the very success of his mission as taking from him all that was worth living for?

It is manifest, from the simple stating of the question, that Jonah must have viewed his mission to Nineveh, not as an ultimate thing, but as occupying the relation of means to an end—as connected with some other object of pre-eminent importance, to which he thought it should have been made altogether subservient. If Nineveh alone had been concerned, he could not but have rejoiced in the result actually obtained; but there was an ulterior and higher object in his eye, on which it seemed to tell so unfavourably, that sorrow the most pungent filled his heart. And to learn what this object was, we have no need to travel into the regions of conjecture; we have only to think of his calling as a prophet in Israel, and to suppose him bent on the attainment of its great end, the spiritual and temporal good of the people—like every true prophet, finding in that the thing for which he lived and breathed. This we are not only warranted, but bound, to regard as the paramount consideration in Jonah's mind; and he must somehow have come to regard the destruction of Nineveh as fitted to act most powerfully in promoting it, and the preservation of Nineveh most disastrously in hindering it. How should he have thought thus?

We must bear in mind, while we inquire into the matter, that the book which contains the record of Jonah's relation to Nineveh, possesses for the Church somewhat of the nature of a parable; what it reports is to be regarded as an acted lesson—an instruction from God under the cover of a history. Like every thing of this description, it has a deeper meaning than meets the eye at first; it requires to be thought upon and pondered by the people of God, otherwise they are sure to fail in catching its true design, and to miss the important truths with which it is fraught. This is evident from the use our Lord makes of it, gathering, as he does, from this history of Jonah and his work at Nineveh, a voice that reached even to the men of his own generation, and discovering in it a sign which called for their especial notice and regard. How much more must the things it records, when known as current transactions, have been a sign to the generation itself in Israel, among whom the prophet lived and laboured! And how much did it concern them to listen to the voice which spake through these events for their instruction and warning, and to make themselves acquainted with its fullest import!

The people of that generation, as we before saw, were in the last stages of degeneracy, and trembling on the brink of ruin. All efforts had hitherto failed to recover them from idolatry and corruption; and the Lord, before finally abandoning them to their fate, sought once more to move them from their course, by working upon them through feelings of jealousy and shame. For this purpose he stept out of the usual tenor of his way, and did the marvellous work in Nineveh we have already discoursed of—exhibiting there the example of a people who repented at the preaching merely of one prophet and on the deliverance of one message, and were thereby saved from impending ruin. What God really meant to teach the people of Israel by this example, was the inexcusable character of their own impenitence if they should still continue to persevere in it, and the inevitable certainty of the destruction which in that case must alight upon them. Repenting Nineveh had proved herself more deserving of the Divine favour than backsliding and apostate Israel; the children of the covenant had not only sunk to a level with the heathen, but in comparison of this particular people had fallen visibly below them: therefore the outward relations also must be changed—Israel go down, the heathen rise to distinction.

Now, it is surely not unreasonable to suppose, that when Jonah saw how bent the Lord was on sending him to Nineveh, and what a wonder had been wrought in his own experience to have a work of God accomplished there, he might have come to understand that the work was intended to have an important bearing on the kingdom of Israel; while yet it is more than probable, from having his eye intent only upon one great point, that he might misapprehend the precise kind of bearing which the Lord chiefly intended it to have. Living in the days of the second Jeroboam, when a new tide of prosperity had been constantly flowing in upon the kingdom of Israel, and had given rise to an almost universal dissoluteness and profligacy, he had the mortification, not only to labour long comparatively in vain, but also to witness a growing declension among the people, who thought they could afford, amid the fulness of their sufficiency, to slight his admonitions and despise his warnings. In such painful circumstances, how could he avoid sighing for some remarkable suspension of the forbearance and goodness of God, which they were so shamefully abusing? some salutary visitation of judgment which might startle them from their false security, and convince them effectually that destruction was certain to overtake the transgressors? O where—we can conceive him to have exclaimed—where is the Lord God of Elijah? Where is the arm of might that in his days caused its thunders to be heard by the deadest heart, and with terrible things in righteousness arrested the people when they were rushing onward to the gulf of ruin? The awful retributions of justice which were then inflicted, are too long past to be remembered now; overflowing prosperity has filled the hearts of the people with madness; and if the Lord does not speedily avenge his cause by some new displays of severity, all will soon be irretrievably lost.

Thus we can easily understand how Jonah might feel discouraged and oppressed most of all by the thought of the Lord's clemency and goodness—how this might even hang as a deadening load upon his mind, when the commission was first given him to go to Nineveh, leading him to regard the work of reform assigned to him there as a hopeless undertaking; and how he might despair of any thing effectual being done in the cause of God, unless there were first given a striking example of severity. We can also easily understand how readily he would imagine, when he actually stood within the precincts of Nineveh, and had received the command to proclaim its downfal in forty days, that now at last he was to obtain that very example of severity which he had conceived to be so needful—that the Lord was indeed going to vindicate the honour of his name upon wicked transgressors, by making even proud Nineveh, like Sodom and Gomorrah, a monument of ruin—and that, from witnessing this awful display of judgment, he would go back to resume his labours among his own people, with such an argument as he never had before, and could never expect to have again, to persuade their return from sin to the love and service of God.

Such then, being, as we have every reason to believe, the state of Jonah's mind, it requires no stretch of imagination to conceive what a grievous disappointment it would be for him to see Nineveh still spared, and the very weapon wrested out of his hand by which he had hoped to prevail with his thoughtless and rebellious countrymen. It was not that he was a man of a proud humour or a merciless disposition, and could have looked with fiendish delight on the overthrow of that great city; but that he loved his own people so intensely, and was so firmly persuaded that an act of severity was required to arouse them from their false security—it was this which caused his bosom to burn with vexation when he found Nineveh was still to be spared. For how could he return again to speak to his degenerate countrymen? What hope could he any longer have of labouring with success among them? How certainly would they look to the outward result merely of the case, and take new courage to go on in their sins by this new manifestation of the mercy and forbearance of God? Instead of having reached a higher vantage-ground, from which to urge their return to God, he felt as if a signal discouragement had been thrown in his way; and it seemed now, that nothing more remained for him to say or to do—it were even better for him to die than to live.

Jonah's state of mind on this occasion appears to have been very similar to that of Elijah, at the memorable period when he fled from the face of Jezebel into the wilderness. After long waiting for some decisive turning-point in the grand controversy that was then proceeding between Jehovah and Baal, he had at last found what he sought; in the presence of all Israel the fire of heaven had come down and consumed the Lord's sacrifice on Carmel, so that the hearts of the people seemed to be at once turned back again to Jehovah, and with one consent they rose up and slew the prophets of Baal. In the exultation of the moment Elijah thought the conflict was now ended; Jehovah had given the most striking display of his presence and glory that could reasonably be expected, and apparently with triumphant success. But when he heard that the immediate effect on Jezebel was only to rouse her enmity into greater fury, and that she had vowed to be revenged on him by the shedding of his blood, the disappointment was too great even for that iron-nerved prophet to bear with equanimity; and in the recoil of feeling which arose from seeing such hopes and efforts vanishing in fruitlessness, he besought the Lord to take away his life. He had spent his last arrow, and it proved unsuccessful—why should he live any longer on the earth? Such precisely seems to have been Jonah's feeling. After long labouring in vain, and enduring much faintness of spirit on account of the prevailing heedlessness and profligacy, he had been brought to the very verge of an event which promised, if it had occurred, to operate with mighty power upon the hearts of the people, and bring, as it were, a new element of life into the corrupting mass—and all suddenly failed! he found himself again where he was, and with prospects even worse than before; so that life was no longer desirable.

In the case of neither of these prophets was this state of feeling right. It was the offspring of infirmity, such as naturally arose from partial views of the purposes of God, and hasty judgments respecting his procedure; but still it was the infirmity of noble minds—minds consumed with zeal for the glory of God and the spiritual good of men, and feeling as if life for them ceased to be a boon, when the high ends for which they mainly held it appeared to be no longer attainable. Such a state of feeling is indeed too lofty, it moves in too elevated a region of spiritual being, to be properly sympathized with by the common run even of religious persons. But *they* can sympathize with it who have known what it is to have had their hearts set upon the doing of some great work for the welfare of their fellow-men, and have seen a cloud of chilling disappointment coming between them and the object of their beneficent labours. Especially can *they* sympathize with it who have dedicated themselves with their whole heart to the work of the ministry, and have known in their own experience the crushing effect of labours defeated of their design, and hopes most fondly cherished becoming for ever shipwrecked—*they* can understand how the men of God, who, against fearful odds, and in evil times, had to maintain the cause of righteousness, might experience, when the conflict went sore against them, such a sinking of soul as would lead them to prefer death rather than life; and God himself, who knows our frame, can also understand and sympathize with it. Hence his method of dealing with the infirmity in the instances referred to, is so remarkable for its tenderness and condescension; while we see him throwing no cloak over it, on the one hand, we hear him bringing against it no severe reproach or heavy condemnation on the other; he graciously stoops to press the fainting spirit to his bosom, and, like an affectionate parent, plies it with such gentle and timely correctives as are fitted to restore it to healthfulness and vigour.

It is well, indeed, for persons of a soft and easy sentimentalism to denounce such moods of soul in heaven's nobler witnesses for the truth, as wild outbursts of passion or the workings of a gloomy fanaticism; and to reserve their sympathy for those who can coolly wait upon the tides of mercy, and, with evil only appearing, can still please themselves with the hope that all may come right at the last. Theirs is a cheap philanthropy. They know nothing of that vicarious benevolence which identifies itself with the objects of its regard, and makes their interests and dangers its own. But wherever the spirit of this higher benevolence breathes, men feel that they have to do with stern realities when handling the burden of sin and the woes of retribution; there is a death-like earnestness and severity in their struggle with evil; their very life and happiness is bound up with the issue. Hence, so long as the hope of success animates their bosom, there is nothing in labour or suffering they will not readily undergo; and if, when that hope fails them, their hand should forget its skill to work, their heart become faint, life itself cease to be desirable, they but prove themselves to be still compassed about with human infirmity; they have not reached the matchless virtue which no discouragement can overpower. But never surely can men be fitter objects of tenderness and pity than when thus broken and oppressed in spirit; and never can railing accusation be more grievously misplaced than when directed against them in such a time of nature's weakness and misgiving.

Let us learn, however, even from the failures of such giant warriors in the service of God. Elijah and Jonah both erred from taking too limited and partial a view of God's power and purposes, though by looking in somewhat different directions. Elijah had seen a display of God's severity; but was disappointed and grieved because the spiritual result had not sprung from it so immediately and to such an extent as he had expected. He did not yet know, though he came in process of time to learn, how deep a work of reformation had already commenced, and how much he might still be enabled to do to help it forward, not so much by weapons of terror, as by the " still small voice " of counsel, admonition, and encouragement, uttered from house to house among the thousands of Israel. Jonah again erred, because, not being permitted to see a display of severity, he thought the only measure was withheld which could effectually promote the interests of godliness, and nothing remained for him but to witness anew, and on a still larger scale than before, the wanton abuse of God's mercy and forbearance. He did not yet know, that the Lord had important purposes to serve by this example of mercy to the penitent, such as could not have been accomplished by an example of severity on the unbelieving and profligate. He did not know this; but he should in faith and patience have waited for the development of God's purposes, believing that there *were* important purposes to be developed, only lying beyond the ken of his present apprehension. Indeed, he was too outward in his view—he looked too little to the *repentance* of Nineveh—perhaps was at too little pains to make himself acquainted with its earnest and extensive character—fixed his eye too exclusively on the mere external movements of providence; and with his soul bent only on one great end, took no thought how the result actually obtained might be made to tell on other ends still more important, and how it might serve beyond any other plan to display the manifold wisdom of God. Could Jonah have foreseen the place those transactions at Nineveh were to hold in the history of the world, and the use to be made of them by the incarnate Word himself, how readily would he have acquiesced in what was actually done! How cheerfully would he have exclaimed, " He hath done all things well; he is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working! "

The lesson for us, then, is, that God's way is still the best; for he sees the end from the beginning, and directs all with infinite skill and unerring wisdom. If we *could* alter in any particular the plan of Providence, it would not be for the better, but for the worse. And though there are trials at times meeting us in the path of duty, for the present painful to be borne, yet it is at once our duty and our wisdom to take all patiently. In due time we shall reap, if we faint not; and as God's will *must* prevail, there is no burden which impatience will not aggravate, no labour or affliction which, through patience, may not become a blessing.

PASSAGES FROM HENRY MARTYN.

RECONCILED TO HARDSHIPS.

"Walking home, I asked Dr Vanderkemp if he had ever repented of his undertaking. 'No,' said the old man, smiling; 'and I would not exchange my work for a kingdom.' Read told me of some of his trials: he has often been so reduced, for want of clothes, as scarcely to have any to cover him. The reasonings of his mind were—I am here, Lord, in thy service; why am I left in this state? It seemed to be suggested to him—If thou wilt be my servant, be contented to fare in this way; if not, go and fare better. His mind was thus satisfied to remain God's missionary, with all its concomitant hardships. At night my sinful soul enjoyed a most reviving season in prayer: I rejoiced greatly in the Lord, and pleaded with fervour for the interests of his church."

WANT OF SUCCESS.

"Walked by moonlight in the grounds, reflecting on the mission. My soul was at first sore tried by desponding thoughts; but God wonderfully assisted me to trust him for the wisdom of his dispensations. Truly, therefore, will I say again, 'Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.' How easy for God to do it! and it shall be done in good time; *and even if I never should see a native converted, God may design by my patience and continuance in the work to encourage future missionaries.* But what surprises me is the change of views I have here from what I had in England. There, my heart expanded with hope and joy at the prospect of the speedy conversion of the heathen! But here, the sight of the apparent impossibility requires a strong faith to support the spirits."

FAITHFULNESS AND PATIENCE.

In vain did he endeavour, amongst the upper ranks, to introduce religious topics in conversation. "I spoke," he said, after visiting some of these, " several times about religion to them; but the manner in which it was received damped all further attempt. 'Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?' How awful does the thought sometimes appear to me, that almost the whole world are united against God and his Christ. O thou injured Sovereign! O Lord! how long will it be ere thou plead thine own cause, and make bare thine arm in the sight of the nations? Let me in patience possess my soul; and though iniquity abound, may I never wax cold, but be brought safely through all this darkness and danger to a happier world! To thousands my word will perhaps prove a 'savour of death unto death.' Let me, nevertheless, go on steadily in the path which the Lord hath marked out: perhaps some poor soul may be converted by what he shall hear from me, or, if not, I shall have done my work."

LITERARY CONVERSATION.

"Spent the evening at Patna with Mr G——, in talking on literary subjects; but my soul was overwhelmed with a sense of my guilt in not striving to lead the conversation to something that might be for his spiritual good. My general backwardness to speak on spiritual subjects before the unconverted, made me groan in spirit at such unfeelingness and unbelief. May the remembrance of what I am made to suffer for these neglects be one reason for greater zeal and love in the time to come!"

HIDDEN BEAUTIES.

"The time fled imperceptibly," he observes, "while so delightfully engaged in the translations; the days seemed to have passed like a moment. Blessed be God for some improvement in the languages! May every thing be for edification in the church! What do I not owe to the Lord for permitting me to take part in a translation of his word? Never did I see such wonder, and wisdom, and love, in that blessed book, as since I have been obliged to study every expressson; and it is a delightful reflection, that death cannot deprive us of the pleasure of studying its mysteries.

"All day on the translations—employed a good while at night in considering a difficult passage; and being much enlightened respecting it, I went to bed full of astonishment at the wonder of God's word: never before did I see any thing of the beauty of the language, and the importance of the thoughts, as I do now. I felt happy that I should never be finally separated from the contemplation of them, or of the things concerning which they are written. Knowledge shall vanish away, but it shall be because perfection shall come. Then shall I see as I am seen, and know as I am known."

HAPPINESS IN SOLITUDE.

"I am happier here in this remote land," he wrote in his journal, "where I hear so seldom of what happens in the world, than in England, where there are so many calls to look at 'the things that are seen.' How sweet the retirement in which I here live! The precious word is now my only study in the work of translation. Though, in a manner, buried to the world—neither seeing nor seen by Europeans—the time flows on here with great rapidity: it seems as if life would be gone before any thing is done, or even before any thing is begun. I sometimes rejoice that I am not twenty-seven years of age; and that, unless God should order it otherwise, I may double the number in constant and successful labour. If not, God has many, many more instruments at command; and I shall not cease from my happiness, and scarcely from my work, by departing into another world. O what shall separate us from the love of Christ! Neither death nor life, I am persuaded. O let me feel my security, that I may be, as it were, already in heaven; that I may do all my work as the angels do theirs; and O let me be ready for every work! be ready to leave this delightful solitude, or remain in it—to go out, or go in—to stay or depart, just as the Lord shall appoint! Lord, let me have no will of my own, nor consider my true happiness as depending, in the smallest degree, on any thing that can befall my outward man, but as consisting altogether in conformity to God's will. May I have Christ here with me in this world; not substituting imagination in the place of faith, but seeing outward things as they really are, and thus obtaining a radical conviction of their vanity."

SAYINGS OF AN OLD DIVINE.

(*This is taken from a Broad Sheet in the British Museum, dated "London: printed for D. M.* 1678.")

1. Well may those sins draw tears from our eyes which drew blood from Christ's body.

2. We should always abhor sin, more in regard that it is hateful to God than because it is hurtful to us.

3. Let, O Lord, the great change be wrought in us before the great change come upon us.

4. If we cannot make others better, it should be our special care that others should not make us worse.

5. As none can come unto the Father but by the merit of the Son, so none can come to the Son but by the Spirit of the Father.

6. As we have, by our sins, taken away our beauty, so do thou, O Lord, take away our pride.

7. As the blood of Jesus only can free us from the guilt of sin, so his Spirit alone can cleanse us from the filth of sin.

8. Show us, Lord, what we are by nature; and make us what thou wouldst have us to be by grace.

9. O how shall we appear before God, who have so often appeared against God?

10. We acknowledge this mercy, that God doth not take us out of the world; but we should desire this one mercy more, that he would take the world out of us.

11. It is our duty to know God; our safety to fear him; our glory to resemble him; our stability to trust him; our sincerity to love him; and our felicity to enjoy him.

12. Let us die to sin that lives in us; and live to Christ who died for us.

13. Let us choose to suffer rather than sin; for we may suffer without sin, but we cannot sin without suffering.

14. Shall Christ shed his blood for those sins which belonged to others, and shall not we shed tears for those sins which are our own?

15. Many men, in relation to outward things, complain of want; and yet in truth want nothing but thankful hearts for what they already have.

16. Though God does not always deliver his people out of trouble, yet he delivers them from the evil of trouble, the despair of trouble, by supporting the spirit; nay, he delivers by trouble, for he sanctifies the trouble to cure the soul, and by less troubles delivers from greater.

17. It is the peculiar wisdom of a Christian to pick arguments out of his worst condition to make him thankful; and if he is thankful he will be joyful.

18. There is no true zeal for the glory of God, but it is joined with true love to men; therefore, let such as are violent, injurious, and insolent, never talk of glorifying God as their father, since they despise and impede the happiness of their brethren.

19. As where there is a spring it may be discovered by the vapours which arise from it, so the breathings of holy desires show there is a spring of grace in the heart.

20. Many professors will plead debt, and family expenses, when any thing is desired of them for a pious or righteous use, though they have enough for their pleasure and pride; surely this is one of the worst kinds of sacrilege.

21. No sin will be strained at if you give way to a covetous spirit; for "the love of money is the root of all evil."—(1 Tim. vi. 10.)

22. Corrupt and sinful man is a proud creature; proud all over—in speech, in heart, in look, in gesture. Some boast of the power of their will; some of their reason; some of their perfection and sufferings; some of their traditions, miracles, infallibility, &c.; but a pious man will glory in nothing but God's grace and his own infirmities.

23. There are three main parts in our salvation: first, a true knowledge of our misery; secondly, the knowledge of our deliverance; thirdly, a life answerable.

24. Whenever we receive any good to our souls or to our bodies, whoever is the instrument, let us look to the Principal, and regard not so much the bringer as the Sender.

25. A sincere Christian blushes for shame when he confesses his sins to God.—(Ezra ix. 6.) And yet he is not ashamed to confess the greatest sins of which he knows he is guilty.—(Psa. li. 14.)

26. Lord, thou hast given us thy precepts, and we have neglected them—blessings, and we have abused them—promises, and we have distrusted them. How unfruitful have we been under means, how incorrigible under judgments, and how ungrateful under mercies!

27. They who measure a piece of land may be very exact in describing it; but the man to whom it belongs finds much more delight in it, because it is his own. So it is with ministers that can speak learnedly of heavenly truths, yet have no share in them; but the poor soul that hears them, rejoices and saith, These things are mine!

28. God sought us before we sought him: will he, then, refuse us when we seek him?

29. Speech is only then good when it is better than silence.

30. Desire God's presence and you shall not be denied; if you long for it, you shall not be long without it.

31. Those that are at peace in their own consciences will be peaceable towards others: a quarrelsome man has never felt the peace of God.

ANECDOTES OF THE PURITANS.

THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH.

As the Rev. Richard Rothwell was about to remove to a certain place, Lady Bowers expressed her regret that he was going among so rude a people. "Madam," said he, "if I thought I should not meet the devil, I would not go; he and I have been at odds in other places, and I hope we shall not agree there."

He was not always thus at odds with the adversary. When he first entered the ministry, he was a stranger to religion. He led an irregular and profane life. It happened that there were in the place of his residence two gentlemen who were at variance with each other. One of them had a park well filled with deer—the other, fish-ponds well stocked with fish. Rothwell used to steal from the park deer, which he gave to the owner of the fish-ponds, and from the fish-ponds fish, which he gave to the owner of the park! One day he was playing at bowls on the green, in company with a disorderly and profane class of men. Mr Midgley, a pious minister, came and reproved him for his conduct. He received the admonition with a very ill grace. The good minister being greatly grieved, went home and retired to his study, and prayed very earnestly for him. Mr Rothwell had no sooner left the green than his conscience began to be troubled. The next day he went to hear Mr Midgley preach. The Word was blessed to his thorough awakening. His convictions were of long continuance, but he finally obtained a good hope through grace. He then gave his worldly estates to his friends, and devoted himself to the ministry of the Word. So faithful, powerful, and successful was he in his labours, that he was commonly denominated "The Apostle of the North." In his last sickness, he was asked how he did. His answer was, "I shall soon be well. I shall erelong be with Christ."

A SINGULAR IMPRESSION.

As Mr Dod (who was settled at Hanwell in 1579) was sitting in his study, it was strongly impressed upon his mind that he ought immediately to visit a certain gentleman of his acquaintance. He did not at first yield to the impression, because he could assign no reason for it, and besides the hour was a very unseasonable one for a visit. But the impression was so strong that he was at length constrained to yield to it. He rose and went to the dwelling of the gentleman, and knocked at the door. At first there was no answer, but after repeating his knock, the gentleman himself came to the door, and asked if he wished to see him on any particular business. Mr Dod told him of the impression which had rested on his mind. "O sir," said the man, "you are sent of God, for this very hour I was going to destroy myself." He then drew from his pocket a cord, by means of which he had intended to hang himself.

Mr Dod made great attainments in holiness, and his ministry was greatly blessed. The following are some of his pithy and devout sayings:—"Afflictions are God's potions, which we may sweeten by faith and prayer; but we often make them bitter, by putting into God's cup the ill ingredients of impatience and unbelief. There is no affliction so small but we shall sink under it, if God uphold us not; and there is no sin so great but we shall commit it, if God restrain us not."

"A man who hath the spirit of prayer hath more than if he hath all the world."

"No man is in a bad condition but he who hath a hard heart and cannot pray."

"Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions."

During the civil wars, a party of the king's soldiers broke into his house, and threatened to take his life. "If you do," said he, "you will send me to heaven, where I long to be; but you can do nothing except God give you leave."

When he was in the sixty-third year of his age he was attacked by a violent disease, and brought near to the grave. When his disease took a favourable turn, the physician informed him that there was some hope of his recovery. "You think to comfort me," said the good old man, "but you make me sad. It is the same as if you had told one who had been sorely weather-beaten at sea, and was expecting to enter the desired haven, that he must return to sea, to be tossed by fresh winds and waves."

In his final sickness, he suffered severe pains, but was supported and comforted by the exercise of faith and patience. He died in the ninety-sixth year of his age. His last words were, "I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ."

THE YOUNG GAMESTER.

Christopher Love was fifteen years old before he heard a sermon. His parents were respectable, but not religious, and he was the child of their old age, and was permitted to follow his own inclinations. He indulged in sinful pleasure, and especially in gaming. When he was fifteen years old, Mr Erberry, a zealous puritan minister, came into town, and young Love was led by curiosity to go and hear him preach. The sermon made a deep impression upon his mind. He returned home (to use his own expression) "with a hell in his conscience." His father thought he was seized with a strange fit of melancholy, and advised him to seek amusement, especially his favourite one of gaming. This he declined doing, and begged permission to attend church on the next lecture-day. This was refused. In order to prevent his attendance at church, his father locked him up in a high chamber, intending to confine him there till the service was over. Christopher procured a cord, and, suspending it from the window, he let himself down by the side of the house and went to the lecture. His convictions were deepened. On his return home, he found his father very angry with him. This distressed him, but not so much as did the thoughts of an angry God. He had no friend to whom he could make known his troubles.

At length he met with Mr Erberry, who gave him further instruction, and the result was the conversion of his soul to God.

Many who had been his companions in vice were converted about the same time. They who had been associates in gambling now became associates in prayer. That they might not displease their parents, they met in the night season, when their parents supposed they were in bed. For many months they met thus, two nights in each week.

The young man's father began to look upon his son as a hopeless youth, and to withdraw his affection from him. In consequence, Mr Erberry obtained leave for him to come to his house. Mr Erberry sent him to Oxford. In due time he became a very popular and useful preacher.—*American Paper.*

DON'T GET ANGRY.

It does no good. Some sins have a *seeming* compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort; but anger has none. A man *feels* no better for it. It is really a torment; and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool.

And he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others too. Who thinks well of an ill-natured, churlish man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a neighbour, or a partner in business? He keeps all about him in nearly the same state of mind as if they were living next door to a hornet's nest or a rabid animal.

And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and every thing goes "by contraries?" Will a fit of passion make the winds more propitious, the ground more productive, the markets more favourable? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and make creditors better natured? If men, animals, or senseless matter cause trouble, will getting "mad" help matters—make men more subservient, brutes more docile, wood and stone more tractable?

An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. He may do some good, but more hurt. Heated passion makes him a firebrand, and it is a wonder if he does not kindle flames of discord on every hand. Without much sensibility, and often bereft of reason, he speaketh like the piercing of a sword, and his tongue is as an arrow shot out. He is a bad element in any community, and his removal would furnish occasion for a day of thanksgiving.

Above all, an angry temper in a professing Christian is bad to the last degree. Religion sympathizes not with it, makes it no promises, provides it no place in heaven. It belongs to the category of things sensual and devilish.

Contrast with the angry, vindictive, revengeful spirit that of David when he says, "They rewarded me evil for good, to the spoiling of my soul; but as for me, when they were sick, my clothing was sackcloth, and I behaved myself as though he had been my friend and brother."

What a lovely temper of mind this, and what a close imitation of Christ, who, when he suffered, threatened not; and of Paul, who blessed when reviled, and when defamed, returned entreaty.

Since, then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only "in the bosom of fools," why should it be indulged at all?—*Boston Reporter.*

Burke wrote as follows to his captious friend Barry, while studying his art at Rome:—"That you have just subjects of indignation always, and of anger often, I do noways doubt; who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature, as much as they contribute to repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species, if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own."

Fragments.

Beauty is like an almanack—if it last a year, it is well.—*Adams.*

The Christian.—"Tenant of a hovel for a day, thou art heir of the universe for ever."—*Tupper.*

Never be afraid of dazzling the world with too much light, but plainly show them that they are wholly sinful, wholly ruined, wholly helpless; and speak of a present, immediate, free, full pardon in the Saviour. This is our time for *shining*. When Jesus comes, his light will dim ours; we shall shine with him, but our privilege of lighting others shall be ended.—*A. Bonar.*

The envious man is an enemy to all God's favours if they fall beside himself. . . . He cannot endure to be happy if with company.—*Adams.*

Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee:
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,
That rock of souls immortal; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call every wind;
Eye thy great pole-star; make the land of life.
Young.

Faith and Hope.—Faith looks to the *word* of the thing; hope to the *thing* of the word.—*Adams.*

OCCASIONAL MEDITATIONS.

BY BISHOP HALL.

(*Continued from* p. 206.)

UPON THE BLOWING OF THE FIRE.

WE beat back the flame, not with a purpose to suppress it, but to raise it higher, and to diffuse it more: those afflictions and repulses which seem to be discouragements, are indeed the merciful incitements of grace. If God did mean judgment to my soul, he would either withdraw the fuel, or pour water upon the fire, or suffer it to languish for want of new motions; but now that he continues to me the means, and opportunities, and desires of good, I shall misconstrue the intentions of my God, if I shall think his crosses sent rather to damp than to quicken his Spirit in me.

O God! if thy bellows did not sometimes thus breathe upon me, in spiritual repercussions (repressings), I should have just cause to suspect my estate: those few weak gleeds (coals) of grace that are in me might soon go out, if they were not thus refreshed: still blow upon them till they kindle; still kindle them till they flame up to thee.

UPON A MAN SUDDENLY STRUCK DEAD IN HIS SIN.

I CANNOT but magnify the justice of God, but withal I must praise his mercy. It were woe with any of us all, if God should take us at advantages. Alas! which of us hath not committed sins worthy of a present revenge? Had we been also surprised in those acts, where had we been? O God! it is more than thou owest us, that thou hast waited for our repentance. It is no more than thou owest us, that thou plaguest our offences. The wages of sin is death, and it is but justice to pay due wages. Blessed be thy justice that hast made others examples to me: blessed be thy mercy that hast not made me an example unto others.

UPON A CLOUD.

WHETHER it were a natural cloud wherewith our ascending Saviour was intercepted from the eyes of his disciples upon Mount Olivet, I inquire not: this I am sure of, that the time now was when a cloud surpassed the sun in glory. How did the intentive eyes of those ravished beholders envy that happy meteor! and, since they could no more see that glorious body, fixed themselves upon that celestial chariot, wherewith it was carried up. The angels could tell the gazing disciples (to fetch them off from that astonishing prospect) that this Jesus should so come again, as they had seen him depart; he went up in a cloud, and he shall come again in the clouds of heaven, to his last judgment. O Saviour! I cannot look upward, but I must see the sensible monuments, both of thine ascension and return; let no cloud of worldliness, or infidelity, hinder me from following thee in thine ascension, or from expecting thee in thy return.

UPON HEARING OF MUSIC BY NIGHT.

How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead season! In the daytime it would not, it could not, so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness. Thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation: the gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of persecution, or of our own private affliction: it is ever the same, the difference is in our disposition to receive it. O God! whose praise it is to give songs in the night, make my prosperity conscionable, and my crosses cheerful.

UPON A DEFAMATION DISPERSED.

WERE I the first or the best that was ever slandered, perhaps it would be somewhat difficult to command myself patience. Grief is wont to be abated either by partners or precedents; the want whereof dejects us beyond measure, as men singled out for patterns of misery. Now, whiles I find this the common condition of all that ever have been reputed virtuous, why am I troubled with the whisperings of false tongues? O God! the devil slandered thee in Paradise. O Saviour! men slandered thee on earth more than men or devils can reproach me; thou art the best, as thou art the best that ever was smitten by a lying and venomous tongue: it is too much favour that is done me by malicious lips, that they conform me to thy sufferings; I could not be so happy if they were not so spiteful. O thou glorious pattern of reproached innocence! if I may not die for thee, yet let me thus bleed with thee.

UPON THE FIRING OF A CANNON.

How witty men are to kill one another!

What fine devices they have found out to murder afar off! to slay many at once, and so to fetch off lives, that, whilst a whole lane is made of carcases with one blow, nobody knows who hurt him! And what honour do we place in slaughter! Those arms wherein we pride ourselves are such as which we or our ancestors have purchased with blood. The monuments of our glory are the spoils of a subdued and slain enemy, where, contrarily, all the titles of God sound of mercy and gracious respects to man. God the Father is the Maker and Preserver of men; God the Son is the Saviour of mankind; God the Holy Ghost styles himself the Comforter. Alas! whose image do we bear in this disposition but his whose true title is the Destroyer? It is easy to take away the life; it is not easy to give it. Give me the man that can devise how to save troops of men from killing—his name shall have room in my calendar. There is more true honour in a civic garland for the preserving of one subject, than in a laurel for the victory of many enemies. O God! there are enough that bend their thoughts to undo what thou hast made; enable thou me to bestow my endeavours in reprieving or rescuing that which might otherwise perish. O thou who art our common Saviour! make thou me both ambitious and able to help to save some other besides myself.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A DORMOUSE.

At how easy a rate do these creatures live that are fed with rest!—so the bear and the hedgehog, they say, spend their whole winter in sleep, and rise up fatter than they lay down. How oft have I envied the thriving drowsiness of these beasts, when the toil of thoughts hath bereaved me of but one hour's sleep, and left me languishing to a new task! and yet, when I have well digested the comparison of both these conditions, I must needs say I had rather waste with work than batten with ease; and would rather choose a life profitably painful than uselessly dull and delicate. I cannot tell whether I should say those creatures live which do nothing, since we are wont ever to notify life by motion. Sure I am their life is not vital; for me, let me rather complain of a mind that will not let me be idle, than of a body that will not let me work.

UPON THE SOUND OF A CRACKED BELL.

What a harsh sound doth this make in every ear! The metal is good enough; it is the rift that makes it so unpleasingly jarring. How too like is this bell to a scandalous and ill-lived teacher! His calling is honourable; his noise is heard far enough; but the flaw (which is noted in his life) mars his doctrine, and offends those ears which else would take pleasure in his teaching. It is possible that such a one, even by that discordous noise, may ring in others into the triumphant church of heaven; but there is no remedy for himself but the fire, whether for his reforming or judgment.

MEMOIR OF MONTAGUE STANLEY, A.R.S.A.*

Most of our Scottish readers must have heard the name, and must be acquainted with the chief event in the history, of Montague Stanley. His conversion to Christ, and his consequent abandonment of the stage, in connection with which he was rapidly rising into eminence, were circumstances which at the time excited much interest, and became extensively known. This interest followed him in his subsequent short career; and we remember well the deep feeling with which the intelligence of his last illness and death was received by many in Edinburgh, both among the religious and the worldly. The *Memoir* of his life which has recently appeared from the pen of the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond, will go far to deepen and perpetuate the interest which was thus felt in him. And it will accomplish even a more important purpose, in the presentation to the Church and the world of a singularly striking and impressive protest—embodied in living example—against the ungodliness of the stage; a protest to which it will not be easy to take exception, presented as it is by one who knew the stage well, its secrets, and management, its actual condition, its individual influence and tendencies, and who had every worldly inducement, in extensive popularity or large emolument, to continue in its connection. We regard the *Memoir* as an eminently valuable production, and would earnestly recommend it to the attention of our readers, especially to the youthful portion of them. How often does theatre-going prove to the young a curse and a snare, and "the path of the destroyer!"

The following extracts—the first containing an abridged statement of the circumstances which led him to abandon the stage, and the second giving an account of his last illness and death—will suffice to furnish our readers with some idea both of the character of Mr Stanley, and of the interest and value of his *Memoir*. We merely state, by way of preface, that he was born at Dundee, in January 1805—that he joined the theatrical profession at York, in 1824—went subsequently to Dublin and Edinburgh—and that in 1838, when he left the stage, he was at the height of his popularity in that city.

I.—HIS ABANDONMENT OF THE STAGE.

"The circumstances which led to this step on the part of Mr Stanley are very important, and demand particular attention. This was, indeed, the deeply interesting era in his life, and his principles and conduct at this time have left a testimony on record which is very momentous, and ought not to be suffered to pass into oblivion. Between the years of 1828 and 1836, a change had taken place in his mind of the most vital character, the solemn and blessed results of which are as boundless as eternity itself. In 1833 he had formed a connexion by marriage with a family of great respectability in Edinburgh. In the gracious providence of God, this alliance was made instrumental in conveying unspeakable blessings to Mr Stanley. One member of this family had proceeded to India as a medical man, and there he was led to seek after, and to find, the Lord God of his fathers. In his own land he had been rebellious, even as others; in the land of the stranger, he had the heart of a child given him, and he became a willing servant in the day of his Master's power. The love of Christ in his soul not only opened up before him new prospects, filled him with new desires, and satisfied his own soul with good things—it sent forth the energies of his new-born spirit in earnest longings, intercessions, and zeal, on behalf of his relations according to the flesh, whose captivity he now desired with intense eagerness to see turned as the rivers of the south, so that they, with him, might be glad in the Lord, and be joined with him in an everlasting covenant unto the Lord. Many were the earnest and affectionate appeals which he made to his family at home. Letter after letter arrived, breathing the ardour of a heart which had been taught to flee from the wrath to come, and whose sole object now was to cry aloud to those dear to him, lest they should perish in their sins, "Escape for thy life; tarry not in all the plain, but flee unto the mountain."

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* To the *Memoir* is added a considerable number of original pieces—chiefly poetical—from the pen of Mr Stanley; all of which, although of course their merits are various, evince the taste, devoutness, and deep feeling of their author.

"As regards the effect produced upon his own relations by his faithful and affectionate testimony in favour of his gracious Master, it would appear as if, out of a large family circle, not one remained uninfluenced. The flame sped on from heart to heart. Let this be recorded to the praise of Him who giveth liberally, and as a wondrous token of the power of that Divine grace which can change the valley of death into the valley of life, and make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.

"For some time Mr Stanley resolutely resisted the influence that was now bearing upon him, not only from his beloved relation abroad, but also from many around him. He met it all with a spirit of firm opposition, at one time arguing against it as wrong, and at another ridiculing it as foolish. He spoke of his brother-in-law as indulging in the rhapsodies of Methodism, as being righteous overmuch, and as assuming an air of sanctity which was both unreasonable and absurd. By an attentive observer, however, it might be clearly seen, that frequently the very vehemence of his opposition indicated a secret misgiving in his own heart, that after all he might be wrong, and Dr E—— right. Gradually the stoutness of the natural heart gave way, and breach after breach was made in the strong defences which sin had raised around his soul. The strong man armed had kept possession of his heart for many a year, but now the stronger than he had entered in, and with His presence had brought liberty to the captive, and recovery of sight to the blind.

"Mr Stanley's first perceptions of divine truth were vague and indistinct. Like the poor man, whose history is found in the gospel narrative, who, when first the benignant Saviour touched his eyes, and asked him 'if he saw ought,' replied, that he 'saw men as trees walking:' so was it with Mr Stanley; his spiritual eye was opened, and he saw as he had never seen before, but the proportions and the harmony of truth were not yet comprehended by him. His heart, quickened by the spirit of God, condemned him before the righteous Judge of all the earth. Immediately, then, he attempted to take the sting from these convictions, by the strictest attention to all the demands of the moral law. 'The works of the law became paramount; religion was not only respected, but its observances were attended to; family worship was begun in the evening, and every oath or expression of irreverence was expunged from the parts which he had to commit to memory for the stage. From tolerating he was led to hate and condemn sin.' But the same Spirit which had quickened him into a sense of the guilt of sin, left him not to the vain attempt of justifying himself before God. It was not self-righteousness, but Christ's righteousness, that would bring peace to his mind; and soon was the stricken soul led, in the deep exercise of godly sorrow and lively faith, to the cross of that Saviour who died to save, and rose to justify. The disease was felt, and the remedy was exhibited. Sin, with its deadly wound, was recognised by this poor sufferer in his inmost soul; but even as the Israelite looked to the brazen serpent in the wilderness and lived, so he looked to Him who was nailed upon the cross, and life and immortality flowed as from a fountain into his perishing soul. He had 'been apprehended by Christ,' and he now 'apprehended Christ;' and from the moment that light first dawned in his heart, it was indeed like that of the morning, for it increased 'more and more unto the perfect day.' . . . .

"The time, however, at length arrived when, in the real and desperate conflict between light and darkness in his soul, he was to find the gracious power, goodness, and love of his Master, leading him by a way which he knew not—deepening every conviction of his soul—constraining him to a faithful and decisive choice between Christ, and the world which is at enmity with Christ. As the reality of this struggle pressed upon him, it became painful indeed. He could not conceal from himself, that his position was inconsistent with the high and heavenly principles which the life-giving Spirit of God had revealed to him. His conscience told him that he could not hold them, together with those he had formerly cherished. He saw that he could not serve God and mammon. Yet what was he to do? His livelihood—the support of his family—all depended upon his professional exertions. Was he to throw away the only means apparently within his reach of providing for them? Was he prepared to step down at once with them, from a state of comfort to one of straitened means, perhaps of penury?

"It is deeply interesting to trace the working of Mr Stanley's mind at this period. His simple faith—his strong confidence—his humble hope—his singleness of purpose—the promptness in deciding which he exhibited, are most remarkable. No sooner did his mind open to the clear and calm conviction, that his path of worldly ease and reputation was inconsistent with his views of the spirituality and holiness which God requires in his servants;—no sooner did he, by the grace of God, discover that he was not honouring God by the course he was pursuing, than 'immediately he conferred not with flesh and blood,'—he threw aside every other consideration than that of child-like submission and obedience to the Word of God, and at once resigned his situation, with all its present advantages, and all its future hopes. He proceeded without hesitation in the way of that Divine precept—'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be *added* unto you.' The too common method with man is to endeavour to *add* 'the kingdom of God to 'these things;' but he had not so learned Christ, and so he 'chose the better part,' in the full assurance that it would never be taken away; and that He to whom he committed himself was a faithful God, who, inasmuch as he had not spared his own Son, but given him for his soul, would assuredly with him also freely give him *all* things. . . . .

"The following extracts from his journal, at the time when he had resolved on retiring from the stage, will be read with interest, and will show how *happily* he took up his cross to follow his Divine Master.

"'*February* 14, 1838.—Having resolved to quit the theatrical profession as contrary to the will of God, I this evening told Mr ——, and decided upon a step which I feel assured the Almighty will bless, since it is for his honour and glory that I take it—trusting entirely in God, and our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.'

"'*April* 28.—Last night of my dramatic career; and now, thanks be to the Lord who hath called me from darkness to light, I am emancipated from a most ungodly profession. May the Lord bless and prosper me in my new one!'"

II.—HIS ILLNESS AND DEATH.

[After abandoning the stage, he at first devoted himself to the conducting of private classes for the support of his family. Thereafter he set himself chiefly to painting, of which he had previously known something; but his unremitting labours, persevered in against all the force of inclement seasons, soon began to tell on him, and in April 1844, he was compelled by the prevalence of easterly winds, which greatly aggravated his sufferings, to relinquish his labours and return to his home at Ascog, in the island of Bute.]

"On the 5th April, Montague returned to his home at Ascog. So sensibly had his weakness increased, that even the anticipation of rejoining his family failed to excite or elevate his spirits; and instead of the eager delight with which he was wont to hasten to receive his children's welcome, and participate in the joy of a reunion, it was with difficulty that he could ascend to the nursery to gaze upon them as they slept. He did not gain strength as he anticipated; and feeling himself inadequate to the physical and mental labour required to finish some paintings for the Dublin exhibition, resigned, though much against his will, this labour, and sought amusement and relaxation in the remodelling of his garden—the cultivation of which was always a source of enjoyment to him, and in the progressive improvement of which he now felt an additional interest.

"A few days after his return to Bute, Montague consulted Dr M'Lauchlan of Rothesay, conceiving that that gentleman's opinion would certainly coincide with his own, which was, that the debility arose entirely from the quantity of medicine which he had recently taken, and to counteract the effects of which some tonic could be administered to strengthen him. The doctor, suspecting a more deeply-rooted cause, after an examination, expressed a desire that Montague should obtain the opinion of Dr M'Farlane of Glasgow, on the state of his health.

"The following day, our dear brother was looking out with great eagerness for the return of a boat which he had sent to Loch Striven to load with palings for his garden, and when in sight, anxiously and with much pleasure watched through his telescope its sluggish progress round the point and past the jutting promontories of the coast, till its arrival in the little bay. But ah! how unconscious at the time that some of those very palings, the possession of which created in his weak state of body an almost childlike delight, would in a few short days form a temporary enclosure for his own grave!

"On Saturday, April 20, 1844, Montague, accompanied by M—— and Dr M'L——, proceeded to Glasgow. He was enfeebled in body, but under no depression of spirits. His eye was attracted by every object of interest and beauty on the route, and with his usual ardour he was conceiving and forming plans for making short sojourns in the vicinity of the scenes, whose picturesque features and poetic character delighted him, for the purpose of transferring them to his canvass on the spot. In Glasgow he again underwent an examination; and while the medical gentleman retired for consultation, Montague, in saying to M——, 'We are in the hands of the Lord; whichever way it ends, I can trust in him,' gave the first intimation that he regarded his case in a serious light. The doctors' opinion was of a most unfavourable nature; but unwilling prematurely to create alarm, their expression was such as to make no particular impression upon their patient, who, when alone with M——, said, 'Ah! you see I have been using too much friction—just what Dr Abercrombie said. But you hear that it is only great tenderness of the chest, and, with care and nourishing diet, I shall soon get round again. It is a great relief to me, for I thought from Dr M'L——'s anxiety that there was inflammation;' and thus flattering himself, he again threw off all apprehension. He returned to Ascog much exhausted from fatigue, but perfectly unconscious of his precarious condition, and even expressing himself greatly annoyed at any indication of anxiety or sympathy on the part of strangers in relation to his state of health. After drinking a cup of tea, he went into his room, and sat beside the fire for a short time previous to retiring to bed—the bed from which he never rose again. Dr M'L——, anxious to see his patient after the fatigue of the day, came from Rothesay, and before he departed, dear M—— felt impelled to ascertain the whole truth, and asked the doctor if the lungs were affected, which was at once admitted; but it was suggested that, as Montague was still ignorant of it, it was better, in the critical stage of his disease, to abstain from acquainting him with the circumstance.

Tuesday, April 23.—(Micah. vii. 8; Ps. iv. 6).—Montague's rest had been less disturbed during the night, but it had not been refreshing, and the doctor found that, in place of recovering from the effects of the fatigue, his patient was rather losing strength—the pulse continuing high, with no abatement of the fever. Montague, unconscious that the command had gone forth, and that he was so soon to meet his God, occupied himself with sketching upon paper the form of paling he wished erected round his garden. Little, indeed, had the idea of danger crossed his mind. In the evening, the Rev. Mr Monteith, having learned from the doctor Montague's precarious state, called and spoke most faithfully to M—— upon the painful subject; and upon her expressing good hopes from Montague's naturally strong constitution, told her neither to deceive herself nor Montague as to the issue, or by the indulgence of a false hope, and by allowing trivial matters to engage his attention, lose the precious time which ought to be employed in fixing his thoughts upon eternity, counselling M—— not to conceal her emotion upon apprising Montague of his wish to see him. On her approaching the bed-side, the dear sufferer, perceiving her to be in tears, said, 'What are you so distressed at, dear? What is all this about?' M—— acquainted him that in the doctor's opinion there was very great danger. Upon which Montague said, 'I do not feel very ill; if I could but get up, I should soon recover strength; I shall never obtain it by lying here.' He stated his willingness to receive the visit of Mr Monteith. 'Yes,' he said, 'but not to distress myself. It may be my heavenly Father's will still to restore me.' As Mr M. entered the room, Montague held out his arm, and requested him to feel his pulse. Mr Monteith said he had no skill in pulses, yet he could act as a physician notwithstanding; and then, in a few words, announced to Montague the solemn truth that he was a dying man—that he was in so dangerous a condition as to preclude all hope of his restoration. Our dear brother gazed upon him for a few minutes as if incredulous; at length, awakening to a consciousness of the reality of the awful communication, he, in a firm and calm tone of voice, simply said, 'Well; "ye believe in God, believe also in me."' After directing Montague to seek the power and work of the Holy Spirit, Mr M. retired, leaving the poor sufferer, as might have been anticipated, much flushed, and exhausted from the trial. Almost immediately after, however, he burst forth into eloquent and earnest prayer; and conscious of his physical infirmity, exclaimed, 'God will not judge of me in my weak state, so incapable as I now am to praise and pray, when I gave my days of health and strength to Him. O M——! you must look out for all the promises. Pray for me too, that God's Spirit may effectually work in me—that Christ may be more fully apprehended and realized; and he petitioned most fervently, that as God had vouchsafed to Stephen a view of Christ in glory, he also might be permitted such a view, and might be enabled by faith to cleave to the Saviour as the protomartyr had. The prospect of death, though thus suddenly revealed, did not terrify him, but with perfect resignation to the mysterious purposes of God, he submissively said, 'If it is the Lord's will, I am perfectly resigned.' The blessed truth was, that religion in his heart had never been dormant, but always an active principle, and his soul had no need that an alarm should be sounded to awaken it from death unto life, for he had become a believer through conviction, and a child of God by adoption. His faith was single, as his reception of the truth was simple; and while it is probable that the habitual preparation of his heart before God made him attach less importance than he should have done to his declining health, and led him to regard his sickness as merely a temporary derangement of the system, and depression of spirits, it also secured for him an abiding peace, and enabled him to meet the summons with a sure and lively hope. He had not to engage suddenly in putting his house in order, for the temple of the Holy Ghost was already being prepared; and he had now but to look beyond the veil and the valley of the shadow of death for a still brighter manifestation of the Spirit and the presence of his God. To Dr M'Lauchlan, who expressed his disappointment at finding no abatement, but an increased degree of fever, he said, 'Why, Doctor, I have been taken very much by surprise; Mrs Stanley came to me greatly distressed from hearing that you had pronounced me in a dangerous state; but,' he added, as if a ray of hope had beamed upon his mind, 'there are ways, means may be used—removal to the south of France—Madeira.' Dr M'L—— assured him that every thing had been maturely considered, but that for the present a removal was impossible. He enjoined perfect quietness and silence, when Montague addressing him said, 'Doctor, if it be the will of God that it should be so, I can say, I believe in Jesus Christ and him crucified—all my hope and all my trust is in him. If, when I was in health, and walking along the streets in the midst of all the stir and bustle of life, I could lift up my heart to my God, and pray to him, that while I had health and strength I might dedicate myself unto him, surely, surely, now that I am brought low and weak, and on a bed of sickness, he will not leave me;' and on the doctor retiring to an adjoining room, he burst forth into most fervent prayer, with a voice as strong and clear as when he was in perfect health. The doctor repeated his injunction to maintain silence. Montague assented with, 'Thank you, thank you, Doctor, I will do what you require of me.' His kind physician then recommended that an intimation should be sent without delay to such relatives as he would wish to have around him. On his retiring, Montague said, 'Well, then, I must abbreviate—I will just utter a word or two, and you must make out the remainder of the sentence for me.' He directed that I should be communicated with to come immediately, and also expressed a desire to see the Rev Mr. Drummond and the Rev. Dr Mackay. Inward prayer was his constant exercise; and to judge from the unruffled calm which overspread his features, he did enjoy the full realization of that soul-communion with his Saviour, after which he thirsted.

"*Wednesday, April* 24.—(Ps. lxii. 1; Gen. xlix. 18.)—Montague's pulse continued at 120, and he was gradually becoming weaker, though he certainly at times evinced such physical energy as seemed to belie any immediate apprehension of death, if such trifles as his exchanging a large for a small cup, a tumbler for a wine-glass, and the displacement of every article of weight for others of lighter construction, had not too plainly indicated that the fatal disease was surely and rapidly running its course. In writing, which had now become his almost sole medium of communication, he asked M—— to 'turn to that passage in the Word which sets forth the power of Christ's blood to cleanse from all sin.' M——, accordingly, read to him the first chapter of 1 John, and afterwards the 55th of Isaiah. On the previous day, he had expressed his consciousness that Satan would not forego this opportunity to tempt and trouble him, and said, 'The devil will likely try me now, and strive to prevent me from finding rest in Christ, but God will not suffer him to have power over me,' appealing to M—— with, 'Will He, do you think?' as if he sought in her faith a confirmation of his own as to the faithfulness of the promises. With the Rev. Mr Craig he engaged in a long and deeply interesting conversation, the result of which was most comforting to him, and the motion of his lips testified how fervently he was engaged in praise and thanksgiving. The language of petition was also heard, beseeching his heavenly Father to vouchsafe to him the exercise of his reason unimpaired to the last moment of his life. And that no want of caution or decision on his part should impede the blessing, he thenceforward resolutely refused all sedatives and sleeping draughts, apprehensive of their effects upon his head in his weak condition; and he likewise prayed, that, if consistent with the Lord's will (and that humble reservation invariably accompanied every wish he breathed or prayer uttered), he might be permitted to depart and fall asleep as quietly as a weaned child.

"*Thursday, April* 25.—(Ps. ciii. 2, 3).—Montague awoke this morning from a troubled and broken rest, and wrote in pencil, 'Satan will not be idle. He put oaths, sounding in my ears, as if I had spoken them, and blasphemous words; but the shield of faith—God knows his child—God knows and keeps me from him. God knows his child could not utter such things: He keeps my mind in peace.' To all such as were conversant with his active habit of mind and body, and his almost overwrought enthusiastic temperament, it was wonderful, yet delightful, to reflect upon the various changes which had been gradually passing over his spirit in the progress of time:—from the wild and speculative opinions of his earlier years, to his vigorous grasp and zealous maintenance of the truth when first it shone upon his soul, and then the maturity of his faith sanctifying to the noblest and holiest of purposes the exercise of his gifted intellect, yet never relaxing the spring, the energy, and unchanging buoyancy of his nature. In the last scene of all, the subdued and settled calm, and the child-like simplicity of his faith, were triumphantly evidenced as he now lay stretched upon his death-bed. Though the painter's eye and the poet's fancy had coloured with their influence most of the actions and events of his brief pilgrimage, and given a tone and elevation to his earthly thoughts, yet their ideal fascinations had never tinged, with even the faintest glow of *sentiment*, the truth and purity of his religious views. It was now made clearly manifest while passing through the deep waters, that the foundation he had built his hopes upon was indeed the Rock of Ages, and that in staying his mind upon his Saviour, he abundantly realized the promise, and was kept in perfect peace. We all know how ardently he was attached to his profession, and how diligently he prosecuted its pursuit. Even to the day when the summons, 'Prepare to meet thy God,' was sent to him, he had been eagerly anticipating the resumption of his sketching from nature, and preparing his materials for that purpose; yet when the message came, all his former dearly cherished pursuits appeared to fly like shadows from his thoughts, for he never once recurred to them, or allowed any object to divert his mind from the contemplation of his Saviour. If his pursuits had ever proved temptations, they were no longer indulged, even in the retrospect or in association, for he ordered the removal of a small easel from the apartment, as if determined that nothing should stand between him and the absorption of his thoughts in Christ. All was peace and placid resignation, and the Lord mercifully spared him from intense pain. He delighted in watching the floating clouds as they sailed past, and noting the ever-varying effects upon the water, and was continually exclaiming, 'How beautiful! how beautiful!' On again repeating to M—— the verse, 'I, even I am he,' he wrote, 'Do you remember in Edinburgh, as we sat alone by the fireside, those words, "my own sake," and the sweet sense of pardoned sin the Spirit gave me then? I was well apparently. Do you remember the sweet counsel we took together there?'

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"*Sunday, April* 28.—(James iv. 8; Ps. lxxiii. 28.)—M—— read to Montague the 23d and 24th Psalms, and the 43d chapter of Isaiah. The 13th and 14th verses of the 41st chapter of that prophet greatly comforted, rejoiced, and strengthened him, and his soul fed continually upon them. At his request, she then read from Tweedie on the Atonement, but after a few minutes he wrote, 'I find you must not read any thing but the Bible—all else fatigues me, and I cannot follow it. Just part of a chapter or a verse I find quite sufficient for me.' He complained of the difficulty he experienced in collecting his thoughts in prayer as he could wish, since his confinement to bed. The day was a most lovely one—clear and mild; the sun shone brilliantly, and from his open window dear Montague could gaze upon the lovely landscape before him. A Sabbath stillness was upon the waters and in the air; the broad expanse of the beautiful Clyde was unbroken, save by the track of some home-bound steamer or merchant vessel, or the sudden splash of a seagull as it dived after its prey, or left its light trail in skimming upon the surface of the water, while the sun lighted up the distant hills, and exhibited them clothed in the green livery of spring. Stretched upon his bed, Montague watched the people as they passed along the road on their way to the sanctuary—the house of prayer—where he was never again to worship with them but in spirit, where his voice had been so often heard leading the psalm of praise and thanksgiving, and where he had, Sabbath after Sabbath, spoken to the school-children of a Saviour and a God of love. The chapel-bell ceased, and no sound was to be heard but the ripple of the tide upon the beach, and the carolling of the birds; but these were sounds in harmony with his feelings. Every thing in the vegetable world was awaking into life, and nature, after her winter sleep, again sprang forth with renewed vigour and the activity of health; but our dear brother, before the summer of his life had closed was withering away. The gourd which had been apparently so flourishing, was the prey of the worm; and for Montague, all the beauties of nature and the attractions of earth were soon to be no more. We know that he was not a worshipper of nature, but of nature's God, and that almost ecstatic as was his admiration of her charms, he never forgot the 'better land,' or ceased to rejoice in the prospect of a heavenly rest. That his mind was at this time occupied in dwelling upon the glories that were yet to be revealed to him, I have no doubt; for when the Rev. Mr Monteith called at the close of the morning service, and as he entered said, 'Well, after all, this is certainly a beautiful world we live in,' Montague placed his finger on his eye and on his ear, and gazed expressively towards heaven. M—— interpreted the action, and repeated, 'Eye hath not seen,' &c., whereon Montague smiled, and nodded assent.

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"*Tuesday, April* 30.—(Matt. xi. 30; Prov. iii. 13.)—I was early this morning at his bedside. He took both my hands in his, and in a firm, clear voice, and with an expression of joyful resignation, said, 'H——, I am in perfect peace, having the assurance that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and that I can rest my hopes upon the perfect righteousness of my Redeemer;" and continued in an energetic and earnest strain till M—— felt compelled to interpose. His frame did not appear wasted, and I have often seen him look more debilitated than he did upon his death-bed.

"*Wednesday, May* 1.—(Isaiah xxxiii. 22; 1 Chron. xvi. 35.)—It appeared to me, that until this morning dear Montague had not resigned the hope of his recovery; but the faint gleam was evidently dispelled this day. We received with him the sacrament, administered by Mr Drummond, and at its conclusion, Montague said to me, 'O H——, I have enjoyed such a feast of love in this communion!' and for some minutes dilated on the love of God in Christ, until exhaustion compelled him to desist. He afterwards wrote, 'Do you remember the Sabbath days we used to pass at Ascog church, and the sweet counsel we took together at the school?' His dear and much-esteemed friend, Dr Mackay, came from Dunoon to bid him farewell, and was affected even to tears at parting. To M—— he remarked that he was a monument of grace, and told her not to grieve, for that there was nothing but rejoicing for him—he was in perfect peace. In no instance did the strength of his faith more clearly manifest itself than in the confidence with which he could cast the burden of his cares for his wife and children upon the Lord. Silver and gold he had not to bequeath to them, but he had the promise of an unchanging God, and he rested upon the Word which said, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me;' and as he had himself abundantly experienced the goodness of the Lord, and under every adverse circumstance his bread had been given him and his waters had been sure, so now, under the most trying ordeal of his faith, he could leave the dearest objects of his earthly affections in unshaken confidence that the Lord would provide. It was to me most painful to witness the contrast between the dying parent and the laughing countenance and playfulness of the little baby, when she was brought each evening to wish her papa good-night. Poor little dear, her career—with its cares and sorrows, its joys and hopes—was yet before her; while her dear parent's sun was on the point of setting, to rise again, indeed, in glory, and to shine for evermore.

"*Thursday, May* 2.—(Isaiah xl. 8 ; John v. 39.)—Although the consciousness of approaching death was upon our dear brother, yet the near anticipation of it did not appear to be realized; and this will account for his having deferred speaking particularly of those who were absent, or sending such messages of love as, from his known regard and affection for them, was to have been expected. Even his darling children, who, when he was in health, were ever on his thoughts, he but once referred to during his last illness. That we were all frequently upon his heart in prayer there is no reason to doubt, for he was constantly engaged in the inward exercise of it. His being debarred from conversation, and, indeed, his physical inability to indulge in it, was felt by us as a great deprivation. * * * *

"*Friday, May* 3.—(Isaiah xli. 10; Matt. xxviii. 20.)—To Mrs Miller, while pressing her hand, he faintly whispered, 'Grace does all, Christ is all.' To me, on leaving him to go into Rothesay, he said, 'Do not be long;' and added, smiling, 'I know your rapid rate of walking.' I told him that pace should be quickened, and said that should we not meet again alive upon earth, I trusted we should in heaven. 'And must,' he answered, 'if you rest upon the same foundation that I rest upon. Does not Christ's blood cleanse from *all* sin? What more can you want?'

"*Saturday, May* 4.—(Isaiah xliii. 25.)—'What are you weeping for?' Montague said to M——. 'You must not grieve for me—I am going to glory. You know that you have the same hope also, and it is but for a short time—a very short time; and remember this, love, that if I am permitted I shall be waiting for you; I shall expect you, and my dear babes too. Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, that not one of them may be found wanting.' A short time prior to his departure, there was a sweet, peaceful smile over his countenance, as if he had begun to enjoy a foretaste of his heavenly rest. He had his text-book and the various articles which he required placed in order on the table beside his bed, his pillows were smoothed and comfortably arranged, and about one o'clock in the afternoon he said he thought he could obtain a little rest. After sleeping for half an hour he awoke. His lips were parched, and M—— applied a spoonful of wine to them. Looking up and smiling, he said, 'Why, I am hardly awake before you give me wine. I have had a most delightful and refreshing sleep.' He soon dropped again into a peaceful slumber. M—— was sitting on one side of the bed, and I at the opposite. On going for a few moments into the adjoining room to write a note, and while absent, I heard M—— clap her hands, and upon re-entering the chamber, found that Montague's spirit had returned to God who gave it. M—— had been startled while watching at the sudden cessation of his breathing, and, looking up, perceived too plainly that her dear husband and our dear brother had fallen asleep in Jesus."

IT IS TOLD ME I MUST DIE.

Richard Langhorne, a lawyer, was unjustly condemned to death as a traitor, in the reign of Charles II. Just before his execution he wrote the following unique and most exquisite poem. In the language of the *Quarterly Review*, "A poem it must be called, though it is not verse. Perhaps there is not, in this or any other language, a poem which appears to have flowed so entirely from the heart. Without waiting to search out a complete copy, we give it, as we find it, somewhat abridged."

It is told me I must die.
O happy news!
Be glad O my soul,
And rejoice in Jesus, thy Saviour.
If He intended thy perdition
Would He have laid down his life for thee?
Would He have called thee with so much love,
And illuminated thee with the light of his Spirit?
Would He have given thee his cross,
And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience?

It is told me I must die.
O happy news!
Come on, my dearest soul,
Behold thy Jesus calls thee!
He pray'd for thee upon his cross;
There He extended his arms to receive thee;
There He bow'd down his head to kiss thee;
There He open'd his heart to give thee entrance;
There He gave up his life to purchase life for thee.

It is told me I must die.
O what happiness!
I am going
To the place of my rest;
To the land of the living;
To the haven of security;
To the kingdom of peace;
To the palace of my God;
To the nuptials of the Lamb;
To sit at the table of my King;
To feed on the bread of angels;
To see what no eye hath seen;
To hear what no ear hath heard;
To enjoy what the heart of man can't comprehend.

O my Father!
O thou best of all fathers,
Have pity on the most wretched of thy children!
I was lost, but by thy mercy found;
I was dead, but by thy grace now raised again:
I was gone astray after vanity;
But am now ready to appear before thee.

O my Father,
Come now in mercy and receive thy child!
Give him thy kiss of peace;
Remit unto him all his sins;
Clothe him with thy nuptial robe;
Permit him to have a place at thy feast;
And forgive all those who are guilty of his death.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

An English clergyman writing on the subject says:—"A pastorate of nearly twenty years has made me familiar with scenes of affliction. I can hardly remember a case in which sickness did not dispose the mind to think seriously of religion, especially when early associations had led that way. But how has it been with those who have returned to life again? They have left their religion in the chamber of affliction, and not a vestige of piety has remained to attest the genuineness of their conversion.

"I have seen sinners brought to God amid all the varieties of Christian experience; some by the terrors of the law, others by the attractions of the cross; some by a long and almost imperceptible process, others comparatively in a moment; but scarcely in a single instance have I found conversion, or even real awakening, dated from affliction. If ten were cleaned, where are the nine?

"It has happened unto them according to the true proverb, 'The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.' Would that piety which could not stand the test of a return to life have availed the soul in death? Let conscience say.

"I shall never forget an instance of disappointed hope which occurred in the early part of my career. A young man who had been instructed in a Sabbath school as to the elements of religion, but had never made any pretensions to piety, was stricken with an alarming disease. His concern about his soul was immediate and overwhelming. 'What must I do to be saved?' seemed the one question which absorbed all his thoughts. Those around him did not fail to expound the reply of Paul and Silas—'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.' He listened most intently; hope sprung up in his soul, and passages of Scripture which he had learned at school came pouring into his mind with a richness, propriety, and consecutiveness, truly wonderful. Disease now gained upon him; all hope of recovery fled. The surgeon plainly told him that nothing more could be done, and that a few hours would terminate his life. He received the announcement with perfect composure, and said that he had no wish to live, his only desire was to depart and be with Christ. Inexperienced as I was, had he died, I should not have entertained a doubt of his safety. But the surgeon was mistaken; to the surprise of every one, his recovery was soon complete. He went to the house of God the first Sabbath he was able to walk, and returned thanks for his restoration. For the next few Sabbaths following he was there; afterwards I missed him. For some time I was unable to learn what had become of him; at last I ascertained that an act of gross criminality had rendered it expedient for him to leave the neighbourhood.

"After the lapse of twenty years, we very unexpectedly met once again. During the interval he had become a hardened sot. At the time of this interview, however, he was perfectly sober, but he appeared to have forgotten me. I reminded him of his vows in affliction. He then mentioned my name. I endeavoured to recall his former impressions, but the attempt was hopeless—his conscience was seared as with a hot iron; all I could get him to say of the affliction which once seemed so hopeful, was, 'I have no wish to remember it.'"

SELECT PASSAGES FROM M'CHEYNE.[*]

I. BE SOBER.

Be sober in the griefs of this world. Weep as though you wept not. This world is the vale of tears. It is a Bochim. There are always some mourning. No sooner is the tear dried up on one cheek than it trickles down another. Still the believer should be sober and chastened in his grief. Weep not for those that died in the Lord: they are not lost, but gone before. The sun, when it sets, is not lost; it is gone to shine in another hemisphere. And so have they gone to "shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Weep not for those who died out of the Lord. When Aaron lost his two sons, "Aaron held his peace." Weep not over bodily pains and losses. Murmur not. Be sober. If you are in Christ, these are all the hell you will ever bear. When we win to the presence of Jesus, all our griefs shall look like children's griefs. A day in his banqueting-house will make you "forget your poverty, and remember your misery no more."

Sit loose to this world's enjoyments. Be sober. In a little while you will be at your Father's table above, drinking the wine new with Christ; you will meet with all your brothers and sisters in the Lord; you will have pure joy in God through ceaseless ages. Do not be much taken with the joys that are here. If ever you are so much engrossed with any enjoyment here that it takes away your love for prayer, or for your Bible, or that it would frighten you to hear the cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh"—then your heart is *overcharged*. You are abusing this world.

II. THE CHARACTER OF SAVED ONES.

All that are on the road to heaven are not only a justified people, but a sanctified people. This was God's end in choosing us. "Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son." If any man be chosen to salvation, it is through sanctification of the Spirit. He has chosen us in Christ before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy. This was Christ's great end in dying for us, that he might make us a holy nation. "Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it by the washing of water through the word." He laid down the unspeakable price for this. He became a man, he became a curse, for this. He groaned, sweated blood, was bruised, bowed his head, gave up the ghost, for this—that he might have liberty to make us free, humble, self-denied, loving, pure as he himself is pure. This is the Holy Spirit's end in dealing with us. It would not be righteous in Him to dwell in an unjustified soul. It is no rest for the dove of heaven. He therefore awakens the soul—discovers to the man his guilt, depravity, loathsomeness. He glorifies Christ in the man's soul—destroys the face of the covering that is over the carnal heart. He softens the rocky heart, and inclines and engages the will to cleave to the Lord Jesus Christ alone for righteousness. Then he sees no iniquity in that man. He says of that soul, "This is my rest; here will I

[*] These extracts are from Mr M'Cheyne's valuable contributions to the *Christian's Daily Companion*, published by Blackie and Son in 1843.

dwell, for I have desired it." He writes all the law in that heart.—Jer. xxxi. 33. He does not omit one of the commandments. The man cries out, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man," Rom. vii. 22. And not only does he give him the will, but the ability, to serve God: "It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."—Phil. ii. 13.

"I have now made a new question," says Rutherford, "Whether Christ be more to be loved for giving sanctification or for free justification? And I hold he is more and most to be loved for sanctification. It is in some respect greater love in him to sanctify than to justify; for he maketh us most like himself, in his own essential portraiture and image, in sanctifying us; justification doth but make us happy, which is to be like the angels only. God be thanked for ever that Christ was a told down price for sanctification. Let a sinner, if possible, lie in hell for ever, if he make him truly holy, and let him lie there burning in love to God, rejoicing in the Holy Ghost, hanging on Christ by faith and hope, that is heaven in the heart and bottom of hell."

O my soul, art thou one of those that do his commandments? Have I come into the bonds of the new covenant, and got the law put in my inward parts, and written on my heart? Does Christ stretch forth his hand to me, saying, "Behold my mother and my brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother?"—Matt. xii. 50. On this my eternity hangs. If I receive an unholy gospel, I shall perish. They are ungodly men who "turn the grace of God into lasciviousness." The branches that bear no fruit he taketh away. They that are saved are they that do his commandments.

"Had I a throne above the rest,
  Where angels and archangels dwell,
One sin unslain within my breast
  Would make that heaven as dark as hell."

III. HOLINESS AND HAPPINESS.

Holiness is its own reward. To be holy is to be happy. God is happy because he is infinitely holy. The devil never can be happy, because he has lost every spark of holiness. The first rest of the believing soul is when he comes to Christ and finds pardon. But there is a further and sweeter rest when he learns of Christ, who is meek and lowly in heart.—Matt. xi. 28, 29. Holiness is the river of God's pleasure, and therefore it fills the soul that drinks of it with divine joy.

IV. DIVINE MERCY.

Mercy dwells in God as in a fountain. All the mercy that is in the universe flows from him. Mercy is compassion to those who deserve no compassion, but infinite wrath. It was mercy that made God spare fallen man, and not cast the world speedily into hell. It was mercy that made him give his only begotten Son. It was mercy that made him choose, awaken, and draw any sinner to Christ. He never saved any but out of free sovereign mercy. There is none so vile but God can save him without prejudice to his justice, truth, holiness, or majesty. God has saved as vile wretches in time past as any vile wretches that need now to be saved. Manasseh, once a monster in human form, is now a white-robed saint before the throne. The dying thief is this day with Christ in paradise. The murderers of Jesus are now tuning their harps of gold, and singing "Worthy is the Lamb!"

V. AMAZING DEPRAVITY.

"No man can come unto me," said Christ, "except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him." There never was a teacher like Christ. "Never man spake like this man." He spoke with such authority, not like the scribes, but with a heavenly dignity and power. He spoke with such wisdom; he spoke the truth without any imperfection; his teaching was pure light from the Fountain of light. He spoke with such love, with the love of one who was to lay down his life for his hearers. He spoke with such meekness, bearing the contradiction of sinners against himself, when reviled, reviling not again. He spoke with such holiness, for it was "God manifest in the flesh." And yet all this did not draw them. There never was a more precious gift laid at the feet of sinners. "My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. I am the bread of life. He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." The very Saviour their perishing souls needed was now before them. His hands were stretched out to them. He was within their reach. He offered himself to them. Yet they would not come to him. O the desperate blindness, hardness, deadness, and wickedness of the unconverted heart! Nothing but Almighty grace can change it. O graceless man! your friends warn you—your ministers cry aloud to you—the whole Bible pleads with you—Christ, with all his benefits, is set before you—and yet, unless the Holy Spirit be poured upon your heart, you will remain an enemy of the cross of Christ, and the destroyer of your own soul. "No man can come unto me, except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him."

VI. POWER OF DIVINE GRACE.

A Jew was sitting at the receipt of custom, near the gate of Capernaum. His brow was furrowed with the marks of covetousness, and his jealous eye exhibited all the low cunning of the publican. Very probably he had heard much of Jesus; perhaps he had heard him preach by the shore of the lake of Galilee; still his worldly heart was unchanged, for he remained at his wicked trade, sitting by the receipt of custom. The Saviour passed that way, and as he bent his eyes upon the busy Levi, said, "Follow me." He said no more. He used no argument, no threatening, no promise. But the God of all grace breathed on the publican's heart, and he was made willing; "he arose and followed him." It pleased God, who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will, to give Matthew a saving glimpse of the excellency of Jesus; a drop fell from heaven upon his heart, and melted it; he smelled the sweet savour of the Rose of Sharon. What is all the world to Matthew now? He cares not for its gains, its pleasures, its praises, any more. In Christ he sees what is sweeter and better than them all. He arose and followed Jesus.

Let us learn that a simple word may be blessed to the saving of precious souls. Often we are tempted to think there must be some deep and logical argument to bring men to Christ. Often we put confidence in high-sounding words. Whereas it is the simple exhibition of Christ carried home by the Spirit, which awakens, enlightens, and saves. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." If the Spirit be breathing on the people, these little words, "Follow Jesus," spoken in love, may be blessed to the saving of a whole congregation.

VII. A CONTRAST AND A QUESTION.

What a powerless thing the gospel sometimes appears! The minister is half ashamed of it. The people slumber under its most affecting statements. Again, at another time, the gospel is evidently "the power of God unto salvation." An unseen power accompanies the preached word, and the sanctuary is felt to be the house of God, and the very gate of heaven. Then the word of Jeremiah is fulfilled: "Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"—(Jer. xxiii. 29.) Then stout-hearted sinners are awakened. Old, and middle-aged, and little children, are made to cry, What must I do to be saved? An awful stillness pervades the assembly. The arrows of the King of Zion are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies, and the people are brought down under him. O sinner! has the gospel come thus in power to you? Has the hammer of the word broken your rocky heart? Has the fire of the word melted your icy heart? Has the voice that is "like the noise of many waters," spoken peace to your soul?

VIII. THE LOVE OF GOD.

There is no love in this world like a mother's love. It is a free, unbought, unselfish love. She cannot account for it. You cannot change it. You must break to pieces the mother's heart before you will change it. It is the fullest love with which a creature can love. She loves with all her heart. But the love of God to a soul in Christ is far above a mother's love. It is a love ingrained in his nature, and God must change before his love can change. It is a full love. The whole heart of the Father is as it were continually showered down in love upon the Lord Jesus. And when a sinner comes into Christ the same love rests upon that soul.—(See John xvii. 26.) When the sun showers down its beams on the wide ocean, and on a little flower at the same time, it is the same sunshine that is poured into both, though the ocean has vastly larger capacity to receive its glorious beams. So when the Son of God receives the love of his Father, and a poor guilty worm hides in him, it is the same love that comes both on the Saviour and the sinner, though Jesus is able to receive infinitely more.

"LORD, ARE THERE FEW THAT BE SAVED?"

Whether this was a question of mere idle curiosity, or whether it was first, in hopes of an answer, which would bring odium on Christ as a religious teacher, too strict and exclusive in his doctrines for the times, does not appear. But how totally different from that other question, "What must *I* do to be saved?" It is not likely, at any rate, that the inquirer felt any concern at all about his own salvation. The question was general, not particular and personal. For some reason or other, he wanted to know what Jesus would say upon a subject which admitted of different answers. It was a *religious* question; but even if he wished to show that he felt some interest in the subject, he took good care so to put the question, that the answer might be general, and not brought home to himself. But he did not succeed. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto thee, shall seek to enter in and shall not be able," was our Lord's solemn and thrilling answer. What the effect was upon the questioner, we are not told. It silenced him, and probably that was all. He might be willing enough to talk *about* religion in the general, but had no desire to have it brought home to his own case.

Many such inquirers there are now. Every pastor has met with them, and been constrained to admire their evasive ingenuity, though exceedingly grieved at their personal indifference.

One person of this class, when drawn into religious conversation by his pastor, and when he perceives that it is coming too near home, will perhaps turn short round and ask who *Melchizedec* was. Not that he cares a farthing about it, but to ward off personalities, of which he is far shyer than of "the serpent who beguiled Eve." Another will adroitly turn the conversation from himself, by asking where the garden of Eden was; or in what shape the serpent came to our first mother and beguiled her; or where Ararat, on which the ark rested, is, or from which of the sons of Noah we are descended. Another, who is determined not to be questioned about his own spiritual state, but to save appearances and treat his pastor civilly, will perhaps inquire why the Jews were forbidden to eat swine's flesh, or to sow their fields with mingled seed; or not to wear any mixed garment of linen and woollen. Or, perchance, he will quote Ezra, and want to know something about the "nine-and-twenty knives" which the king of Persia ordered to be restored to him, that he might carry them back to Jerusalem.

Another, who is of a still more inquisitive turn of mind on religious subjects, and looks deeper into things, but who is determined to keep his lips hermetically sealed with regard to his own state and prospects, will enter readily into conversation with his minister upon the Bible; and to keep him at arm's length, ask him such questions as these: How is the Mosaic account of the creation to be reconciled with the recent fossil discoveries of the geologists? or how the angels could apostatize when they are perfectly holy? or how Pharaoh could be to blame for refusing to let Israel go when God hardened his heart? &c., &c.

Now, we do not deny that most of the foregoing, and many similar questions, may be asked at the proper time, and with an honest desire for information. The objection is that they are often thrust in from mere curiosity, and oftener still to turn off the conversation from any serious personal application; and we think we have known men study the Bible more to find difficulties, and to ask perplexing questions, than with any desire to know and do the will of God.

"Lord, are there few that be saved?" What was that to him? Had he not a soul of his own to be cared for, and was not that the great question, whether it should be saved or lost? If he neglected the great salvation, and perished, as it seems very likely he did, does it make his eternal destiny any more tolerable to find that few or many are saved? The horror of despair is that he himself is lost, lost, lost! So it will be with others, who content themselves with asking curious or hard questions about the Bible, and about religion, instead of embracing the gospel, and working out their own salvation with fear and trembling. Who can doubt that it is one of "the depths of Satan," when he finds that he cannot induce men to reject the Scriptures and cast off the forms of religion, to content them with talking *about* it, and putting curious and captious questions, instead of asking what they must do to be saved, and of "fleeing from the wrath to come."

THE TAHITIAN'S PRAYER.

[While seeking retirement for devotion about the dawn of day, Mr Scott, missionary at Tahiti, heard a voice at no great distance from his retreat. He distinctly recognised the voice of prayer. It was the first time that he knew that a native on Tahiti's shores had prayed to any but his idols!]

It was a still and solemn hour,
In an isle of the southern seas,
And slowly the shades of night were swept
Away by the morning breeze;
When a lonely son of Britain stood,
With cheek and brow of care,
Seeking amid the solitude
A place for secret prayer.

No ear to hear in that silent glen,
No eye but the eye of God:
Yet the giant fern gave back a voice,
As forth the wanderer trod.
They were broken words that met his ear,
And a name was murmur'd there;
It was the name of Christ he heard,
And the voice of secret prayer.

A native of that savage isle,
From the depths of his full heart cried
For mercy, for help in the hour of need,
For faith in the Crucified.
And peace and hope were in those tones,
So solemnly sweet they were;
For He who answers while yet we call
Had bless'd that secret prayer.

The morning dawn'd on that lonely spot;
But a far more glorious day
Came with the accents of prayer and praise,
On the Indian's lips that day.
The first! the first who had call'd on God
In those regions of Satan's care!
The first who had breathed in his native tongue
The language of secret prayer!

Juv. Miss. Mag.

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.

From Letters of late Rev. J. Campbell of Kingsland.

"When living at Edinburgh, I used to visit London now and then. The coach by which I came, entered London by the very road at the side of which I have now lived thirty years. I remember well the amusement I had in viewing the neat houses on each side of the way for eight miles before the commencement of London; I now wonder how little I then thought of the painful scenes that might have been seen inside some of those buildings. For example, at this instant I could take you into one of these houses, and show a venerable female disciple of our Lord who has been for months enduring excruciating pain in one of her legs, and a dropsy all over her. You would find her weeping lest she should become impatient, and thereby offend her Lord; and, from closer examination, you would learn that she had not a doubt of her being on the verge of an everlasting rest.

"On walking across to the house immediately opposite I could let you see a female stone blind, who a few months ago could see as well as yourself; yet, in conversing with her, you would find her cheerful and submissive to her heavenly Father's will. Go a little to the left, and I could show you a family deploring the loss of the father, who, two or three weeks ago, was in perfect health, but going out of a house, fell down two or three steps, broke his arm in three places, which inflamed, mortified, and slew him. A hundred yards from that house I could bring you to another, where I could introduce you to a pious female who was married about eighteen months ago, and lived very happily with her husband, who was a pious men. Ten days ago he went to town, as usual, to his business; in the evening, at seven o'clock, he went to a vessel in the Thames to hold a prayer-meeting; while mounting up the side of the ship, his foot slipped, and he sunk into the river, and has not been seen since! I could take you to another lady hard by, whose husband was lately a strong man—a kind, friendly, and Christian man—brought up under the ministry and kind care of the late Abraham Booth; he had a carbuncle in the back of his neck, which carried him off in a few days. I could go on narrating similar tales of this infirmary of a world, till both paper and leisure would fail me; and I suppose there is not a street in London, nor perhaps in Edinburgh or Glasgow, but could at this moment furnish details equally affecting; and all this misery can be traced up to its first cause, namely, original transgression in Paradise, where human nature was spoiled; then it was infected or inoculated, shall I say, with the disease of hell—sin. The blood of the Lamb of God is the only remedy which alone can cure it; and truly does the poet say, 'One view of Jesus as he is shall strike all sin for ever dead!' Yes, there is a country where the inhabitant no more says he is sick, for the whole population there are delivered from all their iniquities."

THE SOLEMN DAY.

The thunder-storm is solemn: when the lightnings, "as arrows, shoot abroad;" when the peals startle up the nations; when the dread artillery rushes along the sky. But what is that to the far-resounding crash, louder than the roar and bellow of ten thousand thunders, which shall pierce to the deepest charnels, and which all the dead shall hear!

The sea-tempest is solemn: when those huge billows lift up their crests; when mighty armaments are wrecked by their fury; broken as the foam, scattered as the spray. But what is that to the commotion of the deep, when its "proud waves" shall no more "be stayed," its ancient barriers no more be observed, the great channels be emptied, and every abyss be dry!

The earthquake is solemn: when, without a warning, cities totter, and kingdoms rend, and islands flee away. But what is it to that tremor which shall convulse our globe, dissolving every law of attraction, untying every principle of aggregation, heaving all into chaos, and heaping all into ruin!

The volcano is solemn: when its cone of fire shoots to the heavens; when from its burning entrails the lava rushes, to overspread distant plains and to overtake flying populations. But what is that to the conflagration, in which all the palaces, and the temples, and the citadels of the earth shall be consumed; of which the universe shall be but the sacrifice and the fuel!

Great God! must our eyes see—our ears hear—these desolations? Must we look forth upon these devouring flames? Must we stand in judgment with Thee? Penetrate us now with thy fear; awaken the attention which thy trump shall not fail to command; surround our imagination with the scenery of that great and terrible day. Let us now come forth from the graves of sin, of unbelief, of worldliness, to meet the overture of thy mercy, as we must perforce start then from our sepulchres to see the descending Judge. Judge us now, that thou mayst not condemn us then. Let thy terror persuade, that it may not crush us.

Yes, it is no illusion. The heavens shall be as the shrivelled scroll of parchment; this solid earth shall stagger as the drunken man, and cry as the travailing woman. The period is long since determined, when time shall have completed its course, when probation shall have run its measure, and when all the signs in the present system shall be fulfilled: when "the stars shall fall" as the leaves of autumn, when "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat," and "all these things shall be dissolved."

It is the day of God. It is "the judgment of the great day." "And I saw," said the prophet of the New Testament, "a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works."—(Rev. xx. 11-13.)—*R. W. Hamilton.*

"I CANNOT."

"I CANNOT get ready in time for public worship on the Sabbath morning, I am so tired on Saturday, so hard at work all the week."—Could you not get ready if you had a pleasant journey to take?

"I cannot keep awake in the house of God, I am so drowsy."—Would you be drowsy sitting to hear a will read, if you were expecting a legacy was left you, though the reading of it lasted an hour?

"I cannot find time for secret prayer or reading the Scriptures in private."—Rather say, I am not willing. Were you to receive triple wages for one hour's early rising, would you say, I cannot?

"I cannot have family worship. I never was accustomed to it."—Do you tell the beggar what he has to say? Can you calmly read in Jeremiah x. 25, "Pour out thy fury upon the heathen that know thee not, and upon the families that call not on thy name," and not feel; and, friend, will this excuse please you on a death-bed?

"I cannot make a profession of religion, for fear of dishonouring the cause of God."—Does not the Lord promise to assist you, for none goes a warfare on his own charges; does not Paul say, "I can do all things, through Christ strengthening me."

"I cannot give my heart now to Jesus; by and by I hope to do so."—Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Will this excuse do at the judgment-seat?—*Tract Magazine.*

THE WANT OF THE AGE.

NOT a little is heard, now-a-days, about "*the wants of the age!*"—Good men and bad, wise men and unwise, real and false philanthropists, the pulpit and the press, all have much to say as to the demands of the age, and the best way of supplying them.

The Fourierite tells us we must *herd human beings*, as we do cattle; the Agrarian, that we must divide up property and land; the Agitator, that we must fall in with his favourite scheme of excitement; the Swedenborgian, that we must have faith in his dreams; and the Mormon, that we must bow down and worship in his temple. Every one cries out, that the age must adopt *his* views, *or it is undone!* One tells us the demand of the age is for universal education; another, that it requires liberty of speech, person, and conscience; and still another, that it must and will have an upheaving of the social state, and perfect uniformity of social privilege and enjoyment!

But as opposed to *some*, and far above and beyond *all* these things, there is *a* want, and it is *the* want of the age. Do you ask what it is? *It is* THE GOSPEL! This is what the age wants—pre-eminently and supremely wants—and must have for its improvement and salvation.

The Bible is THE *book of the age*—of *this*, as of every age!—It is not antiquated, old-fashioned, out of date!—It needs no remodelling for the nineteenth century; and he is but a madman or a fool who pretends it! The idle, who would be amused; the visionary, who prefers dreaming to reality; the vicious, who would wallow in indulgence, may turn away from it to novelties, excitement, or the wild schemes of scepticism, delusion, selfishness, and lust. But if souls are to be renewed, communities benefited, the age regenerated, our country and the world redeemed, it must be *by the Bible—by Christianity!*

The *lawless* spirits of the age must yield themselves to the law of God; the *free* spirits of the age submit themselves to the righteousness which is by faith: the *proud* spirits of the age be humbled to acknowledge their dependence on the cross; the *depraved* spirits of the age, be renewed by the gospel of Christ as applied by the Holy Spirit. The great *doctrines* of the Bible must be made known, and the great *duties* of the Bible pressed home on every conscience, and heart, and life, in all their power, and by all the sanctions of eternity!

THE *want of the age is the gospel;* the plain, unadulterated and unmodified gospel—the gospel preached from the pulpit, taught in the family and Sabbath school, sent forth in the Bible, and tract, and printed volume, borne by the press, the missionary, the colporteur, the private Christian to the city and wilderness.—*N. E. Puritan.*

FAITH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THOLUCK.

> "Faith, a *new sense*, to man's perceptions given,
> Excels all five in powers akin to heaven."

> "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king: for he endured, as seeing Him who is invisible."—HEB. xi. 24-27.

Moses had become a king's son, and honour and riches and luxury offered their future to him; but he chose to cleave to his poor, enslaved people. That he would meet days of reproach, of great struggles, and of great privations, his natural insight could teach him; but still he refused none of these things. As Christ instead of joy chose the cross, so Moses deemed such a reproach greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, and therefore it is also said, that he chose the reproach of *Christ*. With bodily eyes he could see no reward, but he had, however, discerned it with the eye of faith, and even up to the hundred and twentieth year of his life had been obliged to be content with such faith views; then, for the first time, did he attain to *sight*, and even then not yet at once to *fruition*. The aim of his earthly pilgrimage, the land of Canaan, he doubtless saw with his eyes, but his foot did not step upon it. He viewed it afar from Mount Nebo, but he himself reached it not. He entered, however, the better land of rest, of which this earthly land of rest was only an imperfect type. Thus then is the aged pilgrim a just image of the walk of faith in the land of the earthly journeying.

"He cleaves to the Invisible as if he saw him." Yes, that is faith, and more clearly what faith is cannot be described: it is the eye for the invisible world; it is certainty, which has grown up with the inward man, more certain than sight that sees things that are before us. By the Scripture it is said, that "faith is an *assured confidence* of things hoped for, and an *evidence* of things not seen"—which is saying, therefore, that it is a witness of the Spirit of God in our soul, which is superior to every other witness; yea, which bids defiance to all other witnesses of the visible world. As indeed it is written of Abraham: "Who *against* hope believed in hope, that he might become the father of many nations; according to that which was spoken, so shall thy seed be. And being not weak in faith, he considered not his own body now dead, when he was about a hundred years old, neither yet the deadness of Sarah's womb. He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God." What a great word: he believed *in* hope *against* hope. What had Abraham in the visible world upon which he could fasten his faith, his hope, that his seed should yet become as the stars of heaven? In nature he saw only a pure No! But what can the No of all creatures effect if God's word has said Yea! "Faith endures as seeing Him who is invisible."

What a wonderful fact is faith! What power is stronger than that of eyesight? And yet faith can hope in defiance of all eyesight, where there is nothing to hope! But it is verily, if you will, also an eye—an eye before which all riches of the invisible world, before which the deeps of heaven, as well as the abyss of hell, lie unfolded. Suppose him then destitute of this eye: could man have power over himself, to stake the world with all its riches, in order to win the eternal? "And if the whole world," says one of the ancients, "with all that is therein, hung on a thread of lies, and I knew the word of truth that would sever it, I would speak it out, though the world, with all which is in it, should thereby be plunged into the abyss!" Whence this certainty and confidence, which still does not spring from the earthly world itself? It must be a witness from God in the soul. A mustard-seed grain of this inward faith, and mountains of lusts and desires are removed, the deepest passions are rooted up; a grain of this faith, and the whole kingdom of visibility becomes transparent for man; he sees through all, he tastes through all powers of the *future*, invisible world; the doctrine that "in Him we live, move, and have our being," becomes a reality to such a mind. "I am not a God who is afar off, but who is nigh, saith the Lord." This the believer experiences; he feels the breath of God, whether he walks forth in the garden of nature or in the society of men, or remains alone with himself in his little chamber. Can we wonder if the world takes the believer for a fool, for a dreamer, who lives in his own world instead of that which is common to all? And yet all *they* are the dreamers who live in their own world instead of that common to all; for the world, so long as the breath of God is not livingly felt and experienced every where in it, what is it else than an empty, unsubstantial vision of the night? No, *we* are awake! we who experience eternity already here in time, and taste the powers of the future world already here in the present.

Am I without strength?—O, I see it now clearly, all weakness of man is only weakness in faith! Faith removes mountains. What are all things of the world which come against me—enmity, sickness, want and death? they all are surely only what I make them by my belief or unbelief. Faith subjugates, faith transforms without distinction, every thing which comes from without. Could I in every moment of my life cleave to the Invisible, as if I really saw him with my eyes, what then would be left difficult for me, what could then be impossible to me? True, did he stand before my eyes only as the *Judge*, my strength must rather be broken than increased; but does he not stand before my eyes as the *Father of my Lord Jesus Christ?* Am I not a citizen of the New Jerusalem, of which it is written: "None of its inhabitants shall say I am sick; because the people who dwell therein are forgiven all their iniquities." Yes, now I know wherefore so much stress is laid upon faith; why it is written, "Thine eyes, Lord, see according to faith." Abraham honoured God when he believed. Yea, Lord, we honour Thee when we believe that what Thou hast promised, that Thou canst also do, and our faith is our worship.

THE BURNING LAMP;

OR, COUNSEL TO THOSE WHO WALK IN THE NIGHT.*

BY THE LATE A. VINET, D.D.

"Let your . . . . lamps be burning."—Luke xii. 35.

In a burning lamp three things are observable—the lamp itself, the oil, and the flame. The lamp is the soul, with all its natural faculties. This lamp every man at birth receives from the hand of his Creator, some a larger one and more ornate, others smaller and simpler, but all alike fitted to receive the holy oil of truth; for this truth—I mean the excellent tidings of the gospel—is the oil which this lamp is destined to contain. The flame is the life which the Spirit of God communicates to this truth, which flows unto us from the vessel of the gospel. Then the lamp is in its perfection; for it gives light not only in that it illuminates our understanding, but also, as indicated by our text, in that it shines gladly in the darkness of affliction, and even in the valley of the shadow of death. This flame which we are enjoined to keep alive, is that of faith, hope, and love.

I say, brethren, *keep alive*, for Jesus Christ says in my text, "Have," or keep, "your lamps burning." But this very precept implies another—"Kindle your lamps;" and another still—"Have oil in your lamps." Why, then, should we not turn first towards those who have not kindled them, towards those whose lamps are still empty—I mean without oil, for, alas! our lamp is never empty. "Have oil in your lamps, kindle your lamps," let us say to them, "for darkness is coming, darkness is near, and the lamp of the Christian alone can dissipate it."

The darkness is near, the night comes. It comes at every period of life. It comes to many in the morning, scarcely allowing the sun as he rises time to throw into space a pale and gloomy ray. To a great number, life is less day than night, pierced here and there merely by some livid flashes which serve only, according to the expression of the poet, to make "darkness visible." For all, without exception, there are in life moments of deepest gloom, days of anguish and sorrow, which make even those who are most gently dealt with understand the grievous exclamation of Job, "Why has light been given to the miserable, and life to the sick at heart?" From the very sources of our happiness spring forth bitter sorrows. Our most tender attachments arm death with some of his sharpest darts; for although St Paul has said with truth, that the sting of death is sin, it is true that this sting multiplies itself and makes sharp points of all the flowers with which we deck our heads. Every crown of flowers, sooner or later, becomes a crown of thorns. I wish not, brethren, to give you here a tragical parody of human life, nor conceal from you the visible and numerous traces of the Creator's benevolence. But the happiest of mortals, he who, by an unexampled privilege, should at the end of his career have to recall only recollections of prosperity (I mean of happiness), would be a man who had never loved. Had he loved he would have suffered—suffered in others. Even the general aspect of human life would necessarily have subjected him to the most painful reflections. At all events, it would be necessary for him to die, to quit this abode of delight, and plunge down the slope of death into a darksome future. In the foresight of this inevitable conclusion, not once only, brethren, but daily, would he die; yes, daily would he die amid joy; and the liveliest feelings of delight which could thrill his heart would be a kind of wakening to that everlasting sadness which, in a human being, may sleep but never die.

Such is the immutable condition of human life. Incessant warfare is ordained for man here below: we are born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. On whatever destiny we fix our eye, we see it covered with wounds or bruises. As if from envy, every thing reminds us of our inevitable decay. I admit it is impossible for the most unhappy not to see in the world and in his own life, proofs of paternal benevolence, traces of a first design, which was nothing less than the happiness of all. But the unhappiness of man's condition is, nevertheless, an oppressive burden for the heart and mind. This uncertainty of the next moment, those sorrows entwined with all our joys, death always ready to avenge, or sport with our passing felicities—all this not merely affects, it astonishes us. Unhappiness seems to us disorder, and in one sense we are right; but this very conviction adds to our unhappiness. We know, besides, that against those numerous and obstinate enemies of our happiness there is no asylum, that the general law admits of no exception, and that if there is some kind of inequality between man and man during life, the last moment makes all equal. We have then even now, or shall soon have, need to be consoled. If I may so speak, we shall require some happiness to oppose to the inevitable unhappiness. On the approach of darkness mere human prudence seems to cry, "To your lamps, if you have any!"

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We may try to console ourselves by the idea of our innocence; we may say to ourselves that the dreadful blow we have just received is not caused by any fault of ours, or even any imprudence. But besides that this salve cannot be applied to the wounds we have made with our own hands, our conscience interdicts this consolation. Though we have not deserved such or such a suffering we have deserved to suffer, and our most insolent murmurings cannot absolutely close our ears against the voice of truth which cries, "Why should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" Now, then, if you can forget all this, deck yourselves for some instants in an imaginary innocence. If the fault is not on your part, it is on the part of God. God is unjust if you are not so; and as there cannot be injustice with God, your saying this is as much as to say that God exists not. Is this what you call a consolation? Is it not, on the contrary, gall added to the vinegar, and affliction to the afflicted?

Against the ills of life we may invoke philosophy. But here philosophy is only the sounding name of a very vulgar thing. After turning it in a thousand shapes, all it can say is, that the world is so made that our complaints will not make it different, that it is far better to bear what we cannot change, and that our cries only increase our sore. Here habit knows as much as philosophy; and it is not very honourable to human wisdom, after many windings of a less or greater length, to end at a stupid resignation. All true consolation is joy; here there is not, there cannot be joy. All true consolation should elevate, but this degrades us. Ought we not, in the name of our dignity as well as on behalf of our happiness, to seek other consolations?

We may say to ourselves that all is not lost, and exhort ourselves to draw relief from what still remains of happiness. This is still philosophy. The mind may thus calculate, but it does not. Until man, in another school than that of philosophy, has recognised his utter unworthiness, he sets no value on what is left to him, but thinks only of what he has lost. Each of us has only to consult his own experience to learn how far in this direction the injustice, ingratitude, and presumption of man can go. I have no wish to blazon its incredible excesses. I confine myself to say, To whom is the consolation sufficient? To whom is it any consolation? All consolation is joy; here, then, where is the joy? All consolation should fill up the vacuity which is made in the life and in the heart; where is the vacuity so filled? Go and say to the man of the world, "This friendship lost is only one friendship less; this child of whom death has just bereaved you is not your only child; or, if the only one, you have still friends; or, if all is gone, you have still yourself; think not of what is gone, but of what remains, for you might have nothing, others have nothing, and you might fall to their level." You are aware, brethren, how he will answer. Besides, how does this consolation apply to life as a whole? Life, so taken, satisfies nobody; nobody, I mean, among those who are reduced to the mere light of philosophy. Will you go and say to them, "Come, here, in place of the lost life, is another?" Where is this life in exchange? Where is it for any one who has not received the lamp of hope from the hand of God his Saviour?

We may, moreover, steel ourselves against misfortune—we may brave it. But this is not consolation; for sorrow, in one way or other, ends by resuming its rights, or rather it never loses them for an instant. The resistance of pride is only one sorrow more; besides, every one is not capable of it. The greater part of men cannot barter away their need of consolation. Nothing supplies its place, nothing can be taken in exchange. To blunt the sting of grief, time is better than pride; for time wears out every thing. But it wears out the soul as well as all the rest. The power of forgetting is only a weakness. Life thus becomes less sorrowful, but it also becomes less serious, less noble. And although we have in a measure forgotten all that we have suffered, life has nevertheless lost its charm. The illusion is gone for ever; we know what value to set on the promises of life, and whatever events do, they will no longer make us hope for an impossible felicity.

Jesus Christ, the divine Wisdom, has anticipated this conviction; and on his part we say to you, mortals, who know what life is, Put oil in your lamps, and light them. Let your lamps become, according to the expression which we have used, lamps of faith, hope, and love. The light of life is not happiness, but consolation; not what we see, but what we do not see; and, to tell the whole truth, not what we receive, but what we give. According to the full meaning of our Lord's word, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The brightness of our life consists in believing, hoping, loving. In believing—that is, in feeling assured of the Father, amid the manifestations of his anger. In hoping—that is, in laying hold, amid the ruins which gather round us, of the kingdom which cannot be moved. In loving—that is, in substituting for the care for our own happiness a care for the happiness of others, or, more generally, to place the centre of our life without us; for, properly speaking, it is only in this that love consists.

And beware of abstracting from this treble flame any one of its rays; above all, think not that the strongest faith and hope would suffice for happiness without love. The gospel which has said that faith and hope are nothing without love, nothing either for happiness or for perfection, the gospel would contradict you; your own conscience, your own experience, would contradict you. What have been the true moments of happiness in your life? Are they not those in which you have forgotten yourselves for others? On these occasions has not the intimate relation between happiness and love been instantaneously revealed to you? What your too sure recollections thus disclose to you, does not your reason also disclose? Love, which is the happiness of God himself, must also be the supreme felicity of the being whom God has made in his own image. Every other happiness is unworthy of this being, and does not satisfy him. Selfish enjoyments leave a void; love alone fills and nourishes. Vulgar happiness requires to receive, and has never received enough; love requires to give, and has never given enough. Sacrifices exhaust the one and maintain the other; and while the first would gain nothing by gaining the world, the second grows rich upon its very losses. Faith and hope are of value only because they conduct to love; and the soul would dispense with believing and hoping, if without hoping and believing it were possible to love. Even the happiness of being loved would be incomplete without the happiness of loving; and if the love of God is infinitely precious to man, it is, be assured, by giving place to it, and constraining it, so to speak, to return love for love. The crowning grace of God, the last expression of his love, the sum of the gospel, the end of the work of redemption in regard to us, is not to be loved, but to love. It is when we love that all is accomplished; it is when we love that our salvation is realised. Love is the sovereign good, and therefore in affliction it is also the sovereign consolation. Still more than faith, still more than hope, does it lend to the light of our lamp its liveliest and brightest beams. But, on the other hand, faith and love open the heart to Divine love. By virtue of faith and hope our heart becomes a new heart, becomes at once capable of loving with a pure love all that ought to be loved, and of not succumbing under the ills which spring from our condition and from love itself. Let us not separate that which is inseparable, let us not abstract any of the elements of consolation; let us repeat, that in this world as it has become, in life as it is now constituted, the light of our darkness, the happiness of our woe, consists in a faith founded on God himself—in a hope which looks to him—in a love which ascends to him that it may thence descend again on mankind and take them all into its embrace.

What ought to delight you, dear brethren, in the consolations, or rather in the joys of the gospel, is, that they have no need of the aid either of pride or of time, and that they combine in the soul of the sufferer both strength and mildness. When I see mildness without strength, I say to myself, The man is nullified, his internal springs are broken; these are not the proper results of religion. When I see strength without mildness, I say, Here is no consolation, no joy—for joy softens; truth, therefore, is not here. But he who has embraced Jesus Christ by faith, he who in desert climes has again found a Father, he will in grief be at once mild and strong. For what is at once milder and stronger than faith, hope, and love? In the hour of trial expect not from him either lifeless submission or haughty rudeness. He is what man ought to be, armed with courage and adorned with humility—erect before fortune, on his knees before God.

With the oil of the word, with the flame of the Spirit, make the lamp of your soul illuminate your darkness. This I address to you who yet know not the dispensation of God in the gospel, to you who know it to no purpose, because your heart is not yet touched. Equal to each other in misfortune, subject to the same vicissitudes, you appear in another point of view very different, since there is between you the difference between ignorance and knowledge, or, as we should perhaps say, between faith and unbelief. Is this difference as great as it appears? Neither of you believes this, if faith is nothing less than the life in the soul. What, it will be said, is the lamp without the oil? But what is the oil without the flame? Does he who has oil without flame see better than he who as yet has neither oil nor flame? And cannot the Supreme Giver give at once both oil and flame? I thus see better what it is that unites you than what it is that separates you; and I commend you both to the Father of the spirits of all flesh, praying that in pity to your wants he would give to both of you what is necessary—to the one the knowledge of his gospel and Christian convictions; to the other that life of the Spirit which alone converts the convictions of the intellect into a true and effectual faith. There will you, for the first time, find light—in other words, joy and happiness; for in Jesus, embraced by faith, resides abundance of consolation, fulness of happiness, to supply the future as the past. To say the whole in two words, you will there receive the assurance of being loved, and the power of loving. What more is necessary? What is beyond? What more can be desired, or what more will be vainly desired either by him who is loved or him who loves? What void can remain in the heart or life where there is intimate communion, unchangeable intercourse with the heavenly Father? What darkness will not disappear before so pure and bright a day? What doubt, what fear, what regret, what desire, can tyrannize over a heart which has God in its favour, and which, to speak more properly, possesses and carries him within. When you say that God has raised it to love, do you not say every thing? Love which is stronger than death is stronger than the whole world. . . . .

In the climate in which we live the twilight precedes and announces night, and we may, during this interval, prepare torches or lamps. But there are zones in which night, instead of climbing up to the heaven gradually, seizes on it at once, and envelopes all living creatures in sudden darkness. It is with life as with these regions. In human life misfortune comes even more suddenly than darkness in the countries of which I speak. It is for the most of the time an evening without a twilight. The splendour of day falls at once into the dark gloom of night. We suffer without having foreseen it, without having been prepared for it by a decline of happiness, and hence naturally suffer more. Without any thing to break the fall, we tumble to the bottom all bruised and broken. O what bitterness, what trouble, what internal tempest, when the greatest felicity and the deepest misfortune were the one yesterday and the other to-day! What magic words will communicate at once mildness and strength to him whom glory enveloped yesterday and shame to-day—to another who was yesterday the most envied, and to-day is the most wretched of fathers—to another whom all hopes yesterday intoxicated, and against whom to-day a sudden and incurable infirmity closes all the avenues to future fame? Will he learn to-day what he knew not yesterday? Will it be possible to console him if previously unfurnished with consolation?

Therefore we have reason to say, Light your lamps. But if the Spirit of God himself is the flame of our lamps, does it belong to us to light them? Who can light them but God only? This objection is refuted by its own consequences. For it would extend step by step to all our duties, and there being no longer any power, there would no longer be any duty. Let us not distinguish between what we can and what we cannot do. For if any thing is above our strength, every thing is above our strength; and if any thing is within our reach, all things are. Let us say frankly and boldly that man can do nothing, and that he can do every thing—nothing without God, and every thing with God. All the morality of the gospel rests upon these two foundations. Without God I am insufficient for the least of my duties; with God I am capable of all, even the greatest, even of the duty which includes all others—I mean the duty of lighting the lamp. And this is the reason why Jesus Christ, who might have said, "The Spirit of God will light your lamps," has gone further, and said, "Light your lamps." In speaking in this way, apparently he knew that we could light them. We can, before as after, believe on his word; but, after as before, we say with St Paul, "I did so; yet not I, but the grace of God that was with me." The Christian soul unites inseparably the feeling of responsibility with the feeling of dependence.

We say then, without scruple, to you whose lamps are not yet burning, Kindle your lamps; and in order to kindle them we commend you to the gospel, interpreted by your conscience—to your conscience, enlightened by the gospel. But you who have kindled them, have you nothing to do? Are you henceforth sheltered from trial? Have you not, on the contrary, in your character of Christians, particular afflictions to foresee? Or perhaps you think that your lamps, once kindled, will burn of themselves, and never possibly be extinguished. It is written, however, "Quench not the Spirit;" your lamps then may be extinguished. It is written, "Stir up the gift that is in you;" it is thus necessary to keep this flame constantly alive. It is necessary incessantly to lay up a store of happiness for the days of misfortune, and of joy for the hours of sadness. It is necessary to nourish at the bottom of your hearts faith, hope, and love.

For this, under the Divine blessing, three means are at your disposal; namely, contemplation, prayer, and good works. Might I not add, "and these three are one?" By contemplation, I understand the contemplation of Jesus Christ. It is not an effort of thought, though thought is inseparable from contemplation. No; it is a simple, filial, assiduous look to Jesus Christ; I say not to his doctrine, but to Jesus Christ; for Jesus Christ, and not Christianity, is our object, our good, our life. To contemplate Jesus Christ; to live with Jesus Christ; to keep society with Jesus Christ; to withdraw to Jesus Christ; to be accompanied by his memory and encircled by his presence; to look to him as the faithful spouse looks to her husband; to refer to him all our thoughts and all our designs, and fill with him our mind and our soul: this is the primary means, or rather the whole means, for it carries with it all the rest.

To pray, that is, to expect nothing except from God, and to expect every thing of God; to keep our soul incessantly open before him; to lay open before the Father, whom Jesus Christ has restored to us, our wants, our fears, our difficulties; to place ourselves continually in his hands; to accept, by anticipation, whatever it may please him to dispense; to groan before him under a sense of our weakness; to deposit at his feet the burden of our sins; to sigh in his presence after the gift of a new heart; to place ourselves under the rays of his light, under the dew of his grace; with all the humility of indigence to solicit an asylum under his roof, a place at his hearth; to take shelter under his mercy, and gain warmth upon his heart: such is the grace of graces. No wind, no storm will extinguish the lamp of him who prays.

In fine, to act, to abound in works of righteousness and charity, without intermission to fill both our heart and our life, into which the world persists in wishing to penetrate, and by this constant and happy pre-occupation in welldoing to leave no place, no moment, no occasion for evil; to unite thus more and more with Jesus Christ by resembling him, to breathe the air of heaven beforehand, and have a foretaste of the pure joys of eternity; to feel as with the hand the reality of that moral order, that kingdom of God invisible to so many eyes; to walk in some measure by sight in the darkness of this world; in one word, to obey in order to know, and serve in order to love: such is the third means that is proposed to you. So long as you use it fear not lest the flame of your lamp become feeble or extinct, lest consolation fail you in the hour of affliction. "By this," says St John, speaking of the works of love, "by this you shall know that you are of the truth, and shall assure your hearts before God."

LOSING ONE'S TEMPER.

BY MRS MARY GRAHAM.

I WAS sitting in my room one morning, feeling all "out of sorts" about something or other, when an orphan child, whom I had taken to raise, came in with a broken tumbler in her hand, and said, while her young face was pale, and her lip quivered: "See, ma'am! I went to take this tumbler from the dresser, to get Anna a drink of water, and I let it fall."

I was in a fretful humour before the child came in and her appearance, with the broken tumbler in her hand, didn't tend to help me to a better state of mind. She was suffering a good deal of pain in consequence of the accident, and needed a kind word to quiet the disturbed beatings of her heart. But she had come to me in an unfortunate moment.

"You are a careless little girl!" said I, severely taking the fragments of glass from her trembling hands—"A very careless little girl, and I am displeased with you!"

I said no more; but my countenance expressed even stronger rebuke than my words. The child lingered near me for a few moments, and then shrunk away from the room. I was sorry in a moment, that I had permitted myself to speak unkindly to the little girl; for there was no need of my doing so, and moreover she had taken my words, as I could see, deeply to heart. I had made her unhappy without a cause. The breaking of the tumbler was an accident likely to happen to any one, and the child evidently felt bad enough about what had occurred, without having my displeasure added thereto.

If I was unhappy before Jane entered my room, I was still more unhappy after she retired. I blamed myself and pitied the child; but this did not in the least mend the matter.

In about half an hour, Jane came up very quietly, with Willy, my dear little curly-haired angel-faced boy, in her arms. He had fallen asleep, and she had, with her utmost strength, carried him up stairs. She did not lift her eyes to mine as she entered, but went with her burden to the low bed that was in the room, where she laid him tenderly, and then sat down with her face turned partly away from me, and with a fan kept off the flies and cooled his moist skin.

Enough of Jane's countenance was visible to enable me to perceive that its expression was sad. And it was an unkind word from my lips that had brought this cloud over her young face!

"So much for permitting myself to fall into a fretful mood," said I mentally. "In future, I must be more watchful over my state of mind. I have no right to make others suffer from my own unhappy temper."

Jane continued to sit by Willy and fan him; and every now and then I could hear a very low sigh come up, as if involuntarily, from her bosom. Faint as the sound was, it smote upon my ear, and added to my uncomfortable frame of mind.

A friend called, and I went down into the parlour, and sat conversing there for an hour. But all the while there was a weight upon my feelings. I tried, but in vain, to be cheerful; I was too distinctly aware of the fact, that an individual, and that a motherless little girl, was unhappy through my unkindness; and the consciousness was like a heavy hand upon my bosom.

Some who read this may think that I was very weak, to let a hastily uttered censure against a careless child trouble me. What are a child's feelings?

I have been a child; and, as a child, have been blamed severely by those whom I desired to please, and felt that unkind words fell heavier and more painfully sometimes than blows. I could therefore understand the nature of Jane's feelings, and sympathize with her to a certain extent.

All through the day, Jane moved about more quietly than usual. When I spoke to her about any thing, which I did a little kinder in voice than I ordinarily used, she would look into my face with an earnestness that rebuked me.

Towards evening I sent her down stairs for a pitcher of cold water. She went quickly and soon returned with the pitcher of water, and a tumbler on a waiter. She was coming towards me, evidently using more than ordinary caution, when her foot tripped against something, and she stumbled forward. It was in vain that she tried to save the pitcher. Its balance was lost, and it fell over, and was broken to pieces at my feet, the water dashing upon the skirt of my dress.

The poor child became instantly as pale as ashes, and the frightened look she gave me I shall not soon forget. She tried to speak and say that it was an accident, but her tongue was paralysed for the moment, and found no utterance.

The lesson I had received in the morning served me for purposes of self-control now; and I said instantly, in a mild voice: "Never mind, Jane; I know you couldn't help it. I must tack down that loose edge of the carpet. I came near tripping there, myself, to-day. Go and get a floor-cloth, and wipe up the water as quickly as you can, while I gather up the broken pieces."

The colour came back instantly to Jane's face. She gave me one grateful look, and then ran quickly away, to do as I had directed her. When she came back, she blamed herself for not being more careful, expressed sorrow for the accident, and promised over and over again that she would be more guarded in future.

The contrast between both of our feelings now, and what they were in the morning, was very great. I felt happier for having acted justly and with due self-control; and my little girl, though troubled on account of the accident, had not the extra burden of my displeasure to bear.

"Better, far better," I said to myself, as I sat and reflected upon the incidents just related, "better, far better is it, in all our relations in life, to maintain a calm exterior, and on no account to speak harshly to those who are below us. Angry words make double wounds. They hurt those to whom they are addressed, while they leave a sting behind them. Above all should we guard against a moody temper. Whenever we permit any thing to fret our minds, we are not in a state to exercise due self-control; and, if temptation comes then, we are sure to fall."

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watch'd and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but dim, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portals we call death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppress'd,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

CONFESSIONS OF A SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY H. C. KNIGHT.

The two young merchants had withdrawn to the counting-room, where they used often to spend alone the last hour of the business day, in canvassing not only their liabilities for this world, but in taking an account of stock for the world to come.

"I have thought," began Kent, in reply to his companion, when a tap was heard at the counting-room door, which was almost immediately followed by the entrance of Mr Smith.

"Well! what are you upon?" he asked, taking off his hat, smoothing back his hair, and sinking into the seat offered him by Anderson.

"We are discussing unmanageable boys," answered Anderson, "and rather an unmanageable subject we find it."

"Exactly so!" exclaimed Smith. "Well, I have one to dispose of."

"You have come then to the wrong place."

"To the right one," rejoined Smith, looking towards Kent. "Mr Kent, I have a lad to put into your Sabbath-school class: can you take another?"

"Fourteen are as many as I can conveniently accommodate and look after;" but he thought how soon poor Austin's place might be vacated, and answered. "I will try perhaps. Who is he?"

"To be honest, he is a hard case, a very hard case." Here Mr Smith entered into some account of him, and ended by saying—"I thought, Mr Kent, if you *would* take charge of him it would be a capital thing! a *very* capital thing, besides relieving me of considerable anxiety. You have a flourishing Bible class, I think."

"That depends upon what you mean by flourishing," said Kent.

"Flourishing! Why I call punctual attendance flourishing, Mr Kent. The fact is, there are eight composing my class; sometimes I have six present, sometimes five, sometimes two, and often *none*—then, you may suppose, it does not look particularly flourishing. Well, it's just so throughout our Sabbath-school—every now and then it dwindles down and goes into a regular consumption. Then we all set to, to prop it up; we get up a pic-nic, or a Sabbath-school celebration, or some such affair; they come in on all hands and we have grand times; speeches, resolutions, original hymns, and all that; the Sabbath-school is all alive; children and teachers crowd in, and it looks really warming up, *flourishing!*"

"Well, what then?"

"Why, in two or three months' time it is all flat again, and there is not zeal enough to thaw the sunny side of a snow-bank. The fact is, I begin to *question* as to Sabbath-schools." Smith nodded his head, and looked extremely wise. "Is it not just so, Anderson?"

"Our school keeps up pretty well," answered Anderson, who was at the desk sealing some letters.

"In regard to what do you question Sabbath-schools, Mr Smith?" asked Kent, looking directly at the visitor.

"Why, in regard to their expediency. Do they do much good after all? if they do, I confess, for one, that *I* don't see it. This boy, for example, has been to the Sabbath-school ever since he could lisp. He *knows* enough, but he is no better for all that, seldom in the class, slips through your fingers, at least he is seldom there when I am."

"Are you not always there?" asked Kent.

"Why no, not invariably; I always *calculate* to go, but somehow I do not always get there. My class is, in truth, old enough to take care of themselves occasionally. We all need change sometimes. Why, Mr Kent, off and on I have been a teacher these fifteen years; and now I begin to think it is most time to give up, and let the younger ones come in."

"What do your class study?" questioned Kent.

"That is a question, Mr Kent. We have just got through a question-book—let me see, we got through it nearly six weeks ago! and we can't seem to decide on another. They say, they have studied all the question-books in existence. I've been promising to hunt up a knew one; but I don't know how it is, I hav'n't found the time yet. But the worst of it is, they *don't come*. I confess I like punctuality; this being tied up in a Sabbath-school with only two or three scholars does not suit my taste."

"Do you have teachers' meetings?"

"Really"—Mr Smith paused and recollected—"really I can't tell. We *do* have them, I am certain; but how often, I do not seem to remember. You see, I am not always present myself, and so fail to hear the notices, if notices are given, and I believe they are. But there, the teachers' meetings are not well attended."

"Do you ever visit your scholars?"

"I do *in principle*, but I find it exceedingly difficult to get time for such business. The *idea* is excellent! scholars must be hunted up, especially in cities, but one can't find time for every thing. Don't you find it so, Mr Kent?"

"I do," answered Kent, "but we ought to find time for every duty which we undertake."

"Ahem—yes—certainly; but about the Sabbath-school there does not seem to be an *interest* in it. It is getting to be an *old thing* to the scholars."

"I think I should begin to question Sabbath-schools also, if every teacher were as unfaithful and irresponsible as you have represented yourself to me," said Anderson, who did not always measure his words towards people that were disagreeable to him; and Mr Smith happened to be one of that number. He then took his surtout from its accustomed peg, and excused his departure on the ground of letters for the mail.

Pleased and flattered by the attention of his hearers, and the marked interest shown by Mr Kent's questions, Smith was altogether unprepared for Anderson's conclusions. He untwisted his feet from right to left, and from left to right, twitched his ear, and looked deprecatingly towards Mr Kent, who quickly came to his aid by saying, "I am glad to talk this matter over; there are undoubtedly imperfections in the Sabbath-school, which need rectifying."

"Yes, yes, exactly so!" cried Mr Smith, interrupting the speaker with a grateful acquiescence, "so do *I*, Mr Kent! I am glad to hear you say so. So do I! Great imperfections! It does not accomplish what it ought to do. Nursery of the church, some call it. A very disorderly nursery, I am thinking."

"Ah, but you have not heard me out," said the young merchant, smiling at Mr Smith's eagerness. "May not all these imperfections be removed, or at least greatly obviated, by a *deep genuine interest* in *his work*, on the part of every Sabbath-school teacher?"

"That's what I say exactly, Mr Kent. There is a want of interest on the part of both teachers and scholars!" exclaimed Smith.

Anderson now left, to the great apparent relief of the visitor.

"The former proprietors of your establishment did an excellent business, did they not?" asked Kent.

"Capital! they left it rich men," answered Smith, looking somewhat surprised at the sudden change of subject; "they were very industrious men, Mr Kent. They gave themselves to their work."

"I suppose you expect to do as well."

"I see no earthly reason why I should not. My prospects, Mr Kent, I consider first rate."

"Your success, I suppose, depends in some measure upon your master workmen and his journeymen," remarked Kent.

"Exactly so. Wright and Cole made it a point to employ none but the *best* workmen. Every screw that came out of that factory was a first-rate article. Their orders were all promptly attended to. Nobody ever found *them* behind hand."

"People under those circumstances will generally succeed," said Kent.

"So *I* say, Mr Kent, people *will* succeed, there is no mistake about it, and I calculate to conduct this business pretty much as they did."

"And if you do, you calculate it will nett you as good a profit, I suppose?"

"I have no reason to doubt it. There are some excellent workmen in the establishment," said Smith, with great animation. "In fact, I mean it *shall.* Others have succeeded, why should not I? I've had ill luck in times past, it is true; but I mean to bring all my energies to bear here, and it can't fail me."

"I have no doubt you look at the thing as it ought to be looked at, in order to success," said his companion.

Here Mr Smith stroked his whiskers with a commendatory gleam upon his face. He respected Mr Kent's opinions, and was happy to find them coinciding with his own. He felt thankful too, that the current of the conversation had been changed; for Anderson's remark was rankling in his conscience, and he felt himself more at home on business.

"And," continued Mr Kent, after a brief pause, "Mr Smith, perhaps you have no more right to question the usefulness of Sabbath-schools until you have fairly applied, and honestly carried out, the same course of reasoning and of practice to *them* which you do to your business; until you do so, there certainly can be little prospect of doing much good. A common-sense view of the whole matter is, that in order to make any organization accomplish its proposed results, no matter whether it be a manufactory or a Sabbath-school, there must be *efficient workmen.* Inattention, lazy, unfaithful or indifferent workmen, are enough to prostrate the energies and ruin the credit of any establishment."

"Are you coming to that?" said Smith, hardly knowing whether to be *amiable* or angry. Yet there was a kindly frankness in the speaker, which seldom offended even when his words cut deepest.

"Am I not right?" asked Kent. "You are a fair man and understand these things."

"Right!" cried he evasively, "right? about what? that the diligent hand maketh rich? Yes, you are right about that, no doubt; it's Scripture."

Kent said nothing, and there was an uncomfortable pause.

"Well, I don't know but you *are* right about the matter," Smith began again, "I don't know but you are;" feeling at the same time that the conclusions put him under a harrow; "but"—he again stopped. "What! do you mean that the usefulness of Sabbath-schools depends upon"—and he paused.

"Upon the promptness, fidelity, and prayer, with which you, and I, and every other individual teacher undertake their duties," added Kent earnestly.

"That is certainly coming to the point," said Smith. "What do you think a teacher ought to do?"

"*Qualify himself* to *be a* teacher. He ought to know where the lesson is, and to study it, and to pray over it. He is bound to be as constant and punctual to his class as the minister to his pulpit, and if he cannot come, supply a substitute. He should suffer no small hindrance to keep him from the teachers' meetings, if there are any; and if there are not, there ought to be. In a word, he should enter upon the work with the diligence and determination of one resolved to succeed."

"Are there many such teachers?" asked Smith slowly, and with a nod of doubt.

"I hope so—yes, I believe there are."

Smith looked incredulous. "Are you not making it too worldly a matter? It is the Lord's work, and he can bless the feeblest means. The race is not always to the swift, you know."

"But the universal principle of action in all *our own* concerns is, that the race *is* to the swift; or, in other words, that he who resolutely *tries,* usually succeeds. We believe it, and act upon it every day. It is only when we begin to labour directly in God's service that we show a slackness and inattention, which we should feel to be unpardonable in our own business. Do not many adopt in the Sabbath-school a lame and lazy mode of doing things, which would for ever ruin their credit in any other cause; and excuse themselves in the belief that some way or other, without exactly knowing how or why, God will own and bless such efforts in the church, which we are very sure he never would out of it. Is not this so, and can it be right? Do not the Scriptures every where inculcate diligence, earnestness, and a full purpose of heart, in the work our Lord has given his disciples to do?"

Mr Smith listened. He could not but listen, for it all came upon him unawares. Had the preacher uttered it from the pulpit, he would probably have been composed for a nap, or his mind might have wandered, consciously or unconsciously, to his ledger; but he was now caught with the speaker's eye full upon him, and listen he must. He heard every word, and what was better, or worse, according as Mr Smith viewed it, his conscience accorded with all that had been uttered.

"Yes—but," he tried to begin, but the assent and the excuse seemed to die away in his throat.

"Well! but—what's to be done? Speaking about Sabbath-schools, can't they somehow be differently organized? What are the best methods to be used?" It must be confessed, he did not exactly know what he said, nor had these questions ever perplexed or deeply interested his mind.

"It is yet to be shown that they *need* organizing," answered Kent. "So far as their external organization goes, it is all well, I believe. There may be differences in the modes of teaching, some preferring one question-book, some another, and some none at all; some adopting tickets, some the catechism, some both. They are all good, but I think it would be difficult to show that any one of them should be universally adopted above the others. The main thing is, to get a teacher *intelligently*, *prayerfully*, and with his *whole soul*, interested in the work. That would at once settle many irksome questions and disputed points."

Did it not then flash upon Mr Smith's memory, how hard he once tried to resist a vote to hold at a certain hour the sessions of the Sabbath-school with which he was then connected; how provoked he felt at the adoption of the resolution, and how reluctantly he dragged himself to school in consequence of it; and all because he was thereby called upon to sacrifice his comfortable after-dinner Sunday nap! Ah! a heart in the work would never have suffered this. A fretted and reluctant mind is not the mind for healthy, hearty work. As friction in machinery essentially impairs its power, so must an unwilling spirit diminish, if it does not destroy, the moral force of the best act. And does not this unwillingness to take hold, this want of heart, this spirit of self-indulgence, weaken our confidence in religious organizations, and cloud our hopes, both for ourselves and others, with sinful unbelief? We neither know *where* we are, nor *what* to do.

"What is to be done in this sad state of things?" some may ask.

"Lag no longer. Go to the work with your whole heart, and all difficulties will vanish," the ardent worker himself will answer.

Alas! Is it not to be feared there is another difficulty far back of all these? *Whence* this reluctant heart and love of ease? Is it not to be found in the worldliness which pervades the churches? in the half-way piety with which the Lord's people are content to live! Do not Christ's followers concede too much to what the tempter calls the *demands* of *society* upon their modes of living, their entertainments, the training of their children? In a word, do they not yield to those demands in almost every thing, in spite of their daily prayers and better judgment, until at length they so far depart from Christian purpose and simplicity, that they have but a name to live, the body without the soul, the tree without the root, the world without the sun. Who can serve God and mammon?

To return to the counting-room. It was several moments before Mr Smith recovered from the reminiscence which flashed across his mind, making good the opinions of his companion. "I suppose so," he at last said, either in reference to his inward inspections, or in the way of a general assent to all that had been uttered, it did not seem clear which. "I suppose so," arousing himself as from a painful reverie; "I do not doubt but Sabbath-schools have done, and do still, do good." He spoke slowly and then stopped.

"Yes, there is abundant testimony that they have done, and still do, untold good," exclaimed Kent energetically. "When," he added with deep seriousness, "there are *faithful teachers*, God *blesses* the work." He then selected many interesting cases which had come within the range of his own observation and experience. His companion's ear was gained. He listened with genuine interest, and when Mr Kent ceased, he could have heard a great deal more with deep attention.

"I have no doubt of it," he at length responded seriously, "I have no doubt of it, although it reflects awfully upon some of us."

"It certainly does," added Kent, no way disposed to smoothe away the sober impression seemingly made upon Mr Smith's mind.

"Well, my dear sir, what *is* to be done?"

The same question had been asked before, but in a very different tone; Mr Smith evidently *meant* the question. He even repeated it in a more definite form. "What can *I* do? I confess I do not feel all the interest which you justly say a Sabbath-school teacher ought to feel, and which, if he does' he must needs do good. But the fact is, Mr Kent, I *do not* feel that interest. My heart is *not* in the work. Now tell me what shall I do?" All self-complacency had faded from the speaker's face. He looked serious and ill at ease.

"What can *I* do, Mr Kent?" he repeated.

"My dear sir," answered Mr Kent, with unaffected solemnity of manner, "if you do not like the Lord's service, you must go and tell Him so, not me. It is a concern to be settled with him; if not now, it will be at the day of reckoning, which must soon come."

Does Mr Smith stand alone?—*New York Observer.*

WILLING TO DIE.

Much stress is often laid on this, more, probably, than is suitable. With many persons, it seems to be almost a matter of no account what the past life has been, if the dying friend is "resigned," and willing to die. Undoubtedly it is a Christian duty to have this feeling. With regard to this, as with every event of our being, we should choose that God's own will should be done. It becomes us to submit the time, the manner, and the circumstances of our dying, as of all things, to him whose right it is to arrange and control all. But a person may be willing to die without having the least regard to God's will, or for his salvation. Every suicide is willing to die. Is he therefore prepared to die? In many instances, persons are in such extreme bodily pain, that they are anxious to have death take them away. Many are so drugged that they are perfectly insensible to their situation, and care not whether they die or live. Some are left to "believe a lie," with regard to their religious character and prospects; and, thinking that all will go well with them hereafter, are willing to die. Others are so harassed with cares, vexations, disappointments, losses, and mortifying events in their lives, that they long to be rid of life, and would almost covet annihilation. Does it follow, then, that because these different classes of individuals are willing to die, that they are prepared for heaven?

It would be much more satisfactory to see them willing suitably to *live*. A manifest willingness to continue all of our appointed time here, and do all of our appointed work, and glorify our heavenly Father by holy living, and do, or enjoy, or suffer all his righteous will, is far better evidence of suitable preparation for death, than merely to be willing to die.

We would by no means say that it is always wrong to desire death. Perhaps Elijah was not wrong in praying "O Lord, take away my life;" nor was it sinful for Paul to have a desire "to depart and be with Christ." It is not sinful to be weary of toils, cares, trials, sorrows, and pains, and to look with desire for the best time to be released from all. It surely is not sinful to groan when we are oppressed by the body of sin and death, and to sigh for deliverance. It cannot be wrong to meditate on the infinite glories which "eye hath not seen," and wait with strong desire; if we also wait with submission for the gracious words, "enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But Christ's kingdom must come on earth, as well as in heaven. It must come in the hearts of multitudes who are yet servants of Satan, and therefore enemies of Christ. Here is work for us. Are we willing to remain and labour for him who died for us? If we may, by divine grace, turn one soul to righteousness, will not that more than compensate for many years of prayer and labour? Should we desire to die having done so little?

The kingdom of Christ must be fully established in our hearts. Is it so already? Are there no enemies there to be subdued? Has your will no struggles against the Divine will? Are not the very trials which weary and oppress the heart, a part of the needful discipline which is designed to prepare us for the kingdom above? If we desire to go to heaven to serve and glorify God, we should not the less be willing to serve and glorify him here. He knows where it is best that we should be, and is best for us to be, do, or enjoy.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

"TRIFLES."

The principle involved in the maxim of Franklin, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," is universally just, and susceptible of quite other applications than the philosopher gave it. As applied to literary pursuits, for example, it might be rendered: "Take care of each point of inquiry as you successively reach it, and the resources of the whole will erelong have been mastered;" or as applied to one's business in the world, mercantile, professional, or other: "Accomplish carefully each duty as it meets you, without waiting for opportunities for conspicuous exertions, and your entire life-plan will at last have been accomplished;" or as applied to the daily domestic and Christian life, it might read thus: "Attend to the 'trifles,' and see that they are what they should be, and the sum of your life will take care of itself."

It is these Trifles which make the life, "as moments make the year." Slight in themselves, in their accumulation and aggregate they constitute by far the larger part of that which memory reverts to as she reviews the Past. They affect others even more constantly and intimately than do things which seem more important; and they express more clearly, and so in their reciprocal influence modify more influentially, the character of their performer. They are the small stones, by the silent addition of which each to the other in the masonry of our daily activities, the Temple of our Life is gradually reared; and of that temple the most important part is not the fine façade or the few lofty columns that stand in front, but the encircling walls and the unseen foundations. These Trifles are the familiar voices that daily and hourly fill the ear. If they be musical and sweet we shall care little though we even lose now and then the more studied expression of artistic excellence; but if we want in our social atmosphere this genial and continuous harmony, we cannot be compensated for it by any occasional conspicuous displays.

A "Trifle," too, has sometimes an intrinsic importance which is hardly imagined. As a slight dust-grain in the eye will cause inflammation and pain, and, except as removed, may destroy the eye, so a harsh word hastily spoken, a momentary carelessness of another's kindness, a wounding reproof, or a sharp jest, which springs from the lips almost thoughtlessly, may cause permanent though silent sorrow in a heart whose affections are quick and sensitive, and so are more precious in their continuance and more liable to be wounded. And by a succession of such "Trifles" bitterness may be made to take the place of affection, and a life that should have been as a golden tissue may be shaded thickly by dark-grained griefs. While on the other hand, as the drop of oil relieves the friction upon the worn surface, as the point of light in the eye of the portrait illustrates all the features, so the kind word cheerfully spoken, the slight act of thoughtful and attentive affection, the cheering recognition of the effort or the anxiety that have been wearing the system, and the affectionate assurance of sympathy and remembrance,—will often relieve a long day's gloom, and give freedom and pleasantness to the movements of a household.

True politeness has therefore been well defined "Benevolence in trifles;" and he who will see to it that in the trivial details of life he manifests a kindly and Christian spirit, while he will never lack opportunity for the more visible acts of exertion and self-sacrifice, may be assured that the whole fabric of his life will grow to be what he would have it; that his own character will rapidly become more beautiful and noble, and that his influences on others, distilling as the dew and falling as the light, will be as refreshing and gladdening as they.

THE BIBLE FOR CHILDREN.

It is thought by some that the Bible is above the capacity of young children, and that books of a simple character, presenting perhaps the narratives and instructions of the Bible in plainer language, should be substituted for it until the mind of the child has been tolerably well developed by study. Some of these books are admirable for the purpose of conveying religious instruction to very young minds; and when used not as a substitute for the study of the Scriptures, but as auxiliary thereto, explaining the meaning of Scripture language, and the historical and local allusions of the Bible, are greatly to be commended. But they should never be permitted to keep the Bible out of view, nor by constant association to acquire an interest which does not pertain to the simple word of God.

There are many books for children which have in them little of Scripture narrative or of Scripture truth in any form, and which dilute that truth, so that, instead of being milk for babes, it resembles rather those simple teas of herbs which serve to quiet a restless stomach in the absence of its proper nourishment. A child fed only with such productions is stinted in its moral growth; it should have "the pure milk of the word."

Admirable as many stories for children are, any one who has made the experiment must have observed how far superior to those of human composition are the stories of the Bible, told in the language of the Bible, with such explanations only as may serve here and there to fix in the memory the meaning of a word. Take the account of the creation, and of the temptation and the fall of man, of the deluge, the ark and the rainbow, the story of Abraham offering up his son Isaac, the story of Joseph, of the birth of Moses, of the deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt, of the appearance of Jehovah on Sinai, the story of Samuel, of David and Goliath—in a word, the entire historical part of the Old Testament; take the account of the birth and of the crucifixion of the Saviour, or one of his parables, or the simple record of a miracle like the raising of Jairus' daughter, and of the widow's son at Nain, and read it to a child of ordinary intelligence, from two to five years old, and you will find that nothing which your own imagination can invent, and nothing which the invention of others has supplied, is so fascinating as a Bible story in Bible language, with such explanation and practical improvement as the circumstances may suggest to your own mind.

It is one of the most wonderful features of the Bible that it is adapted to every period of life, and to every grade of intellect. The child and the philosopher may alike slake their thirst together at its crystal fountains, and may partake with equal delight of its golden fruits.

In the religious instruction of children we should make the Bible the groundwork: it is adapted as a *first* book to the infant mind.

THE IRISH LAD AND THE PRIEST.

[The following anecdote was related by William Digby Seymour, Esq., a young Irish barrister, at an Anniversary of the "Irish Society of London."]

The boy was taking a walk, when a father-confessor of an adjoining parish met him; and when he had spoken awhile with him he said, "You're a smart lad, you young heretic! Do you know, I'd eat meat nine Fridays running to coax you into Maynooth?" "Would you?" replied the youngster; "I'd do more; I'd fast every Friday of my life to coax Maynooth into the Shannon." The priest was surprised at this sally. He spoke with the lad some minutes longer, and, when going off, he presented him with a half-crown, saying, he gave because the other was "the very picture of his poor, dear, departed grandmother!" The boy took the half-crown, and said, he would put it into his papa's collection-box for the Irish Society. This enraged the priest. The face of the holy father, proceeded Mr Seymour, blazed, an anathema of pious vengeance burst from his lips:—"My curse—the Virgin's curse—the curse of Peter and Paul—the curse of the church and martyrs be upon that Society!" he shouted; "may a blight and a blast be upon it! It took from me the best Catholic in my parish to be a Scripture-reader last week, and he'll steal them all from me before this time twelve months. So, you young reprobate, you're going to abuse my kindness this way! You'll not take your life and your half-crown together from this till you swear on this blessed cross (taking one from his breast) that you will not give my money to such an infernal purpose." So saying, and with a furious imprecation, he sprang off the saddle. It was truly a wild and painful scene! There stood the weeping boy and the man! the boy so bewildered as to forget restoring the coin; the priest so frenzied with religious ardour as to forget he was before a child. There they stood, for a moment only. The savage man had an Irish heart; the tears of childhood fell upon that breast and melted it to softness. The priest remounted his horse and bade the last adieu for ever. The priest's curse fell where it was uttered. The arrow touched not the Society, for the breath of God's blessing wafted it aside. The priest has since been gathered to them that sleep. He died a penitent. O may he awake to glory! But what of the boy? Some kind voice here may ask—"What of the boy?" He lives, my friends; he lives to muse full oft on that eventful scene. He lives to pray for the Society he much loved then, and loves much now. He lives to thank England's people for their zeal in that Society's behalf, and to urge them to continue in the noble work of giving Irishmen the Bible—of giving children their Father's will in a copy they can understand—of giving the bondmen of Rome the Magna Charta of Protestant liberty. Full of gratitude for the past, and full of hopes for the future, it is he who now addresses you.

NEVER CROSS A BRIDGE TILL YOU COME TO IT.

"*Never cross a bridge until you come to it!*" was the counsel usually given by a patriarch in the ministry to troubled and over-careful Christians. Are you troubled about the future? Do you see difficulties rising in Alpine range along your path? Are you alarmed at the state of your business—at the uncertanties hanging over your life—at the dubious propects in reserve for your children—at the gloomy contingencies which fancy sketches and invests with a sort of life-like reality—at the woes which hang over the cause of the Redeemer, or at any other earthly evil? Do not cross that bridge until you come to it. Perhaps you will never have occasion to cross it; and, if you do, may find that a timid imagination has overrated greatly the toil to be undergone, or has underrated the power of that grace which can lighten the Christian's every labour. In approaching the Notch of the White Mountains from one direction, the traveller finds himself in the midst of conical hills, which seem to surround him as he advances, and forbid further progress. He can see but a short distance along his winding road; it seems as if his journry must stop abruptly at the base of these barriers. He begins to think of turning back his horse, to escape from hopeless inclosure among impassable barriers. But let him advance, and he finds that the road curves around the frowning hill before him, and leads him into other and still other straits, from which he finds escape simply by advancing. Every new discovery of a passage around the obstructions of his path teaches him to hope in the practicability of his road. He cannot see far ahead at any time; but a passage discovers itself as he advances. He is neither required to turn back, nor to scale the steep sides of towering hills. His road winds along, preserving for miles almost an exact level. He finds that nothing is gained by *crossing a bridge before he comes to it!* Such is often the journey of life. How much of its toilsome ruggedness would be relieved by careful attention to the above admonition! *Never cross a bridge until you come to it!* Or, to express the same counsel in another form, "Be careful of nothing; but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God, 'which passeth all understanding,' shall keep (garrison) your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—*Independent.*

FULLER AND HIS CHURCH REWARDED.

"There was a period of my ministry," said this devoted man to a friend, "marked by the most pointed systematic effort to comfort my serious people; but the more I tried to comfort them the more they complained of doubts and darkness. Wherever I went among them, one lamentation met my ear, 'Ah! sir, I can get no comfort. I am unable to appropriate any of the great and precious promises to myself; I looked for light and behold darkness.' I knew not what to do, nor what to think, for I had done my best to comfort the mourners in Zion. I was therefore at my wit's end. At this time it pleased God to direct my attention to the claims of the perishing heathen in India; I felt that we had been living for ourselves, and not caring for their souls. I spoke as I felt. My serious people wondered and wept over their past inattention to this subject. They began to talk about a Baptist mission. The females especially began to collect money for the spread of the gospel. We met and prayed for the heathen, met and considered what could be done amongst ourselves for them, met and did what we could. And, whilst all this was going on, the lamentations ceased. The sad became cheerful, and the desponding calm. No one complained of a want of comfort. And I, instead of having to study how to comfort my flock, was myself comforted by them. They were drawn out of themselves. Sir, that was the real secret. God blessed them while they tried to be a blessing."

REJOICE ALWAY.

A gloomy Christian! Is such a thing possible?—is it ever true? Unhappily, we must say that there are some gloomy Christians. But is it Christianity that makes them gloomy? No, no. It is not their religion that makes them sad; it is the want of religion. If any one should be happy and cheerful, it is the Christian. For is he not a son of God, a joint heir with Christ to an heavenly inheritance? Is not Christ his elder brother, shepherd, and Saviour? Surely there is no sadness in any of these things. Then why, when the prospect is so glorious, be depressed, as if there was not a Sun of Righteousness? Fellow-Christian, when you pass your life sad and downcast, do you know what your depression implies? It implies *doubt* and *unbelief*—doubting of God's goodness and his ability and willingness to save; disbelief of his promise to save to the uttermost all who come unto him.

Gloomy Christian, you are very guilty. Does your religion make you gloomy? Be assured, then, that yours is not the religion of the gospel; it is something else wholly different. Peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost, is what true religion brings. If you are sad, Christian, sin is the cause of your sadness. If there is a load on your conscience, it is sin. If there is a cloud between you and the mercy-seat, sin has raised it. Then fellow-Christian, delay not, but find out the sin, and have it washed away in that fountain opened for just such a sinner as you are, so that you may joy and rejoice in the God of your salvation.—*Christian Observer.*

THE WORLD'S ENMITY.

From my very childhood, when I was first sensible of the concernments of men's souls, I was possessed with some admiration, to find that every where the religious, godly sort of people, who did but exercise a serious care of their own and other men's salvation, were made the wonder and obloquy of the world, especially of the most vicious and flagitious men; so that they that professed the same articles of faith, the same commandments of God to be their law, and the same petitions of the Lord's prayer to be their desire, and so professed the same religion, and every where revile those that endeavoured to live in good earnest in what they said. I thought this was impudent hypocrisy in the ungodly, worldly sort of men—to take those for the most intolerable persons in the land who are but serious in their own religion, and do but endeavour to perform what all their enemies also vow and promise. If religion be bad, and our faith be not true, why do these men profess it? If it be true and good, why do they hate and revile them that would live in the serious practice of it, if they will not practise it themselves? But we must not expect reason when sin and sensuality have made men unreasonable.

But I must profess that, since I observed the course of the world, and the concord of the word and providence of God, I took it for a notable proof of man's fall, and of the truth of the Scripture, and of the supernatural original of true sanctification, to find such an universal enmity between the holy and the serpentine seed, and to find Cain and Abel's case so ordinarily exemplified, and he that is born after the flesh persecuting him that is born after the Spirit. And methinks to this day it is a great and visible help for the confirmation of our Christian faith.—*Baxter.*

THE LONELY COTTAGER.

A pious cottager, residing in the centre of a long and dreary heath, being asked by a Christian visitor, "Are you not sometimes afraid in your lonely situation, especially in winter?" replied, "O no, sir, for faith shuts the door at night, and mercy opens it in the morning." Cottagers, what are your feelings on retiring to rest, and as you arise in the morning? Do they afford similar confidence to this poor believer, and with her do you also say—

"I lay my body down to rest,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love?"

And if so, you will surely exclaim, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE.

BY THE REV. G. B. CHEEVER, D.D.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."
"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

The secret of enjoying life lies here. The meek truly inherit or possess the earth. They have all the good the earth can afford in the highest degree. Those who would have rest and contentment of soul, let them be meek and lowly in heart as Christ was. But men will not believe this. Hence again and again is the old strife renewed to be happy in some other way. Multitudes press into the race of ambition. Multitudes toil for wealth. Those who have wealth in possession run the round of worldly fashion, pleasure, and dissipation. And yet all are disappointed. Ambition is rarely successful, and never satisfied. The love of money becomes more insatiable by indulgence. Worldly pleasure is a mad intoxication, which experiences the most intense sense of want when the power of enjoyment is exhausted.

But how do the meek inherit the earth? The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. Whatever adaptation, therefore, it possesses to the wants of man, God has given it. The soul of man is God's work. Whatever capacity of enjoyment, therefore, it possesses, God has given it. It is evident then, that, in order to enjoy life, we must use the things of this life as God intended them to be used, and use our souls according to their divinely constituted capacity. That we can be happy at all, is owing to the divine constitution of the soul and its objects; and so, in order to be happy, we must obey this constitution. If we would see, we must use our eyes in relation to the light according to the laws of light and vision. If we would have taste and smell, we must do the same in regard to the organs and objects of these sensations. If we would be nourished and enjoy health, we must obey the laws of our physical being. All this every one at once admits. But the same must be true in respect to our whole being—in respect to the spiritual, no less than in respect to the physical. Now, meekness expresses just that state of mind when we are disposed to use our souls, in their earthly relations, in strict accordance with the law appointed by him who made the soul. And it is by no means difficult to see how meekness must work out our highest good in this world. A definition of this virtue will bring the whole clearly before us.

What is meekness? It is, first of all, a childlike submission of one's self into the hands of God's providence. We are, indeed, to act according to our best foresight and energy. But we know full well there are in every sphere of life numerous contingencies against which we cannot provide. Notwithstanding all our endeavours, things turn out very differently from our expectations. While we would have the course of life go on in our way, we find there is a power above which orders it another way. Now, most men fret against these inevitable dispensations; and as human life is filled with such experiences, they are kept in a constant state of discontent; they are always sailing against wind and tide.

But the meek man, having done all that duty demands, quietly leaves the event in the hands of the overruling Providence. He wisely reflects, that to indulge in fretfulness and discontent would not alter the dispensations of Providence, and would only serve to make himself miserable, and indeed disqualify him for availing himself of favourable occasions as they might open to him. But more than this, distrusting his own wisdom and foresight, he rejoices to let God take *his* wise and glorious way. He cheerfully yields his own designs and wishes to the determinations of infinite wisdom and goodness. He is willing to be led by a divine and gracious hand through the darkness. Meek and lowly like a little child, and full of truthfulness like a little child, it is to him the source of sweet content and perfect satisfaction, that God is guiding and governing him and all things around him. Who then inherits the earth—he who is ever struggling with the divine Providence, or he who, yielding to it, feels that he is kindly and securely carried along in the best possible way?

Again, as meekness is submission to God, so likewise it is forbearance and patience towards man. Our fellow-men, in all the relations in which we stand to them, are prone to disappoint our just expectations. We often also meet with opposition, injury, and enmity, tempting us to indulge in anger, to return injury for injury in the spirit of revenge, and to enter into an active conflict for the mastery. By such a course we are led into painful distrust, into endless disputes, enmity becomes more malignant, opposition more violent, and revenge more bitter. It is easy thus to consume life in vain and tormenting struggles.

The meek man, on the contrary, elevates himself above this stormy region, and dwells in perpetual peace. He looks with an eye of pity and charity upon the weaknesses and obliquities of men, and ever reflects how much more the divine forbearance is tried than his own possibly can be. If God is patient with man, shall not man be patient with his fellow man? Hence he subdues enmity with kindness, allays opposition by forbearing to oppose, and meets injury with forgiveness. By refusing to yield to irritation and anger, he escapes from the annoyances of human passion, and often enjoys the satisfaction of melting an enemy into a friend, and converting a sinner from the error of his ways. A false spirit of honour and pride often leads men to breast the storm of passion, so that they are soiled and rent by its violence. The meek man, by yielding to the storm, escapes its violence, and, allowing it to expand its force, soon enjoys returning sunshine. Who, then, inherits the earth—he who is always in a state of agitation and conflict, or he who, possessing his soul in patience, enjoys the consciousness of perpetual peace, and of a kind and loving spirit, which it is not in the power of others to turn from its serene and heavenward way?

There is nothing perhaps which causes more unhappiness in the world than jealousy, envy, pride, and vain ambition. Thus men lose the sense of their own positive blessings in dwelling upon the advantages of others, in repining over the want of that which has not been allotted to them, and in vain endeavours to emulate conditions which are out of their reach. But the meek man, resigned to his lot, is relieved from all this; and hence he is prepared to estimate the blessings he really possesses, to put them to the best account, and to enjoy them to the full.

That is a beautiful expression of Scripture—"the meekness of wisdom," or "a wise meekness;" for meekness is the highest wisdom and prudence of life. Indeed, the law of meekness is that alone which can direct our human life to the attainment of its proper ends and enjoyments. Without it, it is impossible to inherit the earth. As we cannot escape from an over-ruling Providence, so our highest wisdom is by a meek submission to make it our best friend. As we cannot escape from human relations, so our highest wisdom is by meekness to harmonize them to ourselves. As we are continually prone to inordinate desires and passions, so again our highest wisdom is, by meekness, to reduce them to the measure of gentleness, love, and well-doing.

Think not that this meekness is mean and servile. On the contrary, it is a prime element of dignity of character. It elevates the human to the divine. He who was on earth in the form of man, meek and lowly in heart, spoke with divine authority, and wielded the powers of omnipotence. What the world calls great and noble, it frowns upon, only to bring to light the true nobility and greatness of the soul. To sit at the feet of God is not to hold a mean place—archangels sit there. To be a spirit of gentleness, peace, and love among men, is not mean; for it is to perform the office of ministering heavenly spirits. It is easy to yield to passion, and to be turbulent, fierce, and overbearing—so is the wild beast of the forest. To exercise forbearance towards weak, passionate mortals, is a divine attribute. To withdraw from pride, folly, and vanity, is to ascend nearer to heaven. The soul, purified by meekness from grovelling tendencies and earthly habitudes, is prepared to behold, with clear vision, all the beauty and good that is in the world. Such a soul only fulfils the rational conditions of real blessedness. It lays aside nothing but what would mar its own beauty, and disturb the good of others. It puts off a cumbrous, crude, earthly armour, to be clothed with the whole armour of God. It disrobes itself of false adornments, to appear as a child of light. There is not a high gift of the intellect and spirit but what it may claim as its own. There is no duty demanding wisdom, courage, firmness, patience, perseverance, generosity, and benevolence, but what it is prepared to perform. It is so truly and intrinsically great and excellent, that it needs no hypocritical pretensions, no boasting, no ambitious displays. In the consciousness of what it is in itself by God's grace, it is simply willing to be itself, and to live its proper life. It is meek in the majesty of its truthfulness, sincerity, and goodness.

ROMANISM IN MALTA AND SICILY.

Malta, *Feb.* 10, 1849.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE SHIPWRECK OF ST PAUL.

This is the day appointed by the Pope as the anniversary of the shipwreck of the Apostle Paul. How any body can tell on what day this event took place is more than I know, but I feel no hesitation in saying that it could *not* have taken place on the 10th of February; for the sacred historian, who was a companion with Paul at the time, says, that "after *three months* they departed in a ship of Alexandria which had wintered in the isle." No one can believe that a vessel would be detained by the winter in Malta until the 10th of May! But the decision of an infallible Pope is sufficient to settle all such questions with faithful Romanists.

As might be supposed, this anniversary is celebrated with very special observances in Malta. There is in Valetta a street called *St Paolo*, and in this street there is a church dedicated to the Apostle Paul. Nearly or quite a week ago, I noticed that preparations were being made for a grand illumination throughout nearly the whole length of this long street. Posts were planted on both sides, with iron arms for supporting bowls filled with oil for lamps, eight or ten on a post, and on each was a representation of flames and a viper coming out of them. The street traverses a deep valley, and the church is situated near the bottom of it. Wooden arches were erected on the top of the hill, on either side, upon which innumerable lamps were tastefully arranged, and historical paintings were also hung up, illustrative of events connected with the apostle's shipwreck. Yesterday evening the celebration commenced. The whole street was brilliantly lighted, and especially the front of the church itself, which was completely covered with lamps, besides a number of large and splendid chandeliers, and a broad and bright flame going forth from the very top of the cupola. A band of music was going back and forth through the street as fast as one of the densest crowds I ever saw, would permit.

This morning I went to the church, which I found so crammed with people that there was no room to enter more than a very few feet from the door. The altar, and the walls on either side were covered with burning candles although it was near midday; and so also was a wooden image of the Apostle, standing in a preaching attitude on one side, larger than life. This image was painted and gilded in the most tawdry manner, and was fastened to a broad wooden platform, upon which, I ascertained, it was to be carried through the streets in procession in the afternoon. The governor of the island, who is an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, I found was present on this occasion, and there appeared to be about as much honour showed to him as to the Apostle Paul.

The hour appointed for the procession was two o'clock P. M., but a copious rain interfered with the arrangement, and for a while it was reported that the display would be deferred until to-morrow. Returning fair weather however encouraged the priests to proceed with their begun work, though two hours later than was at first intended. They have many priestly processions in Malta in the course of the year; but it is said, that this in honour of St Paul exceeds all the rest in magnitude and grandeur of display. It must have been several miles in length, and consisted of all the different orders of priests and monks to be found in Valetta and the suburbs, Dominicans, Franciscans, Capuchins, Jesuits, Augustinians, Priests, Deacons, and Friars; and last, not least, the Bishop himself: all in their distinctive dresses, and each particular rank preceded by a large silken banner, carried aloft upon a long and richly ornamented silver pole. There were also crucifixes, lanterns, and candles without number. After the Bishop came the swarthy image of the Apostle, mentioned above, borne on the shoulders of eight men, who staggered under the load. The procession started from the church of St Paul, and proceeding nearly to one extremity of the street crossed over to the *Strada Reale* (Royal Street), through nearly the whole length of which it passed, and then, crossing back again to the street of St Paul, it returned to the church. The crowds of people that thronged the whole way, uncovered their heads when the image passed, as they did before each crucifix; and I observed that, whenever the image-bearers came to a church, they stopped, and planted the wooden representative of Paul directly in front, with his face turned towards the door, and his hand outstretched; and there they left him for five minutes or more, as it were to deliver some apostolic message to the stone pile before him! After seeing as much as I wished and more of the procession in Strada Reale, I hurried down to the foot of the valley in Strada St Paolo, to witness the return of the image to the church, which I was told was the most *see-able* part of the show. I found the whole of that street literally crammed with people, and yet the procession did manage to pass along, though very slowly. The appearance of the wooden apostle under the arch on the top of the hill on its return, was the signal for a general shout among the crowd. The arches and the whole street were lighted up with candles, although the sun was yet above the horizon. A motley throng proceeded down the street in front of the image, bowing before it, waving handkerchiefs and hats most furiously, and shouting and screaming at the very top of their voices. And as they approached the church, men were stationed at the windows and on the top, even as high as the very steeple itself, to wave handkerchiefs and burn candles towards the image. I am persuaded that for vulgarity, stupidity, blind infatuation, and wild and noisy devotion, scarcely any thing worse can be found even in India itself. Poor Paul! how would his spirit be stirred within him, and his very soul loathe such idolatrous homage, were he now in this island witnessing these scenes! I remember, when once the people of a certain place sought to do religious homage to him, how he rent his garments, and ran in among them and besought them to desist, declaring at the same time that one especial object of his mission was to persuade them to "turn from these vanities unto the living God." They were heathen people and idolaters by profession; but how much more would such acts excite the indignation of the apostle, coming as they do from those who profess to be the disciples of Christ! This is the Christianity of Rome, and thus the people are taught and commanded to do; and, what is more, whoever objects to such idolatry, and refuses to join in it, is branded as a heretic and sent to perdition! Who believes this?

THE FEAST OF ST PUBLIUS.

There is another feast whose celebration I have witnessed, which I think must be peculiar to Malta. It is the feast of *St Publius!* It may be new to your readers, as it was to me, that Publius, who was the "chief man of the island" when Paul was here, and who received the Apostle and "lodged him courteously" "for three days," and whose father Paul miraculously healed, that this same Publius, of whose conversion even not a word is found in the sacred writings, afterwards became a bishop, and in time of persecution was carried to Rome, where he was martyred, being thrown among the lions! There is a church in Florian, a suburb of Valetta, dedicated to St Publius, and there is an annual festival in honour of the Saint, at which many things are done for the amusement of the good people of Florian and Valetta, for which they doubtless pay the priests something of an equivalent, as people are wont to pay for amusements in other countries. On the evening before the day there was a grand exhibition of fire-works in a large open space in front of the church, at which tens of thousands of people were present, though probably not one of them could tell what benefit or honour to Publius it was, to send off rockets, and make a display of wheels and trees and serpents of fire, with the usual acompaniments of squibs and popguns. On the following day a grand procession of priests and monks paraded about the streets of Florian, bearing a huge wooden image of this saint with a ferocious looking lion by his side, represented in the very act of seizing upon its victim. The curiosity of it was, that Publius was gorgeously dressed in full episcopal robes, with mitre upon his head, as though he had been dressed in this costume, and thus thrown, by his heathen persecutors, into the amphitheatre with the lions.

On the occasion of this feast, a new bell, of a large size, was added to a half a dozen others already hanging in the tower of Publius's church, and as usual there was a solemn baptismal ceremony performed over the bell before it was raised to its place.

AN ALTAR PRIVILEGED TO RELEASE FROM PURGATORY.

I have already given you several inscriptions I have found in Malta, illustrative of the true spirit of Romanism, and if you will not tire, I will give you one more, which I copied from the side of the great altar in the church of St Barbara. It is in Latin as follows:—

D. O. M.
ARAM ISTAM
INDULGENTE PIO VI. PONTIFICE MAXIMO
PRIVILEGIO AETERNO
ANIMAS VINDICANDI AB IGNO PIACULARI
SACRIFICIORUM PERPETRATIONE
FR. LUCAS BOYER D'ARGENS DE GUILLE
ORDINIS HIEROSOLYMITANI EQUES
A BEAULIEU COMMENDATARIUS
REI TORMENTARIE, PREFECTUS
AUGENDAM CURAVIT ANNO JUBILAIS.

Of which I offer the following translation: *This altar, honoured by the indulgent High Priest Pius the 6th with the eternal privilege of releasing souls from the expiatory fire, through the performance of sacrifices, Francis Lucas Boyer D'Argens De Guille, a Knight of the Jerusalem altar, etc. Erected in the year of Jubilee* 1775.

What a different system the Roman pontifical system is from that of the gospel of Jesus Christ! We read here of "*expiatory fire*," but not a word of this is found in the gospel. The expiatory sufferings of Christ are spoken of, and also "*the vengeance of eternal fire*," but the idea of a place of purgation in the other world, where souls are purified by fire from their sins and afterwards admitted to heaven, is a mere invention of the Roman priesthood, and has no more to do with the gospel than the Indian doctrine of transmigration of souls.

We are informed also by the above, that it was a special mark of benignity in Pope Pius the 6th that he conferred the eternal privilege on this altar of releasing souls from purgatory; whereas if he really had any such power, and merely exercised it here and there, in a few isolated cases (where perhaps something of a *consideration* was offered to him), instead of entitling him to be called an *indulgent*, it should for ever brand him as a most *hard-hearted* and *cruel* High Priest, that he did not extend the privilege to all. And furthermore, I need not here undertake to show how far removed from the good old way of the gospel is the pretension, that any sacrifices, upon even the most privileged altar, are now called for, or can be of the least avail in expiating sin. O, Rome, Rome! how art thou "fallen from grace!" and how proudly hast thou turned thy back upon the Son of God, the only Saviour of sinners, and drawn millions with thee in the broad way of Pharisaism, idolatry, and perdition! But thy days are numbered, and woe to all them that have partaken in thy sins.

[Another letter, dated PALERMO, *May* 14, says,]

But the most significant display at Palermo is in the religious processions. These tell us plainly the mental and moral degradation of this people. On the occasion of Good Friday, we saw paraded through the town, by a troop of vulgar-looking priests, a glass case containing a ghastly wax image of a dead Christ, made as revolting as possible by the profusion of blood streaming over the face, and from the pierced hands, and feet, and side. After this came a dolorous image of the Virgin, clothed in black, and next the President, the members of parliament, staff-officers, and the military. That the degraded populace should crowd around this spectacle, and cross themselves with superstitious horror, was to be expected; but that the legislators and superior officers of the army should lend themselves to such imposition, was the humiliation of many hopes for Sicily, founded upon the intelligence of the age. These dignitaries of the state are enlightened men; they despise the priests, they call the people "*swine*" for their eagerness after this mummery—and in private conversation warmly deplore the effect of such exhibitions. Yet they succumb to every ghostly custom that leads them out to parade. Their intelligence goes with a moral cowardice infinitely more discouraging than their fear of the Neapolitans. The spectacle referred to must be seen, to know how deeply intelligence can demean itself.

The environs of Palermo afford many delightful excursions, among which that to the Monastery is quite celebrated. The road thither carries us near some Saracenic ruins well worth seeing; and through a plain upon which divine benevolence seems to have lavished every blessing of the field; but strown, alas! with a race in ruins—a tribe of demi-savages clad in sheepskins, and pursuing agriculture with long guns at their backs. Arrived at the Monastery grounds, we find large vineyards extending on either side, with valuable olive orchards surrounded with high, well-built walls; and close around the Monastery itself are thick groves of oranges and lemons, with an ornamented garden rising in terraces up the mountain side. Here we enjoy the choicest fruit, and the loveliest view in all Sicily. As if, however, to mock all fancies of an earthly paradise, out come a gang of blowsy monks, sworn to beggary and the affectation of poverty. From this luxuriant garden these lazy impostors go forth to gather charity from the industrious poor. Poetry has made this Monastery the retreat of pious meditation! But enter—can this museum of wax figures, and relics, and hideous pictures, this studio of raw-head and bloody-bones, called a chapel, be a place of divine communion? Can such a burlesque of sacred ideas aid the soul to any just conception of Christianity?

But they have a library here—"many valuable and rare old works in it," 'tis said. Let us inquire for one such.

Visitor. Have you a copy of the Bible here?

Monk. O yes; we have the sacred Scriptures here. (Monk produces the book.)

Visitor. But this is not the Bible. (The goodly fellowship of monks repel the insinuation with an outcry.)

British Officer. Come, now, let us prove the matter. Sit down at the table here, and I will read you a passage from the true Bible, while you follow me with yours, to see how they compare. (Officer reads —monks find themselves all out.)

Monk. Stop, if you please, sir; I think we must have the wrong place.

Officer. Very well; let us take another, then.

The result is the same; the two Bibles are wholly unlike.

Officer. Listen, now, while I read you a chapter from John, to show you the style and substance of the true word of God.

The monks listen with interest; one standing by the foot of the table clasps his hands, and repeats a certain verse. As the reader stops, he cries, "Tell me, Sir, where can I get a book like that?" In a word, the monks are convinced of the real character of what they called the Bible. It is only a book of Scripture narratives, paraphrased to suit Popish notions—a sheer fraud of the Papal Church. We are happy to be able to testify that many monasteries of Sicily have an older and rarer work in them now than they ever had before.

"THE DAY WILL BREAK BY AND BY."

It was about four o'clock in the morning that I quitted the farm-house, where for a week I had passed my time in peace and repose. Old Roger, a servant on the farm, carried my portmanteau over his shoulder, for we had a walk before us of four or five miles to meet the coach. "How dark it is!" said I, looking up at the starless and gloomy sky. "Yes, sir, it is dark enough, of a certain," said Roger, as he led the way cautiously across a hollow way, through the fern and furze, and thorns and brambles; "but the day will break by and by."

There was something so cheering and encouraging in the way in which the old man spoke this, as well as in the words themselves, that it gathered like a cordial round my heart. True, I did now and then stumble, and at times a furze bush or a straggling bramble for a moment entangled my feet, but this mattered not. "The day will break by and by," thought I, still musing on old Roger's words, "and then we shall get on better."

On went the old man with his burden, and close at his heels I followed; and whether it was that, coming from the bright fireside in the farm-house, the night had at first appeared darker than it really was, or whether my sight, by degrees becoming more accustomed to the gloom, discerned, on that account, the objects around me clearer than before, certain it is, that ere we had walked a mile, I could distinguish my path, and the trees and brambles about it, with very little difficulty.

There were so many uncouth stiles and high gates to clamber over, that we proceeded rather slowly, but every mile we walked there was a lessening of the gloom: twilight turned into grey, and grey into a clear light. The east, having by little and little grown brighter, began to glow with yellow and red; and long before we had arrived at the place where the coach changed horses, the birds were warbling around us, the sun over the distant hills was blazing in the sky, and the heavens were glowing with purple and gold.

Many a year has rolled away since then, and old Roger has been long since "gathered to his fathers," in the village churchyard. The farm-house itself has been made into a modern-looking mansion, and is inhabited by a new tenant. The little road-side public-house, where the coach used to change horses, has been taken down, and a railroad station is erected near the spot. These, with other changes, have taken place, and many who then lived in the neighbourhood have been called to another world; yet here am I still, calling back to my memory the walk which I had with old Roger, and his encouraging expression, "The day will break by and by."

In that walk, as I said, the sky was gloomy, and brambles straggled across my path; but since then I have passed through darker seasons, and along pathways more rugged and briery. Troubles have awaited me, not more than were necessary for my good, nor heavier than God has given me strength to bear; but still they were troubles, and had I not been taught by a heavenly Instructor, that "affliction cometh not forth from the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground" (Job v. 6), how could I have sustained them? In the darkest seasons, however, I have been led to look upwards, even to the hills, "from whence cometh my help," and have been mercifully enabled to say, "The day will break by and by!"

And how, reader, has it been with you? Have you peacefully walked in "green pastures," and "beside the still waters;" or has a rude, a rough, and a weary road been appointed you? Have sunbeams lit up your path, or have shadows, deep shadows, surrounded you? But "man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward;" and therefore I may conclude that you have had your share; nay, it may be, that even now your feet are among the briers, and that darkness, thick darkness, overshadows your path. Can you listen, then, to the voice of consolation? Can you receive a word of encouragement? If your eyes and your hope are fixed on the earth, no wonder that you see nothing but gloom; but if you are really looking upwards to the skies, take courage; your night of darkness may have been a long one, yet "the day will break by and by."

They who love God are loved by him, and will be brought by him out of darkness into marvellous light. When the Egyptians were encompassed with "a darkness that might be felt," God's chosen people, the Israelites, "had light in their dwellings" (Exod. x. 23). Jesus loved Lazarus; and though the shadows and darkness of death and the grave fell upon him, yet did the Saviour scatter the darkness, and redeem him from the power of the grave. Fear not, then, whatever be the shadows around you; for if you love the Lord of glory it will be well with you. "The day will break by and by."

Do you fear poverty? "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."—(2 Cor. viii. 9.) Do you fear sickness? He is the great Physician, and can cure all diseases both of body and soul. Do you fear death? "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—(John iii. 16.) Be of good cheer, the day-spring from on high has visited us. The Saviour has come into the world, and will again appear in glory; and to all that love his appearing, sins and sorrows, and clouds and darkness, will be known no more. Let, then, your darkness be what it may, the fear of poverty, sickness, or death, it shall not endure; your sorrow shall be turned into joy, for "the day will break by and by." Trust, then, in the Lord, "until the day break, and the shadows flee away."—(Sol. Song ii. 17; iv. 6.) —*Old Humphrey.*

PRAISE FOR AFFLICTION.

BY CAROLINE FRY.

For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King?
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, and for ease?
For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace?

Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloom'd in my breast?
For joys in perspective and pleasures possess'd?
For the spirits that heighten'd my days of delight?
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

For this would I praise thee; but if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss:
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gather'd, the anguish I bear;

For nights of anxieties, watchings, and tears;
A present of pain, a perspective of fears;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestow'd.

The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown;
They yielded no fruits, they are wither'd and gone.
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me;
'Twas the message of mercy, it led me to Thee.

THE REV. DR ARNOLD.

The Rev. T. Arnold, D.D., was, in 1842, head master of Rugby school, and the recently appointed regius professor of history in the university of Oxford. His mind was of a most powerful cast; his love for true religion, amidst some peculiarities, of the highest order; his opposition, privately and publicly, to all opinions bearing the name of Tractarian, unremitting and uncompromising. Placed as the instructor of a public school, which furnished many members annually to the English universities, Dr Arnold's post was one of great influence, and he employed that influence with the most happy results for the spiritual good of his individual pupils, and for the promotion of spiritual religion in society at large. He had scarcely entered on his professorship at Oxford, when death summoned him to higher services for God.

In Dr Arnold's family there was an hereditary predisposition to *angina pectoris*. His father had died suddenly of spasm of the heart; and the event left a deep impression on Dr Arnold's mind. "Shall I tell you, my little boy," he said to one of his younger children, who was bursting forth with joy at the expectation of the holidays which were then just coming on—"shall I tell you why I call it sad?" and he then told him how suddenly he had been himself left an orphan, and how his father had, on the Sunday evening before his death, caused him to read a sermon on the text, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." "Now," said he, "cannot you see, when you talk with such certainty about this day week, and what we shall do, why it seems sad to me?" "It is one of the most solemn things I do," said he (referring to his habit of writing in his manuscript volume of sermons the date of its commencement, and not that of its completion), "to write the beginning of that sentence, and think that I may not live to finish it."

The approach of his forty-seventh birthday seemed to be looked upon by Dr Arnold with feelings of special solemnity; and there was visibly marked upon his whole manner and bearing the effect of some deep impression. Some passages from his diary, given in his most valuable life, will illustrate the posture of his mind:—

"June 2. Again the day is over, and I am going to rest. O Lord! preserve me this night, and strengthen me to bear whatever thou shalt see fit to lay on me, whether pain, sickness, danger, or distress.

"June 5. I have been just looking over a newspaper, one of the most painful and solemn studies in the world if it be read thoughtfully. So much of sin and so much of suffering in the world, as are there displayed, and no one seems able to remedy either. And then the thought of my own private life, so full of comforts, is very startling; when I contrast it with the lot of millions, whose portion is so full of distress or trouble. May I be kept humble and jealous, and may God give me grace to labour in my generation for the good of my brethren, and for His glory! May he keep me His by night and by day, and strengthen me to bear and do his will, through Jesus Christ!

"June 6. I have felt better and stronger all this day, and I thank God for it. But may he keep my heart tender! May he keep me gentle and patient, yet active and jealous; may he bless me in himself and in his Son! May he make me humble-minded in this, that I do not look for good things as my portion here, but rather should look for troubles as what I deserve, and as what Christ's people are to bear! 'If ye be without chastisement,' etc. How much of good have I received at God's hand, and shall I not receive evil? Only, O Lord! strengthen me to bear it, whether it visit me in body, in mind, or in estate. Strengthen me with the grace thou didst vouchsafe to thy martyrs; and let me not fall from thee in any trial. O Lord! let me cherish a sober mind, to be ready to bear events, and not sullenly. O Lord! reveal to me thyself in Christ Jesus, which knowledge will make all suffering and all trials easy. O Lord! bless my dearest wife, and strengthen us in the hardest of all trials—evil befalling each other. Bless our dear children, and give me grace to guide them wisely and lovingly through Jesus Christ. O Lord! may I join with all thy people in heaven and on earth, in offering up my prayer to thee through our Lord Jesus Christ; and in saying, 'Glory be to thy most holy name for ever and ever!'"

Before the departure of the Rugby boys for the holidays, Dr Arnold preached, on the 5th of June, the farewell sermon, which concluded the course on "the things necessary to be borne in mind by his scholars, wherever they might be scattered in after life." "The real point which concerns us all," he said in that sermon, "is not whether one sin be of one kind or of another, more or less venial, or more or less mischievous in man's judgment, and to our worldly interests; but whether we struggle against all sin, because it is sin—whether we have not placed ourselves consciously under the banner of our Lord Jesus Christ, trusting in him, cleaving to him, feeding on him by faith daily, and so resolved, and continually renewing our resolution, to be his faithful soldiers and servants to our life's end." The last subject given to his pupils for an exercise was "*Domus ultima*" (the last house); the last translation for Latin verses, Spenser's verses on the death of Sydney; and the last words in his lecture on the New Testament, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." He observed with solemnity, that "the mere contemplation of Christ shall transform us into his likeness."

Much of this seemed premonitory. The words of his biographer may describe the rest:—"In the evening, he took a short stroll, as usual, on the lawn in the further garden, with his friend and former pupil, from whom the account of these last few days has been chiefly derived. His conversation with him turned on some points in the Oxford theology, in regard to which he thought him in error; particularly he dwelt seriously, but kindly, on what he conceived to be false notions of the eucharist, insisting especially that our Lord forbids us to suppose that the highest spiritual blessings can be conferred only or chiefly through the reception of material elements; urging with great earnestness, when it was said that there might be various modes of spiritual agency, 'My dear lad, God be praised, we are told the great mode by which we are affected—we have his own blessed assurance—"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."'

"At nine o'clock was a supper, which, on the last evening of the summer half-year, he gave to the sixth-form boys of his own house; and they were struck with the cheerfulness and liveliness of his manner, talking of the end of the half-year, and the pleasure of his returning to Fox-how in the next week; and observing, in allusion to the departure of so many of the boys, 'How strange the chapel will look to-morrow!'

"The school business was now completely over. The old school-house servant, who had been about the place many years, came to receive the final accounts, and delighted afterwards to tell how his master had kept him a quarter of an hour, talking to him with more than usual kindness and confidence.

. . . . . .

"It was between five and six o'clock on Sunday morning that he awoke with a sharp pain across his chest, which he mentioned to his wife, on her asking whether he felt well, adding, that he had felt it slightly on the preceding day, before and after bathing. He then again composed himself to sleep, but her watchful care, always anxious even to nervousness, at the least indication of illness, was at once awakened; and, on finding from him that the pain increased, and that it seemed to pass from his chest to his left arm, her alarm was so much roused, from a remembrance of having heard of this in connection with *angina pectoris*, and its fatal consequences, that, in spite of his remonstrances, she rose and called up an old servant, whom they usually consulted in cases of illness, from her having so long attended the sick-bed of his sister Susannah. Reassured by her confidence, that there was no ground for fear, but still anxious, Mrs Arnold returned to his room. She observed him, as she was dressing herself, lying still, but with his hands clasped, his lips moving, and his eyes raised upwards, as if engaged in prayer, when all at once he repeated, firmly and earnestly, 'And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen, thou hast believed; blessed are they which have not seen, and yet have believed;' and soon afterwards, with a solemnity of manner, and depth of utterance, which spoke more than the words themselves, 'But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons.' From time to time he seemed to be in severe suffering, and, on the entrance of the old servant before mentioned, said, 'Ah, Elizabeth! if I had been as much accustomed to bear pain as dear Susannah was, I should bear it better.' To his wife, however, he uttered no expressions of acute pain, dwelling only on the moments of comparative ease, and observing that he did not know what it was. But the more than usual earnestness which marked his tone and manner, especially in repeating the verses from Scripture, had again aroused her worst fears, and she ordered messengers to be sent for medical assistance, which he had at first requested her not to do, from not liking to disturb at that hour the usual medical attendant, who had been suffering from indisposition. She then took up the Prayer-book, and was looking for a psalm to read to him, when he said quickly, 'The fifty-first,' which she accordingly read by his bedside, reminding him at the seventh verse, that it was the favourite verse of one of the old almswomen whom he was in the habit of visiting; and, at the twelfth verse, 'O give me the comfort of thy help again, and stablish me with thy free spirit,' he repeated it after her very earnestly. She then read the prayer in the Visitation of the Sick, beginning, 'The almighty Lord, who is a most strong tower,' etc., kneeling herself at the foot of the bed, and altering it into a common prayer for them both.

"On the entrance of the medical visitor, Dr Arnold described his pain, which was ascertained to be spasm of the heart. The physician then quitted the house for medicine, leaving Mrs Arnold now fully aware from him of her husband's state. At this moment she was joined by her son, who entered the room with no serious apprehension; and on his coming up to the bed, his father, with his usual gladness of expression towards him, asked, 'How is your deafness, my boy?' (he had been suffering from it the night before), and then, playfully alluding to an old accusation against him, 'you must not stay here; you know you do not like a sick room.' He then sat down with his mother at the foot of the bed, and presently his father said in a low voice, 'My son, thank God for me;' and as his son did not at once catch his meaning, he went on, saying—'Thank God, Tom, for giving me this pain. I suffered so little pain in my life, that I feel it is very good for me; now God has given it to me, and I do so thank him for it;' and again, after a pause, he said, alluding to a wish which his son had often heard him express, that if he ever had to suffer pain, his faculties might be unaffected by it, 'How thankful I am that my head is untouched!' Meanwhile his wife, who still had sounding in her ears the tone in which he had repeated the passage from the Epistle to the Hebrews, again turned to the Prayer-book and began to read the exhortation in which it occurs in the Visitation of the Sick. He listened with deep attention, saying emphatically, 'Yes,' at the end of many of the sentences. 'There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ.' 'Yes.' 'He entered not into his glory before he was crucified.' 'Yes.' At the words 'everlasting life,' she stopped, and his son said, 'I wish, dear papa, we had you at Fox-how.' He made no answer, but the last conscious look, which remained fixed on his wife's memory, was the look of intense tenderness and love with which he smiled upon them both at that moment.

"The physician now returned with the medicines, and the former remedies were applied; there was a slight return of the spasms, after which he said, 'If the pain is again as severe as it was before you came, I do not know how I can bear it.' He then, with his eyes fixed upon the physician, who rather felt than saw them upon him, so as to make it impossible not to answer the exact truth, repeated one of his former questions about the cause of the disease, and ended with asking, 'Is it likely to return?' and on being told that it was—'Is it generally suddenly fatal?' 'Generally.' On being asked whether he had any pain, he replied that he had none but from the application of the external remedies; and then, a few moments afterwards, inquired what medicine was to be given, and on being told, answered, 'Ah, very well!' The physician, who was dropping the laudanum into a glass, turned around, and saw him looking quite calm, but with his eyes shut. In another minute, he heard a rattle in the throat, and a convulsive struggle—flew to the bed, caught his head upon his shoulder, and called to one of the servants to fetch Mrs Arnold. She had but just left the room before his last conversation with the physician, in order to acquaint her son with his father's danger, of which he was still unconscious, when she heard herself called from above. She rushed up-stairs, told her son to bring the rest of the children, and with her own hands applied the remedies that were brought, in the hope of reviving animation, though herself feeling from the moment that she saw him, that he had already passed away. He was indeed no longer conscious. The sobs and cries of his children as they entered and saw their father's state, made no impression upon him—the eyes were fixed—the countenance was unmoved—there was a heaving of the chest—deep gasps escaped at prolonged intervals; and just as the usual medical attendant arrived, and as the old school-house servant, in an agony of grief, rushed with the others into the room, in the hope of seeing his master once more—he breathed his last.

"It must have been shortly before eight A.M. that he expired, though it was naturally impossible for those who were present to adjust their recollections of what passed, with precise exactness of time or place. So short and sudden had been the seizure, that hardly any one out of the household itself had heard of his illness before its fatal close. His guest and former pupil, who had slept in a remote part of the house, was coming down to breakfast as usual, thinking of questions to which the conversation of the preceding night had given rise, and which, by the great kindness of his manner, he felt doubly encouraged to ask him, when he was met on the staircase by the announcement of his death. The masters knew nothing till the moment when, almost at the same time, at the different boarding-houses, the fatal message was delivered, in all its startling abruptness, that Dr Arnold was dead! What that Sunday was in Rugby it is hard fully to represent. The incredulity—the bewilderment—the agitated inquiries for every detail—the blank, more awful than sorrow, that prevailed through the vacant services of that long and dreary day—the feeling as if the very place had passed away with him, who had so emphatically been in every sense its head—the sympathy which hardly dared to contemplate, and which yet could not but fix the thoughts and looks of all on the desolate house where the fatherless family were gathered round the chamber of death." *

This striking scene needs no comment:—

"Is that his death-bed where the Christian lies?"
"No! 'tis not his. 'Tis death itself there dies."

COLERIDGE.

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* Stanley's "Life of Arnold."

GOD'S TESTIMONY AGAINST SIN.

1. By the execution of every individual of all the millions that perished in the flood; by the overwhelming of Sodom and Gomorrah with fire and brimstone from heaven; by the plagues of Egypt; by the sentence of death against the Canaanites; by the destruction of the Jewish nation, and the fearful miseries brought upon Jerusalem in its first capture; and by the still more dreadful woes it suffered in its last destruction—God testified against the sins that caused them. Each of these events was God's testimony against specific sins, made by the execution of the multitude of persons that perished in it.

The public execution of *one* person is a solemn and impressive testimony of the state against the sin that made it necessary. How unutterably solemn and impressive, then, is the testimony borne against sin by the execution of all those millions!

2. By all the weariness of labour ever felt; by all the torments of guilt and shame in all ages past; by all the pains of sickness ever endured; by all the terrors of death suffered, from the fall of Abel to this hour—God has given testimony to every soul of man against sin. By these all, he has been saying to men, and still says—"*O do not this abominable thing that I hate!*"

3. By all the torments of anger, envy, and malice; by all the miseries of discontent, disappointment, and fear; by all the crimes caused by ingratitude, unfaithfulness, and neighbourhood and family quarrels; by all the ruin of character, happiness, and property, and the deaths by millions of the victims of intemperance and lewdness; and by all the horrors of war, or the bloody field, and in the desolated homes of the *thousands* of *millions* that it has destroyed—God bears, and long has borne, witness against the sins that caused them.

4. By every throb of pain, and every sigh of sorrow, and every tear of grief, and every groan of agony, and every shriek of anguish, that has been felt, and seen, and heard on earth, he has raised high the voice of his testimony against sin, and thundered in the ears of men, "*O do not this abominable thing that I hate!*"

5. By all the sacrifices Jesus made; by all the contempt he bore; by all the insults he endured; by all the pains he suffered; by every drop of that bloody sweat, and every stroke of that fearful scourging; by all the agonies of the crucifixion, and all the horrors of soul that came upon him then—God bears testimony against "the sins that made him die."

6. By every command in his Word forbidding it, and every threatening of punishment for it; by all the dread wailings and gnashings of teeth announced by Christ; by the torments of the fire that is never quenched, and the dreadfulness of the worm that never dies; by all the fearfulness of everlasting punishment in the "fire prepared for the devil and his angels"—God declares his solemn, earnest, eternal testimony against sin.

Could all the sounds of woe that sin has caused already be united in one remonstrance against it, how would it thunder in our ears, and appal our hearts!

Reader, is it not enough? Has not God testified sufficiently against sin? If all those testimonies are not sufficient to deter men from it, what of testimony, what that God *could* say or do, without destroying their free agency, would deter them from it? If others heed it not, hear it for yourself. Consider it well. Note, that with the united power of all this testimony, he is virtually saying to you, "*O do not this abominable thing that I hate!*"

Observe that he has said of some, "As they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do these things that are not convenient." Unwillingness to remember God, if you long indulge it, will move him to give *you* over to a reprobate mind, and you may do things that you now abhor. Alienation from God is the root of sins and miseries. Your only safety is in keeping up a habitual remembrance and acknowledgment of him.—*New York Observer.*

BE IT UNTO THEE EVEN AS THOU WILT.

Some forty years since I was intimately acquainted with a widow woman, who was the mother of four children (for whose spiritual benefit she observed days of private fasting and prayer), the youngest a son, named Ashbel, then about ten years of age. One day in conversation with her respecting her children, she remarked to me, "*Ashbel* will be a minister of the gospel." To the inquiry what made her think so? she replied, "God has promised it to me, and I firmly believe it, and intend to educate him for it." And she added with an emphasis, "*You will see, Mr H., if you live, that Ashbel will be a minister.*" Soon after this the lad was brought home from school, taken very suddenly and dangerously sick. And when the neighbours came in they all supposed he could not live; but the mother calmly remarked, "I wish to do all in my power to relieve him, but I have not the least fear that he will die." And the only reason was her confidence in God's promise that he should be a minister; for all the symptoms of his disease indicated a speedy dissolution. The son recovered, and the mother's subsequent conduct for a series of years fully evinced that her faith was to her "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen."

She carried him through all his preparatory studies, and sent him to Princeton College, for the express purpose of preparing him for the ministry, though all this time he was a thoughtless impenitent youth. Just before he graduated, he wrote home to his mother to know what he should do with his room furniture? She wrote to him, to leave it in the care of some friend in Princeton; for she intended and expected to send him back to the Seminary. Her faith had not yet failed her. Though the vision tarried she still waited for it, in full confidence that it would come and would not tarry. The son complied with his mother's request, left his room furniture in Princeton, graduated and returned home, with no more prospect, or even thought or desire *on his part*, of becoming a minister of the gospel, than when he was ten years old. This was a matter entirely between his *mother* and her *God*.

Soon after this there was a revival of religion in that place, and God remembered his promise to this believing woman, and had respect to her faith and confidence in it. All her children were hopefully converted, this son among the rest. And in due time he went to Princeton Seminary, and found use for his college room furniture, precisely in accordance with the faith and expectation of his mother. He finished his theological course, entered the ministry, and became an acceptable preacher of the gospel. Some time after this, while conversing with the mother in relation to the subject, she remarked to me, "Did I not tell you, Mr H., when Ashbel was ten years old that he would be a minister?" And she added, "I as much believed it *then* as I do *now*."

A part of the above narrated facts I personally knew at the time they occurred; and the remainder I had from the woman's own lips after the whole was accomplished. And she was a person of a strong, well-balanced mind, and a sound, orthodox, unassuming Christian, showing her faith by her works. And it seems as though God actually said unto her, *O woman! great is thy faith: be unto thee even as thou wilt.*

A LAMP IN A DARK PLACE.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

OUR readers well know with how much interest we are all now looking out upon the world. After more than a quarter of a century of profound peace—during which time the human mind, instead of being given up to devise engines of death, has advanced the world more than two or ten centuries of war could have done—the world is again shaken. There must have been a long preparation, else the random shot of a single gun, and the cry from an unknown voice, "It's too late!" could not have convulsed all Europe. The loins of kings have been loosed, and the wise have been taken in their own craftiness. What shall be the end of these things? When we see changes, we are apt—nay, we are determined to prophesy. If the Pope shows tokens of being a man of the age, we toast him and make speeches, and feel that he is about to annihilate his throne by the rays of light which he lets in upon it. If he is frightened at the spirit which he has evoked, and runs away, we make mouths at him, and predict that he will never come back again to befool the human mind. When we see the legions of Russia thundering at the gates of Constantinople, and her fleets riding at anchor in the Golden Horn, or when we see the arts and improvements of the West creeping into the great gate (Sublime Porte) of that city, we feel that the False Prophet as well as the Beast hath his days numbered. So he hath. So have both of them. But more than once has the Pope hurried from his throne amid the derision of the world, and yet he still lives, and calls upon the whole of Popedom to discuss the important question—Was the Virgin Mary born without sin? Infallibility does not reside in the Pope by himself, nor in his cardinals alone, nor in any synod or body alone—nor in all the faithful alone; but take all these ciphers and multiply them together, and they will have an infallible answer to a question which infallibility has not been able to decide for more than eighteen hundred years!—The Pope still lives, and will probably be reinstated on his throne of darkness by bayonets and blood. Protestant nations will look on quietly. The Mohammedan power still lives, though more than once armies have mysteriously withdrawn from the gates of Constantinople, which seemed destined to destroy it for ever.

The fact is, we may try to predict and to manage the world, but we very soon find we are wearying ourselves—like the sage whom Rasselas found in Egypt, who for years had been wearing himself out in ruling the planets and the clouds, and distributing light and heat and rain to the various countries of each with impartiality. The sun and moon obeyed him very well, but the winds and the storms were sadly refractory, and seemed never to be obedient to his voice. God ruleth! let us rejoice. The overturnings—the times and the seasons—are his. In his plans, as revealed in his promises, he is one day to make kings and queens sit at his feet; and is to slay the False Prophet and the Beast "full of lying wonders" with the sword of his mouth—*i.e.* by his word. But *when* it will be—how many agencies are first to be put in operation—how many railroads are to be laid through the dark regions of the earth—how many electrical wires are to be stretched through these countries—how much the communities are to be agitated and shaken by political questions—how much blood is to flow, or how many upheavings there are to be before light shall encircle the earth, we do not know. But we look out upon the world calmly and unterrified, if we make the word of God "the lamp to our feet." The moment we close that word, we feel like the sage before alluded to, when out of the society of his friends. "I am like a man," says he, "habitually afraid of spectres, who is set at ease by a lamp, and wonders at the dread which harassed him in the dark; yet, if his lamp be extinguished, feels again the terrors which he knows that when it is light he shall feel no more." How many of these spectres dance around us, the moment we extinguish or set aside the lamp of divine truth! How are we troubled, and listen to the first tidings which come to us across the waters! How we are elated or depressed, as every new change seems to us to be for the advancing or the retarding of the chariot of the Prince of Peace. Peace! be still! He walketh upon the troubled waters—and watcheth the insect that creepeth upon the rose-leaf, as well as the flight of the archangel. He hath not put his plans in the hands of Popes or armies, councils or nations, so that he cannot at any moment make them his own instruments.

FAR AWAY FROM HEAVEN.

"I KNOW not what eternal death is. I can tell you some things. It is far away from heaven—those blissful plains where eternal joy dwells. It is far from hope—hope that here 'comes to all.' It is the abode of all the abandoned, and profane, and vile—the collected guilt and wretchedness—of this world. It is a place where no sanctuary like this opens its doors and invites to heaven; where no Sabbath returns to bless the soul; where no message of mercy comes to the suffering and the sad. It is a world unblessed like this with the work of redemption. On no second Calvary is there a Redeemer offered for sin; and from no tomb there does he rise to life to bless the sufferers with the offer, and to furnish the pledge of heaven. No Spirit strives there to reclaim the lost; and on no zephyr there is the message of mercy born, whispering peace. No God meets the desponding there with promises and hopes; and from no eye there is the tear of sorrow ever wiped away. There is no such friend as Jesus; no voice of mercy; no day-star of hope; no father, mother, daughter, pastor, angel, to sympathise; no one to breathe for the lost the prayer of pardon; no great Intercessor to bear the cry of mercy up to the throne of God. It is death—lingering, long, interminable death—the dying sorrow prolonged from age to age; onward—onward toward eternity—ever lingering, never ending. . . . . . . I have no power—no heart to attempt to portray these scenes. They are not topics for declamation. For of whom are these things spoken? Of the dwellers in distant worlds? Of those whom we have not seen? Alas! of many, many of the wicked in this house. How many now in despair may have occupied the seats which you now occupy—not suffered now to go and tell their brethren, lest they also come into that place of torment! Oh, they are spoken of our kindred and friends—of wives, and husbands, and parents, and school-companions, and teachers, and pupils, who are out of Christ. They are spoken of those to whom we are bound by every tender tie, and to whom the heart is drawn by all the gushing sympathy of love; but are they less in danger on that account? Oh, is there no danger? Suppose a voice from heaven should be heard in this house, and saying to the living here, 'The day is coming in which all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of man, and shall come forth, they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation;' 'the wicked shall be turned into hell;' 'except ye repent, ye shall all perish;' is there a heart here that would not feel that there was danger? Should a hand be seen writing on these walls the names of *all* those here who are in danger of hell, how solemn would be this house! With what anxiety would you trace the record made? How anxiously would you look to see if *your* name was begun—was recorded—was fixed there! How deep the anguish of the soul! How deep, perhaps, the groans that would be heard in every part of the house!"—*Barnes.*

A HOTTENTOT BOY.

A POOR black boy, the property of a slaveholder in Africa, having heard of the preaching of the missionaries, felt a strong desire to go and hear about Jesus Christ. For this purpose, he crept secretly away one evening; but being obliged to pass under the window of the house, his master saw him and called out—"Where are you going?"

The poor fellow came back, trembling, and said: "Me go to hear the missionaries, massa."

"To hear the missionaries, indeed! If you ever go there, you shall have nine-and-thirty lashes, and be put in irons."

With a disconsolate look, the boy replied: "Me tell Massa—me tell the great Massa."

"Tell the great Master," replied the master; "what do you mean?"

"Me tell the great Massa, the Lord of heaven, that massa was angry with me, because I wanted to go and hear His word."

The master was struck with astonishment; his colour changed, and, unable to conceal his feelings, he hastily turned away, saying—

"Go along and hear the missionaries."

Being thus permitted, the poor boy gladly went. In the mean time, the mind of the master became restless and uneasy. He had not been accustomed to think that he had a Master in heaven, who knew and observed all his actions; and he at length determined to follow his slave, and see if there could be any peace for his troubled spirit. Creeping, unobserved, into a secret corner, he eagerly listened to the words of the missionary, who that day addressed the natives from St John xxi. 15—"Lovest thou me?"

"Is there no poor sinner," said the missionary, "who can answer this question? Not one poor slave who loves Jesus Christ? No one who dares to confess Him?"

Here the poor boy, unable to forbear any longer, sprang forward, and holding up both his hands, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, cried out, with eagerness—"Yes, massa, me do love Him! Me love Him!—me love Him with all my heart!"

The master was still more astonished; and he went home convinced of the blessings which the gospel brings, and became a decided Christian.

TWO WOMEN PRAYING.

IN the county of A. there lived, remote from a village, two pious females, who had been recently united with husbands opposed to the gospel of Christ. These young women beheld, with the keenest sensation, the dear partners of their lives pursuing a path which must soon end in everlasting death. Each had often carried her troubles and sorrows to the throne of grace, and laid them before One who knew the anxiety of her heart, and each had often shed the silent tear. As a great intimacy had existed between those young females, they jointly agreed to spend one hour daily in praying for their husbands. They continued this prayer for seven years without any visible effect. At length, with hearts full of anguish, they met to mingle together their sorrows. Their inquiry was, Shall we no longer pray for our dear partners—must they, O must they, be for ever miserable? They concluded that although their prayers had not been answered, yet they would persevere even unto the end of life in the course they had adopted; and if their husbands would go down to destruction, they should go loaded with their prayers. They moreover resolved to renew their strength, and to pray more earnestly than ever. Thus they continued for three years longer. About this time one of them was awakened in the night by the mental distress of her husband. Sleep had departed from his eyes, distress and anguish had seized his soul, for the prayers of these females had come up in remembrance before the throne of God; and the man who could once ridicule the tender anxieties of a distressed wife, was now upon his knees in the greatest agony. Now, with earnestness, he entreated her to pray for him; for, said he, the day of grace is almost over, and the door of mercy is ready to be closed against me for ever. His distress and the hope of the wife continued to increase. As soon as the day dawned she went with an overflowing heart to tell her praying companion that God was about to answer their petitions. But great was her surprise, to meet her friend coming on the same errand, to tell her what God was doing for her own husband.

Thus after ten years' perseverance in calling mightily on God, these Christian females had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing both their husbands brought on the same day to realize their undone condition, and about the same time to accept, as it is hoped, the offers of mercy.

A DREADFUL RISK.

A FEW Sabbaths since, at the close of a discourse of great pungency and plainness, a preacher made a solemn appeal to his hearers, whether, in view of the truths and warnings he had uttered, they would run the risk of delaying the work of repentance? Will you run the risk of losing your souls? Will you run the risk of losing heaven? Will you run the risk of perishing in your sins and dying without hope? The appeal was kindly and solemnly pressed on the minds of those present. At the close of the service, in passing down the aisle, a lady, deeply impressed with the appeal which had been made, said in a low but earnest tone to a gay young lady of her acquaintance, "Can you resist such an appeal as you have just now heard? Will you venture to run the risk of losing your soul?" "O yes," she replied in a thoughtless tone, "I will run the risk." A few days after, the pastor who made the appeal was called to attend the funeral of a young lady in a certain street, who had died suddenly. It proved to be the young lady who had ventured to run the dreadful risk of losing her soul. Behind the curtain of eternity we may not penetrate, or follow the spirit to its last account.

A MODEL MAGISTRATE.

THE Rev. Dr Cheever, in a sermon upon the duties of magistrates, says that Nehemiah, who, with Ezra, led the Jews back to Jerusalem from the captivity of Babylon, was the last mayor that Jerusalem ever had, and a model for mayors of all other cities; for he ordered all the spirit shops to be closed on the Sabbath, and all who hung about their gates (doors) to be indicted.

RULES FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF YOUR TONGUE.

1. If you would have better tongues, labour for better hearts. Get a principle of grace infused. Grace changeth the heart, and sanctifies all the members of the body. Grace makes the heart serious; and that cures the levity of the tongue; when the heart is serious, the words are savoury.

2. If you would not sin in your tongue, call to mind how you have formerly offended in your tongue, and that will make you more watchful for the future. David having observed how he had offended in his tongue, he is more careful of his words, and made a strict vow with himself, that he would look better to them. "I said I would take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue."—Ps. xxxix. 1.

3. Watch your tongue: most sin is committed for want of watchfulness. As the tongue hath a double fence set about it, so it had need have a double watch. The tongue, when let loose, will be ready to speak loosely; watch it, lest it run beyond its bounds in frothy and sinful discourse. "If thou hast thought evil, lay thy hand upon thy mouth."—Prov. xxx. 32.

4. If you would not offend in your tongue, ponder your words well before you speak. "Be not rash with thy mouth."—Ec. v. 1.

5. If you would not offend in your tongue, pray to God to guard your tongue. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: keep the door of my lips."—Ps. cxli. 3.

6. If you would be kept from evil speaking, inure your tongues to good speaking. Speak often one to another of Christ and the things pertaining to the kingdom of God.—Song iv. 11. Beware of tongue sins. "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, this man's religion is vain."—James i. 26.—*Watson.*

RULES FOR TRAVELLERS AND VISITORS.

(Prepared by the late Rev. Dr Bedell of Philadelphia, for his own Congregation.)

IF RESIDING IN THE COUNTRY,

1. Never neglect your accustomed private duties of reading, meditation, self-examination, and prayer.
2. Never fail to attend some place of worship on the Lord's day, unless prevented by such circumstances as you are sure will excuse you in the eye of God.
3. Never entertain invited company on the Lord's day, and pay no visits, unless to the sick and needy, as acts of benevolence.
4. Never engage in any thing, either on the Lord's or on any secular day, which will compromise your Christian consistency.
5. Seek to do good to the souls of your family and all others within your reach.
6. Always remember that you are to "stand before the judgment seat of Christ."

IF TRAVELLING,

1. Never, on any plea whatever, travel on the Lord's day.
2. Make your arrangements to stop, if possible, in some place where you can enjoy suitable religious privileges.
3. Every day find or make time for your private duties of reading, meditation, self-examination, and prayer.
4. Carry tracts and good books with you to read, distribute, or lend, according to circumstances.
5. Seek for opportunities to do good to the souls of those into whose society you may fall.
6. Never, by deed or conversation, appear to be ashamed of your religious profession.
7. Remember you are to "stand before the judgment-seat of Christ."

Fragments.

"The smoke of their torments ascendeth up for ever and ever."

TIME cannot finish it, tears cannot quench it. The wicked live always in the fire of hell, and are not consumed. After sinners have lain millions of years in hell, their punishment is as far from ending as it was at the beginning. If all the earth and sea were sand, and every thousandth year a bird should come, and take away one grain of this sand, it would be a long time ere that vast heap of sand were emptied; yet if, after all that time, the damned might come out of hell, there were some hope; but this word EVER breaks the heart.—*Watson.*

HE doth truly bewail the sins he hath committed, who doth not commit the sins he hath bewailed.—*Augustin.*

THE ordinance of the Supper is like a tree hung full of fruit; but none of this fruit will fall unless shaken by the hand of prayer.—*Watson.*

HOW THE CHRISTIAN MAY SET HIS WATCH IN PRAYER.

BY WILLIAM GURNALL.

LET us try to help the Christian in setting his watch, and give some directions how he may keep his heart in a watchful frame. For this take in these particulars.

First, Harbour not any known sin in thy bosom. Sin hath two contrary effects on the conscience; either it fills the conscience with horror, or benumbs and stupifies it; the latter is the more common. Suffer the devil to anoint thy temples with this opium, and thou art in danger to fall into the sleeping disease of a stupid conscience; and thou wilt have little inclination then to pray. Or if it have the other effect upon thee, thou wilt be as much afraid, as now thou hast little desire, to pray. Secondly, beware of any excess in thy affection to the creature. A drunken man, of all others, is most unfitting to watch; such an one will be asleep as soon as he is set in his chair. Now all inordinancy of affection is a spiritual drunkenness; Christ joins both together,—"Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares," (Luke xxi. 34.) It is a preservative against drunkenness of spirit, that the day of the Lord might not come upon them unawares; and of the two, the drunkenness of the affection is the worst; he that is bodily drunk over-night, is sober by the morning; but he that is overcharged with the cares or love of the world, rises as drunk as he lay down, and how can he then watch unto prayer? We have therefore these two joined together,—"Let us watch and be sober," (1 Thess. v. 6.) "Be ye therefore sober, and watch," (1 Peter iv. 7.) Whatever the affection is, the intemperance of it lays the soul under a distemper, and indisposeth it for prayer. Is it sorrow? Our Saviour finds his disciples sleeping for sorrow, when they should have watched and prayed, (Luke xxii. 45.) Is it love? This laid Samson asleep in Delilah's lap. The heart of man hath not room enough for God and the world too: the heart which spends itself in mourning for worldly crosses will find the stream run low when he should weep for his sins; if the cares of this life fill his head and heart, he will have little inclination to wait on God for spiritual purposes.

Thirdly, Resist this spiritual drowsiness when it first creeps upon thee. Sleep is easier kept off when approaching, than shaken off when it hath got possession and bound the senses. This sleepy disease of the soul steals insensibly upon us; when, therefore, thou findest it coming, rouse up thyself, as a man who hath business to do would start up from his chair to shake off his drowsiness. Now thou mayest observe these few symptoms of this distemper. First, an unwillingness to duty. If thou findest this, it appears thou beginnest to be heavy-eyed; when grace is wakeful, the Christian needs not many words to persuade him to come into God's presence: "Thou saidst, Seek my face; my heart said, Thy face will I seek." Therefore conclude thou mayest. He that would run to the door, when awake, at the first knock of his dear friend, to let him in, may, when between sleeping and waking, let him stand too long; this was the spouse's case, and she lost the company of her beloved: it showed plainly she was in a sleepy distemper, in that she was so backward in duty, for that was the door Christ would have met her at. Secondly, formality in prayer is a certain symptom that a sleepy distemper hangs about thee; grace awake is full of life and activity, at least it discovers itself by making the soul deeply sensible of its deadness, and it proves the soul awake that can feelingly confess its deadness. Thirdly, prevalency of wandering thoughts. In sleep, fancy and imagination rule without control. If thy thoughts range in time of prayer, and meet with no check from thee, it shows thy grace is not awake.

Fourthly, Express a conscientious diligence at thy particular calling in the intervals of prayer. They that sit up to watch had need of some work to keep them awake; idleness is but one remove from sleep. I cannot believe that he who wasteth a day away in idleness should find his heart awake to pray at night, for he hath that day lived in the neglect of a duty as necessary as this; and it is bad going to one duty through the neglect of another. There is a generation of men that, under a pretence of watching and praying always, betake themselves to their cloisters, and renounce all secular employments, as if it were as easy to put off the world as to change their clothes; but the world hath found those places commonly to have proved not houses to pray in, but dens to draw their prey into. It is more likely that those who are pampered with sloth and fulness of bread should be eaten up with luxury and sensuality than with zeal and devotion. The air, when still, thickens and corrupts; the spirits in our body are choked with rest; and the soul needs motion and exercise as much as either; in spiritual offices it cannot hold without intermission, therefore God hath provided our particular callings as a relief to our spiritual devotions, only our care must be not to overdo. The same thing may quicken and weaken,—wake us, and lay us asleep. There is no greater help to our religious offices than a faithful discharge of our particular calling; but when it is inordinately pursued, it makes the spirit of prayer dull and heavy. Fifthly, Preserve a sense of thy spiritual wants. As fulness inclines the body to sleep, so doth a conceit of spiritual fulness the soul: the man hath a greater inclination to sleep than to work; whereas, he that is pinched with hunger, his empty stomach keeps him awake. If once thy spiritual hunger be a little stayed (from a conceit of thy grace) thou wilt say, with the rich man, "Take thy ease, O my soul! thou hast goods laid up for many years." The Corinthians are a sad instance of this (1 Cor. iv. 8:) "Now ye are full, now ye are rich; ye have reigned as kings without us." Paul is now nobody with you; the time hath been you could not do without him; but now your stomach is stayed, you are full, and can live without him: whereas it was a fulness of pride, not of grace. It is the nature of grace to dilate the heart, and make room for more; but of pride, to cloy the soul. God hath long kept open house in England; the wine-cellar door of his ordinances hath not been shut upon us, we have had free access to drink, and that abundantly, of their sweet wine: but, alas! may it not be for a lamentation to see how many are drunk with spiritual pride, rather than filled with grace, after so long an enjoyment of God's ordinances? Such yet there are who decry all ordinances, and who can live without public preaching and private praying also. There are others who are not so mad drunk, but yet are fallen asleep; they have lost their first life in, and love to, ordinances; they sit with sleepy eyes and dead hearts under them. Well, Christian, if thou wouldst keep thy soul awake, take heed thou losest not the sense of thy wants. Begging is the poor man's trade; when thou beginnest to conceit thyself rich, then thou wilt be in danger of giving it over.

Sixthly, Retire often to muse on some soul-awaking meditations. We seldom sleep when we are thoughtful, especially if the thoughts we muse on be of weight and importance enough to occupy the mind: indeed, trivial thoughts, such as have nothing to invite attention, are given as a ready means to lull a man asleep. That Christian who neglects frequently to meditate on spiritual things, and lets his thoughts walk all day in company with carnal, worldly occasions, I should wonder if he finds his heart awake at night to pray in a spiritual manner. Give me, therefore, leave to present a few subjects for thy meditation, and they will be as the alarm which men set over-night to call them early in the morning. Meditate on Christ's coming to judgment. Surely thou wilt not easily sleep while this trumpet, that shall call all mankind to judgment, shall sound in thy ear. The reason why men sleep so soundly is, because they either do not believe this, or at least do not think of it seriously. The servant that looks for his master would be loth to be found in bed when he comes. Christ hath told us he will come, but not when, that we might never put off our clothes,—"Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come," (Matt. xxiv. 42.) There are, indeed, negative signs concerning his coming to the general judgment of the world, by which we may know he will not yet come, as the fall of Babylon, the calling of the Jews, and other prophecies, that must be fulfilled before he comes; but there are none from which we can conclude that his coming to any of us by death, and summons of us to our judgment before his bar, shall not yet be. Thou art young, thou canst not therefore say thou shalt not die as yet; alas! measure the coffins in the churchyard, and thou wilt find some of thy length; young and old are within the reach of death's scythe; old men, indeed, go to death, their age calls for it; but young men cannot hinder death's coming unto them. Thou art rich,—will this excuse thee? Rich men, indeed, can get others to serve for them here when their prince calls them forth to war, but there is no discharge in this war. Solomon tells us, thou must personally do this. Thou art strong and lusty, thou canst not say that death will be longer at work in felling thee down. Some, indeed, he cuts down by chips in consumptive diseases, they die piecemeal; others he tears up in one night, as a tree by a tempest: think of this, and thy sleep will depart from thee. Secondly, Consider, the devil is always awake. Is it time for them in the city to sleep, when the enemy without watch? Our Saviour takes it for granted, "If the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up," (Matt. xxiv. 44.) Would Saul have slept in his trench if he had thought David had been so near? Or, would Sisera have lain down to rest if he had seen the hammer and nail in Jael's hand to drive through his temples? The devil is at thy door, and is not that enough to keep thee out of thy bed of sloth? What day in all the year is inconvenient to Satan? What place or company art thou in that he cannot make a snare for thy soul? What member of thy body or faculty of thy soul which is not in danger to be abused by him? Hast thou an inmate in thy own bosom that watcheth to open the gate to him? And is there not a constant correspondence between them? O how often doth he beat us with our own staff! And shall we not always watch and pray when he watcheth to tempt? Shall not we keep our correspondence with God and Christ, our allies in heaven, as he doth with our flesh? Shall thy enemy seek to cut thy throat, and wilt not thou rise to save it? Consider, wicked men are awake, and hard at work for Satan and their lusts. O, may it not put the Christian to shame! Thirdly, Consider how watchful the men of the world are to follow their worldly business; do they not rise early, and go to bed late, grudging the very time that is spent to refresh nature in the night with sleep, so bent are they upon their carnal projects! The philosopher observed this, and felt ashamed at suffering the smith to be at his anvil in the morning, sooner than he was at his book. O Christian! should it not make thee blush much more, to see the whole town up, and as busy as bees in a garden, one flying this way, another that way, and all to bring a little more of this world's perishing pelf into their hive, out of which death erelong will drive them, and force them to leave what with so much pains they have gathered for others; while thou sleepest away thy precious time, though thou art sure to carry thy gettings into the other world with thee, and there enjoy the fruit of thy short labour here with everlasting glory! Nay, consider how watchful the wicked are to take all opportunities to pursue their works of darkness; and wilt not thou watch unto prayer, that thou mayest fill thy soul with spiritual loves in communion with thy God? The thief is up at midnight to get his prey; and wilt not thou break thy rest a little to obtain a richer treasure than is to be found in the coffers of the richest princes? Shall these be at so much pains to satisfy their lusts, and thou take none to honour and enjoy thy God? O, what a shame was it to the heavy-eyed disciples, that they could not watch to pray with their Master, when Judas, that bold traitor, was so wakeful, as to be up in the dead of the night to betray him into his murderers' hands! Fourthly, Consider how short the time is that thou art desired to watch: "Could ye not watch with me one hour?"—(Matt. xxvi. 40.) Ere-long, Christian, thou shalt be called off thy guard, and then thou shalt have all rest, though no sleep; it is but for this short life thou art put to stand upon this hard duty; and is that so long? O how soon is a life past at play or sin! The great complaint such make, is, Time is short; they wish they could clip its wings. Is time so short and sweet to spend in sin; and can it be tedious to thee to bestow it in devotion? Why should an hour in the closet be thought by a saint long, when day and night spent in an ale-house is too short for the sinner? Above all, consider whether it be not better to watch and pray here on earth for a few days, than to wake in hell under endless torments. Fifthly, Consider seriously how great a loser thou hast been already in thy heavenly trade, for want of watching. It is with the Christian, as with some negligent merchant, who takes notice of some loss, of a round sum, that befalls him; at this he cries out he shall be undone; but regards not the pence and shillings that he idly spends, nor considers the loss which follows upon his daily negligence; whereas would he count what in this way was lost, he might find that it amounts to more than the other. Thus the Christian sometimes is troubled for one great sin into which he hath fallen, but withal, he observes not how negligently he performs his duties; how he sometimes prays coldly for want of due preparation, and what little fruit comes for want of watchfulness after it, whereby in time he falls low; whereas if he could bring the several items of these particular losses together, he would find them swell into a sad reckoning, except, with these losses, he hath also lost the tenderness of his conscience. And shall a careless Christian add to his stock? Did you ever go by the sluggard's field, and not find it overgrown with thorns? Wouldst thou but make it thy business daily to watch thy heart, how thou prayest, and how thou walkest after prayer, thou shouldst find a blessed change in thy spiritual affairs; this strictness will at first be uneasy, but every day will wear it off, and a sweet facility follow, when thou shalt see thy gains come rolling in by it. He that finds how well he is paid for his diligence, by the increase of his estate, will not envy the sluggard his ease, when he shall see him walk by his door in rags. It was the saying once of a rich man, who by God's blessing on his diligence had raised a vast estate, that at his first setting up in the world, he got a little with much trouble; but afterwards he got his great gains with little trouble. And thou, Christian, wilt find the same in thy spiritual trade; thy trouble will be most at first, but thy gains most at last; because the way of godliness, by use and experience, will become easy and delightful. Sixthly, Consider what others lose by thy not watching; he that lives in a town, wrongs his neighbour as well as himself, by not looking to his fence. Thus one Christian may injure many, by not keeping his own watch. First, Thy very example is a wrong to others, for this sleepy disease is catching; thy loose conversation may make others do the same: it is no small blessing to live among active Christians, whose zeal and forwardness in the ways of God is exemplary; this puts courage in those that follow them; the heavenly, holy conversation of a master, is a help to the whole family. Secondly, Thou indisposest thyself for doing thy duty to them. We are commanded to watch over one another in love, as those that are concerned in our brethren's welfare. Now, how unfit is he to watch over others, that doth not watch himself—to provoke others to love and to good works, who needs himself the spur? Lastly, Consider Christ's watchful care over thee. Look upon him in his providence; that eye which neither sleeps by night, nor slumbers by day, is thy constant keeper: consider him in his intercession, there he prays for thee, watching thereunto with all perseverance; "for he lives to make intercession for his saints." Consider him in his Spirit; what is he but Christ's messenger, sent as our guardian, to take care of the saints in his absence? Consider him in the gospel ministry, which is set up for this very purpose, to watch for your souls; yea, every private saint hath a charge to be his brother's keeper; this well considered, would make thee, first, watchful to promote his glory that so carefully provides for thy safety. What put David into such a rage against Nabal, but the disrespect that his servants found at his hands, to whom he had been so serviceable? "In vain have I kept all that this fellow hath." Secondly, it would make thee the more watchful over thy own soul, if thou hadst so much ingenuity as to fear grieving of thy God, who expresseth his tender care over thee. What greater grief can the indulgent parent have, than to see his child not mind his own good, after all his care and cost upon him?

THE TRUE VALUE OF DYING TESTIMONIES.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the solemnity which usually attends the death-bed utterances, it is of great importance that they do not mislead us. We must, therefore, endeavour to discriminate between the spurious and the real, and to point out some considerations calculated to diminish the force, or to regulate the direction, of dying testimonies.

Death is certainly simply regarded no perfect test of truth. Sentiments uttered in such moments, are not infallible records of inspiration. Death is a natural, not a supernatural event, and it imparts no gift of omniscience to its subject. The contrary supposition misleads many. But all varieties of opinion, the false as well as the true, have received, in turns, support from dying testimony. Our belief of truth must rest upon evidence, and evidence, not only of the convictions of others, but of the facts themselves of which truth is the summary. A sickbed has indeed some advantages for the utterance of opinions; but it is obviously, from its seclusion and mental weakness, unfavourable to the accumulation of those facts which are necessary in the pursuit of truth. It may be open to Christian instruction, or it may be without it; and may even be surrounded by lessons defective and pernicious. What is there in death to convince an idolater that the gospel, of which he has been hitherto ignorant, is true? Or what to furnish an unbeliever with the abundant attestations derived from miracle and prophecy, testimony and history? Approaching death may restore the balance of the heretofore defective judgment; it may predispose to candour and inquiry; but it will not accumulate the materials on which alone a correct decision can be founded. It clears the glass through which objects are viewed, but it does not of itself present all the objects on which it is necessary that the eye shall rest.

When, for instance, the notorious EARL OF ROCHESTER, who had been celebrated in the days of Charles II. as a wit, a genius, and a profligate of the lowest order, was laid prematurely upon a bed of sickness and death, the rapid progress of dissolution stimulated him to thought and inquiry upon subjects which he had hitherto neglected. He saw the madness of his past course, and became suspicious that his system of infidelity was untrue, because it was wanting in substantial consolations at life's last hour. Yet his objections to true Christianity remained; and it was not till after many long and elaborate processes of argument, conducted by Dr Burnet, then bishop of Rochester, that he was driven, step by step, from the "philosophy and vain deceit" in which the peril of his life had consisted, and brought, as an humble penitent, to receive the doctrines he had heretofore rejected. And, had such a friend been wanting to his last pillow, he would never have apprehended those real consolations which render the change which passed on him one of the most satisfactory instances of death-bed conversion. Count Struensee of Denmark, furnishes another illustration of the same remark. In both cases, the death was not in itself the enlightenment; that enlightenment was derived from the body of truth which was then extrinsically brought before the mind, and which, sent home by God's Holy Spirit, was apprehended to the man's salvation. A death-bed is only favourable to such results as it stimulates its subject to read, to inquire, and to judge, or surrounds the pillow with Christian instructors.

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* We take this article from a very useful and impressive little work recently published by the Religious Tract Society, under the title of *Life's Last Hours*. It forms one of their admirable series of sixpenny volumes.

The greatest influence of death is, in correcting man's conscious errors. It is thus a rectifier of evils which arise from insincerity. Though the instances of confessed hypocrisy, in dying moments, are comparatively rare, partly owing, without doubt, to the indisposition of friends to record them, they are by no means absent. That notorious impostor, Joanna Southcote, as she drew near her last moments, seemed more than once on the point of confessing how much her followers had been misled, and appears, in deceiving others, to have been self-deceived. "My friends," said she, "some of you have known me nearly twenty-five years, and all of you no less than twenty; when you have heard me speak of my prophecies, you have sometimes heard me say that I doubted my inspiration. But, at the same time, you would never let me despair. When I have been alone, it has often appeared delusion; but when the communication was made to me, I did not in the least doubt. Feeling, as I now feel, that my dissolution is drawing near, and that a day or two may terminate my life—it all appears delusion." She was by this exertion quite exhausted, and wept bitterly. The assurances of her attendants, however, recovered her spirits, and she died in her guilt.

Knox relates, with some circumstances not necessary to be recounted, the last confession made by Thomas Scott, a privy councillor to James V. of Scotland, and a violent enemy of the reformed religion. When the monks began to comfort him, he said "Till now I never believed there was God or devil, heaven or hell. I acted only as a politician, to get money, and for that purpose I joined the bishops' side. All your masses can do me no good." He died the same night.

The following case might be morbid excitement, or the conviction of real hypocrisy. It is cited, in the annals of early Methodism, as the latter. It is certain that Mr Wesley refused to read the burial-service over the grave. Peter Dean, after having been a preacher for a year in the Norwich circuit, where he married a rich wife, was taken ill and died. When on the verge of eternity, he confessed that, in his profession of religion, he had been influenced by no other motive than the desire to obtain riches. "The Lord," said he, "has given me my desire, and his curse with it; and now I am ruined for ever." "From that time," proceeds the account, "he refused to be comforted, would take neither food nor medicine, abandoned himself to black despair, and seemed resolved to die. For some time before his death, his countenance would suddenly change, and be very horrid to look upon; he himself was conscious of it, and would go to the glass, and would then turn and say to his wife, 'Now, look at me—now will you believe?' In a short time he was confined to his bed, and was visited by several ministers and others (and among the rest by the gentleman to whom the writer is indebted for this awful memoir); but their admonitions and prayers seemed to be fruitless. After this, he one day feigned himself asleep, and Mrs D. and her companion, that he might not be disturbed, left the room. Perceiving that they were gone, he put forth all his strength, and rolled himself on the floor; on hearing the noise, they instantly returned, and, fearful to relate, found him dead."

In cases in which there can be no imputation of actual insincerity. death often prompts to a new and final estimate of the past life, made with a candour and impartiality very different from the views in which the individual has previously indulged. The death-beds of monarchs have furnished many illustrations of this fact. Edward III. departed in great compunction. "What for weakness of body, contrition of heart, sobbing for his sins, his voice and speech failed him; and, scarce half-pronouncing the word 'Jesu,' he, with this last word, made an end of his speech, and yielded up the ghost." The death-beds of William the Conqueror, Elizabeth, and Louis XIV. of France, were those of gloom and remorse.

"Gentlemen," said the departing Dr M'All to his medical attendants, "I am no fanatic; rather, I have been too much of a speculatist, and I wish to say this, which I hope you will forgive me for uttering in your presence. I am a great sinner; I have been a great sinner; but my trust is in Jesus Christ, and in what he has done and suffered for sinners. Upon this, as the foundation of my hope, I can confidently rely, now that I am sinking into eternity." Here, in the last emphatic words of a good man, was an entire renunciation of what he felt might have been the erroneous tendencies of his past course; the needle vibrated away from every other point, to fix, with an untrembling steadiness, upon the polar one of salvation by Christ.

To regard a death-bed aright, we must look upon it as a branch, positively or negatively, of Christian experience; and in each case it appropriately forms a part of what Joseph John Gurney (who learned the phrase from Dr Chalmers) calls "the portable evidence of Christianity." It is not distinct from the evidence of the life, but is its last scene—its closing paragraph—the illustration of the man's opinions in near approach to a future world. It is therefore moral evidence, or the evidence of probability; not demonstrative evidence, or the evidence of certainty. Its main value is, that it is the estimate which a man forms of himself in the most solemn hour of his earthly existence.

Such an estimate, it is very obvious, will be greatly regulated by previous habits of thought and character. To say that circumstances make the man is not true; but it is true that, whilst they impose no necessity how man *shall* act, they indicate the probability that man *will* act in a given direction. We constantly meet with instances in which persons die as they have lived, in ignorance of the most important truths. Talma, the French tragedian, during his dying moments, continually called on the name of Voltaire, as if he knew no higher divinity. Nelson, a name which every British seaman is taught to reverence, died, after being mortally wounded by a musket-ball, amidst demonstrations of the same ignorance. In reading his words, one for a moment suspects that he was not perfectly collected, especially when his affecting complaint is remembered, "O victory, victory, how you do distress my poor head!"[*] But every account represents him as perfectly calm and collected. What were the last words of the man who had renounced his own amiable and unoffending consort, and attached himself to another man's wife, to whom he had just been transmitting his last messages? "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner. Thank God, I have done my duty." Judging the hero by some of his letters, which exhibit his moral delinquencies by the side of the most fervent appeals to God, it is to be feared that he knew no better than he said.

Mournful also was the ignorance of the most vital truths of the gospel apparent in the dying words of **William Pitt**. He had, indeed, never been able clearly to apprehend what experimental Christianity meant, and had previously expressed his inability to understand the language of Mr Cecil, the very prince of simple preachers, when taken to Bedford Row Chapel by Mr Wilberforce. On his death-bed he said to the Bishop of Lincoln, "I have, like too many other men, neglected prayer too much to have any ground of hope that it can be efficacious on a death-bed. But I throw myself on the mercy of God through the merits of Christ." Alas! how incomplete the knowledge of Christ which attached no obligation to prayer even at the last hour!

George Brummel, well known by the name of Beau Brummel, was, in the days of George IV., then Prince of Wales, a votary of fashion, and ultimately its victim. Disgraced at court, and the prey of large pecuniary embarrassments, he retired to France, and died at Caen, in Normandy. Misery, incarceration, and destitution, attended, during his last years, the heartless sinner. We quote the report of his death-bed from an English clergyman, who visited him:—

"Mr Brummel was in an imbecile state of mind when I arrived at Caen, and remained so till his death, incapable of remembering any occurrence five minutes together, but occasionally recalling some anecdote of days long since passed.. He appeared quite incapable of conversing on religious subjects. I failed in every attempt to lead his mind (if he can be said to have retained any power of mind) to their consideration. I never, in the course of my attendance upon the sick, aged, and dying, came in contact with so painful an exhibition of human vanity, and apparent ignorance and thoughtleasness respecting a future state; for I have before visited persons whose mental powers were equally shattered, but still it was possible to touch some chord connected with religion to which they responded, though, perhaps, weakly and imperfectly. With him there was some response when sounded on worldly subjects; none on religious until a few hours before he died, when, in reply to my repeated entreaties that he would try and pray, he said 'I do try;' but he added something which made me doubt whether he understood me." Nor was this dreary scene of spiritual vacancy relieved by any thing except that which may be drawn from the following passage:—"I requested him to repeat after me," says the same authority, "the *acte de contrition* of the Roman ritual, as in our Prayer-books; he immediately consented, and repeated after me, in an earnest manner, that form of prayer." It would appear from his life, that, till his last moments, one serious thought of the future had never dawned upon his mind!

There are again others who, though being in less ignorance, and placed in positions which might be supposed to be more favourable to the acquisition of truth, have been surrounded by such an atmosphere of prejudice and partiality, as to have seen nothing fairly—nothing fully. Their mental judgment has become perverted through the influence of long and evil habit. With enough of opportunity to render them fully responsible, they have never seemed to feel that they *are* responsible. How will such men die? Most probably, by assuming that they are altogether right. We must not be surprised if, in such cases, there shall be no awaking up of conscience—no lightning flash of truth, to make the forgotten start up with terrible distinctness. Where the superficial observer might expect a death-bed of agony, there is no such result; some of the most cruel persecutors have departed from life in the utmost tranquillity. Their conscience, because unregulated, became malignant; but that conscience soothed them at the last. Even **Henry VIII.**, whose libidinous and tyrannical life might seem to prognosticate departing terrors, died in quiet—a quiet which few around him would venture to disturb by religious admonition, so much did they dread the fangs of that dying viper. It is easy to represent such cases favourably; but the conclusion is as false as it is easy.

It is important also to observe a fact, which belongs to a different class of opinions. Many professing a religion, miscalled in them evangelical, have taken views of it which are absolutely false and dangerous. Religion with such, is not so much a practical truth as a plaintive emotion. Repentance is rather a passion than a principle; a poetical sensibility rather than a hatred of sin. Such men never took a single vigorous grasp of the principles of the gospel. Familiar as are its words, they know nothing of its spirit. What they call an awe of God, has always died before it could be brought into action, and it never regulated the temper, and subdued the life. They saw, to some extent, that diseased members must be cut off, and they bandaged the limb, and sharpened the blade for the operation, but they never could perform it—yet that momentary inclination was their comfort. If they were not saved, they were at least, they thought, very near to salvation. And if death, arousing them once more, shall terminate their career in the midst of similar resolutions, they and those around them will be apt to conclude, that "all is well." Fatal error! As "repentance" with them never previously represented a great principle, so neither does it now. It is rather sensitiveness than health. Yet how many death-beds, often displayed and much vaunted, have exhibited nothing more! Had the subjects lived, the excitation would have gone off "in air—in thin air;" there is nothing in death to give weight to its inherent worthlessness.

It is here the place to observe also, that such modes of religion as rest unduly on the external and the sensible, are largely calculated to pillow the mind in a false security. It is one of the fatal tendencies of all false teaching, to delude in a dying hour; and the forms and appliances of superstitious religion, especially if daringly administered, are beset with the greatest evils.

The following passage occurs in the Memoirs of **Benvenuto Cellini**, who lived in the sixteenth century, and was one of the greatest artists of his day; he was at the time imprisoned in the castle of St Angelo, at Rome, expecting instant execution. "I continued part of that night in the utmost anxiety of mind, vainly endeavouring to guess for what cause it had pleased God to afflict me, and, not being able to discover, I beat my breast with despair. . . . Though I had *sometimes been guilty of man-slaughter*" (the writer was notorious for stabbing men on slight causes, in his fits of passion), "yet, as God's vicar on earth had recalled me from my own country, and confirmed my pardon by his authority, and all that I had done was in the defence of the body which his Divine Majesty had given me, I did not see how, in any sense, I could be thought to deserve death." How fatally has Popery often interposed between the guilty sinner and his God! When we remember that the sacrament of extreme unction is declared by the Council of Trent, "to impart grace to the soul, and to wash out the remains of sin," we can scarcely wonder if, whatever the saving clauses by which the Church of Rome limits its efficiency, it should appear to common minds invested with a power to take away "the sting of death." The practice of a corrupt Church may foster a thousand evils which are not avowed in its creed!

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[*] Letters and Despatches.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WINDOWS.

BY REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, JUN.

I LOOK'D on the dead, and bethought me
Of a story strange and wild,
That has haunted my wayward fancy
Since e'er I was a child.

Six windows a prisoner counted
As he enter'd his spacious cell;
On the beams of the sunset in-streaming,
He gazed, and he said, "It is well."

He sleeps, and his dreams are of freedom,
Till the clock of the castle strikes one;
'Tis an earthquake! the prison is moving!
He wakes—and a window is gone!

From morning till eve, in his terror,
He ponders this mystery o'er:
'Tis midnight again. Hark! a jarring!
Of the windows there only are FOUR!

Now nearer the floor and the ceiling,
And nearer the walls get to be;
The door where he enter'd has vanish'd,
That night he counts windows but THREE!

The sweat on his brow cold and clammy,
Oozes thick as the new-fallen dew;
With fear and with trembling he watches,
In vain! there are windows but TWO!

He lays himself down (not to slumber),
The fatal sound cometh once more;
The ponderous walls crush together,
A shriek—and his sorrows are o'er!

This story long slept without moral,
Yet one raiseth it now from the past:
Though the earth seems at first a large prison,
To the coffin we come at the last.

Each year as it closes around us,
Unto death more and more gives control;
Oh! his grasp to the body is fearful,
Then, what must it be to the soul?

ANECDOTES OF THE PURITANS.

A SUCCESSFUL PREACHER.

RICHARD BLACKERBY, though on account of his nonconformity he did not receive any ecclesiastical preferment, or undertake a pastoral charge till towards the end of his life, was still instant in season and out of season in preaching the gospel. It is said that more than two thousand persons were converted through his instrumentality. "During his long life he never seemed to lose one moment of time in idleness. As a wise man, he spent all his leisure hours in providing for immortality. He rose early, both winter and summer, and spent the whole day in reading, meditation, prayer, and the instruction of others. His whole deportment was as if God, his holy law, and the day of judgment, were constantly before him."

He was faithful in reproving sin. "His reproofs," said one, "were dipt in oil, driven into the heart, and received with all acceptation, because of the overcoming kindness with which they were attended." On a certain occasion, he was in company with several persons of wealth and distinction. When he was alone with one of them, he took occasion to reprove him, with all seriousness and affection, for using profane language at the table. "Had you reproved me at the table," said the man, "I would have stabbed you, but now I thank you."

When his eldest daughter, to whom he was strongly attached, was taken away by death, he preached her funeral sermon. "He preached as a man who had not lost his God, though he had lost his dearest child." He died in 1648, aged seventy-four years.

PREPARATION OF SERMONS.

THE Rev. Thomas Shepard, who fled from persecution in England in 1635, and settled at Cambridge, Mass., was one of the most effective preachers of his day. He took great pains in his preparation for the pulpit. He used to say, "God will curse that man's labours, who goes idly up and down all the week, and then goes into his study on a Saturday afternoon. God knows that we have not too much time to pray in, and weep in, and get our hearts into a fit frame for the duties of the Sabbath."

When he was lying upon his death-bed, several young ministers called to see him. He addressed them as follows: "Your work is great, and requires great seriousness. For my own part, I never preached a sermon which, in the composing, did not cost me *prayers*, with *strong cries* and *tears*. I never preached a sermon from which I had not first got some good to my own soul. I never went up into the pulpit, but as if I were going to give an account of myself to God."

THE SOLDIER TURNED PREACHER.

JOHN GIFFORD was a major in the king's army during the civil wars. He was concerned in an insurrection in his native country, on account of which he was arrested, and, in company with eleven others, was condemned to death. The night before the day appointed for his execution, his sister came to visit him. She found the sentinel who kept the door of the prison fast asleep, and his companions in a state of intoxication. She urged and assisted him to make his escape. He went into the fields and crept into a ditch, where he remained for several days, when he succeeded in getting to London. He led a very dissolute life, being guilty of drunkenness, profanity, gambling, and other immoralities. One night he happened to take up a book written by Rev. Mr Bolton, and an arrow was fastened in his conscience. He was brought under deeper conviction, and in about a month was led to indulge a hope that his sins were pardoned.

He then proposed to join himself to the people of God whom he had persecuted, but, for some time, they were suspicious of his sincerity. After a sufficient trial, they embraced him as a disciple and a brother, and he began to preach among them. Erelong he formed a church, of which he became the pastor. It was the church of which the celebrated John Bunyan was afterwards the minister.

A CHURCH WITHOUT A BIBLE.

When Rev. Robert Harris, who was afterwards president of Trinity College, Oxford, preached his first sermon at Campden, there was no Bible in the church, and it was with much difficulty that he found one to carry with him into the pulpit. The vicar of the parish *had a Bible*, but it had not been seen for many months. It was found at length, and taken to the church.

Mr Harris was settled at Hanwell, where God so blessed his labours that there was but one prayerless family in the place.

In the time of the civil wars he had some soldiers quartered upon him. They were very profane, so that he could not forbear preaching from the text, "Above all things, my brethren, swear not at all." They were so angry with him, that they swore they would shoot him if he preached on that subject again. He preached from the same text the next Sabbath. One of the soldiers present prepared his musket as though he meant to shoot, but Mr Harris went on without fear, and was brought to the end of his discourse without molestation.

He used to say, "A preacher hath three books to study, the *Bible*, *himself*, and his *people*." Also, "the humblest preachers convert the greatest number of souls."

When he was near the close of life, he was asked how he felt; he said, "In no great pain, I praise God, only weary of my useless life. If God hath no more work for me to do, I would be glad to be in heaven, where I shall serve him without distraction."

HENRY BURTON.

Henry Burton was the author of several books against Popery and the corruptions of the Church, and in consequence fell under the displeasure of Archbishop Laud. He was arrested and imprisoned, and prosecuted in the Star Chamber, for writing and publishing seditious, schismatical, and libellous books against the hierarchy, and to the scandal of the government. He was condemned to pay a fine of five thousand pounds, to stand in the pillory at Westminster, to have his ears cut off, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment. Previous to the execution of this cruel sentence, his parishioners sent a petition in his behalf to the king. It was presented by two of their number, who were committed to prison for their audacity!

When the above-mentioned sentence was passed, Laud made a speech to the court, in which he returned them his "hearty thanks" for what they had done.

When Mr Burton was brought to the pillory, he said, "Shall I be ashamed of a pillory for Christ, who was not ashamed of a cross for me? I was never in such a pulpit before. Little do you know what fruit God is able to produce from this dry tree. Through these holes [referring to the pillory] God can bring light to his Church. I bless God who hath accounted me worthy of these sufferings. I bless God I am full of comfort. The truth which I have preached, I am ready to seal with my own blood, and this is my crown, both here and hereafter."

When he was taken out of the pillory, he was brought upon the scaffold, and his ears cut off in a most barbarous manner. While the blood was streaming, he manifested great composure, and said, "Be content: blessed be God, it is well."

In a few days he was sent to Lancaster Castle, to suffer "perpetual imprisonment, and not to be allowed any use of pen, ink, or paper." As he passed out of the city, about one hundred thousand persons assembled to witness his departure. Large sums of money were thrown to his wife as she passed along in a coach. This manifestation of popular favour enraged the archbishop. He caused Burton to be removed from Lancaster Castle to the Isle of Guernsey, and to be shut up in a low, narrow, dark room, and allowed no person to see or speak to him.

In 1640 the parliament set him at liberty, and voted that he receive six thousand pounds for damages received. This sum was never paid. The people of London gave him a triumphal entrance on his return to the city. He established a congregation, and continued in the faithful exercise of his ministry till his death, which took place in 1647. He was then sixty-eight years of age.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

A minister, if he would be faithful to his calling, must mark the signs of the times, and endeavour so to shape his addresses that they may meet and expose the prominent errors. Now we think that, in our own day, there is a strong disposition to put aside the Bible, and to seek out other agency in accomplishing results which God hath appointed it to effect. We fear, for example, that the intellectual benefits of scriptural knowledge are wellnigh entirely overlooked; and that, in the efforts to raise the standard of mind, there is little or no recognition of the mighty principle, that the Bible outweighs ten thousand Encyclopædias. And we are fearful on your account, lest something of this national substitution of human literature for divine should gain footing in your households. We fear lest, in the business of education, you should separate broadly that teaching which has to do with the salvation of the soul, from that which has to do with the improvement of the mind. We refer to this point because we think ourselves bound, by the vows of our calling, to take every opportunity of stating the duties which devolve on you as parents or guardians. There is a sense in which it may be affirmed that souls, those mysterious and imperishable things, are given into the custody of every father of a family. And we are persuaded that if there be one thing on this earth which, more than another, draws the sorrowing regards of the world of spirits, it must be the system of education pursued by the generality of parents. The entering a room gracefully is a vast deal more attended to than the entering into heaven; and you would conclude that the grand thing for which God had sent the child into the world, was that it might catch the Italian accent, and be quite at home in every note of the gamut. Christianity, indeed, is not at variance with the elegancies of life; she can use them as her handmaids, and give them a beauty of which, out of her service, they are utterly destitute. We wage no war, therefore, with accomplishments, any more than with the solid acquirements of a liberal education. We are only anxious to press on you the necessity that ye make religion the basis of your system. We admit, in all its breadth, the truth of the saying, that knowledge is power. It is power—ay, a fatal power, and a perilous. Neither the might of armies nor the scheming of politicians avails any thing against this power. The schoolmaster, as we have already hinted, is the grand engine for revolutionizing a world. Let knowledge be generally diffused, and the fear of God be kept in the background, and you have done the same for a country as if you had laid the gunpowder under its very institution; there needs only the igniting of a match, and the land shall be strewed with the fragments of all that is glorious and venerable. But, nevertheless, we would not have knowledge chained up in the college and monastery, because its arm is endowed with such sinew and nerve. We would not put forth a finger to uphold a system which we believed based on the ignorance of a population. We only desire to see knowledge of God advance as the vanguard of the host of information. We are sure that an intellectual must be a mighty peasantry. But we are equally sure that an intellectual and a godless will demonstrate their might, by the ease with which they crush whatever most adorns and elevates a kingdom. And in speaking to you individually of your duties as parents, we would bring into the family circle the principles thus announced as applicable to the national. We want not to set bounds to the amount of knowledge which you strive to impart. But never let this remembrance be swept from your minds, that, to give a child knowledge, without endeavouring, at the same time, to add to knowledge godliness, is to do your best to throw the momentum of the giant into the arm of the idiot; to construct a machinery which may help to move a world, and to leave out the spring which would insure its moving it only towards God.—*H. Melville.*

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My Mother's voice! I hear it now!
I feel her hand upon my brow
As when, in heartfelt joy,
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And call'd down blessings on the days
Of her loved boy.

My Mother's voice! I hear it now'
Her hand is on my burning brow
As in that early hour,
When fever throbb'd through all my veins,
And that kind hand first sooth'd my pains,
With healing power.

My Mother's voice! It sounds as when
She read to me of holy men—
The Patriarchs of old;
And gazing downward in my face,
She seem'd each infant thought to trace,
My young eyes told.

It comes—when thoughts unhallow'd throng,
Woven in sweet deceptive song—
And whispers round my heart
As when, at eve, it rose on high;
I hear, and think that *she is nigh*,
And they depart.

Though round my heart, all, all beside—
The voice of friendship, love, had died—
That voice would linger there,
As when, soft pillow'd on her breast,
Its tones first lull'd my infant rest,
Or rose in prayer.

THE CHOLERA A VISITATION OF GOD.

The Christian acknowledges the hand of God in every affliction; that sickness and death are, in each instance, ordered by Him. But men in general do not recognise an overruling Providence except in some wide-spread calamity. Yet even the most thoughtless must be impressed with the feeling that the epidemic, now prevailing in this city and elsewhere, is a visitation from God. There are several reasons for this impression.

The *specific cause* of cholera is unknown. Proximate or predisposing causes are quite obvious. But no investigation has yet been able to detect *the* cause of this terrible disease; no medical authority has yet defined its nature. The fact that an invisible, unknown agent is working death on all sides, strikes the mind with awe of a Higher Power.

The *remedy* for cholera, if there is a specific remedy, is equally unknown. Taken in its earlier stages, in the period called *cholerine*, it is a manageable disease, and physicians undertake cases with a good degree of confidence. But there is no agreement among them as to the treatment of a patient in the state of collapse. There is not merely that diversity of treatment which always exists under different theories of disease, but that greater diversity which exists where there is no theory, no settled principle, no knowledge, no guide. The highest medical authorities here confess their ignorance. They do not venture to attribute the recovery of a patient in this stage to their treatment; they say of him "he *got well*," not that "he was *cured*." They state the facts in books and lectures, but do not draw from them a theory. This confessed inability of those to whom we confide ourselves in sickness to grapple with this "monster malady," makes us feel that we are in the hands of God.

This feeling is deepened by the *mortality* of cholera cases. Even in the milder type of the disease at the present season, the deaths by cholera in this city have averaged fifty per cent. of the cases; and if in reporting cases the line should be drawn between cholerine and cholera asphyxia, the proportion of deaths from cholera proper would be greatly increased. This makes us feel that God has commissioned the angel of death.

The *suddenness* of the attack, and the rapidity with which death follows in this disease, bring us to realize that in God's hand "*our breath is.*"

The fact that the cholera ordinarily comes as *a rebuke for the transgression of some law* of our physical or moral nature, as the consequence of some imprudence or exposure, and more commonly of excess and debauchery, renders it a voice of warning from God, and a token of His retributive justice.

The extent to which it *paralyses business*, by spreading alarm through the community, and causing the place of its presence to be shunned—though such alarm is excessive, and sometimes even groundless—brings men to feel the hand of God touching their plans and treasures, and humbling their hearts. We might speak also of the uncertainty of the progress of this epidemic, and its wonderful diffusiveness; but enough has been said to illustrate the remark that the cholera is a visitation of God. But while we distinctly recognise that fact, it should occasion us no anxiety, no apprehension. We should be able to think of God as on our right hand and on our left, without being terrified. We should walk softly before Him, we should fear to offend Him, we should be still and know that He is God—but we should feel that He before whom goeth the pestilence is our Father, reconciled through Jesus Christ. Our chief solicitude as Christians at such a time should be for souls that are ready to perish, and our prayers should be for them that God would withhold His judgments and renew His converting grace.—*Independent.*

A PRESCRIPTION FOR SUDDEN DISEASE.

Prevention is not all that wisdom suggests at any time, especially at a time like this. It becomes us to prepare for a form of sickness, perhaps of death, which may come at any day or hour. There is in Isaiah a prescription worthy of universal regard. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Forsaking of wicked ways, whether they are the ways of the inebriate, the libertine, the Sabbath-breaker, the profane swearer, or whatever ways of sin, is indispensable to a suitable preparation for sickness or death in any form. Turning unto the Lord, who "will have mercy and abundantly pardon," is the best of all security in every hour of need.

And the hour of need may be very near. It may be the present hour. While you are reading this, the destroyer may be at your door. Have peace with God, through the Lord Jesus Christ, and if disease in its most terrific form shall come, your peace will be of essential service in enabling you to throw off the malady. If that cannot be done, then surely you will need, all the more, for the dying hour, the peace which will enable you to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

There is an appointed time of dying for all. If we have the needed preparation for death and what is beyond it, we need not be solicitous about the means which our heavenly Father appoints to remove us from the earth. If the passage of Jordan is rugged and dark, it may be quick. If we arrive at the blessed haven of eternal rest, it will matter little to us whether we were wafted by gentle winds, or were driven there in a tornado.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

THE PRICE OF A SOUL.

There is a buyer in the markets of the world whose name is never in the newspapers, and whose bids are never in the prices current. Nevertheless, his business is widely extended, and pursued with ceaseless activity. He chaffers in the open street. He walks boldly upon change. He glides into the dimness of the counting-house. He steps into the workshop. He goes out upon the farm. The theatre, the ballroom, the race-course, and the tavern, are all peculiarly the scenes of his most successful transactions. *It is the buyer of souls.*

He has various prices in his infernal traffic. He bought a soul, in one case, for thirty pieces of silver. He has bought some, we fear, for less. But for a larger price, for inestimable wealth, for countless riches, for heaps that will shine and glitter in men's eyes, O, how many have exchanged their souls! And then for fame and applause, the noisy breath of the multitude, and for guilty, transient, unsatisfying pleasures, how many more have bartered their immortal spirits!

We are about to relate the history of one exchange. Some years since, the writer sat in the midst of a weeping congregation. It was the middle of the week, but the Spirit of God was abroad upon the hearts of the people, and they came willingly to the sanctuary of God. It was solemn without the walls of the old church, for an ancient forest waved around it, and hard by the dust of our fathers was sleeping; and solemn within, for God's Spirit brooded over the vast assembly. A young and earnest servant of Christ was addressing them, and well do I remember how the hearts of all were thrilled, and how their tears started, at the narration of the following sad tale.

"A few years ago," said he, "there was living in one of our large cities, a young lady, who was the only child of wealthy and worldly parents. She was fond of the gay pleasures of the city, and plunged into them with all the enthusiasm of youth. Her gaiety, youth, and wealth, were sure passports to the highest circles of fashion, and there she lived as though there were no higher world.

"While thus living in pleasure, she was asked one evening by a female friend to accompany her to the weekly prayer-meeting in a church of the city. There the Spirit of God met her, and awakened in her the consciousness of sin, and bowed down her heart in anguish at the thought of her guilt. Her heaviness of spirit was soon discovered at home, and her parents were in consternation lest their beautiful daughter should leave the circles of pleasure for the service of God. They besought her and commanded her to return to the gay world. They surrounded her with her fashionable friends. But there was a power above theirs at work, and she was still stricken in heart. At last those parents actually *bribed* her to attend a large party of pleasure, by the gift of the *richest dress* that could be purchased in the city. She reluctantly consented—went to the festival, and returned without one trace of her religious emotions. She had put out the light of grace.

"But the joy of her miserable parents was short. In another week their daughter was at the point of death, and the skilful physicians they summoned, in their alarm, could only tell them that there was no hope.

"When this opinion was made known to the dying girl, she lay for a few minutes in perfect silence:

Her soul seemed to be surveying the past, and looking into the awful future. Then rousing herself, she ordered a servant to bring that dress and hang it upon the post of her bed. She next sent for her father and mother. In a few minutes they stood weeping at her side. She looked upon each of them for a time, and then lifting up her hand, and pointing to the dress, said to each of them distinctly, and with the terrible calmness of despair, '*Father, mother, there is the price of my soul.*' "

O what a disastrous exchange was that! A precious soul, with all its hopes and aspirations, its immortal powers, and high endowments, for a dress. How infatuated those guilty parents! How full of fearful danger is the strife against the Holy Ghost!

Reader, what is the price for which *thou* art parting with thy soul?

FOR MINISTERS.

Prayer for the People.—He who is more frequently in the pulpit before his people than he is in his closet for his people, is but a sorry watchman.—*Dr Conder.*

Solemnity and Fervour.—Let the saying of the ancients be remembered, " He who trifles in the pulpit shall weep in hell;" and the modern saying, " Cold preachers make bold sinners."—*Mather.*

Be Faithful.—Brethren, you will shortly appear before an impartial God; see that ye be impartial stewards. Take the same care, manifest the same love, attend with the same diligence to the poorest and weakest souls that are committed to your care, as you do to the rich, the great, the honourable. Remember that all souls are rated at one value in your Master's book, and your Redeemer paid as much for the one as for the other. Civil differences must be civilly acknowledged; but these have no place in our spiritual administrations.—*Flavel.*

Study the Bible.—One capital error in men's preparing themselves for the sacred function is, that they read divinity more in other books than in the Scriptures.—*Bishop Burnet.*

Use Metaphors judiciously.—Mr Keach's work on Scriptural Metaphors has done more to debase the taste of both preachers and people than any other work of the kind. Metaphors should be used sparingly and with judgment.—*Dr A. Clarke.*

Divine Influence.—If there be a truth in Scripture explicit and decided, it is this, that the success of the ministry of the gospel in the conversion of men is the consequence of Divine influence; and if there be a well-ascertained fact in ecclesiastical story, it is, that no great and indisputable effects of this kind have been produced but by men who have acknowledged this truth, and gone forth in humble dependence upon that promised co-operation contained in the words—" And lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."—*Richard Watson.*

How careful should I and all be, in our ministry, not to break the bruised reed! Alas! do I think that a schoolboy, a raw academic, should be likely to lead the hearts of men? What a knowledge of men, and acquaintance with the Scriptures, what communion with God, and study of my own heart, ought to prepare me for the awful work of a messenger from God on the business of the soul!—*Henry Martyn.*

Calling on different People.—What shall I think on my death-bed of all these opportunities of warning sinners? O may the Lord seal upon my soul such a compassionate sense of their danger, that I may never have a heart to talk triflingly with them!—*Ibid.*

WHEN MAY DAILY PRAYER BE NEGLECTED?

If there be any day in which we are quite certain that we shall meet with no trial from Providence, no temptation from the world—any day in which we shall be sure to have no wrong tempers excited in ourselves, no call to bear with those of others, no misfortune to encounter, and no need of Divine assistance to endure it—on that morning we may safely omit prayer.

If there be an evening in which we have received no protection from God, and experienced no mercy at his hands; if we have not neglected a single opportunity of doing or receiving good; if we are quite certain that we have not once spoken unadvisedly with our lips, nor entertained one vain or idle thought in our heart—on that night we may safely omit to praise God, and to confess our own sinfulness; on that night we may safely omit humiliation and thanksgiving.—*Hannah More.*

PRAYER-MEETINGS.

It is very important that a prayer-meeting should not be wearisome. Such prayer meetings will be not merely uninviting, but repulsive; and what is worse, in those who attend it may destroy the spirit of prayer, and induce a habit of contented mockery!

A prayer-meeting should be conducted with spirit. A dull and heavy mode of conducting a meeting will make it dull and heavy. The person conducting the meeting should be prepared. No time should be lost in turning over leaves. A passage of Scripture, short, and selected for point and impressiveness, should be read; and a few verses, selected in like manner, should be sung. Any remarks should be pertinent and brief. On this point every one should examine himself carefully and unsparingly; for we do not tell to each other our faults; and we shall not, without painstaking and impartiality, suspect our own faults. A prayer-meeting should be confined carefully within its limited time. It is far better that people leave a meeting remarking that it has broken up too soon, than that it has been held too long. In case different members of a meeting conduct it in turns, the member should be named at the preceding meeting, that he may be present and prepared. Variety may thus be given. These are small matters; but small things do not always produce small consequences.

THE MADAGASCAR MARTYRS.

Fourteen Christians in Madagascar, who, during the persecutions there, had spent two wretched years as fugitives in the mountains, determined to go to the seaside and sail to Mauritius. On their way they were taken prisoners, and conducted to the city.

A deeply interesting circumstance transpired as these Christians were on their way to the capital, after being apprehended. On reaching the town of

Beferona, a guard was set upon them. They were told that their manner of travelling was suspicious, and not like that of other people, having lanterns at night, and striking into unusual paths. Three days successively they underwent examination; and, on the third, they resolved to witness the good confession, and therefore made the following declaration, through Adriamanena, one of their number, whom they had appointed as their spokesman: "Since you ask us again and again, we will tell you. We are not banditti nor murderers: *we are* (impivavaka) *praying people; and if this make us guilty in the kingdom of the queen, then, whatever the queen does, we submit to suffer.*" "Is this, then," said the interrogator, "your final reply, whether for life or for death?" "*It is our final reply,*" they said, "*whether for life or death.*" "Who," asked the examiner, "sent you from Tananarivo?" "No one," they replied, "we went forth of our own free-will." After the Christians made these declarations, it is said that they felt inexpressible peace and joy. They had prayed; they had confessed Christ; and now that concealment was at an end, and they could freely open their overburdened hearts, they said to each other, "Now we are in the situation of Christian and Faithful when they were led to the city of Vanity Fair." And so it proved, when a majority of them underwent the martyr's death after the example of Faithful.

HALL'S OPINION OF MISS EDGEWORTH.

"Miss Edgeworth," says Robert Hall, "is the most irreligious writer I ever read; not so much from any direct attacks she makes on religion, as from a universal and studied omission of the subject. In her writings you meet a high strain of morality. She delineates the most virtuous characters, and represents them in the most affecting circumstances in life, in distress, in sickness, and even in the immediate prospect of eternity, and finally sends them off the stage with their virtue unimpaired—and all this without the remotest allusion to religion. She does not directly oppose religion, but makes it appear unnecessary, by exhibiting a perfect virtue without it. No works ever produced so bad an effect on my own mind. I did not expect to find any irreligion in Miss Edgeworth's writings. I was off my guard; their moral character disarmed me. I read nine volumes of them at once; but I could not preach with any comfort for six weeks after reading them. I never felt so little ardour in my profession, or so little interest in religion. She was once called to account for the character of her works, and asked her reasons for representing a mere ideal morality, without attributing any influence to religion. She said, that if she had written for the lower classes, she should have recommended religion; but that she had written for a class for whom it was less necessary. How absurd! She seemed to think that the virtues of the higher orders of society stand in no need of religion, and that it was only designed as a curb and a muzzle for the brute."

COMMON UNREASONABLENESS.

Some Christians occasionally speak as if their pastor should know, by intuition, every current event in their history. Hence should they themselves, or any member of their family, be unexpectedly laid under God's afflicting hand, or summoned suddenly to pass through some peculiarly painful ordeal, wonder is expressed, and certain feelings, half-choked by emotion, are vented, because the minister "has not once called," when in fact he was totally ignorant of the painful dispensation, and knew not but that the family were as happy and as well as when last he saw them in his pastoral rounds. Such individuals forget the way in which the New Testament churches acted on similar occasions. They overlook the injunction of heaven in the case, "Is any among you sick? let him *call* for the elders of the church." Where this command is neglected, instead of wondering at the non-appearance of the pastor, the parties' own want of consideration ought to be the subject of the deepest amazement.—*A. M. Stalker.*

THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath is old as the creation. Let me feel the reverence due to an institution so originated and of such antiquity; and let me take an especial lesson from the use to which it was appointed by God. He rested from the labours of the preceding week. O that I could make the day thus set apart, and for such a purpose, a day of holy rest from the secularities and cares of our everyday world! Thereby I should at once both sanctify and enjoy it, making it a day alike of pleasure and profit to my soul. But for this end let my conversation be in heaven—let my pleasure lie in communion with God. Quicken me, O Lord! with a sense and perception of the things of faith.—*Dr Chalmers.*

WHENCE AND WHITHER.

When Philip Henry, the father of the celebrated commentator, sought the hand of the only daughter and heiress of Mr Matthews in marriage, an objection was made by her father, who admitted that he was a gentleman, a scholar, and an excellent preacher; but he was a stranger, and "they did not even know where he came from," "True," said the daughter, who had well weighed the excellent qualities of the stranger, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him;" and they walked life's pilgrimage together.

THE CHRISTIAN'S TRUST.

Trust in God though you are in darkness, though you see no light; this is light before light, pardon before pardon. Trust God in temptations, and you are above temptations while you groan under the burden of them. Trust God in weakness, and you are strong. Paul in such a case besought the Lord thrice, and was answered with this (2 Cor. xii. 9): "My grace" (not thy grace) "is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." (He does not say, thy weakness is perfected unto strength). This satisfied Paul, and he exclaims, in the next words, "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."—*Caryl.*

DYING WORDS OF POPE PIUS V.

It is said of Pius Quintus, that when dying he cried out in despair: "When I was in low condition, I had some hopes of salvation; when I was advanced to be a cardinal, I greatly doubted it; but since I came to the popedom, I have no hope at all."

THE MERCY OF GOD.

BY THE LATE REV. WALTER PATERSON, KIRKURD.*

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."—Isa. lv. 7.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that the two passions which exercise the greatest influence on our conduct, in regard to the life which now is, namely, hope and fear, are likewise most prominently called into action by the cares of the spiritual world. They seem, indeed, to have their proper field, and full range, for the expansion of their capabilities in the contemplation of eternity alone; and just inasmuch as they fall short of heaven on the one side, and hell on the other, or the uttermost that either the mercy or the wrath of God can do to an immortal soul, are they defrauded of their natural food, and curtailed of the aim for which they were contrived. Hence are the Scriptures chiefly made up of promises and threatenings, that, merely grazing as it were the present world in their course, have their aim and fulfilment in the infinite beyond the grave.

It is a besetting sin of our nature, however, that we are slow in gathering fear from the darkest forms of futurity, or hope from its brightest visions; and still more remarkable perhaps is that perverseness of disposition, that hurries at one time our trust in the mercy of God, and at another the alarms of an awakened conscience, to a dangerous excess. It is the will of God that we shall use all diligence in working out our salvation with fear and trembling, rejoicing in "the lively hope to which we have been begotten through the resurrection of Christ from the dead;" and in the assurance that, all the while, it is the Spirit of God who worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. But just as, at one time, the father of lies lulls us into the belief that we can be saved without Christ, so do we allow him, in our moments of fear, to persuade us that we cannot be saved, even with him. For at no moment of life is the arch enemy of God and mankind more busy with our ears, than just when he sees us, for the first time, turning round to the mercy of the Father manifested in the Son, and with the very same hope that in the fulness of time kept him continually hovering about the Redeemer's steps, will ten thousand spirits of darkness and evil, in a moment at once so critical and perilous, flap their bat-like wings between the trembling soul and the countenance of God, in the full assurance that if they suffer us but once to behold the face of the Father, as it is seen in Christ, we are for ever lost to Satan and to hell. And no sooner is one of them driven away than another fills up his place, with a change of form and aspect suited to the sinner's changing case, and hovering right before his eye, in whatever direction he seeks to lay hold on the mercy of the Lord. The self-same spirit of lies which, in his days of ease and carelessness, represented his sins as harmless, trivial, and far beneath the notice of the Divine eye, will now dash them with such a depth of crimson that no hyssop can wash them out; and the same foul fiend who before spake of no attribute in the divine nature but mercy—who for all the hesitations and compunctions of his human dupe had always the same drivelling answer ready in his mouth, *God is merciful*—will now talk of no attribute but his inviolable holiness, justice, and truth, and of no passion but his anger, with its treasures of tribulation and anguish for every soul of man that doeth evil. All the while, moreover, is the inborn spirit of unbelief just as busy in the sinner's own bosom, persuading him that he is not in all God's thoughts—and that, weary with the long waste of words, discipline, and tenderness, the Lord hath given him over to waste, in turn, his tears upon the desert, and sow the wind with his vain complaints.

The frequency and fervour indeed with which the assurances of divine mercy are repeated and pressed upon our notice in Scripture, are at once a proof of its own abundance, and of our slowness to believe in its sufficiency. No devil surely can make us believe that God does not know his own mind; and just from his own Word, and from his own Spirit, do we derive the most solemn assurances, confirmed even in many instances with oaths, that he has grace sufficient for our uttermost need, and mercy in store for the chief of sinners. Need we go farther than the precious passage which is at this moment under our eye? Its words are addressed to the wicked and the unrighteous of all grades, and of all generations, without distinction, and to them goeth forth the assurance that God has mercy and abundant pardon, ready to meet the uplifting of their eyes to his throne of grace.

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* From a paper furnished by the lamented author to the "Christian's Daily Companion."

Lift up thine eyes, then, thou downcast mourner in Zion, to the holy habitation of God, and behold, to thine amazement, that over his countenance there spreads, at the meeting of his eyes with thine, the joy and the tenderness of a father who has long been watching for the return of his prodigal son, and waiting to be gracious. To know if "any good thing can come out of Nazareth," thou must "come and see;" and so must thou taste and see that the Lord is gracious. "Come unto him, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and he will give you rest." "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock," at the door of grace, and it will fly open. Blessed opening! It is the gate of heaven, with its green pastures, its living waters, spreading to infinity behind it.

But O! let us beware of mistaking the mercy of God, or twisting it round to the bent of our own sinful inclination. Ha! we are apt to confine our views of mercy to these gates of heaven; and in our very prayers to think only of mercy dispensed from the throne of judgment on our naked souls. O! it is not there—it is on this side of heaven and the grave that all the mercy of God is dispensed and applied: and verily just because God is infinitely more merciful than we are inclined to have him. For he will not only bestow upon us that rich inheritance of honour, glory, and immortality, which Christ has purchased for us with his blood, but qualify us for the enjoyment of them, by a sanctification of our nature, a refinement of our taste, and an elevation of our desires, without which heaven would be unto us a poorer inheritance than even the earth itself with all its sorrows. We, in a word, would seek only to be saved from the penalty of sin, but God wants to save us likewise from its power.

THE TRUE VALUE OF DYING TESTIMONIES.

(*Concluded from* p. 259.)

In estimating dying testimonies, it is moreover important that we be not indifferent to peculiarities of individual temperament, or to what is called, in technical terms, the idiosyncrasy of the sufferer. Character is not only modified by circumstances, but it differs in its nature and essence. Of its distinctions every physiologist is well aware, and is accustomed to class temperaments under the heads of phlegmatic, nervous, sanguine, and lymphatic. In vain shall we expect from any one person the individualities of another. The physical torture, which made every form fit the bed of Procrustes, was not more enormous than would be the moral injustice which should measure each by a common standard. The man of impulsive emotion must not expect from the cool-headed his own proper indications; nor must he, in whom a calculating temperament prevails, imagine that all is vain enthusiasm which transcends his own moderation. In this computation, neither national characteristics, nor habits of early education, should be forgotten. In many cases, calm serenity and confidence in long-tried principles, will be worth as much as a thousand burning words thrown off by the more impetuous; in others, the instinct of righteous faith will be recognised as Divine, where there is little power of argument; whilst in others, again, expressions of transport to which the speakers have been little accustomed, will be acknowledged as the highest form of the sublime.

The death-bed of the imaginative author of Theron and Aspasio, was the close of a life truly edifying. "You tell me that I have but a few moments to live—Oh, let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer! . . . Oh, welcome, welcome, death! thou mayest well be reckoned among the treasures of the Christian!" **Hervey's** last words were—"The great conflict is over—all is done!" The development of a more equable, though not more holy character, is apparent in the last words of **Matthew Henry**:—"You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men, this is mine: that a life spent in the service of God, and communion with him, is the most comfortable and pleasant life that any one can live in the present world."

Sir Thomas More was always distinguished by a kind of genial wit; it flashed even upon the scaffold, and did not indicate in him the levity which it might have manifested in another. **Latimer's** humour was apparent in his dying saying—"Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle by God's grace as shall never be put out." The same predisposition was shown by another eminently holy man of the present times. A merchant of London, visiting the death-bed of the Rev. R. **Hill**, said—"Sir, I heard of your illness on 'Change."—"Any effect on the funds?" was the arch yet innocent rejoinder. The same minister, being asked by the Rev. W. Jay if he felt his personal interest in Christ—"I can see," he replied, "more of my Saviour's glory than of my interest in him. God is letting me down gently into the grave, and I shall creep into heaven under some crevice of the door." The last sentence is eminently characteristic.

The **Rev. A. Fuller**, whose intellect, though most vigorous, was of the calm and collected order, was frequently heard to exclaim, "My mind is calm—no raptures—no despondency;" and on one occasion he used the following emphatic expression—"My hope is such, that I am not afraid to plunge into eternity." Could the effect of the most triumphant end be stronger?

Nor must we forget, in estimating a dying scene, the nature and physical effect of the last sickness. Certain conditions of the physical system produce effects well known to medical observers; but, by spectators, almost incredible. Every one familiar with death-beds knows the lethargy which is so deep as to be incapable of any excitement. In a striking picture which we have seen exhibited in London, an old man is represented on his dying couch, whilst his son, a debauched prodigal, sits upon his bedside, and a clergyman is vainly attempting to awaken the departing patient's consciousness to important truths.

A slighter manifestation of this lethargy has been often, however, mistaken by the bystander for peace within. On the other hand, the influence of bile upon the system produces frequently all the symptoms of hypochondriasis. The abstraction of large quantities of blood, or the vitiation of that fluid from whatever cause, together with the train of symptoms known by the name of "hysteria," considerably modify the phenomena of dying sensations.

It is almost superfluous to observe, that in cases of diseases of the brain, religion is exhibited in irregular light, or gloomy darkness, whilst the judgment is altogether irresponsible. No instance of such effects is more melancholy than that of our domestic poet, Cowper.

Terrified by the prospect of an appearance before the House of Lords, to qualify himself for the office of clerk of the journals, in the face of a strong opposition, he attempted more than once to commit an act of suicide, though he was mercifully prevented from accomplishing his purpose. His state of mental conflict continued. This was insanity. From this awful condition he was, however, aroused to lay hold on the consolations of the gospel of Christ, and during some considerable period he enjoyed religion in all its blessed efficacy. The dark hour, however, returned, and threw its deep shadow over the rest of his life; he believed himself forsaken of God, and destined to eternal punishment, whilst yet he bore witness to the Divine goodness, and vindicated the justice of his own sentence. In this admission, the observer will trace the real direction of the obscured reason. When death was near, we are informed by Dr Johnson, his relative, that he ventured to offer him consolation, by speaking of his approaching relief from the sorrows of his life, and by pointing him to the happiness which the merciful Redeemer had prepared for his children. In an agony of earnestness the dying poet entreated him to desist, "clearly proving," says his biographer, "that, though he was on the eve of being invested with angelic light, the darkness of delusion still veiled his spirit." We envy not the man who could draw an unfavourable conclusion from such a spectacle.

The writer was himself acquainted with a poor woman, who, though long distinguished by her piety, had suffered under an insurmountable gloom, which obstinately rejected all religious consolation, whilst the evidence of Divine grace was yet to be traced amidst the chaos. In this depressed state she continued as long as speech remained; when, however, she could no longer express herself, a sudden change occurred; her altered manner and significant gestures indicated the sudden freedom of her spirit, and she departed in joy. Would it have been just to augur unfavourably of her state, even if this last evidence had happened to be wanting?

Thomas Peacock, B.D., was a man of remarkable piety and deep humility. After his first mortal seizure, his time was entirely employed in exercises of the most devout piety. Soon, however, he became involved in gloom, which he thus singularly explained:—"I thought I had been in a good state, but I see it now far otherwise. My conscience lays these things against me. I brought up my scholars in gluttony, letting them eat their fill of meat when they lived with me. Whilst I was talking, they did undo themselves. I did unadvisedly expound places of Scripture at the table; and for these things I now feel a hell in my conscience. I have procured my own death, by often eating like a beast." Argument and remonstrance were for some time unavailing. Yet he continued to express the deepest abhorrence of sin, though he declared himself guilty of the most abandoned hypocrisy. It pleased God to remove from him this snare, and his joy became unspeakable. "The Lord," he said, "hath honoured me with his goodness; I am sure he hath provided a glorious kingdom for me. The joy I feel in my soul is incredible. Blessed be God! blessed be God! I am a thousand times happy to have such felicity thrown upon me, a poor wretched miscreant!"

The state of the mind of a departing person can sometimes only be ascertained by a previous inquiry—Was he really aware of his danger? We feel the delicacy of the subject on which we now enter, but are constrained to utter our testimony upon it. Those who administer to the wants and comforts of dying persons too frequently withhold from them altogether, or till it is too late to be serviceable, their convictions of the imminence of the threatened danger. The argument usually is, that such a disclosure might produce a fatal or at least dangerous effect. Much of course would depend on the manner in which the disclosure were made, and hope of recovery might in most instances be diminished and gradually taken away without inflicting a paralysing shock upon the nervous system. The announcement of the news at some distance, if that were possible, from the actual moment of departure, would not at least produce so strong a sensation as when kept in ignorance, till at last the patient sees himself with terror on the very verge of an unanticipated eternity, because, in the latter case, the hope of having yet time for penitence would alleviate in some degree its severity.

One instance, at least, occurs to us, in which the disclosure to the patient of the almost certainty of a fatal termination, and of preparations to be made for it, aroused her from her state of lethargic stupor, and was the first step in her ultimate recovery. But, admitting the whole force of the objection—it does not appear to us by any means to warrant the course too often adopted; for the effect of the announcement—if made with due caution and prudence—the attendant is *not* responsible. "Disease, and the methods of cure," it has been remarked, "lie within the province of a medical attendant, and under certain circumstances it may not be proper to interfere with him. Yet, when there is little or no reasonable expectation of recovery, there is a degree of cruelty in keeping up a delusion, and thus encouraging a patient to delay turning to God till he cannot turn in his bed. The practice may be traced to an indifference to religion, or an ignorance of its real character." It is the truth itself that is terrible; and that truth demands to be proclaimed for man's benefit, as soon as it is clearly discovered, or even rendered very probable. George IV. was not informed, we believe, till a very short time before his death, of the urgency of his danger, if indeed he knew it at all; and the awful death-bed of Louis XV. of France, which we shall refer to in another connection, exhibited one of the most unprincipled contentions ever recorded, as to whether or no that sinner should be informed of his imminent danger. It is probable that many instances of calmness and courage, which have astonished the distant hearer, may be referrible to the fact, that the patients did not know themselves to be dying.

Another consideration also, too frequently passed over, ought to receive due attention. During sickness, and especially the last sickness, trains of thought often arise, in answer to the suggestion of others, rather than from the spontaneous action of the patient's own mind. Every one knows with what jealousy the bench and the bar regard what are termed "leading questions." A sick man often only reflects the opinions of ministers and friends standing around his dying pillow, perhaps at some distance of time. Instead of speaking for himself, he has but repeated what they have suggested. And, as in the examination of judicial witnesses, a simple "yes," or "no," in reply to a question, has appeared in the report as if the witness had uttered a whole sentiment; so a dying man has often seemed to express opinions to which he was, at best, only an imperfect and faltering respondent.

Nor must it be imagined that, because the death-hour is near, its subject can be no longer influenced by the desire of applause, or the ambition of ending his life with effect. Many instances might be cited, where, in the teeth of the most notorious facts, a bad man has put a dying gloss upon his sins and crimes. The false apostle of the east, Mohammed, "died, and made no sign." The writer remembers to have witnessed, almost involuntarily, an execution at Newgate, many years since. When one of the malefactors was brought out upon the scaffold, his last words were a vehement denial of the justice of his sentence, and the cry of "Murder! Murder!" rang fearfully in the ears of the spectators. After his death, fresh evidence appeared, which could leave no reasonable doubt of his actual guilt. The record of "Remarkable German Criminal Trials" relates an instance of a man, named John Paul Foster, who was convicted of a double murder on the clearest evidence; and who, on his first committal (from which he was then discharged), declared to some of his companions, that "if ever he got into trouble again, he would persist in denial till his tongue turned black and rotted in his mouth, and his body was bent double." Though possessed of a large amount of religious knowledge, and often apparently beset by the pangs of a guilty conscience, he continued sullen and impenetrable; and, though yet in prison (his sentence was confinement for life), during upwards of twenty-five years has maintained his guilty obstinacy. The recent case of RUSH illustrates the same point, and the records of crime and punishment afford innumerable illustrations of the same principle.

The name of LORD BYRON is as familiar as its associations are melancholy. His history was throughout peculiar, and its contrasts hideous. He had rank and genius; the latter was of a noble order, and was powerful alike in description and in passion, in pathos and in satire. His fame was sudden and resplendent; and although taste has already abated somewhat of its lustre, it was not in the main deceptive. The circumstances of his early life might claim our pity, if pity were not overpowered by the strong moral reprobation demanded by his deliberate errors. Irregular and petulant as a boy; debauched and outrageous as a youth; entering upon life with every accompaniment of riot on the one hand, and sad disappointment on the other; contracting marriage with as heartless a selfishness as ever disgraced humanity, and surrounded after it by all the irregularities of vice and entanglement—the age of thirty saw him, "with all his household gods shivered around him;" separated from his wife—self-divorced from his country—a "Prometheus" (to use his own title), with all the vultures of conscience let loose upon his soul. His genius, which, properly nurtured, might have illuminated mankind, flared with a self-consuming fire. In the triumphs of his first success, he wrung from an admiring public, as piece after piece appeared, tributes of admiration never equalled; yet he ended his career by making his high powers instruments of the most bitter infidelity, the most caustic malice, and the most self-degrading buffoonery.

His death was doubtless, in its remote cause, produced by habits of intoxication freely indulged, and by the otherwise severe regimen he instituted to preserve his Apollo-like beauty. Self-will had been the leading impulse of his life, and was his ruling passion at the last. He had been exposed after a debauch to inclement weather, and was overtaken by dangerous sickness. No persuasion could induce him to submit to the necessary remedies. In vain was early bleeding urged upon him; he persisted in his resistance to the remedy till it was too late. He died at Missolonghi, in Greece, April 19th, 1824. "It is with infinite pain," says one of his physicians, "I must state, that though I seldom left lord Byron's pillow during the latter part of his illness, I did not hear him make any, even the smallest, mention of religion. At one moment, I heard him say, 'Shall I sue for mercy?' After a long pause, he added—'Come, come, no weakness; let's be a man to the last!'"

In the "History (by Dr Calamy) of his Life and Times," is recorded a melancholy and awful instance of spiritual stupidity at the approach of death:—A young man who had been the special favourite of his father and mother, had "run through an unusual course of villany and impiety," causing the death of his mother, by suicide, during a season of "melancholy madness" produced by his excesses; and after being detected in an act of robbery, was confined in Newgate, convicted, and condemned to die. At the earnest request of his father, Dr Calamy visited him in prison. He found the young man "very stiff and sullen, exceeding captious with his father, and ready to snarl at him at every turn, and warm in his resentment of several things that had passed." Dr Calamy set before him with faithfulness the sin and misery of his sinful course, and at length went so far as to promise him (the doctor was in favour at court), that if he would humble himself before God and his father, and avow his intention to live in the future to some good purpose, he would engage to gain for him a reprieve on the following Wednesday; holding out some hope also, that the reprieve might be accompanied by a pardon. "Sir," said he, "I scorn any thing of that nature, and had rather die with my company."

"This I must confess," writes Dr Calamy, "raised my indignation, and I freely told him that such sort of talk fully convinced me that he had not duly considered what death was, nor was aware of the consequences which, in his case, would follow upon it. I asked him, if he really believed that his soul would survive his body; and that, if he left this world without true repentance, he must as certainly be for ever miserable as he was then living; and that the wrath of God was as intolerable as it was inevitable. He told me, with tears trickling down his cheeks, that he most firmly believed all this, and yet found his heart so hard and unaffected, that nothing of this nature would move it. His carriage plainly discovered a peculiar carelessness; for, in the midst of this serious discourse between him and me, he on a sudden turned to his father, and said, 'Sir, wont you come and see me at the tree?' at which the old man was so much moved, that he broke out into a flood of tears, and ran to the other end of the chapel, wringing his hands, and taking on most lamentably at his wretched stupidity." All endeavours were vain. The offer made by Dr Calamy was repeated the next morning by Dr Jekyl, but without effect. The conclusion which Dr Jekyl arrived at (we state the facts, and leave our readers to make their own comment), was, that "if he were any longer spared, he would be very likely to prove a yet further and greater curse than ever." The man was executed without manifesting the least sign of penitence. It appeared in the sequel, that when this malefactor was a child and thought to be dying, his father had prayed so earnestly for his life as to have ventured to say, "Let him prove what he will, so he is but spared, I shall be satisfied."

In another part of this volume, the reader will observe two cases of death—the expressions in one suggested probably by the other, in which good and holy men left their last protest against what they designated "death-bed scenes." Such is the weakness of human nature, even in the Christian, that earthly feelings do sometimes intrude even on a spot so consecrated to God as the dying pillow. An anecdote of Whitefield, though well known, is not inapposite to these observations:—"In the last visit but one which he paid to America, he spent a day or two at Princetown, under the roof of the Rev. Dr Finley, then president of the college of that place. After dinner the doctor said, 'Mr Whitefield, I hope it will be very long before you will be called home; but when that event shall arrive, I shall be glad to hear the noble testimony you will bear for God.' 'You would be disappointed, doctor,' said Whitefield, 'I shall die silent. It has pleased God to enable me to bear so many testimonies for him during my life, that he will require none from me when I die. No, no; it is your dumb Christians, that have walked in fear and darkness, and thereby been unable to bear a testimony for God during their lives, that he compels to speak out for him on their death-beds.' The manner of Whitefield's death verified the prediction."

We fear that, on points like these, sufficient care has not been always exercised; and that in their haste to make out a case which they have desired, with the most benevolent impulses, to be true, even Christian men have been often mistaken. When, too, we remember in what haste funeral sermons are often and necessarily prepared, it will not appear very strange if even ministers have not always painted the moral portrait with adequate care, and have sometimes uttered conclusions to which, with more time for thought, they would never have become committed. Nor is even religious biography, though admitting of more time for careful preparation, free from the fault of adopting conclusions more in accordance with the wishes of survivors, than with the real merits of the case itself.

Many of the preceding observations, if they have any weight, bear with considerable force upon what are called "death-bed conversions." And when expressions of faith and hope occur in the departure of those who, during life, have rejected God's religious government, they are often greedily seized and exhibited as if they were unquestionably convincing. The following conversation, which lately occurred, is a common thought, put into words—"Have you heard of the death of ——?" "No." "She died suddenly." "Was she prepared to die?" "Oh, she was a very wild girl, but she died quite happy." The false ground of hope was, in this case, a few religious sentiments uttered at life's last hour.

Far be it from us to rate at any low estimate the power of God's infinite mercy, or to doubt the possibility of a conversion at the last. As long as it is the glory of God to forgive sins, so long is there the certainty that every returning sinner shall be accepted of him, and the greatest encouragement is therefore offered to all to return and seek his face. This needs not to be put falteringly. *They* indeed deny it who would exhibit the atonement with reserve; but to evangelical Christians, this full and free offer is the glory of the gospel. Salvation is a gift, without the "money," and without the "price," of previous acts of virtue. Divine grace is omnipotent! The most skilful medical practitioner must turn away from some cases of disease as too deep—too long seated—too desperate; but the Redeemer of men disdains no earnest entreaty—"Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me!" The succours of the gospel apply to the most hardened habit of renunciation of God. All agree, that the sin which cannot be forgiven is marked by the want of desire on the part of the sinner that it *shall* be forgiven; so that, wherever there is penitence, there is the offer of Christ and his salvation; and not only so, but Christ and his salvation are offered to all, in order to stimulate their penitence, and to excite their hope. Each repenting and returning sinner must, then, as God is true, be most certainly saved; justified by the imputation of Christ's righteousness, and admitted to the advantages of a pardon, as prompt as free.

The records of pastoral life furnish not unfrequent cases, in which the awakenings of sickness and impending death have proved valuable in directing and moulding all the future life. Baxter, giving an account of the plague-year, says—"The face of death did so awaken preachers and hearers, that the former exceeded themselves in lively fervent preaching, and the latter heard with a peculiar ardour and attention. And, through the blessing of God, many were converted from their carelessness, impenitence, and youthful lusts and vanities, and religion took that hold on people's hearts as could never afterwards be loosed." Indeed, it was the expectation of early death which had quickened, though not excited, Baxter's own religious emotions.

Let it be remembered, however, that in the case of a death-bed, the question is not—Can this man be accepted of Christ? but—Is he really the repenting sinner whom Christ has promised to accept?

Feelings may put on the garb of truth, yet not be true; the man may imagine himself converted, yet be only seeking his "oil" when the "bridegroom cometh." Our Lord has, therefore, exhibited the life as the test, not only of the opinions of the individual, but of their force and power. "By their fruits ye shall know them." "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." The storm which tosses the surface into the wildest disorder, may leave the depths below in perfect calmness. How then can we know that, in any given case, the alteration is one, not merely of temperament, but of nature and being? Only by the living proof of the fact. The event alone will show whether the administered medicine have been so received into the system as to effect a cure, or whether the inserted fluid, which is to prevent a deeper poison, have penetrated the whole man. We can only judge with truth of the depth of a man's hatred of sin, by seeing the principle in action on the sins which have "so easily beset him;" or of the amount of his love for Christ, by witnessing its conquest of the other vanities which he has the opportunity of loving. Apart from such evidence, we may hope, but we can do no more. As we we do not hold the drunkard to be reformed, because for a week or two, or for even a month or two, he has refrained from his accustomed practice, so with regard to alleged death-bed conversions, the issue alone can satisfactorily prove the fact of the renewal. True it is, that if, during the course of a prolonged sickness, there shall be the proofs of temper mortified and patience in exercise, and especially if these shall be exhibited in increasing power, the hope will be greatly strengthened; yet, so long as the force of old temptations are distant, there will always be something wanting to a full and perfect proof. The wise will, therefore, express themselves on death-bed conversions with a discriminating caution.

The story has often been told of a minister in the north, who, after having visited many sick-beds, computed the number of cases in which the results corresponded with the promise, and found, if we remember aright, that only one out of two thousand showed by his subsequent life that his conversion was real. In calculations of this kind, however, some allowance must be made for the natural temper of the calculator. But let it not be forgotten, that an incautious mode of relating death-bed conversions is, by engendering false hopes, the ruin of multitudes!

The true grounds of consolation are widely different from any such narrow and partial conclusions. As, in a painting, it is breadth of light, and shade, and colour, which gratify the eye of the connoisseur, so, in Christian character, it is the approach to a large uniformity which alone can give satisfaction of the highest order. If religious principle have been, during the life, distinctly prominent—evidently the motive to action, and the stimulus of hope; if in the calm and the tempest, the mariner has been known to pilot his vessel in one direction, and towards one ascertained point; and if, at the last, his eye shall dilate, and a calm tranquillity gather over his mind as he recognises that point at hand, though none can discern it besides himself, there may be more than the hope—there may be the assured confidence that the haven is neared, and that the voyage will issue in a prosperous close. It is thus that the Christianity of life receives at death a fresh emphasis, and an accumulated power. What the believer rejoiced in with the world around, he exults in more deeply with the world away. The drawbacks which are necessary to be made in dubious cases, are no drawbacks now. Some of the feelings may indeed be deceptive; languor, or medicine, or the excitability of a disordered mind, may, in the eye of the scientific, be mingled up with them all; but as the emotions correspond with the known principles of all his former life, they are like clouds and vapours, lighted up by hues of golden radiance, all unreal and unsubstantial it is true, but testifying the power of the glorious sunshine which renders them magnificent. Even where a temporary darkness may come on, the argument of the life is remembered, encouraging the firmest hope that, however gloomy the "even-tide," there will be "a morn without clouds." But other scenes there are, in which, with intelligence and judgment all awake, however attenuated the body, the dying Christian seems to breathe the air of heaven before his time, and to stand irradiated by its light in brilliant relief upon a clouded world; brighter in his end than during his whole life before; emblem on earth of the state to which he is hastening, and where the promise shall be fulfilled—"The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."

A FIRESIDE STORY ABOUT A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A Highland widow left her home early one morning, in order to reach, before evening, the residence of a kinsman who had promised to assist her to pay her rent. She carried on her back her only child, a boy two years old. The journey was a long one. I was following the same wild and lonely path when I first heard the story I am going to tell you. The mountain-track, after leaving the small village by the sea-shore where the widow lived, passes through a green valley, watered by a peaceful stream which flows from a neighbouring lake; it then winds along the margin of the solitary lake, until, near its further end, it suddenly turns into an extensive copse-wood of oak and birch. From this it emerges half-way up a rugged mountain-side; and, entering a dark glen through which a torrent rushes amidst great masses of granite, it at last conducts the traveller, by a zig-zag ascent, to a narrow gorge, which is hemmed in upon every side by giant precipices; overhead is a strip of blue sky, while all below is dark and gloomy. From this mountain-pass the widow's dwelling was ten miles off, and no human habitation was nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey indeed! But the rent was due some weeks before, and the sub-factor threatened to dispossess her, as the village in which she lived, and in which her family had lived for two generations, was about to be swept away, in order to enlarge a sheep-farm. Indeed, along the margin of the quiet stream which watered the green valley, and along the shore of the lake, might even then be traced the ruins of many a hamlet, where happy and contented people once lived, but where no sound is now heard except the bleat of a solitary sheep, or the scream of the eagle, as he wheels his flight among the dizzy precipices.

The morning when the widow left her home, gave promise of a lovely day. But, before noon, a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward, the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds rested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle, with black squalls, the surface of the loch. The wind was succeeded by rain, and the rain by sleet, and sleet by a heavy fall of snow. It was the month of May—for that storm is yet remembered as the "great May storm." The wildest day of winter never beheld flakes of snow falling heavier or faster, or whirling with more fury through the mountain-pass, filling every hollow and whitening every rock! Weary, and wet, and cold, the widow reached that pass with her child. She knew that a mile beyond it there was a mountain shieling which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge, all hope failed of proceeding in that direction. To turn home was equally impossible. She must find shelter. The wild cat's or fox's den would be welcome. After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of granite which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a more sheltered nook. She crouched beneath a projecting hedge of rock, and pressed her child to her trembling bosom. The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold. The evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. Her child—her only child—was all she thought of. She wrapt him in her shawl. But the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn. The widow was poor, and her clothing could hardly defend herself from the piercing cold of such a night as this. But whatever was to become of herself, her child must be preserved. The snow, in whirling eddies, entered the recess, which afforded them at best but miserable shelter. The night came on. The wretched mother stripped off almost all her own clothing and wrapped it round her child, whom, at last, in despair, she put into a deep crevice of the rock, among some dried heather and fern. And now she resolves, at all hazards, to brave the storm, and return home, in order to get assistance for her babe, or to perish in the attempt! Clasping her infant to her heart, and covering his face with tears and kisses, she laid him softly down in sleep, and rushed into the snowy drift.

That night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from a clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the mountain-tops, while a thousand waterfalls poured down their sides. Dark figures, made visible at a distance on the white ground, might be seen with long poles, examining every hollow near the mountain path. They are people from the village, who are searching for the widow and her son. They have reached the pass. A cry is heard by one of the shepherds, as he sees a bit of a tartan cloak among the snow. They have found the widow—dead; her arms stretched forth as if imploring for assistance! Before noon, they discovered her child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood. Her almost naked body revealed her love.

Many a tear was shed, many an exclamation expressive of admiration and affection were uttered, from enthusiastic sorrowing Highland hearts, when on that evening the aged pastor gathered the villagers in the deserted house of mourning, and, by prayer and fatherly exhortation, sought to improve for their soul's good an event so sorrowful.

More than half a century passed away! That aged and faithful pastor was long dead, though his memory still lingers in many a retired glen among the children's children of parents whom he baptized. His son, whose locks were white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our great cities. It was on a communion Sabbath. The subject of his discourse was the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that "love which seeketh not her own," he narrated the above story of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood. And he asked, "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory, and if the sight of her poor tattered cloak, which she had wrapt round him, in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if, over those memorials of your Saviour's sacrifice of himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love, and with adoring gratitude?" A few days after this a message was sent by a dying man requesting to see this clergyman. The request was speedily complied with. The sick man seized the minister by the hand, and, gazing intently in his face, said, "You do not, you cannot recognise me. But I know you, and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my king and country. I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health. Last Sabbath I entered your church—the church of my countrymen—where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son"—here the voice of the old soldier faltered, his emotion almost choked his utterance; but, recovering himself for a moment, he cried, "I am that son!" and burst into a flood of tears. "Yes," he continued, "I am that son! Never, never, did I forget my mother's love. Well might you ask what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me! Though I never saw her, dear to me is her memory, and my only desire now is, to lay my bones beside hers in the old churchyard among the hills. But, sir, what breaks my heart, and covers me with shame, is this—until now I never saw, with the eyes of the soul, the love of my Saviour in giving himself for me—a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner. I confess it! I confess it!" he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and, pressing the minister's hand close to his breast, he added, "It was God made you tell that story. Praise be to his holy name, that my dear mother has not died in vain, and that the prayers which, I was told, she used to offer for me, have been at last answered; for the love of my mother has been blessed by the Holy Spirit for making me see, as I never saw before, the love of the Saviour. I see it, I believe it; I have found deliverance in old age where I found it in my childhood—in the clift of the rock; but it is the Rock of Ages!" and, clasping his hands, he repeated, with intense fervour, "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? They may forget, yet will I not forget thee!"—*Edinburgh Christian Magazine.*

DESIRING TO LOVE.

O Love Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice!
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

O that, with humble Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove!
Thou know'st—for all to thee is known—
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
Thou know'st that thee I love.

O that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest!

Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above:
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go,
Give me thy only love to know,
Give me thy only love.

—*Charles Wesley.*

THE RED SEA PASSAGE.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

THE last fearful night had come—the night of alarm, dread visitation, and death. The succession of terrible judgments sent on the haughty monarch of Egypt had failed to subdue his imperious nature.

The rivers, streams, and rills of Egypt had been turned into blood, bearing on their crimson bosom masses of dead and dying fish. Insects and vermin had swarmed into every chamber and closet, dying where they had gathered, till an intolerable stench arose from the fetid heaps. Disease had seized on the cattle, sweeping them away by tens of thousands, a grievous plague smitten the people, and the voice of lamentation filled the air. A storm of thunder, hail and fire, commingled, had burst on the land, the flames breaking in angry billows along the streets, and consuming every green thing in their devastating flow. A cloud of locusts, darkening the heavens in their endless flight, followed, devouring every tender blade that had shot forth since the passage of the storm, till a vast desert spread away where smiling fields had been. Darkness such as could be felt for three days covered the earth, and the decimated, diseased, and starving population trembled in affright, thinking that the last hour of time was about to strike.

Amid all this desolation and death, this wreck of his empire, amid the prayers and maledictions of his suffering and distracted subjects, the iron-hearted monarch stood firm to his purpose. The captives that lay bound to his throne should not go forth free. Sternly defying God, he bore up under these accumulated woes with a resolution and will that astonish us. But now, he was to be struck nearer home, the iron was to enter his own soul, and wring from thence the bitter cry of anguish and entreaty. The first-born in every house, from the first-born of the beggar to the heir-apparent to the throne, was to be smitten. Death in his grimmest form was to darken the door of every dwelling of Egypt; and the night of his dread visitation had now come. In the solemn hour of midnight, the angel of doom was to tread the quiet hamlet and the thronged city, and his icy hand be laid on one beating heart in every family, and its marble pressure force a death-shriek that should startle every sleeper there; and lo! twelve o'clock was striking. Three bright blood spots on the two door-posts and the lintel of each door of the Israelites, showed that within dwelt a Hebrew, and said to the passing angel, "Enter not here." Humble tenements they all were, on which these crimson stains were placed, but they contained dwellers nobler and more sacred than the royal palace. It was midnight, and, as the last hour struck, a deep silence rested on the vast city. The tumult of the day and evening was over—the crowd had forsaken the streets, across which dim lights were swinging, and nought broke the solitude save the measured tread of the sentinel walking his nightly rounds, or the rumbling of a chariot as some late reveller returned to his home. Here and there a light was seen in a solitary sick chamber, giving to the gloom a sadder aspect, and out from a narrow alley would now and then burst the sounds of folly and dissipation. All else was still, for the mighty population slumbered as the sea sometimes sleeps in its strength. But suddenly, just as the "ALL'S WELL" of the drowsy sentinel echoed along the empty street, piercing shrieks rent the silence; and passing rapid as lightning from house to house, and blending in with each other, rung out on the night air with strange and thrilling distinctness. And then came a wail, following heavily after, and rolling up around the palace, surged back over the trembling city. Unseen by mortal eye, the angel of death was treading with noiseless step the silent avenues and lanes, putting out one light in each household, and dismissing one spirit thence to its long home. In a moment the city was in an uproar; lights danced to and fro; the rapid tread of urgent messengers made the streets echo; the rattling of wheels was heard on every side; but still the wail of desolated houses rose over all like the steady roar of the surge above the crash of the wreck.

In the midst of this scene of excitement and terror the children of Israel took their flight. Nearly a million of them, their muffled tread shaking the earth, streamed through the darkness and emerged into the open country. And when the morning dawned in the east, there lay the city before them, its towers and domes flashing back the beams of the rising sun in redoubled splendour. But what a change had passed over it since that sun last looked upon its magnificence! Sobs and cries arose from every door, for the dead lay in every dwelling.

In solid ranks the hundreds of thousands of Israel took up their line of march, and night found their tents spread on the edge of the wilderness. Far as the eye could reach, they dotted the open country around, and fringed like a ridge of foam the dark forest beyond. And when night fell on the scene, suddenly a solitary column of fire shot into the heavens, lighting up with strange brilliancy the forest and the encampment. There it stood, lofty as a tower that beetles over the sea, and inherent with light from base to summit. The white tents grew ruddy in its blaze, and the upturned countenances of the innumerable host that gazed awe-struck on its splendour, shone as if they were standing under a burning palace. All night long it blazed there in their midst and above them, illuming the desert, and shedding unearthly glory on hill, valley, and forest.

And when the morning came, it turned into a column of snowy whiteness, revolving within itself like a cloud, yet distinct and firm as marble. No voice shook its thick foldings, yet it had a language more potent than that of Moses, and its silent command of "FORWARD" caused every tent to be struck, and set the vast host in motion. Over the wide plain it moved in advance of the army, and through the deep gorges it rose far above the mountains, the strangest leader that a host ever followed. When the sun struck it, its long shadow fell across the massive columns in one unbroken beam, filling every heart with fear and dread. At night it stopped and stood still, like a single marble shaft, till darkness came down, and then it became again a shaft of fire.

Thus, day after day, they continued their march, plunging deeper and deeper in the wilderness, until at length word was brought that the enraged Pharaoh, with his entire army—chosen chariots and all—was in full pursuit. Consternation then filled every heart, and each eye turned anxiously to that mysterious pillar. But no change passed over its silent form—steady and calm as ever, it moved majestically forward, heedless of the thunder and tumult that were gathering in the rear. Perchance at night it did not stop as before, but moved on in the darkness, blazing along the desert, lighting it up with more than noontide splendour. On, on swept the weary host, while every moment nearer and louder roared the storm on its track. Still hoping, yet fearing and trembling, they followed that calmly moving column, until at last it stopped on the shore of the sea. As they pressed up, despair seized every heart, for far away nought but a wide waste of water met their gaze, while the unchecked billows broke heavily along its bosom, and behind, rushing on, came the tens of thousands of their foes, panting for the slaughter. That fearful pillar of cloud and fire, then, was only sent to delude them to their ruin. O what lamentations, and prayers, and murmurings, went up from the despairing host! They were on the desolate shore, against which the restless sea beat with a monotonous roar, while from the solitude arose the deafening roll of countless chariot-wheels rushing to the shock. All that night the only obstacle between them and their enemies was that pillar of fire; yet, slight as it seemed, it was more impregnable than a wall of adamant. Still it was a wild and fearful night—the morning must bring the onset and the slaughter; while, as if to heighten the terrors of the scene, a terrific wind arose, driving the sea into billows that fell in thunder on the shore, and sounding as if God also was about to fight against them.

Thus passed this night of anguish and dread to the Israelites; but when the morning dawned, lo! there opened the sea, like a mountain gorge, the green and precipitous sides standing in massive walls on either hand. "Forward," spake the cloud, and the stern command rolled in startling accents along the mighty column, and it descended slowly into the fearful depths. Like an army of insects they moved below, while the billows that broke along the surface of the deep, crested over the edge of the watery cliffs above them, as if looking down on the strange spectacle, and the spray that fell on their heads was the "baptism of the sea." The pursuers plunged into the same watery gorge; and as their rapid chariots drew near the fugitive host, it seemed for a while that the sea had been opened on purpose to entrap them, and make them fall easier victims to their foes. But at this critical moment, that strange cloud rose up, and, moving back over the long line, planted itself in front of the Egyptian host. Its solemn aspect and mysterious form troubled the monarch and his followers; the wheels rolled from the axletrees of the chariots, the solid ranks became disordered and broken, and terror and tumult took the place of confidence and strength.

At length, the fugitives, with their bleating flocks and lowing herds, ascended the opposite shore, and when the last one stepped upon the beach, that dripping cloud also moved after them, and then, like a clap of thunder, the sea smote together, and the wave rolled smoothly on as before. Swift-circling eddies and whirlpools, and huge bubbles of air bursting on the surface, alone told where the mighty host was buried, and where and how they struggled in the depths. At length the wreck began to heave upward; and O what an overthrow it revealed!—chariots and horses, and spears and shields, and myriads of corpses, darkened the sea as far as the eye could reach.

But what a spectacle that shore presented! the beach, the rocks, the hills were all black with the living masses, as they stood trembling and awe-struck, and looked back on the deep. For a long time not a sound broke the death-like silence that reigned throughout the vast throng. Each heart was full of dread and awe, as the heavy swells fell at their feet, casting on the beach, with every dash, broken chariots, whole ranks of men, now pale in death, and horses and weapons of war. There, too, stood the cloud, and looked on the scene, while on its white and lofty form the eyes of the multitude ever and anon turned reverently from the piles of the dead below. But at last joy and gratitude, and triumph at their great deliverance, gave way to the terror that had oppressed them; and suddenly there arose a shout louder than the thunder of the sea: "Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation. Who is like unto thee, O Lord! among the gods? Who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" From rank to rank—from ten times ten thousand lips rolled on the mighty anthem, till the shore shook with the glorious melody, and the heavens were filled with the strain. And Miriam, with her prophetic face and eye of fire, separated herself from the multitude, followed by a throng of dark-haired maidens, on whose cheeks the glow of joy had usurped the pallor of fear; and as they moved in shining groups and graceful dances, their silvery voices rung out, over the clash of timbrels and roar of the waves, in triumphant bursts of music; and "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea," arose and fell like melody along the rivers of Paradise.

Fearful had been the pursuit, and great was the deliverance!

THE USES OF TEMPTATION.

"MY brethren," says St James, "count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." A singular congratulation truly! It would have come like vinegar upon nitre to poor Christian and Hopeful, that terrible night of their distress amidst storm and darkness. And yet, it had been all joy if they had passed that stile of temptation without going over it, according to their "brave" conversation about Lot's wife. James does not say, Count it all joy when ye *enter into* temptation. Entering into temptations is a very different thing from falling into them by the providence of God for faith's trial. "Blessed is the man that *endureth* temptation," says James, and the *endurance* is supposed in the first text, where we are to count the meeting of temptations all joy. Be it, that in that case the temptations mainly mean *trials*, and not allurements to sin; yet even temptations to wander from God are blessings, *if resisted*, for they issue in greater grace and firmness. But the *entering into* temptation is a very different thing, as different as Christian's going to the stile and getting over was different from Demas' calling to him out of the way, and being refused.

The endurance of temptation is good for two things—for the discovery of the wickedness there is in ourselves, and the grace there is in our Saviour. We do not know how to value Christ aright, till we find how sinful we are ourselves; and we do not learn to rest upon Christ's strength, till we find we have none of our own but weakness. If we did not see and feel our own sinfulness and wretchedness, we should not feel his preciousness at all; and so, if God kept us from all circumstances and conjunctions which would bring out our sins, and disclose the hidden evils of our hearts, we might go on with a fair form of piety, and, without falling into any particular snares, be all the while going further and further from Christ, and becoming more and more ignorant both of him and of ourselves.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." "Lead us not into temptation." The prayer is not, Let us not be tempted, suffer us not to endure temptations; but, Let us not *enter into* temptation. There is something very emphatic in those words *enter into*. A man may be exposed to temptation, and by the grace of God come off victorious, and be the stronger for the temptation if he resists it promptly, if he flies trembling to Christ. But if he dallies with it, if he dwells upon its circumstances, if he is not watching and praying, if he undertakes to see how far he may go in it without falling, if he but half rejects it, and half entertains it, then he is *entering into* temptation, then he is in fearful danger. He is entering into it as in a cloud, surrounded by which he ceases to behold eternal realities, or sees them so dimly as not to feel their force. And the deeper he enters into it, the farther he is from God. It is a stupifying as well as a darkening cloud, an atmosphere that paralyses the spiritual energies. Let a man once *enter into* temptation, and Satan has great power over him. Let a man play the part of Parley the Porter, and the foes of his soul are soon within the citadel. It is a Latin maxim of great wisdom in regard to evil habits, *Obsta principiis—resist the beginnings;* and this is of infinite importance in regard to temptation. Resist it wholly at once, take not a step upon its borders, enter not into it at all, but turn from it with supreme decision. Go not up to the stile to look over, and see how inviting the enclosure; for when you do this you are entering into temptation, your next step will probably be over the stile, and there, while you think you are keeping in sight of the king's highway, and can return to it in a moment, you may wander from it fatally, and, almost before you are aware, find yourself fast locked in Giant Despair's castle. The temptation to neglect prayer is one of those temptations in the Christian life, which, if a man gives way to it, opens the door to all other temptations. So our blessed Lord says, "Watch and pray," and "Watch unto prayer," for while that is done, the door of other temptations is shut—the soul neither enters into them, nor they into the soul. But if prayer be neglected, the soul is in an exposed condition, ready to be overcome even by slight temptations.

In that very beautiful and instructive allegory by Hannah More, entitled *Parley the Porter*, there is mention made of a pleasant garden surrounding the castle, which had been committed by the lord to his servants to keep, and a thick hedge separating this garden from the wilderness, which was infested by robbers. The master of the castle charged his servants in his absence always to keep within these limits; and he told them that they would consult their own safety and happiness, as well as show their love to him, by not even venturing over to the extremity of their bounds; "for that he who goes as far as he dares, always shows a wish to go further than he ought, and commonly does so." So it was found that the nearer these servants kept to the castle, and the farther from the *hedge*, the more ugly the wilderness appeared. But the nearer they approached the forbidden bounds, their own home appeared more dull, and the wilderness more delightful. And this the master knew when he gave his orders, for he never did or said any thing without a good reason. And when his servants sometimes desired an explanation of the reason, he used to tell them, they would understand it when they came to *the other house;* for it was one of the pleasures of that house, that it would explain all the mysteries of this, and any little obscurities in the master's conduct would then be made quite plain.

Thus it is, that the nearer we keep to God, and the farther from sin and temptation, the more delightful is the life of holiness and the more hateful does sin appear. But when we venture near the hedge, and endeavour at first to peep over it, and then begin to open it, taking off at first a handful of leaves, then a little sprig, then a bough or two, we are entering into temptation, and holiness seems difficult, and sin more and more tempting. Every glance that is taken through the broken hedge makes the thoughts of the master's castle more irksome, and increases the desire to get out into the wilderness. The only way to deal safely with temptations *is not to enter into* them, but to keep them as much as possible at a distance, and to keep as far as possible even from the hedge. Temptations to sin are very different from trials and afflictions for the removal of sin. We ought not to be too much afraid of these last; but we cannot well be too much afraid of the first.—*Cheever.*

FOR MOTHERS.

THE influence which mothers exert over their children is mainly through the affections; but as sons advance in years, they become very keen-sighted. A mother must maintain her ground by being sensible and self-governed—and, more than all, by keeping before him constantly a high standard of Christian character, and acting up to it as nearly as possible. A strong-minded, consistent Christian woman, who knows and feels the dignity and authority which are attached to her position, will maintain her supremacy. Thousands have done so. Look at their testimony in the lives of great and learned men.

Of his mother, the late Bishop Griswold, wrote: "My case so far resembled Timothy, that my mother's name was *Eunice*, and my grandmother's *Lois*, and that from both of them I received much early instruction. By their teaching, from a child I have known the holy Scriptures, which were able to make me wise unto salvation. To the care of my mother especially, instilling into my mind sentiments of piety, with the knowledge of Christ, and the duty of prayer, I was much indebted."

The Rev. Dr Stone, the biographer of the Bishop, remarks: "A noble record this, to be added to the many which have already been made, of the value of a mother's early influence over the religious character of her children."

* * *

A son who had been wept and prayed over from his earliest years, till he had passed from his father's house to the great world of strife, became at length dissipated and sceptical. Resisting the influences of a revival in the town where he lived, he rapidly grew worse and more desperate. At length his mother received word that her profane and wayward son, for whom she had never ceased fasting and praying, exhibited some signs of feeling. This letter was received in the morning, and that day became one of fasting and prayer. As the shades of evening deepened, her face assumed the expression of one labouring under great mental agony, and she was seen often to retire to her room and remain a long time absent. There was a solemnity and mystery about her that kept us silent and thoughtful. As the evening wore on, the intense mental anxiety and agony depicted on her countenance were painful to contemplate. It was a mental wrestling with the angel of the covenant, that threatened to shake her tender frame to pieces. It was evident her suffering was fast reaching its highest point.

She retired again about nine o'clock, and was gone longer than usual. When she again entered the room, what a change had passed over her! The painful and contracted brow was tranquil as a summer evening—the strained eye, mild and peaceful, seemed gazing on some sweet vision, while perfect peace reposed on every feature. As she sat down, she remarked, "I don't know what to think; my anxiety for I—— is all gone. I am almost afraid of my indifference. My son is either saved or lost. But *one thing I know:* if a child can be carried in perfect confidence and laid at the feet of the Redeemer, to be taken back no more for ever, come what may, I have done it. On his faithful covenant to me I have trusted my first-born son—I can do no more!" It was a thrilling spectacle, to see human love struggling with religious faith—but faith conquered. God had tried his child, and found that, like Abraham, she would not withhold even her beloved son.

In two days a letter came from this wayward boy. The father opened it, and burst into tears. The mother seized it, but her tears would not let her see. The son-in-law was compelled to read it, and strange to say, on the very night of that mother's wild agony, and in the very hour when her faith triumphed over maternal anxiety, the light and forgiveness of Heaven visited him.—*Mother's Magazine.*

* * *

Mr Abbot relates, in his "Mother at Home," that a gentleman in one of the most populous cities of America was once going to attend a seaman's meeting in the Mariner's Chapel. Directly opposite that place there was a sailors' boarding-house. In the doorway sat a hardy, weather-beaten sailor, with arms folded and puffing a cigar, watching the people as they gradually assembled for worship. The gentleman walked up to him, and said, "Well, my friend, won't you go with us to meeting?" "No," said the sailor bluntly. The gentleman, who from the appearance of the man was prepared for a repulse, mildly replied, "You look, my friend, as though you had seen hard days: have you a mother?" The sailor raised his head, looked earnestly in the gentleman's face, and made no reply.

The gentleman, however, continued: "Suppose your mother were here now, what advice would she give you?" The tears rushed into the eyes of the poor sailor; he tried for a moment to conceal them, but could not; and hastily brushing them away with the back of his rough hand, rose and said, with a voice almost inarticulate through emotion, "I'll go to the meeting." He crossed the street, entered the door of the chapel, and took his seat with the assembled congregation.

* * *

When residing among the Choctaw Indians, I held a conversation with one of their principal chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts and virtues of civilized life; and, among other things, he informed me that at their first start they fell into a great mistake—they sent only their boys to school. They became intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives; and the uniform result was, that the children were all *like* the *mother;* and soon the father lost his interest in both wife and children. "And now," said he, "if we could educate only one class of our children, we would choose the girls, for when they become mothers they would educate their sons." This is to the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully and permanently civilized and enlightened where the mothers are not, to a good degree, qualified to discharge the duties of the "home work of education."—*Rev. S. Dyer.*

PRIDE OF MAN'S HEART.

The heart of man is strangely proud. If men commend us, we think we have reason to distinguish ourselves from others, since the voice of discerning men hath already made the separation. If men do not commend us, we think they are stupid, and understand us not; or envious, and hold their tongues in spite. If we be praised by many, then fame is the voice of God. If we be praised but by few, then we cry, these are wise, and one wise man is worth the whole herd of the people. But if we be praised by none at all, we resolve to be even with all the world, and speak well of nobody, and think well only of ourselves.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE PROFIT OF PATERNAL CARE.

Let the father of a growing family remember, pressing as his business may be, that very much depends upon his devoting systematically some portion of his time to that instruction of his family which no money can procure. Let him by no means plead ignorance; if he begins in time, he can at least grow with his children in their attainments. He should remember that in a course of years, a large family brought up on sound and conscientious principles will cost less than one child of expensive and dissipated habits. He should remember also that his children have eternal interests, for which he is bound to consult. And when is the child to meet the parent in this search for goodly pearls, if the one is wholly occupied in school through the day, and the other in business through the evening?

MYSTERY, REASON, AND FAITH.

[The following illustration on this subject occurs in a little essay, written some time since by the Rev. Mr Peabody of Philadelphia:—]

"Night comes down over a ship at sea, and a passenger lingers hour after hour alone on deck. The waters plunge and welter, and glide away beneath the keel. Above, the sails tower up in the darkness, almost to the sky, and their shadow falls as it were a burden on the deck below. In the clouded night, no star is to be seen, and as the ship changes her course the passenger knows not which way is east or west, or north or south. What islands, what sunken rocks may be on her course—or what that course is, or where they are, he knows not. All around to him is *mystery*. He bows down in the submission of utter ignorance.

"But men of science have read the laws of the sky. And the next day this passenger beholds the captain looking at a clock and taking note of the place of the sun, and with the aid of a couple of books, composed of rules and mathematical tables, making calculations. And when he has completed them, he is able to point almost within a hand's breadth to the place at which, after unnumbered windings, he has arrived in the midst of the seas. Storms may have beat and currents drifted, but he knows where they are, and the precise point where, a hundred leagues over the water, lies his native shore. Here is *reason* appreciating and making use of the revelations (if we may so call them) of science.

"Night again shuts down over the waste of waves, and the passenger beholds a single seaman stand at the wheel, and watch hour after hour, as it vibrates beneath a lamp, a little needle which points ever, as if it were a living finger, to the steady pole.

"This man knows nothing of the rules of navigation, nothing of the courses of the sky. But reason and experience have given him *faith* in the commanding-officer of the ship—faith in the laws that control her course—faith in the unerring integrity of the little guide before him. And so without a single doubt he steers his ship on, according to a prescribed direction, through night and the waves. And that faith is not disappointed. With the morning sun, he beholds far away the summits of the gray and misty highlands, rising like a cloud on the horizon; and as he nears them, the hills appear; and the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbour, and, sight of joy! the spires of the churches and the shining roofs, among which he strives to detect his own."

THE THOUGHTS.

Christians, get your thoughts to be well exercised; be much in thinking; think of the goodness, and kindness, and holiness, and compassion of the Lord; think of Christ, of his love, of his life, of his death, of his bowels, and everlasting kindness; think often what great things the Lord hath done for your souls; think what ye would that he should do for you; much thinking on God and holy things, will leave a holy tincture on your hearts, will by degrees do much to the begetting holy habits and dispositions in you; the Lord uses to convey down much of his holy image and likeness upon the heart by the thoughts.—*R. Alleine.*

THE WILDERNESS.

Though a wilderness be not heaven, it shall be sweet and welcome for the sake of heaven, if from thence I may but have a clearer prospect of heaven, and if, by retiring from the crowd and noise of folly, I may but be better disposed to converse alone, and to use, alas! my too weak and languid faith till it be exchanged for the beatific vision. May there be but more of God, readier access to him, more fervent love, more heart-comforting intimations of his favour, in a wilderness than in a city, in a prison than in a palace, as long as I abide on earth! If in solitude I have my Enoch's walk with God, I shall in due season have such a translation as will bring me to the same felicity which he enjoys; and in the mean time, as well as after, it is no disadvantage if by mortal eyes I am seen no more. If the chariot of contemplation will in solitude raise me to more believing and affectionate converse with heaven than I could expect in tumult and temptations, it shall reconcile me to solitude, and make it my paradise on earth, till angels, instead of Elijah's chariot, shall convey me to the presence of the glorified Jesus.—*Baxter.*

HOW TO ESCAPE ANNOYANCE.

"I am annoyed beyond measure," said Mr A., a church member, to Mr B., another church member, "by these constant calls for donations to this, that, and the other society." That used to be my case too," replied Mr B. "I was almost worried out of my life by the beggars, until I ascertained it was all my own fault. My trouble all arose from teasing my mind in fabricating excuses why I should not give. Since then I have adopted the plan of giving freely to all that call, and it is wonderful how much better I feel, and how completely the annoyance has ceased. I advise you, Mr A., to try my plan. I will warrant its efficacy."

THE INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. ROBERT TRAILL, A.M., LONDON.

I SHALL speak a little of this intercession, and consider it in three seasons.

1. Before he came into the world. 2. While in the world. 3. After he went out of it; for, in all these seasons, our Lord was a priest, and managed intercession.

1. Before he came into the world. There could be no exercise of this office till there were sinners. What use could a priest be of till there were sinners, and some elect sinners in the world? We hope in God, the first pair that lived in it were of that number, I mean our first parents. Pray observe this, all the salvation, and pardon of sin, and entrance to heaven, that was given to the fathers before Christ came, was all given in the view and in the virtue of the death of our Lord, who was to die once for sin. Abel, Enoch, Noah, and all the saints of old, had their peace with God, those large measures of the love and favour of God, and salvation in the end dispensed to them, through the virtue of the sacrifice of Christ not yet offered. The Father trusted his Son firmly that in the fulness of time he would pay the debt. The discharge is given before the payment; the discharge is given to the criminal before the payment is made by the surety. The believers before Christ came looked to him as come; and according to the small light that they had in that time, so was their faith. Now, if salvation and all spiritual blessing were given to believers before Christ's coming, before he was in the flesh, we may well conceive that the intercession, which was a part of his office, and which he was to discharge in heaven, was not unminded by him.

2. When he was in the world, when he was in the flesh, we find he was greatly given to prayer. We find him spending several nights alone in prayer to God. Were it lawful to wish, and may be it is not; but surely, if it had been lawful to wish it, and if it had been attained, and if grace had been given to guide it, the most happy opportunity that ever was in the world had been to have heard our Lord Jesus praying a whole night to the Father. The Scripture does not tell us what he prayed for; but we are sure of this, that he prayed for his sheep: "I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine."—John xvii. 9. Somewhat our Lord used to utter, and to pour forth his heart to his Father about. Many prayers he put up for himself; Christ made no sacrifice for himself, but he put up many prayers for himself: "Who in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared."—Heb. v. 7.

3. The *third* season is, Christ's intercession in heaven, when he went out of the world into his exalted state; and that is the word most commonly used in the Scriptures about his intercession. His intercession is frequently both in the Old and New Testament subjoined to his sacrifice: "He hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors, and he bare the sins of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."—Isa. liii. 12. "It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."—Rom. viii. 34. "He ever liveth to make intercession."—Heb. vii. 25. Of this intercession of our Lord, as managed in his exalted state, we find several expressions in the Scripture; and I choose rather, and will advise you accordingly, to confine your thoughts to Scripture phrase about these things, wherein we may overdo, and overthink, and think amiss.

1*st*, His intercession stands in his entering into heaven in our name, and in our room. See how the apostle expresses it, Heb. ix. 12, 24. The most glorious, the most powerful entrance, the stateliest thing that we can imagine next to his return again, was when a slain, quickened, ascended Lord Jesus in man's nature entered into the heavenly places; not the "places made with hands, but into heaven itself," says the apostle. As long as he is there we are there, for all his people's cases will be minded effectually.

2*d*, It is called appearing before God for us; not only entering in our name, but staying there on our behalf, for our good. To this purpose seems the Word of our Lord to point: "The Spirit shall convince the world of righteousness:" why so? "Because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more." This is a dark expression, "I go to my Father, and ye see me no more." The meaning of it is plainly this, that the certainty of our justification by the virtue of the righteousness of Jesus Christ stands in this, that the person whose blood wrought out this righteousness is gone into heaven, and is not returned again. Pray observe, the high priest under the law was to go in, and to accomplish righteousness for the atoning of God's anger against Israel, in the seventh month once; and he was to come out again—the poor man was not to stay there: but our grand High Priest is to stay for ever in heaven until all the virtue of his death is fully applied to them that it was appointed for: when all that is done, then he comes out of his throne, in the clouds, to gather all his people.

3d, His intercession is expressed to us by his knowledge and sympathy with the ails, wants, and infirmities of his people. So the apostle argues: "Seeing then that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession."—Heb. iv. 14. But, might the poor believer say, our dear Lord is passed into heaven, and we are here in this miserable world; how shall there be converse betwixt him and us? "We have not," says he, "an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; he was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."—Ver. 15. Pray observe, that of the apostle's argument, the main thing is implied, the other things are but the outside of it. The thing that is the outside is, Christ was once tempted as we are; the apostle's argument from thence is, Therefore we have an high priest that can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but the force and scope of it is, for our consolation, that he is *touched* with them. What his glorified state does admit of, is what we cannot conceive of, but what our necessities crave, our faith is allowed to expect. Our Lord will not cry and weep at Lazarus' grave now; he will not grieve in himself because of the hardness and unbelief of their hearts, as he did when on earth; he does not bear our infirmities, nor feel them with that afflicting sense and sorrow that he had in the days of his flesh; but every thing that ails a poor believer is as well felt and as really known by our Lord Jesus as if Christ and the man were in one place and room together.

Lastly, His intercession stands in blessing and wishing well. These wishes and this blessing rise upward to the Father, and come downwards to us; he wishes as it were, he wishes and wills that all the blessings purchased by his death may be bestowed on all them for whom his blood was shed. See how he expresses it in his intercession on earth—how he prays, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am."—John xvii. 24. Is that a word for a man in prayer to say, "Lord, I will?" You see how, in some cases, our Lord with the deepest humility addresses to the Father, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth."—Matt. xi. 25. But here now, when he is giving us a copy of his intercession, and is fore-acting his intercession in heaven, he puts on the authority that in his glorified state he is fully clothed with: "I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me." Christ's blessing of his people is the virtue of his intercession; when his wishes, as it were, and his will, is delivered to his Father, then the blessing wished for comes down upon us. The last thing our Lord did on earth should be dear to us, to think how Christ and his people parted—he lifted up his hands and blessed them, that they might remember him as long as they lived. Christ came into the world to bless his people, and died to obtain a blessing; and when he went to heaven, he left his blessing upon them; and it was the last thing he did upon earth.

Is Christ a proper priest, a true priest? Then, 1. Be very thankful to God for this provision, that we have an high priest. 2. Be careful to make use of him.

1. Be highly thankful to God for Christ, as a high priest. The provision made is absolutely needful—no dealing with God but by him. It is provision that is made in mere grace and mercy; nothing is in us to move God to it but mere mercy. It is provision that is made very costly. To be a high priest cost our Lord a great deal: "He made himself of no reputation, and took on him the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."—Phil. ii. 7, 8. It is, however, such a provision as brought a great deal of honour to Christ: "He glorified not himself, to be made an high priest," but his Father glorified him; this is a very strange word.—Heb. v. 5. This high priest was to be made a sacrifice. Was there any great glory in being made a sacrifice? To be made sin, to be made a curse, to be made shame, to be made, as it were, the channel of the wrath and displeasure of God, for all the sins of the people of God—where is

the honour of all this? But look through this: there is grand honour—he is to be the reconciler of all things to God, the great umpire of heaven and earth, the great purchaser of eternal salvation for all the saved. The condescension and lowness that our Lord stooped to in undertaking this office had great dignity in it; and so it appears in the issue, and will appear more when all is done.

2. Be careful to use Christ as an high priest. Woe to them that do not know Christ; but a great deal more woe to them that know any thing of him, and do not make use of him. Every believer hath need of every thing that Christ has to give. Christ's fulness was never so laid open before the eyes of a believer, but the more he sees Christ hath, the more the man is convinced of his need of every thing he sees. In this using of Christ as an high priest, only take notice of these two particulars:—

(1.) Never deal with God without him in any thing. It is only the pride, and ignorance, and folly of the children of men, that they dare venture into God's presence without Christ Jesus. An understanding believer cannot do so. He dares not come into God's presence but in the hand of this great high priest, and with him upon his heart. Do not offer, I say, in any concern, to deal with God without this high priest. Judge ye what would have been done in the state of the church of the Jews, if any man had brought his sacrifice to the altar, and laid his own hands upon it, and said, This sacrifice is mine, and I will be priest myself. That soul had been cut off from amongst his people. This was but typical of the severe charge we lie under. In all things that pertain to God, we must still bring Christ along with us. I will name some of those things that we must not deal with God in without him, and that we must deal with God by him, and with him.

1st, When we draw nigh to God for the acceptance of our persons, and obtaining peace with God, this must be by our great High Priest, for it is in the Beloved only that we are accepted.—Eph. i. 6. It is in his Son only that he is well pleased. If ever you think to bring that to God that may make him love you, or that will render you lovely in his sight without Christ Jesus, you will find yourselves dreadfully mistaken when it comes to the issue.

2d, In all the offerings of service to him, let them be all by the hand of this High Priest. If you pray, pray in his name, and not in your own; if you offer the sacrifice of praise, do it by him: "By him let us offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving." Whatever you do, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus. This great high priest must receive all our services and sacrifices, and he only must present them if ever they be accepted.—Heb. xiii. 15.

3d, In all your expectations of good from God, let all those expectations be through Christ, if there be any looking and working of heart, as there will be if you be believers, in begging something, and looking for somewhat There is no Christian that is exercised in begging much, but that poor creature will find some expectation and hope rising, that there shall be an answer of peace, there will come some good, some blessing will be returned. Now, take heed of this in all these expectations—let the answer of them all be through Christ.

In sum, The eyes of a believer are to be fixed on Christ, in all his dealings with God (if I may divide them so, and this dividing is but uniting the eyes of faith that are fixed on Christ). The one eye is to be set on his oblation, and the other on his intercession; and when your eyes are fixed, serve God as painfully, and expect as highly as you please; ask as largely, and expect as confidently according to his word. Then your eyes are singly upon this high priest set over the house of God when your hearts bear you witness, and you are persuaded in yourselves, that there is nothing in you, nothing done by you, that can ever turn to a good account in God's sight, unless this great high priest put incense thereto, and obtain acceptance from God for you.

THE OLD PLOUGHMAN.*

In the year 1840, at a church meeting, along with several young persons, and some in the middle of life, I received into fellowship three old men, whose conversion to the faith of Christ had taken place in the preceding part of the year, and who lived to adorn that faith by the purity of their lives, and who are now, I doubt not, amongst the spirits of the just made perfect. Of the history and death of the eldest I will now present a brief sketch.

George Medway, who was a native of Shropshire, was born in the year 1766, in a small cottage near the village of ——. This village, with its suburbs, contained a population of about 150 souls, and like most in England, it consisted of two classes, the upper, including the rector and the squire, and a few respectable farmers, and the lower, including the agricultural labourers and their families. In it there were a few good houses, but the rectory was the most snug and tasteful, though not equal in size or in splendour to the old baronial mansion. The rector and the squire were the chief men of the parish—wealthy, but not benevolent, great sportsmen, and very severe in punishing any violation of the game laws. The rector did *duty* once on the Sunday; and as his stock of sermons, which were dry and heartless essays, amounted only to fifty-four, one for the club feast, one for Christmas day, and one for each Sabbath in the year, they were read with undeviating regularity; his congregation growing smaller by degrees, till the church was deserted by nearly all the parishioners except the squire and his family, who usually graced their stately pew with their presence, repeating with audible voice the solemn responses of the service. In this village there was no Sabbath school for the instruction of the young, nor any benevolent society to afford occasional relief to the sick and the aged; and as no form of Methodism had obtruded itself amongst the people, they were living quietly together as in a mausoleum of spiritual death,

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* We are indebted for this remarkable narrative, to our valued contemporary the *Scottish Congregational Magazine* It appeared in the numbers for July and August, under the head of Ministerial Reminiscences.

> "Without one cheerful beam of hope,
> Or spark of glimm'ring day."

Here the old ploughman lived for upwards of seventy years. When a young man, he was distinguished amongst his fellows for his great strength, his fleetness in running, his dexterity in all the rural sports of the village, and equally distinguished for his profanity and habits of intemperance. He married about the age of twenty-five, and had three children: one died when an infant, another was a cripple, and the third, when a youth, went to reside at B——, taking with him some of the worst principles and habits of his father. George Medway, though a very depraved man, and as ignorant of the religion of the Bible as though he had been born in the wilds of America, was a good and a trustworthy servant, and laboured in the same farm, though under different masters, from the time he was able to ring a bell to frighten the birds from the ripening corn, till he removed to B——, on completing his seventy-first year. His domestic habits, in process of time, became very orderly, going to and from his labour very punctually; and on the Sabbath he spent the mornings at home, and in the evenings he constantly visited the Hare and Hound, to take his pipe and tankard of ale, often boasting that he had not missed one night for upwards of half a century.

At length, having buried his wife, and become too feeble to follow the plough, and being unable to procure a lighter place of work, he took his cripple child to the Union Workhouse, and removed to B——, to live out the few remaining years of his life with his son, who kept a public-house. At first, having free access to the ale, he became intemperate, till his son very prudently limited the quantity, and even this greatly impaired his mental faculties, which had never been very strong, but which were now contracting into the rigidity of petrified dulness and stupidity. Thus passing from the quiet of a village where he knew every face, to the hurry and bustle of a large manufacturing town where he knew no one, he often wandered about alone, gazing on the novel sight with as much apathetic indifference as we may imagine a draught horse feels on being removed from the homestead to the wharf of merchandise. One day when thus wandering, he turned into a little pathway leading to a garden, and at the end of this pathway he saw a cottage, and at the door of the cottage stood its inmate, a very godly and zealous disciple of the Lord Jesus, who seeing a stranger, and that stranger an old man like himself, he invited him to walk in and take a seat. He did so; and being now surrounded by shrubs and trees, which concealed the great town from his view, he began talking of rural occupations and the scenes of his early days, with rekindled emotions of high gratification. John Dean, the inmate of the cottage, gave full scope to the loquacity of his visitor, presuming that when he had gone to the length of his mental tether, he would become quiet, and then an opportunity would occur to introduce other and more important subjects of remark, if not of conversation. This expectation was soon realized; and he found an old man in his presence who was not only ignorant of all the facts and doctrines of the Bible, but who did not appear to possess the faculty of understanding them when presented in the simplest form of communication, or even of listening with any degree of fixed attention to the statements and explanations which were given. The only remark he made was after a detailed account of the crucifixion of the Son of God: "Methinks it was too bad to sarve him so; they wouldn't do so in Shropshire."

As he was leaving the cottage, Dean said to him, "You had better come some evening and take a pipe with me; and then we can have a good long chat." This invitation was given because he knew there was a power connected with the truth as it is in Jesus which could give expansion to this contracted intellect, and sensibility to this hard heart; and he also knew that that power sometimes employs a feeble instrument as the means and the medium of its own transmission. "We must pray to the Lord for the poor old man," said Dean to his godly wife, after he had left, "and who can tell but faith and prayer may prevail, and we may live to see him divinely quickened into newness of life." "It will be," she replied, "a grand thing. And what a striking proof, if it should take place, of the mighty power of the Lord Jesus Christ, who can subdue all things to himself."

The next evening he came attired in his bit of best, sat down, took his pipe, and talked away with great rapidity and fluency about the doings and occurrences of his past life: but after a while, having exhausted his very scanty store of knowledge, he sat in mute silence, a dull and unexcitable listener to all that was said to him about Jesus Christ and the great salvation. Many efforts were made by Dean and his wife to make him feel that he was a sinner who needed a Saviour; but, like the echoes returning on the rock that sends them forth, they produced not the least impression. But still, though depressed, they did not despair, as they knew the Divine Spirit, who new creates the soul, can as easily give to the petrified intellect a capacity to understand the truth, as he can give a susceptibility to the flinty heart to feel its purifying and consolatory power.

At parting, Dean said to him, "I wish you would come next Sunday morning and go with me," which he engaged to do, thinking it was to take a walk into the country. He was punctual at the hour; and after resting a little preparatory to his expected ramble, they took their staffs in their hands and set off. As they were walking up the pathway leading from the cottage, Dean said in reply to a question, "I am not going into the country, but to what your country people call a church, and I suppose you will have no objection to go with me." "Why, as for that, I sha'n't tell what to do, for I never go'ed to one but when I was married, near fifty years agone last Easter Sunday." "You will have nothing to do but sit still and hold your tongue, and just hearken to what the minister says." "Part of that, methinks, is easy enough, as I shall soon be off to sleep, if I be to sit still and do nothing." I happened to be in the pulpit when Dean walked up the aisle, followed by his rustic companion, whose simple appearance, and almost ludicrous stare, as his eyes rolled over the congregation, seized my attention. As this was the morning when I had to administer the Lord's Supper, I preached, as my custom was on such occasions, on the design of the death of Christ, and on the obligation of its commemoration. Now and then during the sermon, my eyes turned towards the pew in which he was sitting; and I was more than once very forcibly struck with the singularity of his attitude and appearance. He sat motionless, with his hands holding the little book shelf in the inside front of the pew, with his mouth wide open, looking at me with a fixedness and intensity of look, as though he had never previously beheld the form of man. When this part of the service was over, the congregation withdrew, leaving the members of the church to engage in the solemn act of commemorating the great event of the death of the Son of God in behalf of sinful and worthless man. On descending the pulpit stairs, I accidentally saw a slight confusion in the pew in which he was sitting, which somewhat disconcerted my feelings, as I knew not the cause of it; but I subsequently ascertained that it was occasioned by his positively refusing to go away when the congregation withdrew. His first remark rather astonished his friend Dean, especially as he uttered it in a very firm and rather loud tone—"I am in a new world; and I sha'n't go till you go; and I shall do as you do;" What to do John Dean knew not, as he was unwilling to let him remain, and equally unwilling to force him away; but at length he resolved to leave him to act for himself.

He now resumed his seat, and sat speechless. His countenance assumed a more intelligent aspect; his features relaxed from the stern hardness of dull stupidity to the expression of a tranquil tenderness of emotion; and the tear was seen to fall from his eye. He took the bread, and ate it; and he took the wine also, and drank it: many eyes were directed towards him; and could the veil which conceals the invisible world have been drawn aside, and had the faculty of vision been rendered capable of seeing the angels of God, and the faculty of hearing rendered capable of hearing their many voices blended in the harmony of praise, we should have seen them, and heard them rejoicing over this poor old man brought to repentance. When the plate was handed to the pew, for the offerings of the church in behalf of its poor members, without any suggestion from his friend he put in his penny—all that he had—along with the other contributors. On walking away, he walked some distance in silence, walking, as we may imagine the paralytic walked, when carrying to his home the bed on which he had been carried to the house in which the miracle of healing had been wrought, with a quick and firm step, age having resumed the vigour and activity of early manhood. At length he broke silence by repeating his first startling utterance: "I'm in a new world, yes, I be in a new world." This he repeated again and again as they passed along to their home, apparently insensible to every interrogation or allusive remark which his friend uttered.

On entering his son's house he excited no small degree of alarm, by saying to his son, and some of the neighbours who were sitting in the tap-room, "I have been and heard a man who has taken me into a new world; you must all go with me and Mr Dean to-night. It is a main wonderful world." He called on his friend Dean in the early part of the afternoon, and took tea with him, and then accompanied him to the evening service. The text was taken from Luke xv. 2: "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." I saw him as I read the text, and his eye told the tale of the wondrous effect of the morning's discourse, as it let fall more than one tear—the tear of penitential joy. The following passage produced a powerful impression, judging from the quick relaxation and rapid changes of his long set and almost petrified features. "Yes, my brethren, Jesus Christ is able and willing to save the chief of sinners; those who have gone to the greatest length in wickedness, rendering themselves offensive to others of a less depraved order. In confirmation of the truth of this assertion, I will refer your attention to some of the recorded facts of his history, which will tell you what he has done. There is Zaccheus, who grew rich by the crimes of oppression and extortion; there is the dying thief, a robber and a murderer; there are the sinners of Jerusalem, who imbued their hands in the blood of his life, and who derided and insulted him when in the agonies of death; there is Saul of Tarsus, the chief persecutor of his age; and there are some of the citizens of Corinth, who were guilty of the most flagrant crimes; though the eye of Omniscience could not find out more depraved and atrocious sinners on the face of the earth, yet they were forgiven, and renewed, and sanctified, and are now mingling their praises with the spirits of the redeemed before the throne. And Jesus Christ is the same now as when he saved these men from the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity: the same in power, and the same in compassion,—elevation to the throne of glory having produced no change in his disposition towards fallen humanity. And are not some of you, my brethren, living witnesses of the truth of this assertion? Have you not gone with the multitude doing evil, surpassing many in the number and aggravation of your sins? Do you not even now tremble when you look back on that moral precipice on which you once stood with careless indifference? Can you retrace your moral history without being stung with remorse, and overpowered with shame and contrition? Is any language too strong to describe your guilt and your depravity? Will you object to own that you have taken rank with the chief of sinners? and yet through the exceeding riches of divine grace you hope to be saved, even as others."

Having expressed an earnest desire to be introduced to me on the following evening, as I sat in my vestry musing on the grand and awful realities disclosed by the Bible, he entered, preceded by his friend Dean. I at once recognised him, and rose, offering him my hand. For a few moments there was obvious embarrassment, which I endeavoured to relieve, but still he was embarrassed; he looked on me with great benignity of expression, and his eye spoke the deep upliftings of his soul at this crisis in the history of its new creation, but he remained silent, the power of utterance was suspended. I avoided, in the few remarks I made, all allusion to mental excitement, adverting very casually and briefly to the scenes of his early life; and he very soon recovered himself, and said, in a firm tone, "I am now, sir, in a new world. I'll tell you what I mean. I know I am in the old world; but what you said yesterday morning has led my heart into a new world, and my heart, not my eyes, sees wonderful things."

I knew his meaning, and therefore sustained the conversation without breaking up by interrogation the form of expression which was probably the most correct embodiment of his thoughts which he could construct.

"And what have you seen in this new world?"

"I have seen myself a sinner. I have lived near seventy years sinning against God, and didn't know it till yesterday morning."

"What sins have you committed?"

"A power of sins. I've been a great sinner. Why, sir, I didn't love God nor fear him. I didn't know nothing about him till yesterday morning."

"What else have you seen in the new world?"

"I have seen Jesus Christ. O how kind to come down from heaven and die for us! This is new to me—it is wonderful."

"What made you stay and take the bread and the wine yesterday morning?"

"Why, sir, you said all should do it who loved Jesus Christ. I felt I loved him. Yes, my heart told me so. It has been telling me so ever since. It tells me so now. I can't speak his name, but I feel I love him. I can't think about any thing else very well. If I think of any thing else, my heart gets dull and cold; but when I think about Jesus Christ it gets young again."

"But why do you love Jesus Christ?"

"Because he com'd down from heaven, and died on the cross. I don't know how to make out very well what I mean. But I think Jesus Christ will save me. This makes me love him. I feel a great change here," putting his hand over his heart. "I can't tell it, but it is something real."

"Are you quite sure that you feel a real change of heart?"

"Why, if there be no change in my heart, where do my fresh thoughts and feelings come from? I never had none such till yesterday morning. I don't know much now; but I wouldn't be again such a poor old ignorant sinner I was before yesterday morning for all the lands and houses in our village, or all the parish."

"I hope your change is real, and that it will prove a lasting change."

"I hope so: I should cry a power of tears if I thought I should be changed back again. The Lord save me from that!"

"Then you must thank him for making this great change in you, and pray to him to make the change a lasting one."

"I do. I'm sure I do. I cried hundreds of tears last night when I was in bed, and they be such tears as I never cried before. Tears of heart sorrow, and heart gladness."

"You hope to be saved?"

"I do, and am main thankful for it."

"But how do you expect to be saved?"

"Why, just how you told yesterday morning. By Christ, and by nothing else. I should not like another Saviour, because he was so good as to die for us. How wonderful! I never heard any thing like it before. I wish I had heard that blessed sermon fifty years agone."

I was much pleased with the artless and guileless simplicity of the old man, who, though unable to describe in appropriate language the great change through which he was now passing—from a state of spiritual death to newness of life—said enough to satisfy me, and ultimately the whole church, that he was become a new creature in Christ Jesus; and, as such, we received him into fellowship with us.

(To be continued.)

HINTS TO TRAVELLING CHRISTIANS.

In reading the account of Elisha's acquaintance with the Shunamite, one cannot fail to be struck with the facility with which the servant of the Lord was recognised, not in the character of a prophet, but as a good man. His introduction to the distinguished family at Shunem seems to have been casual. "It fell on a day, that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman, and she constrained him to eat bread." It does not appear that she knew who Elisha was, but she treated him with the hospitality due to a respectable stranger. Elisha had frequent occasion to pass through Shunem, and having been so cordially entertained by this lady, "as often as he passed by, he turned in thither to eat bread." Elisha was a plain man, and travelled on foot with his staff in his hand, but his brief visits made a very favourable impression on his illustrious hostess. So she said to her husband one day when Elisha had just left the house, “Behold now I perceive that this is an holy man of God which passeth by us continually.” She wished that so good a man might feel at home in her house, so that she could have the pleasure of longer visits; and with a woman's ready invention in such matters, she has her plan of accommodation all contrived, and only waits for the approbation of her husband. “Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick; and it shall be, when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither.” Thenceforth Elisha had a right in that house as a tribute to his character.

And thus it is that the character of the good man reveals itself wherever he may be. The sincere Christian, when away from home, is recognised as a holy man by those who meet him but casually. When he finds himself a stranger in a great city, he does not think of doing any thing of doubtful propriety because he may escape detection. He does not visit the theatre, or other places of idle or vicious amusements. He does not resort to the bar, nor waste his time at cards. His fellow-lodgers who may be addicted to such things soon discover that he is not a man of their sort. Though they may not know his name, his residence, nor his profession, they cannot long be with him without forming an opinion of his character from what he will *not* do.

If such a man is travelling, his fellow-travellers will find out his character in the same way. He does not regale himself at every stopping place with intoxicating drinks; he does not travel on the Sabbath. If he is thrown for days together into evil company, he does not join in their idle and profane conversation, he does not sit down with them at the wine-table and the card-table, to win the reputation of a very clever fellow, hoping that they will afterwards discover that he is a professor of religion, and take his good advice, and believe him when he tells them that religion is not such a stiff and gloomy thing as they have taken it to be! But though he is not unsocial, he keeps aloof from all wickedness, and by *not* doing what is wrong, he shows to bystanders that he is another sort of man.

But there is also a *positive* side to the good man's character, by which he becomes known wherever he is. At home or abroad, he sets an example of regard for religion; his reading is not frivolous, but instructive and often devotional; without courting the notice of others he will nevertheless read the Bible in their presence without being ashamed; however secret in the exercise, he is yet discovered to be a man of prayer; his conversation is of a useful, if not of a serious turn, and he improves every fit occasion for giving it a religious character. This he does so naturally and so heartily, that his sincerity is obvious to all. He is alive to every opportunity of doing good. He shows a kind heart where he can do nothing more, and a liberal hand where that is within his power. In short, in his uniform walk, in his business, and in his journeyings, just so far as his character comes into view at all, it is seen to be the character of a good man. He does not need letters of introduction nor of commendation, but is himself an epistle of goodness open to inspection, known and read of all men.

Unhappily, however, what is here said is not true of all professors of religion. Some Christians leave their characters behind them when they set out upon a journey. They prepare their apparel and their purses against any contingency; they take their note-books, and expect to use their faculties of observation; but their Christian character they strangely leave behind. Sometimes they purposely throw off all restraint, and aim to make themselves in every respect different from what they are at home. They appear to have no sense of responsibility, no concern about their character and influence, and to think of nothing but mere personal enjoyment. Christians who reside in towns bordering upon the lakes, rivers, and railways, are often scandalized at the disregard of the Sabbath by travelling professors of religion, and even ministers.

How desirable is it that the Christian should every where appear as a Christian, never in painful and perplexing contrast with his profession—that he should uniformly exert at least the silent influence of goodness, and leave at all times, in all places, on all observers, the *one* impression that he is a *holy man of God.*

TRUST IN GOD.

From Dr Tholuck's “Hours of Christian Devotion.”

I once read in the book of a Mohammedan, quite a sensible and pious man, that there are three degrees of trust in God; the first, when we trust God as the proper *ruler of affairs*, who will wisely guide our concerns to a good end; the next, when we trust him as the child the *mother;* and the third, which is said to be altogether above the others, when we give ourselves up to his hand as the corpse to the hand of the *dead-washer!* That was indeed a peculiar taste, because if one can serve his God in an *undeath-smitten manner*, who would not prefer it? All respect for the dead—(I pass not a corpse in its shroud without religious and reverent thoughts); but as long as I am among the living, it is still better, I think, to keep with the living, and we always find ourselves better off with a *mother* than with those who wash the dead.

As now among us Christian people there is no lack of heathens, or even of Jews, what wonder if there are also *Turks* among us, whose taste resembles that of the pious Mussulman as one egg another? Have we not, *e. g.*, heard them say in the time of cholera, “Now's the time to furnish ourselves with *Turkish faith!*” They fancy that here faith first comes to full power and the heart to true rest—ay, they may well say to rest, only not that of the *Sabbath*, but of the *churchyard*. The Turk is not a particle better in his views than the heathen idolater. He believes in a rigid omnipotence, which, without the eye of love and of wisdom, is nothing different from the blind fate in which even the heathen believed, as that highest might which ruled over all gods. Therefore, they too know nothing of applying the gifts and means which a good providence has given them to use in the struggle with circumstances; thus even the severer appointments of God do not make us sluggish—they rather rouse and spur up our power. Let others who know no better give themselves up with bound hands and feet to coming destinies; among us Christians shall they rather excite and call out what of power is bound in us. How many powers in every individual had probably for ever remained slumbering, but for the hammer-strokes of divine destinings, which sounded so mightily that they were waked up!

Ah! it is indeed not so easy to believe in the almightiness in a right Christian manner. How is the unbelief of my heart ever revealed anew to me, as often as it pleases God to hedge up my way with thorns! We know, and say to ourselves hundreds of times, since eternal wisdom, righteousness, and love, are also omnipotence, it *can* in any moment do also what it *wills*. And how hard it is still for one to recognise just as much among thorns as among roses the ordination of omnipotence; how hard to believe that God's will calls us precisely as much to *suffering* as to *doing!* Therefore it is always imposing itself upon one, as if only the deed which lies *behind* the suffering, the condition of freedom which lies *back* of the chain were God's will, not the suffering, not the chain itself, as if this were only shoved in between by some strange hand; but in this way the blessing escapes our notice, which the Lord designs to bestow directly through suffering, chains, and restraints themselves. That divine omnipotence averts sufferings, is a thought upon which probably every one dwells much longer than upon this, viz., that He also *sends* it, and that for *sending* He must have just as good reason as for *averting*. "God will make it up again," we always say to ourselves; but why do we not say just as often to ourselves that it is *He* also who has *made* it so?

O Almighty One! whose hand no one can resist, and to whom no one can say, What doest thou? thy child congratulates himself that all that he has and is lies alone in *thy* hand. Why should I oppose myself to thee—I, a powerless child—since I must after all succumb? Of what use for me—me, a foolish child—to question, since thou surely knowest best what thou doest? I congratulate myself that thou art my unlimited God, and that I am the work of thy hand; and why should I not, since I know that Thy almightiness is only the almightiness of wisdom and of love? It becomes him who believes this to be always strong, but nevertheless I am constantly weak. Furnish me, my God, with the strong sense which, in the bitternesses that thou metest out, not less than in sweetnesses, tastes thy almighty will of love!

Is indeed the cup bitter, and shall not the hand which dispenses it make it sweet? Let, then, suns expire in night, and worlds sink into the abyss of nonentity—I have known thee Almighty, so as never more to doubt thee; I wrap myself in the outermost seam of thy garment, shutting my eyes in sweet rest, as the child upon the mother's lap, for I know what eyes stand eternally open over me!

SERMONS READ OR NOT READ.*

There are three different modes of preaching which have their peculiar advantages and disadvantages. The first is that of mental composition, when not merely the heads or outline of the discourse, but the whole sermon is fully elaborated and impressed on the mind before going into the pulpit. This is the method in which the great speeches of such men as Webster and Calhoun, Lord Brougham and Sir Robert Peel, are prepared. And in this way some of the first preachers of our own and of other churches are accustomed to indite their discourses. This is, perhaps, of all methods, the best. It is, however, laborious. It requires great mental discipline, and great self-denial to carry out this method. It is also expensive. Discourses thus prepared perish usually with the delivery. We have heard it said by some who adopt this method, that it is as difficult for them to preach an old sermon as to make a new one. This is a great disadvantage. For so much depends on the bodily and mental state of the man when called upon to prepare a discourse, that if he must always depend on his present state, and have no provision laid up from whence to draw, he must often labour to great disadvantage.

The second method is to write out the discourse, and then commit it, or familiarize the mind with it so as to read it more or less freely. There are indefinite degrees of confinement to notes in the delivery of a written sermon. This has been the plan adopted by many of the greatest preachers the world ever knew. This was the method of Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue, Saurin, of Edwards, Davies, Tennent, Chalmers. Even Whitefield and Wesley often adopted this method. This plan is laborious. There is, indeed, such a thing as extempore writing, as well as extempore speaking. But most men when they write, must think. The very process of putting their thoughts on paper gives them a definite form. Writing is the very best method of mental discipline. And the exceptions are so few to the remark, that no man understands a subject on which he has not written, as not to need being taken into account. Writing sermons and using notes more or less in their delivery, we therefore believe to be one of the very best means of securing not merely instructive and effective sermons, but a studious and progressive ministry. We hail the increase of this method as proof of the intellectual progress of our Church, and as one of the best omens of its true prosperity. We heard one of the most popular preachers of Alabama, if not the most popular in that or any of the southern states, say, that he always wrote his discourses, and that all the most promising ministers of his part of the country were in the same habit. While this method secures studious habits, intellectual progress, and instructive preaching, it has the further advantage of associating itself naturally with the other methods. It is impossible that a minister should write all the sermons he is called upon to deliver. Those most addicted to writing, probably deliver two discourses without notes, to one with. Their weekly lectures, funeral and occasional sermons, are seldom or never written. It is said a young man asked the late Dr Richards how many sermons a man could write in a week. The Doctor replied, a first rate man could write one, a common man two, and that he knew some men who could write a dozen. The danger is not that writing will become too common, but that speaking without writing, which every minister must do so frequently, will supersede the more laborious method of preparation.

The third method of preaching is what is properly called extempore. By this we mean the plan of depending on the moment not merely for the language, but for the thoughts. This, of course, admits of degrees. The common method of extempore preachers is to think over a subject, and frame a general outline of the discourse in their minds, and leave the filling up to be suggested at the time of delivery. This previous preparation may be carried so far as to merge this plan into the first above mentioned; or it may amount to nothing more than may be done in a few minutes.

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* From the *Princeton Review*, in reference to a discussion in the American Presbyterian General Assembly on the use of notes in the pulpit.

This is the easiest of all methods of preaching. There is not one man in a thousand who cannot attain the gift of extempore speaking. Ninety-nine hundredths of all men who enter the ministry make the attainment. It is the lowest of all attainments, requiring nothing beyond composure, which to some men is natural, and by others is soon acquired. As it is the easiest, so it is the laziest of all methods. A man may teach, or farm, or engage all the week in what business he pleases. He wants but a few minutes before service on Sabbath, to be prepared for an hour's flow of words. As it is the laziest, so it is the most unprofitable method both to speaker and hearer. Some men of natural eloquence will occasionally stir up the emotions of an audience, and produce a powerful effect, but the general run of such preaching is vapid commonplace. None but a man of rare abilities, of large and varied attainments, of mature and well-digested knowledge, should venture to turn the spigot of his mind, and let the thoughts that first come run out for the nourishment of the people. If the sole object of preaching was excitement, there might be some reason in preferring a method whose only advantage is fervour. One of the speakers on the floor of the Assembly asked how a lady would make out who should undertake to scold from notes. The very illustration betrays the lowest possible conception of the office of a preacher. A preacher is no scolder, nor is he a mere exhorter, but a διδασκαλος. Teaching is his peculiar official duty; and none but a very thoroughly informed, or an inordinately conceited man, would think of teaching any grave subject extempore—least of all, the awful mysteries of God. These remarks have reference, of course, to extempore preaching, properly so called, and not to mere preaching without notes, after due preparation. The main thing is preparation. And it is because writing, in the great majority of cases, is essential to the habit of preparation for the pulpit, we are so desirous it should not be neglected. All the tendencies are towards such neglect, and the authority of the Assembly, in our humble judgment, was far more needed in the other scale.

SELF-IMPOSED BURDENS.

BY THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON OF LONDON.

There is something very appalling in the thought, that Britain expends every year fifty millions of money on intoxicating drink. We often complain of our high taxation; and we often grow nervous at the thought of our enormous national debt. But here is a tax for which we cannot blame our rulers—a tax self-imposed and self-levied—a tax for which we can only blame ourselves—a tax which would pay the interest of our national debt twice over—a tax as large as the entire revenue of these United Kingdoms. We thought it a great sum to pay in order to give the slave his freedom; we thought the twenty millions given to the West India proprietors a mighty sacrifice; and certainly it was the noblest tribute any nation ever paid to the cause of philanthropy;—but large as it looks, half a year of national abstinence would have paid it all. We rather grudge the eight millions which Ireland got last winter, seeing it has failed to set our neighbours on their feet; but it was eight millions given to save a famishing people; and large as the grant to Ireland sounds, two months of national abstinence would have paid the whole of it. But tremendous as are the fifty millions which, as a people, we yearly engulph in strong drink, the thought which afflicts and appals us is, that this terrible impost is mainly a tax on the working man. The lamentation is, that many an industrious man will spend in liquor as much money as, had he saved it, would this year have furnished a room, and next year would have bought a beautiful library—as much money as would secure a splendid education for every child, or in the course of a few years would have made him a landlord instead of a tenant. Why, my friends, it would set our blood a-boiling if we heard that the Turkish Sultan taxed his subjects in the style that our British workmen tax themselves. It would bring the days of Wat Tyler back again, nay, it would create another Hampden, and conjure up a second Cromwell, did the Exchequer try to raise the impost which our publicans levy, and our labourers and artisans cheerfully pay. But is it not a fearful infatuation? Is it not our national madness to spend so much wealth in shattering our nerves, and exploding our characters, and ruining our souls? Many workmen, I rejoice to know, have been reclaimed by total abstinence, and many have been preserved by timely religion. In whatever way a man is saved from that horrible vice, which is at once the destruction of the body and the damnation of the soul, "therein I do rejoice, and will rejoice." Only you cannot be a Christian without being also a sober man, and the more of God's grace you can get, the easier you will find it to vanquish this most terrible of the working man's temptations.

HEAVEN'S SHOWERS.

There is a great deal of difference in the showers of rain that fall upon the earth. Sometimes you have a hearty shower which deluges the roads and streets, but it is gone presently, the earth has but little benefit by it; and sometimes you have a sweet, gentle, soaking rain, that refreshes the earth abundantly. This is called "the small rain," and the former "the great rain of his strength."—Job xxxvii. 6. So it is in these spiritual showers. The effects of some sermons are very transient; they touch the heart a little for the present, by way of conviction or comfort, but the feeling they produce flits away immediately. At other times, the gospel, like a settled moderate rain, goes to the root, to the very heart. The influences of it are sometimes abiding, and remain much longer in the heart than the rain does in the earth. There are effects left in the heart by some sermons and duties that will never go out of it. "I will never forget thy precepts," said David, "for by them thou hast quickened me."

The rain is most beneficial to the earth, when there comes warm sunshine with it or after it. This the Scripture calls "a clear shining after rain." So it is with gospel showers, when the Sun of Righteousness shines on the soul under the word, darting down the beams of grace and love.

O how comfortable is this! and how effectual to melt the heart! And as the warm rain is most refreshing, so when the word comes warmly, from the melting affections of the preacher, who imparts not only the gospel, but his own soul with it, it does abundantly more good than that which drops coldly from the lips of the unaffected speaker.

Showers of rain exceedingly refresh the earth, as a man is refreshed by a draught of water when his spirits are spent. O how welcome is a shower to the thirsty ground! Hence the little hills are said to "rejoice on every side, yea, to shout for joy and sing when a shower comes."—Psa. lxv. 12. But never were showers of rain so sweetly refreshing to the thirsty earth as gospel showers are to gracious souls—they comfort their very hearts. What joy was there in Samaria when the gospel came to that place!—Acts viii. 8. It revives the soul; it is honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, and a very jubilee in the heart.

The prayers of saints are the keys that open and shut the natural clouds, and cause them either to give out or withhold their influences. "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months: and he prayed again, and the heavens gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit."—James v. 17. God has subjected the works of his hands to the prayers of his saints.—Is. xlv. 11.

Prayer is also the golden key which opens the mystical gospel clouds, and dissolves them into sweet gracious showers. God will have the whole work of the ministry carried on by the prayers of his people. They may tell their people, as a great general once told his soldiers, that he flew on their wings. "Pray for me," said the great apostle, "that utterance may be given me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel." Yea, by the saints' prayers it is that ministers obtain the success and fruits of their labours. "Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified, even as it is with you." And thus you have the metaphor opened. O that these truths may come down in sweet showers upon the hearts both of ministers and people!—*Flavel's Husbandry Spiritualised.*

NOW!

BY THE REV. T. L. CUYLER, PHILADELPHIA.

STANDING, a few days since, by the bedside of a man who was sinking in the agonies of Asiatic cholera, he turned his glassy eyes upon me, and said: "A few hours more, a few hours more to prepare!" Thirty minutes after, I met one of his neighbours hurrying through the streets towards the undertaker's. Poor J—— was already in another world. How often had the unhappy man heard from my pulpit, "*Now* is the accepted time;" but never had I proclaimed that warning to him so earnestly as he did to me in that dying cry, "A few hours more, a few hours more!" And from a thousand death-beds comes the same thrilling announcement every day. "*Now* is the accepted time," echoes in the ear of every living man. To the impenitent man, the voice proclaims, *Now* is the time to make your peace with God. To the minister of Christ it says, *Now* is the time to press the religion of the gospel on every conscience. To the church-member it says, *Now* is the time for prayer and earnest labour, for mayhap the Judge standeth at the very door!

"Seek religion *now*," was the advice of a young man to his brother in the State of M——. The one thus appealed to had been somewhat thoughtful, but strove to parry his convictions. That very night he had engaged to attend a dancing party, and before he set off, he solemnly promised the anxious brother, who was pleading with him, that "as soon as that ball was over he would attend to the salvation of his soul." He went. The saloon was thronged. The lights were blazing. The line was formed for the dance, the first sound of the viol arose on the air. He stepped forward, and reeled, and fell breathless on the floor! His "now" was in eternity, his soul was at the bar of God!

Impenitent reader! when and where has God assured you of the morrow? Who has guaranteed to you that the door of mercy shall stand open another day? Who has promised you that the knocking monitor at your conscience should knock again?

"To-morrow is in another world," and lest your soul should be there before the sun sets again, flee, O flee to the cross of Jesus NOW!

"I WONDER AT ITS POWER."

MEN often express their admiration at the power of intellect, at the power of oratory, and at the power of money. But there is a power more wonderful in its effects than either of these, of which men are sadly ignorant. It is the power of prayer. And whatever will aid us in rightly prizing our privilege of approaching a throne of grace ought to receive our grateful consideration. Such an illustration of the value of prayer may be found, it is believed, in the happy experience of one of Christ's servants, who has recently entered into rest.

R—— H—— attained to the age of fifty-eight years. During nearly thirty years of his life he was a professed disciple of Christ. His early religious experience was of the most clear and decisive character, and he ever after manifested a high appreciation of his Christian privileges. As a man of business, he employed the powers of a sound and comprehensive mind in every enterprise, with a characteristic earnestness. Being always of feeble health, and under the necessity of great activity in order to preserve his life, he was thought by some, who knew him but partially, to be too eagerly devoted to the world.

But he could not always resist the encroachments of a complicated disease. Six months before his death he was obliged to relinquish every active pursuit, and to retire to the privacy of his own home, there to suffer and languish under the most excruciating pains. It was only one month before his dissolution that he gave up all hopes of recovery, and regarded a speedy death as inevitable. And though he felt persuaded that it would be well with him beyond the grave, still it was his desire to experience more full and distinct manifestations of the Saviour's love. For this he resolved to pray. He earnestly besought the Lord, that within one week from the time at which his resolution was formed, he would grant him a gracious answer. His supplications were fervent and persevering, until midnight of the fourth day, when he obtained a blessing far greater than he had desired. The splendours of heavenly glory illumined his soul. A holy calm, an inexpressible sweetness, and joy unspeakable seemed to pervade and surround his whole being. He awoke his companion, that she might rejoice with him. And he earnestly desired that his children might be called, that they too might share in his joy. His title to celestial mansions was more than clear—he felt that heaven was already begun on earth. Nor did those joys pass away with the night. They were an earnest of everlasting blessedness, and continued until the hour of his departure.

It was the writer's high privilege to converse with him repeatedly after that memorable night. His peace was as a river, and he seemed to himself to be lost in an ocean of blessedness. He was amazed at the wondrous communications of Divine love, and yet it seemed strange that he could have consented to live so long without them. "Until now," said he, "I never had such conceptions of the power of prayer." "I wonder at it."

It was his earnest desire and prayer to depart and be with Christ. But that was the only request that was, for a time, denied him. "If I pray," said he, "for grace to sustain me and for love to fill my soul, the Lord grants me more than I desire. But if I ask him to take me to himself, he does not hear my prayer." Thus he lived until that prayer was also heard. Not one doubt or fear in regard to the future disturbed his mind. Not one cloud obscured the visions of his faith. All was peace and joy.

Nor did his glorious prospect diminish at all his interest in the happiness of those whom he was about to leave. After counselling his family respecting their future welfare, he said to them: "Do not mourn for me when I am gone. I shall be happy, and I want you to be happy. I am going where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Be happy while the Lord shall continue you in this world, and when he shall call you home to glory, I shall be there to bid you welcome."

Nor was he forgetful of the prosperity of the church to which he belonged, and of which he was an officer. "Tell the brethren," said he, "that I never had such conceptions of the power of prayer as now. The Lord has granted me every thing that I desired. Tell them that there is no need of their living at such a distance from God. They can have just as much of the Spirit as they want." And his message to the impenitent was this: "Tell them that there is no need of their being lost—none whatever. But (said he) they *must* be *regenerated*, or they can never be prepared for the heavenly world."

Reader, he was no dreaming enthusiast of whose experience the above is a very imperfect description. He only proved the *power of prayer*, and it is an interesting thought that it may be your privilege to do the same. O pray for yourself!

BROKEN PROMISES.

"But Hezekiah rendered not again according to the benefit done unto him."—1 Chron. xxxii. 25.

How many, like Hezekiah, on being restored from distressing illness, fail to render the life-service of thanksgiving promised when death seemed near!

"Oh, if I ever get well," said a professing Christian father who had neglected family worship and the religious instruction of his children, "if I ever get well, this house shall be dedicated to God." God rebuked the disease, and he began to recover. When he first rose from the sick-bed, he was too feeble to enter upon the long-neglected duty. As he gained strength, his reluctance to erect the family altar increased. He again fell back upon his fancied want of capacity for the service, and the voice of family prayer was unheard in his dwelling.

"Whether the child recover or not," said a father who was watching with intense solicitude by the bed-side of a beloved daughter, "my life shall be different from what it has been." God spared the child. Perhaps some emotions of gratitude were felt by the father, when permitted to carry his child forth to inhale the breath of spring; but ere the bloom of health had fully returned to the cheek of the child, the father had become as worldly-minded as before.

Were these cases solitary ones, or is it characteristic of our race to fail to render to God according to the benefits bestowed? How is it with the reader? Can he remember solemn vows made in the hour of trouble, forgotten when that hour had passed away? What has he rendered unto the Lord for the benefits done unto him? what return has he made for the unspeakable gift of the Son of God?

MOFFAT THE MISSIONARY AND HIS MINISTER.

Dr A. and the excellent Moffat had been engaged in a missionary service in the North of England, and returned for repose to the house of a friend. They met in the room an aged minister named Caldwell. In the course of conversation, Moffat adverted to his mother, for whom he entertained the most devoted regard. Mr C., whom Moffat did not know, not even his name, mentioned that he perceived he was a Scotchman. "Yes," said the missionary, "the scenes of my boyhood and youth in my native land are dear to me. I often think of them when far away among the heathen. I often think of my excellent mother leading me when a little fellow from Cannon Shore to Falkirk to the Independent meeting-house, to hear an excellent minister, Mr Caldwell." He then spoke with enthusiasm of his mother, of the minister, and of the impressions he had received then and there. The venerable listener rose up with tears coursing down his cheeks, and exclaimed, "Can it be! Are you little Bobby Moffat? Is Moffat the missionary the little fellow whom his mother used to lead to my meeting-house in Falkirk, when many years ago I was the minister there?" The mutual recognition, and embrace, and rapture, may be better conceived than described. The venerable Caldwell had not till then identified the little boy with the man who has done so much for Africa. May there not be many such blessed surprises when the Christian minister enters his rest, and "his works do follow him"?

THE SOLITARY WITNESS.

Some years ago, a missionary went to a heathen village in India; but no one there would attend to his words. When he went away, he left one New Testament behind him, in the shop of a native. It was but a single seed cast into a bad soil, and he feared that it would be thrown aside, or else that its sacred leaves might be used to wrap up tobacco, rice, or salt. But no! The eye of God was upon that book. Like Lot in Sodom, like the captive maid in the house of Naaman, that New Testament was a solitary witness for Jehovah in the midst of idols and idolaters; and it became a light to them that sat in darkness. Some of them it led into the way of peace. Soon after it was left, three or four heathens came to that shop. They saw the strange book. They asked that they might read it. They took it home. As they heard what it told them about God and man, sin and salvation, hell and heaven, they wondered, they trembled, they believed. A church was formed in that village, and two of those who borrowed that Testament are now preachers of the gospel of Jesus Christ.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

SELF-CONCEIT.

Young people, at the period when they are acquiring knowledge, are very liable to self-conceit, and thus, by their own folly, defeat the great purpose of instruction, which is, not to make them vain, but wise. They are apt to forget that knowledge is not for show, but for use, and that the desire to exhibit what they know, is invariably a proof that their acquirements are superficial.

Besides, like most other faults, self-conceit is no solitary failing, but ever brings many more in its train. They who are very desirous to shine themselves, are always envious of the attainments of others, and will be ingenious in discovering defects in those who are more accomplished than themselves. The vain have no rest unless they are uppermost, and more conspicuous than all around them. The most interesting pursuits cannot render retirement agreeable: concealment to them is wretchedness.

There is no generous sentiment, no amiable disposition, no warm affection, but is chilled and blighted by the secret influence of self-conceit; and perhaps there are none who more frequently or more effectually transgress the spirit of that great commandment of the law, to love our neighbour as ourselves, than the vain. How many are there who, while they would tremble at the idea of defrauding a companion of any part of her property, will not scruple to use a thousand little artifices to rival and supplant her in the opinion of others! thus endeavouring to rob her of that which she probably values much more.

There are three things which those who are conscious of indulging this fault would do well to remember—

First, that self-conceit is always most apparent in persons of mean minds and superficial acquirements: a vain person may, indeed, be *clever*, but can never be wise or great.

Secondly, That however they may suppose this weakness to be concealed within their own bosoms, there is no fault that is really more conspicuous, or that it is more impossible to hide from the eyes of others.

Thirdly, That it is highly offensive in the sight of God, and wholly inimical to moral and religious improvement.

Now, is there any gaudy weed who would fain become a sterling flower? Let such be assured that this wish, if prompted by right motives, and followed up by sincere endeavours, will not be in vain. But let it be remembered, that such a change can never be effected by merely adopting the colours and affecting the attitudes of one. This would be but to become an artificial flower at best, without the grace and fragrance of nature. Be not, then, reader, satisfied with *imitation*, which, after all, is more laborious and difficult than aiming at reality. *Be* what you would seem to be: this is the shortest, and the only successful way. Above all, "be clothed with humility; and have the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit"—for of *such* flowers it may truly be said, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—*Jane Taylor.*

THE VOYAGE.

I have often seen young and unskilful persons sitting in a little boat, when every little wave sporting about the sides of the vessel, and every motion and dancing of the barge, seemed a danger, and made them cling fast upon their fellows; and yet all the while they were as safe as if they sat under a tree, while a gentle breeze shaked the leaves into a refreshment and a cooling shade: and the unskilful and inexperienced Christian shrieks out whenever his vessel shakes, thinking it always a danger, that the watery pavement is not stable and resident like a rock; and yet all his danger is in himself, none at all from without: for he is indeed moving upon the waters, but fastened to a rock. Faith is his foundation, and hope is his anchor, and death is his harbour, and Christ is his pilot, and heaven is his country; and all the evils of poverty, or affronts of tribunals and evil judges, of fears and sad apprehensions, are but like the loud wind blowing from the right point—they make a noise and drive faster to the harbour: and if we do not leave the ship, and jump into the sea—quit the interests of religion, and run to the securities of the world—cut our cables, and dissolve our hopes—grow impatient, and hug a wave, and die in its embraces—we are safe at sea; safer in the storm which God sends us, than in a calm when we are befriended by the world.—*Taylor.*

Fragments.

Humility is the low but broad and deep foundation of every Christian virtue.—*Burke.*

Well arranged time is the surest mark of a well arranged mind.—*Sat. Magazine.*

We write our mercies in the dust, but our afflictions we engrave in marble; our memories serve us too well to remember the latter, but we are strangely forgetful of the former.—*Bishop Hall.*

The best ground, untilled, soonest runs out into rank weeds. A man of knowledge, that is either negligent or uncorrected, cannot but grow wild and godless.—*Bishop Hall.*

Wise sayings often fall on barren ground, but a kind word is never thrown away.—*Thoughts in the Cloister and Crowd.*

There can be no end without means, and God furnishes no means that exempt us from the task and duty of joining our own best endeavours. The original stock, or wild olive-tree of our natural powers, was not given us to be burnt or blighted, but to be grafted on.—*Coleridge.*

O how contemptible is man, unless he is advanced above what is human!—*Seneca.*

Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.—*Locke.*

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness. Dr Johnson used to say, "He who wills to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows *individual* attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragement and disappointments.—*Crabbe.*

Christians possess what Archimedes wanted; they have another sphere on which to fix their hold, and by that means can be enabled to move, to influence, and to benefit this present world of transitory enjoyments, a world which is in reality safe and precious to those only who use it without abusing it, and are ever looking beyond it to a building of God, a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

LIMITING THE LORD.

BY THE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

LIMITING the Lord—is this possible? Have God's creatures the power to straiten and hinder him in the exercise and display of his glorious perfections? It is indeed a strange and monstrous sin, yet we find that Israel committed it. In the 78th psalm it is said, "Yea, they turned back, and tempted God, and *limited* the Holy One of Israel." The Lord had brought them safely and triumphantly out of Egypt, even to the borders of Canaan, and he commanded them to enter it and possess the land. But they would not go in, they turned back; and thus it is said they limited the Lord. They hindered him from doing them the good which it was in his heart to do; so that, instead of going on from victory to victory, till they sat at rest every one under his vine and his fig-tree, they had to spend nearly forty years in the howling wilderness, until almost the whole of that generation miserably perished. By this conduct they also hindered the Lord from attaining the glory which he sought, and which was his due. He had brought them thus far with the avowed purpose of giving them possession of the promised land; and when, by turning back, they prevented him from doing this, they made him appear as if he were weak in power, or infirm of purpose, and thus they opened the mouth of the adversary to reproach and blaspheme. They limited the Lord. This was Israel's sin.

But is it not ours also? Do *we* not limit the Lord by hindering him from making us as wise, holy, useful, and happy, as he has both the power and the will to make us? Let us see. He says, "Believe on me"—I am Emmanuel, Jehovah-Tsidkenu, God in Christ, reconciling the world; trust me for things spiritual—atonement, righteousness, peace, grace, eternal life; trust me also for things temporal—preservation, guidance, food, raiment, and every real and needed good. But though he has given us such manifold assurance and evidence of his good-will and ability to save and bless, yet we will not trust him, but prefer depending on ourselves, hanging on the creature, and leaning on an arm of flesh. O practical, habitual unbeliever! are you not limiting the Lord? You are hindering him from giving you peace, as a flowing river. Again, he says, "Search the Scriptures." They will be a lamp to your feet, they will minister seasonable strength and consolation, they will make you fully furnished unto every good work. And they who have most diligently obeyed the exhortation have found the promise literally fulfilled. When they have delighted in the law of the Lord, and meditated on it day and night, they have become like trees planted near the rivers of waters, and all that they did has prospered. But we will not search the Scriptures, we have other things to do, other books to read. Is not this neglect or formal perusal of his word a limiting the Lord? It is hindering him from making us wise and holy. Again, he has set up a throne of grace where he constantly sits ready to hear and answer whoever comes. He says, "Ask and ye shall receive;" "in every thing make request;" he who seeketh findeth;" "he who spared not his own Son, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" But though he thus waits to be gracious, yet comparatively few really or regularly obey his invitation. O restrainer of prayer! are you not limiting the Lord? He says, "Ask and I will give," but you will not ask; and thus, as far as you can, you put it out of his power to bless you. He has set his blessing on the Sabbath. He has said, "Remember to keep it holy;" and has promised that if we do turn away our foot from the Sabbath, not walking in our own ways, nor finding our own pleasure, nor speaking our own words, then we shall delight ourselves in the Lord, and he will cause us to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed us with the heritage of Jacob his servant. But multitudes of professing Christians will not thus sanctify the Sabbath. They think their own thoughts, speak their own words, follow their own pleasures, and walk in their own ways. Is not this limiting the Lord? They hinder him from circumcising their heart to love him, and from making them signal examples of spiritual prosperity. God has put honour upon his house. He has made it his favoured place of meeting with men, where, as a shepherd, he finds and feeds his flock. He has said, "Faith cometh by hearing," and he wishes that we should enter his sanctuary with joy and expectation, confidently looking for a blessing, and saying "We shall surely be satisfied with the abundance of his holy place." But many have little esteem for God's house; they come to it neither desiring nor expecting to be saved. It may be said now as formerly, "He *can* do few mighty works." Is not this limiting the Lord, first to make his ordinances empty by our indifference and unbelief, and then to despise them because they are empty? God says, "Thou shalt remember all the way that the Lord thy God led thee in the wilderness these forty years, to humble thee and prove thee, and show thee what is in thy heart." And if we would heedfully and prayerfully consider the ordinary incidents of our daily life, we should find them full of instruction. Every turn in our lot, every up and down, would be like the opening up of a new page illustrative of our own character and ways, or of God's character and ways, or probably of both. But few of us will take this solemn, right view of life. In the eager pursuit of our own objects we think not of the purposes for which God is shaping our course and ordering our steps. Is not this a limiting the Lord? We hinder him from making us humble, and causing us to grow in self-knowledge and acquaintance with himself. Once more, God says, "Ye are the salt of the earth;" "ye are the light of the world:" "go ye unto all the earth, and preach the gospel to every creature." And doubtless, if we gave ourselves really and heartily to this work, he would make us as successful now as he made his people at the beginning. But there are few, I fear, who really care for the souls of men, and who are making any wise or persevering effort for their good. There are fewer still who really take part in mission-work, going forth in spirit, identifying themselves with missionaries, rejoicing in their joys, grieving in their sorrows, and upholding them with their prayers. Is not this neglect of the work of God a limiting the Lord, preventing him from making us his war-axe and his battle-bow wherewith to smite the kingdoms of darkness?

I fear that this is a very common sin, and I am sure that it is a very heinous one. It is utterly contrary to God's gracious nature. He is good, and he does good. He is a fountain eternally springing up, and overflowing and filling the universe with life and light and joy. But this sin cramps and fetters his divine exuberance, and makes him like a man astonished, or as a mighty man that cannot save.

The Church at present abounds in complaint. I think it should rather abound in confession. We should lay our hand on our mouth, and our mouth in the dust, and confess our scarlet sin of limiting the Lord. We are closing his open hand, arresting his onward progress, and making Him who is as rivers of waters appear as if he were a land of drought and darkness. We are destroying ourselves, and dishonouring the Lord.

THE OLD PLOUGHMAN.

(*Concluded from* p. 282.)

After his admission into the church, he formed an intimacy with several of his fellow-members, who treated him with great kindness: and such was his attachment to public worship, that he allowed neither the heat of summer nor the frosts or snows of winter to prevent his regular and punctual attendance. But it was when singing the praises of the Lord that he was most powerfully excited, having a passion for music, and a strong melodious voice, not much injured by the desolating havoc of age. No descriptive language can do justice to his appearance when thus engaged, especially on one occasion when the congregation was singing the following verse of a favourite hymn:—

"Lo, the great High Priest ascended,
  Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
  Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

He stood erect, with his hands resting on the pew, and his eyes closed, yet allowing the tear of penitential joy to steal silently out and trickle quietly down his deep furrowed cheek; and when the last stanza of the verse, "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good," was repeated in full chorus, he caught the inspiration of the hallowed fact, his countenance indicating by its varying expression the deep feeling of his soul as he raised and mingled his loud and sonorous notes with the harmony of the great congregation.

My numerous engagements had prevented me from having any conversation with him for many months; when, feeling anxious to ascertain what progress he had made in knowledge and in grace, I met him by appointment at John Dean's cottage. He was still the same man as when I first saw him, but he looked at least ten years younger, his voice was firmer, his eyes brighter, and he was now capable of sustaining a lengthened conversation with a degree of ease and facility of expression which astonished me.

"I suppose you would not like to go back to your native village and live as you used to do?"

"Why, sir, methinks no happy spirit would like to come out of heaven to live on earth again."

"You often think of how you used to live?"

"I think of it with sadness and horror. But I know'd no better then. What a mercy that I was not taken for death when my poor wife died!"

"What thoughts had you of God?"

"I didn't think about him much; but when I did, I thought he was a great mighty Being, who never cared nothing at all about what we said or did."

"Had you any idea of your soul, or its immortality?"

"Why, sir, I was always puzzled about it. Sometimes I thought that very wicked people went to hell when they died, especially the rich."

"Had you never any fears about going to hell?"

"No, never. My common thoughts were, that when I died there would be an end of me; just the same as with the sheep or the horse."

"You believe there is a change in you now, and one for the better?"

"O yes, the Lord be praised! I know'd there was a change in me when I was in your vestry the night after I heard that blessed sermon; but I know it better now. I now find it lasts with me; but then I fear'd it wouldn't. If I had known fifty years agone what I know now, it would have been a good thing for me. I should have been all that long time a power happier in my soul. I wish my poor wife had lived to see this day."

"To whom do you ascribe the great change that has been produced in you?"

"Yes, it is a great change, like changing a flint stone into bread, or a bog into a garden. The Bible calls it, being called out of darkness into marvellous light. This is a faithful account of it. Darkness, I take, means ignorance, and light, I take, means knowledge. I have come from one state to another, and nobody can make me think otherwise. Why, if a blind man sees the sun, he must know that his eyes be opened."

"Very true, but who produced the change which you say you have felt?"

"At first I thought it was you, because I felt it when you were preaching that blessed sermon. But now I know better. Now I know that it is the Lord that gives light to the understanding and grace to the heart. And, praised be his name, I can now say, what Paul said, 'By the grace of God I am what I am.'"

"You have felt a great change, but do you feel perfect; or do you feel that your heart is still wicked?"

"O, sir! there is a power of sin in my heart. The fallow is ploughed up, but it is not cleared yet. And this puzzles me. I pray the Lord to make me holy, but he hasn't done it yet. But I had great comfort when Master Dean read to me the seventh chapter of the Romans. I thought when he was reading, that the writer of that chapter felt that he had a wicked heart, as I often feel that I have one."

"I suppose you believe that he who has begun the good work in you will carry it on, and bring it to perfection?"

"Yes, if you mind, sir, you proved that when you preached a sermon 'tother Sabbath from the gladsome works of Paul. I put them on my heart the next day. 'Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.'"—Phil. i. 6.

"Do you remember any illustrations which I brought forward to show the reasonableness of our expecting that the Author of the good work of grace will complete it?"

"Yes, sir, you said that a wise builder, when he has put in the foundation, and carried up the house a story or two, will not leave off, and let it tumble to ruins, when he wants to use it. No, he'll go on till he has finished it. And so I hope the Lord will finish the good work he has begun in my soul. It is wonderful. I sometimes think about it till I get so puzzled that I have to go a walk to get my thoughts back; and then my heart gets warm with gratitude to him for his great kindness."

"I suppose you sometimes long to have the good work brought to perfection?"

"Now, sir, on this point I'm a bit disappointed. I thought at first, when I felt the change, that I should soon get free from sin. But now I find, from reading the Bible, and from Master Dean's talking to me, that I sha'n't get free from sin till I get to heaven. The sermon you preached last Sunday morning brought a power of comfort to my soul; I put the text on my heart and don't think it will e'er get off—'We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.' How wonderful! To see Jesus Christ in his glory so soon as we be dead, and to be like him! I should like that hour to come."

I was much gratified at this interview, and somewhat surprised to find the rapid progress he had made in learning to read. At the age of seventy-two he could not tell a letter, but now he could make out, with a little help, several chapters in John's gospel, and some other parts of the Bible. The 23d and 103d psalms greatly delighted him. In addition to the regular time he devoted to *his studies*, every Monday morning he went to the cottage, and got his friend, John Dean, to help him to read the texts of the preceding Sabbath; and he put many of them upon his memory, which soon acquired such an extraordinary power of recollection that he could repeat many verses, and relate the leading particulars of some of the more striking and interesting narratives of the Bible.

He came into my vestry one evening, and said, "I can't, sir, do much to serve Jesus Christ and his cause, as I'm old and poor; but I should like to do what I can, as the woman did you told us about on Sunday. I'm thinking as how I could get rid of some tracts among the boatmen that come to my son's tap-room. And perhaps the Lord may bless the reading of them to the conversion of some poor sinner, as old and as ignorant as I was once. If he should, I shall have a power of heart gladness."

In addition to his labour of tract distribution, he became a visitor of the sick; and from the devotion of his spirit, and the humble simplicity of his manners, he was always welcome in the chamber of affliction and death. On one occasion, when calling to see a member of the church who was dangerously ill, I found the old ploughman was with him, and, stepping up the stairs very cautiously, I had the satisfaction of hearing him in prayer. I could not catch every sentence of his prayer, but I heard the following confessions and petitions:—

"O Lord, by nature we be poor, and wicked, and ignorant sinners. O Lord, we don't know ourselves. We don't know thee. We don't know Jesus Christ."

"O Lord, we were once under a sentence of death, but we didn't know it. Pardon all our wickedness, and all our sins, for Christ's sake."

"O blessed Jesus, we thank thee for living for us. We thank thee for dying for us. We thank thee for living again for us. We come to thee for rest of soul; and we come to thee for eternal life."

"O blessed Jesus, look upon our dying brother. Comfort his heart. Keep away the great enemy. Come and meet him on his way to thy kingdom. May he soon see thee, and be like thee!"

"O Lord, save me, a poor old sinner, who lived for threescore years and ten, and didn't love thee, nor pray to thee. Make me fit for heaven, and take me there when I go out of this world of sin and sorrow."

"O blessed Jesus, we bless thee for going to get a place in heaven ready for us, that we may have a good home when we are taken out of this world of sin and sorrow."

After pursuing the noiseless tenor of his way for about the space of five years, growing in knowledge and in grace, developing his deportment in the great, and good, and lovely principles of the Christian faith, and highly esteemed by those of his brethren who knew him, his natural strength began to decline, and other symptoms indicated the approach of his latter end. I visited him during his confinement, and was much pleased, by finding him patient and resigned, anticipating, with subdued eagerness, his entrance into the kingdom of heaven.

"Are you suffering much?"

"Yes, sir, my sufferings be great, but not so great as the sufferings which my dear Saviour suffered for me. When he was suffering for me he was forsaken, but the Lord does not forsake me. He was on a cross, but I be on a good bed. He was mocked when dying by the wicked, but all speak kindly to me."

"You are not afraid to die?"

"Why should I be? I got upon my heart yesterday this blessed verse, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' Oh, I long to see my dear Saviour, and be like him, and with him for ever!"

"Then you have no doubt of going to heaven?"

"Why should I, when Jesus Christ says, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out?'"

"Then you consider heaven as your future home?"

"Yes, sir, I do, and I believe my dear Saviour is waiting to receive me. This comforts my heart."

He was confined to his room during the whole of the winter, but in the spring he rallied, and recovered his usual flow of spirits; and as the summer advanced, he resumed his attendance on public worship, which he designated "the *gate of heaven* to his soul." The last time I saw him was when administering the Lord's Supper; his countenance indicated great intensity of emotion, and after taking the cup the tear of penitential joy was again visible. My eye followed him as he walked down the aisle with his friend John Dean, and had I then known that I should see his face no more, I would have stepped after him, and, bidding him farewell, I would have offered him my congratulations on the grand issue of his faith, now so near its consummation. In the course of the following week, I abruptly heard of his death, which deeply affected me; and, on inquiry, I found he died suddenly and alone, being found dead by his relatives when they arose in the morning.

"I didn't suppose," said John Dean, "that he would leave us so suddenly; though we have thought lately that he would not stay with us much longer, his common conversation was so much about heaven and heavenly things. When looking on a field of wheat we had both looked at the week before, he said, in allusion to a remark he heard from the pulpit on the preceding Sabbath, 'If we did but get ripe for heaven as fast as this bit of wheat has ripened for the reapers since a week agone, we should very soon be meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.' Having touched on this subject, which had been for some weeks his favourite theme of conversation, he exclaimed with great animation of voice, and look, and action, 'O what a wonderful world heaven must be!—how I long to get there!—how I long to see my blessed Saviour, and get like him! O how I long to bow down on my knees to worship him! how I long to sing his praises! What grand harmony there! What a power of voices to sing his honour and glory!—and they will sing for ever! O, if I had never left the country to live here, I should never know'd nothing about these grand and glorious things! What a mercy! the Lord be praised!'"

"His conversion, sir," said Mrs Dean, as I was rising to leave the cottage, "is a grand proof of the power of the Lord Jesus over the stupid intellect and the stubborn heart of man; and it is a grand display of the exceeding riches of his grace, in the salvation of another of the chief of sinners. A joyous day for the angels when he heard the first sermon at the chapel."

With what rapidity did George Medway pass through a series of wonderful changes within the space of a few years! At the age of seventy-two he had never seen a Bible, knew not a letter of the alphabet, and was ignorant of all the facts of the Christian revelation, consenting to be led to a place of worship with no other expectation than merely enjoying a nap of sleep; and yet when there, his attention is riveted to the lips of the preacher, he hears the truth and understands it, feels its renovating power, and comes forth before the eye of the world a new creature in Christ Jesus. In his case there was no progressive training, no reiterated efforts to illumine his dark mind, no repetition of ingenious experiments to rouse up some latent faculty of intellectualism and moral sensibility; his spirit broke out of the prison-house of its long confinement by one thrust of its newly-acquired power—comes at once into open space—sees the great and grand facts of a spiritual theory of faith as clearly as though he had completed a long initiatory term under the most able professors—and instantaneously recognises his obligations to obey the laws of Jesus Christ, of which he had previously no knowledge. This does not turn out to be a day-dream—a passing illusion—a mere moral *ignis fatuus*, appearing and disappearing by some unknown power of spiritual enchantment; but a positive and palpable reality, confirmed by a considerable amount of mental improvement, and a life of practical devotedness to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The sceptic, who has never fairly examined the Christian theory, which makes ample provision for the appearance of such a moral phenomenon, may look on such a fact as this with as much indifference as a clown would look on a new comet; and might imagine that he had discovered the cause of it, in the strange magic power of enthusiastic fanaticism; but no man who takes a deep interest in phenomena, whether physical or moral, will feel at liberty to stop in his investigations till he has arrived at something like an adequate cause of its existence. To suppose that the old man effected this great change which took place in his mind and in his character would be absurd. And it would be equally absurd to refer it to the mere agency which was employed in its production, because there was wanting both the intellectual capacity and moral sensibility for that agency to act on. To what other cause can it be referable, but to the intervention of a divine power, rendering the preaching of the gospel effectual to the recovery of the fallen spirit of this old man from the dominion of ignorance and of sin, preparatory to his final salvation?

"We cannot close this subject," says Foster in his Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance, "without adverting to a phenomenon as admirable, as, unhappily, it is rare, and which the observers may, if they choose, go round the whole circle of their philosophy, and begin again, to find any adequate cause other than the most immediate agency of the almighty Spirit. Here and there an instance occurs, to the delight of the Christian philanthropist, of a person brought up in utter ignorance and barbarian rudeness, and so continuing till late, sometimes very late in life, and then at last, after such a length of time and habit has completed its petrifying effect, suddenly seized upon by a mysterious power, and taken with an alarming and irresistible force out of the dark hold in which the spirit has lain imprisoned and torpid, into the sphere of thought and feeling.

"Occasion is taken of adverting to such facts, not so much for the purpose of magnifying the nature, as simply exhibiting the effect, of an influence that can breathe with such power on the obtuse intellectual faculties, which it appears, in the most signal of these instances, almost to create anew. It is exceedingly striking to observe how the contracted and rigid soul seems to soften, and grow warm, and expand, and quiver with life. With the new energy infused, it painfully struggles to work itself into freedom from the wretched contortion in which it has so long been fixed, as by the impressed spell of some infernal magic. It is seen filled with a distressed and indignant emotion at its own ignorance; actuated with a resistless earnestness to be informed; acquiring an unwonted pliancy to its faculties of thought; attaining a perception, combined with intelligence and moral sensibility, to which numerous things are becoming discernible and affecting that were as nonexistent before. It is not in the very extreme strength of their import that we employ such terms of description; the malice of irreligion may easily force them into poetical excess; but we have known instances in which the change, the intellectual change, has been so conspicuous within a brief space of time, that even an infidel observer must have forfeited all claim to be esteemed a man of sense, if he would not acknowledge—'This that you call divine grace, whatever it may really be, is the strangest awakener of the faculties after all.' And, to a devout man, it is a spectacle of most enchanting beauty, thus to see the immortal plant, which has been under a malignant blast while sixty or seventy years have passed over it, coming out at length in the bloom of life."

PEACE OF MIND.

BY THE REV. LEONARD BACON, D.D.

In the time of an epidemic, it is of great importance that the mind should be kept calm. Anxiety and fear are predisposing causes of the disease. In one state of the system a person may be exposed without danger to a contagious disease, which in another state of the system he would certainly imbibe. Imagination often produces in persons of an extremely nervous temperament symptoms akin to those of the prevailing malady, and thus invites or precipitates an attack of the disease itself. This is especially apt to be the case with respect to such a disease as that now prevalent in this community. So strong is the sympathy between the brain and the digestive organs, that the latter were regarded by the Hebrews, and are alluded to in the Scriptures, as the seat of the emotions and affections.

It is the unanimous recommendation of medical men, and of sanitary committees, that in the prevalence of cholera, all excitement, both physical and mental, should be avoided. Not only should excess in eating and drinking be guarded against, but also any excessive agitation of the mind through fear, or, which perhaps is no less hurtful, extreme depression of spirits from a like cause. A calm, cheerful temper, is hardly less important than a judicious regimen. This is good advice. But while the medical profession are unanimous in giving it, they fail to show how it may be followed. How shall anxiety and fear be allayed, or how shall depression and gloom be dispelled? What specific is there for preserving a calm and cheerful frame, while dangers thicken around us, and death seems at the door? Here the Board of Health are at fault; it does not lie within their gift to bestow this quiet and cheerful spirit, or even to point out how it may be attained. When the London Health Commissioners published certain valuable rules to be observed in time of cholera, a satirical journal of that city set forth in caustic terms the mockery of such recommendations to the poor: "You can eat"—say the doctors to the wretched, half-starved denizens of St Giles, who are glad to get even a crust of mouldy bread, or the refuse of the kitchen—"you can eat bountifully of good wholesome food, beef and wheaten bread, but you must abstain from this and that," specifying the commonest articles of food on the poor man's table; "you must be careful also to keep yourselves well clothed by day and night"—you poor creatures who have nothing but rags to wear, and a heap of straw or the ground-floor to sleep upon—"be very particular to have warm and dry clothing;" and you miserable occupants of dingy and crowded cellars, "be especially careful to avoid sleeping in a damp chamber, or breathing confined and impure air." Now, the physicians were not to blame for this incongruity between their rules and the condition of those who were most exposed to the disease. The rules were excellent, and it was not within their province to supply the means of carrying into effect their own recommendations. But such is the condition of the poor in all large cities, that for them many of the rules laid down for preservation against cholera are but a mockery.

It is not so, however, with the rule prescribing peace of mind. Good food, good clothing, good beds, good homes, may be beyond the reach of thousands that are exposed to the pestilence; but a calm and cheerful spirit is within the reach of all. Physicians cannot produce it; there is nothing in the whole range of materia medica that can impart it; yet it is free and attainable by every one. There is a great Physician to whom all can resort for this blessing; there is an infallible prescription lying ever open, to be had without money and without price. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee."—Isa. xxvi. 3.

The phrase translated "perfect peace," in the strong idiom of the Hebrew is "peace, peace;" thou wilt keep him in "peace, peace"—"safe, safe"—whose mind is stayed on thee—a peace which is entire, constant, undisturbed.

This peace does not necessarily imply exemption from danger. One may be in outward prosperity, and yet have a heart ill at ease; another may be in the midst of troubles and dangers, and yet be quiet and self-possessed.

It is not the peace resulting from an unconsciousness of, or indifference to, danger. That which the French call *nonchalance*, whether it be the brute insensibility to fear or danger that marked the countenance of the Chaldean warrior of old, the stolid indifference of the savage to his fate when captured by a hostile band, or the careless levity of the Parisian sensualist, is quite another thing from this sacred peace of mind. True Christian peace is a feeling of security in one's essential wellbeing, based on a just confidence in Divine favour and protection. There may be a perception of danger; the danger may be realized in all its magnitude; the natural apprehension of danger, susceptibility to fear, may still exist; it may even be apparent that the particular danger which threatens cannot be avoided; but there is a feeling that, come what may, I am safe—not safe from sickness, accident, suffering, death—but my substantial happiness is secure now, and for ever. This feeling grows out of an assurance of Divine favour and protection, confidence in the government of God, a sense of the pardon of past offences, the present consciousness of a right state of heart, and a distinct, lively, well-founded hope of eternal life. Why should he be agitated, even in the fiercest storm, who is anchored in the living rock?

In order to have this peace of mind, one must put a proper estimate upon his spiritual and eternal wellbeing, as compared with temporal good: he must learn wherein his true safety and happiness consist—not in exemption from poverty, misfortune, sickness, losses, pain, death—but in *a heart made pure, and a heaven made sure.*

This peace will be greatly promoted by the devout, believing study of the Word of God. The gospel is full of peace—so full that one almost wonders that there should remain any anxiety, trouble, or grief, to those who have embraced it. Christ left a legacy of peace, his own peace, to his disciples; "the peace of God"—"the God of peace"—"passeth understanding."

The heart should hold daily communion with God in prayer, and live in trustful reliance upon him. We keep God too much at a distance. He should be our nearest friend. The mind should be *stayed* on him, braced on him as on a pillar; its thoughts, agitated for the moment by danger, should at once settle down upon him as their resting-place. He who thus walks with God, lives in God, and hopes as his highest felicity to dwell with God for ever, has nothing to fear. Such a one can sing with the Psalmist:

> "I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
> Till from on high thou call me home."

Did we meditate as we should upon heaven as our *home*, and cherish an intimacy with its scenes, its occupations, and its inhabitants, our peace in prospect of any event that might conduct us thither, would even give place to "joy unspeakable and full of glory." The more sudden the event, the quicker the transit to that blessed abode.

THE CHARIOT OF FLAME.

[We commend this story to the special attention of our young readers. It has been for some time published as a tract.]

In August last I went to visit a place in the neighbourhood of Shotts, between Edinburgh and Glasgow. While there I went into the school, and spoke to the boys and girls about the love of Christ in coming from heaven to give himself a ransom for poor sinners. I had been there several times before, and it was my custom to visit the school, to tell the children what the blessed Jesus had done for them, and for all little children. I used to tell them that he had shed his precious blood for them, that he loves them, and that he invites them to believe what he has done for them, that they may have eternal life. Having said these things, I would tell them a story about some little boy or girl who had already believed in Jesus, and were thus made happy and joyful in their King, and then I would beseech them to believe in Jesus and be happy too. And when I had done speaking to them, and praying with them, I used to give each one a little hymn or a tract, which they received with great pleasure.

When I last saw them I was anxious to know if any of them were believing in Jesus. They all seemed glad to see me, for they knew I had brought a little hymn for them. I spoke to them again much as I have described, I told them how happy Jesus would be to receive them, for he loves to carry the lambs in his bosom. I told them too, that this great Saviour was once as little as any of them, and that he grew up and began to preach the glad tidings that he had come to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. I told them how little children were brought to him that he might put his hands upon them and bless them, and that when his disciples forbade them, thinking that Jesus was too high to speak to little children, they were rebuked by Jesus, who said, "Suffer little children to come to me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." I pressed upon them to flee to Jesus at once, and have their souls saved, reminding them that, young as they were, they might soon be required to leave this world, and what would become of them then if their souls were not saved?

After telling them a short story I gave each of them a little tract, and then bade them all good-by.

Now there was at that school a little girl, about ten years of age. Her name was Janet Baillie. She was not like some children who dislike to go to school, and whose parents have often great trouble to get them to go. No, Janet loved to attend school from her earliest years; she rejoiced to accompany her little sister regularly to school, and she soon attracted the teacher's attention by her meek, quiet, lamb-like behaviour. I gave this girl, on the last occasion, a beautiful little hymn, entitled, "The Fulness of Jesus:" the first line is,—

"I lay my sins on Jesus."

Janet thought highly of her little hymn, and as soon as she got home she began to commit it to memory, and often was seen siting with the hymn in her hand, repeating it aloud. Some days after this, when she had fully learned it, she came to her teacher in triumph to repeat it to him. She stood up in front of the desk, and recited it before the whole of her companions.

Not long after Janet had repeated her hymn, it came on a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning. Can you remember any time when you were at school during a thunder storm? If you do, you will remember how much you were afraid, and how terrified many of the other children looked. This was just the case with the children of the school where Janet was. They all were busy with their lessons, when suddenly the school-room became unusually dark, the lessons were suspended, and the voices of the children were hushed in silence. Some trembled with fear, some stared wildly about them, and all crept close to one another. Nothing was to be heard but loud peals of thunder as it rolled over their heads, and every now and then the lightning's flash occasioned them to start, and showed their terrified faces. Ah! why is it that children are so much afraid of thunder and lightning? They see how easy it would be for God to call them into his presence now, and they feel that they are not ready to die. Their conscience begins to speak, and tells them of many sins they have committed, of many lies they have told, of many Sabbaths they have broken, and of the many times they have disobeyed their parents; and while all these thoughts arise within them, they know that their sins are not pardoned, they know that they have not fled to Jesus as their Saviour, that they have never believed on him; and they feel that if God was to call them into his presence they could not answer for one of a thousand of all their transgressions. Feelings of this kind were agitating the breasts of these children. But there was one in that school who was not afraid, and that was little Janet. And why was she alone calm? Why was she not afraid? Read the hymn carefully over, and you will perhaps find out the reason. She had laid her sins on Jesus, and it was this that stilled all her fears, and made her peaceful in the midst of danger; for they who have taken Jesus for their Saviour, and have laid their sins upon him, know that all things will work together for their good, and that nothing can hurt them without His permission who has all power in heaven and in earth; and that when they are called into the presence of God they will have no sins to answer for, because they have laid them on Jesus; and when they will be sought for, they will not be found, for they will be all blotted out by his atoning blood.

In the midst of the storm that was raging around them, Janet was sitting undismayed upon the form, her Bible was lying open upon her knee, and she was reading Paul's Epistle to Philemon. What a difference between Janet and the rest of the children! Many fears disturbed their bosoms, many troubled thoughts were passing through their minds, as they looked at one another in silent amazement. But no storm raged in Janet's bosom, no fears disturbed the peace of her breast: tranquil she sat, with the calm of heaven settled on her little brow.

For a short time all was silent—a loud peal of thunder had just died away, and they were waiting for the next flash of lightning. They had become a little accustomed to the flashes now, and were thinking the next one would be as harmless as those which had gone before it. Just when they were beginning to think that the storm was over, a bright and vivid flash lighted up the school, and all who were in it were stunned. The electric fluid had struck the school, and cast down the scholars on the floor. The flash had discharged its bolt, and again comparative gloom enveloped the school.

The cries of the little sufferers, however, broke upon the teacher's ears as the next peal of thunder was heard. He was left standing in the midst of them, scarcely seeing any of them, but hearing their sobs as they lay weeping around him. He rushed out of the school and called for assistance. The very next house which he entered into contained a poor woman, lying stunned upon the floor, having been struck with the lightning also. Fathers and mothers were soon seen fleeing to the afflicted teacher's aid; and, having entered the school, there were found, lying on the floor, the poor little scholars, screaming in fearful confusion.

Attention was now turned to restoring order in the school. Many of the children were still lying on the floor. One by one was lifted up and carried out. Some of the persons who had come to render help were thus engaged, while others were endeavouring to pacify the younger scholars, whose fears had been so greatly excited. While this work was going on an exclamation from the teacher arrested all in the room: "This little girl is dead!" "Yes, she is dead." It was too true! While all had been frightened by the lightning, one, and one only, had received the deadly blow; but who was she? Now the whisper passed from child to child, Who is she? It was little Janet. Her teacher carefully lifted his pupil from the ground, wondering if it could be, that one of his little group was thus suddenly snatched away; but soon he discovered it was so. The Bible which she had been holding in her hand when the summons from heaven reached her, had fallen beside her. Her body was there, and her Bible was there, but her soul was not there. It had been carried away by a chariot of flame, I believe, to the mansions of glory. Janet's mourning parents were soon on the spot; but the beaming eye of their little girl no longer met theirs. Instead of this they found her body laid out on a bed in the house next to the school, with her little sister sitting beside it, weeping, but not able to speak.

Such, my dear children, is a short account of this affecting scene, one which will long be remembered. A question suggests itself here. There were other boys and girls at that school besides Janet: why was she the only one that was taken away? *Perhaps Janet was the only one that was resting her soul on Jesus.* Perhaps she alone was ready to go, and the others were left in this world a little longer, that they might repent and believe the gospel; for you should know that God has no pleasure in the death of the sinner, and this is just the reason why you are spared day after day. He is, by Jesus Christ, asking you every day, "Why will you die?" O take warning, then, and flee to Jesus: haste! haste!

Janet died reading her Bible. Perhaps you often think that is a dull book, only fit for melancholy persons, or for a sick-bed. But Janet was not on a sick-bed when she died. She was in the purple bloom of youth and health, and yet she was reading sweet words out of her Bible. No, it is a book of glad tidings to those who believe it. Oh, then, often read it! How unexpected was Janet's change! At one time standing in the school, repeating her hymn, and then, in a little, standing before the throne of the once crucified Jesus, with the palm branch of victory in her hand, and singing the song of Moses and the Lamb; at one time upon the earth, surrounded by her little playmates, confessing her Saviour there, and then, in a twinkling, standing in heaven, surrounded by hosts of angels, and Jesus confessing *her* before his Father, and the spirits of the just made perfect.

The people residing in the neighbourhood of the event were all much affected with Janet's death, and many have possessed themselves of a copy of the hymn, which is now called *Janet's Hymn.* Ah! little did I think, when I put that lovely hymn into her hand, that she was so soon to enter the unseen world. Little did her parents think, when she and her little sister left their home in the morning, that she would enter it no more. Little did Janet think, as she stepped lightly along the road that morning, that she would never tread that road again. And little did she suppose, as she met her companions, thet they were to have such a speedy and awful parting. Little did she think that she had entered that school for the last time, and would see teacher and companions no more.

And it may be that you, dear children, are thinking very little of the time when you also shall die. Who can tell but you may be the next who will be summoned into the world of spirits. Oh, then, let me ask you, *Are you ready to die?* O put not away from you this solemn question! Better to ask yourself now than when death comes. If you say, How may I know this? I ask you, my dear child, Have *you* laid your sins and your wants on Jesus? Do *you* now trust your soul on Jesus as that Saviour who died for you? If so, you will love the *name* of Jesus; you will long to be *like* Jesus; you will desire to be *with* Jesus. If you have not, ah! do it now. Jesus is waiting for you, ready to receive you, and to cast your sins behind his back into the depth of the sea, ready to blot out the hand-writing that stands against thee in God's book. O think what a blessing it will be if, when your soul is required of you, you shall be able to say, "I've laid my sins on Jesus."

THE FULNESS OF JESUS.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
  The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
  From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
  To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
  Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;—
  All fulness dwells in him.
He heals all my diseases,
  He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
  My burdens and my cares—
He from them all releases—
  He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus—
  This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
  I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
  Immanuel, Christ, the Lord,
Like fragrance on the breezes,
  His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
  Meek, lovely, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
  The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus
  Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
  To learn the angel's song.

Rev. H. Bonar.

MINISTERIAL VACATIONS.

It is the custom of ministers, especially the pastors of city churches, to absent themselves from their fields of labour at this season for health and recreation. There is an obvious propriety in this practice; indeed there is commonly a necessity for it. No class of men need the weekly rest of the Sabbath so much as those who are devoted to constant intellectual labour. Wilberforce attributed his own mental and physical vigour during a laborious public life to his regular repose on the Sabbath; and he has chronicled the melancholy fate of several of his compeers at the bar and in Parliament, who died prematurely, or sank into mental imbecility, through the neglect of that weekly repose. But the minister cannot rest on the Sabbath like other men. To him, both physically and mentally—especially if he is a man of strong emotions—the Sabbath is a laborious day. And if he applies himself faithfully to his studies during the week, in addition to the fatigue of visiting and lecturing, how and where is he to obtain that compensation for the drain on the vitality of his system which is necessary to keep up a healthy and vigorous circulation? Most ministers endeavour to make Monday a leisure day—a day of rest from mental labour. But for a city minister who has a large congregation, and who is actively concerned in the benevolent societies, this is wellnigh impossible. With parish calls, committee meetings, and the odds and ends of a whole week crowded into it under the delusion that it is a leisure day, Monday has often proved to us one of the most fatiguing days of the week. This incessant mental activity is almost a necessary condition of ministerial life in a great city.

But there must be compensation somewhere. A man may live for years on this high-pressure scale, and his constitution seem to be unimpaired; but by and by an explosion comes and he is left a miserable wreck. It is like straining a cord constantly to its utmost tension; it holds the weight till we cease to apprehend danger; the most practised eye cannot detect a sign of breaking; but of a sudden it snaps. Perhaps we grow presumptuous, and add to it grain by grain, till it is broken by a feather's weight. Or if it should not break, we may find, on removing the weight, that the cord has lost its elasticity and strength, so that it cannot be trusted for further use. It is like one more strain after the watch is wound up; the chain breaks, the spring snaps, and it runs swiftly down.

To compensate for the want of a Sabbath, a rest day, ministers seek recreation and rest at intervals for several days or weeks in succession. They enjoy "a month of Sundays" for the year. This is perhaps the best substitute that the case admits of, and the change of scene and occupation, with the relief from pressure thus secured, has commonly a marked benefit. On the same principle, a man of habits of close mental application, by resting in middle life for six months or a year, and journeying among new scenes, may, humanly speaking, add ten years to his life.

The late David Hale, when in full vigour, used to say that some city ministers seem to care more for their own health and comfort than for the welfare of their congregations; that he worked as hard as they, and never wanted a vacation; and that there was no place preferable to New York in the summer season. But what was the consequence of his unremitted toil? Though blessed with a vigorous constitution, and capable of extraordinary and protracted mental labour, a single blow prostrated him beyond recovery. Had he yielded to the solicitations of his friends a few months previous to the fatal attack, and taken a voyage, his valuable life might have been prolonged for years. He died at fifty-seven, though all who knew him supposed he would live to eighty. His disease was without doubt the result of mental labour and excitement too continuous and protracted. This he fully realized in his last sickness. He then remarked to the writer who was setting out on a summer's journey, "I am glad that you are going away from care. It is right. Take warning by me. Don't work too hard. Take rest; ministers need it."

That congregation best consults its own interests which accords a vacation to its minister, and even facilitates his going upon an occasional journey.—*Independent.*

GREAT CURE BY RELICS.

When the Reformation was spreading in Lithuania, Prince Radzivil was so affected that he went in person to visit the Pope and pay him all possible honours. His holiness, on this occasion, presented him with a box of precious relics. Having returned home, the report of this invaluable possession was spread; and at length some monks entreated permission to try the effect of these relics on a demoniac who had hitherto resisted every kind of exorcism. They were brought into the church with solemn pomp, deposited on the altar, and an innumerable crowd attended. After the usual conjurations, they applied the relics. The demoniac instantly became well. The people called out, "*A Miracle!*" and the prince, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, felt his faith confirmed. In this transport of pious joy, he observed a young gentleman, who was keeper of this rich treasure of relics, to smile, and appear by his motions to ridicule the miracle. The prince, with violent indignation, took our young keeper of the relics to task; who, on promise of pardon, gave the following secret intelligence concerning them:—He assured him that in travelling from Rome he had lost the box of relics; and that, not daring to mention it, he had procured a similar one, which he had filled with small bones and other trifles, similar to what was lost. He hoped that he might be forgiven for smiling, when he found that such a collection of rubbish was idolized with such pomp, and had even the virtue of expelling demons. It was by the assistance of this box that the prince discovered the gross imposition of the monks and demoniacs, and he afterwards became a zealous Lutheran.

EVERY CHILD GOES HOME AT NIGHT.

Though the children of different families are mingled together in play or at school during the day, yet when night comes they all go home to their father's house. So now the righteous and the wicked, believers and infidels, are mingled together; they sit in the same sanctuary, live in the same houses, and partake of many of the blessings of God together; but when the night of death comes, every one will go to his own home. The children of the devil will go to their father's dark and horrible abode, and the children of God will go to their father's light, joyful, and glorious mansions. Dear reader, whither will you go? Remember the words of Jesus: "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins. Whither I go ye cannot come." Come to Him now, and ye shall find the way to God and heaven.—*New Orleans Presbyterian.*

A MAN OF ONE IDEA.

Luther, like all great reformers, was a man of one idea; but that one idea was not what historians have generally supposed. It was not civil liberty, nor liberty of opinion, nor opposition to forms, nor any abstract love of truth, but the one idea was, Jesus—Saviour.

No human being felt with deeper anguish what it was to be lost. Language cannot have a more terrible earnestness than that wherein he passed when he felt his sins, and the majesty of God, and the desperate hopelessness of any effort to approach him, or bring his fallen nature up to that immeasurable height of purity. "It was all over with me," he says; "the sin of my nature tormented me night and day, and there was no good in life; sin had taken possession of me; my free will hated God's judgments; it was dead to good; anguish drove me to despair: nothing remained but to die and sink into hell."

"Let them threaten me with banishment and death, with the torture and the stake," he says in a letter; "what is all this to me? It makes no impression on me; it is all the merest trifle to the agony I endured in my religious life before I found a Saviour."

Now, to a soul in this state of religious anxiety the whole Catholic system is one great and gloomy barrier, standing between it and its Redeemer. Luther struggled like a giant, he fought as if for life, and broke through the dark obstacle, and found a Saviour; he found, he embraced, he believed, he felt, he knew that he was saved, and he felt it with a joy as mighty and overwhelming as had been his anguish.

Thenceforth, there was to him but one mighty idea—salvation and a Saviour.—*Stowe.*

SUDDEN DEATH.

Reader! did you ever see a friend drop instantly from time into eternity? Four years since, I saw the body of a friend whom I loved deposited in the grave. It was that of a merchant, who retired to rest at a late hour in sound health and was found dead in his bed in the morning. Beside that grave stood a young man in the vigour of health. The next day that young man while at work suddenly stopped, and in five minutes he was in eternity. The writer was commissioned to carry the sad intelligence to his wife. Never will he forget the scene that followed. It was nearly night; the sun was just setting on a lovely summer evening. The wife sat watching at her door her husband's return. I tried to prepare her for the bereavement of which she was yet ignorant, but when it was made known a long time passed before a soothing word of consolation could be heard. Within two months from that day that young widow was called into eternity almost as suddenly as her husband. And why may not the reader be called as suddenly? Are you prepared for such a result? Is your treasure laid up in heaven? Have you a hope, a good hope, that will be as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, in a dying hour? If your hope is one that purifies the soul, yet have you done all for Christ and his cause that you wish to do? Have you done all you desire to do for the salvation of your friends who are on the road to death?

REMEMBER

There are but two classes in the world, the righteous and the wicked.—To which do you belong?

There are but two masters; they each give their servants wages according to their work.—Which do you serve?

There are but two kingdoms.—Who is your king? Who is your lawgiver? Who is it that reigns in you and over you?

There are but two ways.—In which are you walking?

Two kinds of clothing, the old and the new.—What is your covering, your dress? Is it one which the eye of God can look upon and see no spot, no blemish; or does it need to be cleansed? Is it one that must be changed; or will it last for ever? Is it one of which you would be ashamed; or is it that which God has provided for all who are to stand in his presence—one of glory and beauty, pure as the light?

There are but two families.—Who is your father?

Happy the soul who by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and the indwelling of his Spirit can say—I serve the Lord Jesus Christ. He is my master, the Holy One of Israel. He is the King of kings whose laws I obey. I am walking with Him who hath led me out of darkness into his marvellous light—the light of life. I am clothed in the righteousness of my Redeemer, in the garment of his salvation, pure as the light. By faith in Christ I can look up to God and say, "*Thou* art my Father, my God, and the Rock of my salvation." "Therefore goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

THE LENGTH OF SERMONS.

This is a subject of increasing difficulty, because the age is becoming more and more hard to please. John Wesley often preached but fifteen minutes. Whitefield is reported to have said that a sermon should seldom exceed forty-five minutes. The best preacher I ever heard habitually preached one hour or more. Samuel Davies commonly preached from one to two hours. The Covenanters often preached from two to four hours, in the times in which their history is most remarkable. Luther, I believe, has somewhere said, that "one qualification of a good preacher is, to know when to stop." Another has said, "Better leave your audience longing than loathing; abstinence is less hurtful than repletion." Prolix discourses on any subject are commonly useless. Yet there is great danger of seeking brevity at the cost of thoroughness and clearness. "*Dum brevis esse studeo obscurus fio*" (while I study to be short I become obscure), is a maxim of great weight. The *habit* of preaching two or more sermons on one text is of very doubtful utility. It may sometimes be done to advantage, but not often. What then shall be done? In answer, let it be said, that no preacher should feel obliged to say one word more than is called for by his subject and the occasion. If he is done in thirty minutes, let him stop. On the other hand, let him not sacrifice a subject to a watch. If he transcends the time usually allotted to such a service, let him show by the vigour and terseness of his thoughts, that there is a call for unusual length. But let not our preachers yield to the current of popular feeling, which has made sermons in some pulpits mere short essays or exhortations, in no case hardly exceeding fifteen or twenty minutes in length. No congregation can be well instructed under such discourses. Have something important to say. Say it clearly and connectedly. Then stop.—*Presbyterian Treasury.*

GIVING AND TAKING OFFENCE.

How to hold intercourse with the world without giving or taking offence is a point worthy the study of all. As it is the duty of all, as far as possible, to mitigate the evils of human existence, and to contribute to the aggregate of human enjoyment, it is a duty to avoid all unnecessary collisions with the interests, feelings, and tastes of others, and to be so guarded against all undue excitement or disturbance of our own passions, that our happiness shall not be interrupted or abridged by such opposition, collisions, or rebuffs, as we may chance to meet.

1. We must not wantonly assail the feelings, nor even the prejudices or errors, of others. When we undertake to show any one that he is in the wrong, it should be for the purpose of conviction and amendment. If we keep this object steadily in view, we shall not be likely to fall upon him with withering sarcasm or unmingled censure. Our effort will be to interest, to awaken the conscience, without provoking resentment, or destroying self-respect. Should there be aught of severity in our measures, it will appear to be a necessary resort, and not a matter of choice. There will be no gratification in the haltings, no exultation over errors which we would cure.

2. We must not manifest contempt for their opinions, their reasoning, their character, or their person. Every man demands due consideration. He claims the attributes of a man—a man of intelligence and of honour. No man is to be reformed from an error in opinion or in practice by being called a fool or a knave, or being treated as such. Contempt, either real or affected, offends the most undeserving and really contemptible, and puts them beyond the sphere of our influence.

3. We must not trifle with innocent prejudices or personal peculiarities. Every man has an identity of his own; and it is difficult for one to consider himself, in point of manners, far from the standard of excellence. He may acknowledge himself a sinner, and may endure to be told that he is such; but to be told that he is deficient in good sense, or good manners, is a little more than he can well bear. He may sometimes be mortified with his own blunders, and his want of ease in good company; but should he hear that he had been an object of criticism, he is stung to the quick, and finds great difficulty in overcoming the prejudice which he immediately imbibes against the officious individual who presumes thus to trifle with his name.

4. Few persons will endure *ridicule* without offence. Among intimate friends, a sound rallying for some weakness or absurdity sometimes strengthens friendship, and increases the pleasure of social intercourse. But in all such cases there is evidently no recklessness of the feelings, or derogation of the character of him who is the object of the raillery. Ridicule will never be well received, unless it is so tempered with respect and kindness as to leave in the mind of the object of it his self-respect, entire and unaffected. To perpetrate ridicule so modified and characterized, is not always an easy matter.

We may, yea, we *ought*, to be offended at every thing morally wrong. Christ was both "grieved" and "angry" at the "hardness of heart" manifested by the Jews. We may feel decided and strong displeasure at indecencies, or any glaring offence against common propriety or good taste. We are not required to be entirely insensible to personal wrongs, wantonly inflicted. Our dissatisfaction, under all these circumstances, must be temperate and properly expressed. The difficulty is, to determine when it is right to be offended, and when it would be positively wrong.

1. We should never take offence at a well-meant effort to reform our vices. He is our best friend who would cure us of a vice which sullies our character, injures our influence, and destroys our hopes of heaven. If it would be friendly in any one to undertake to cure some fatal malady in us, or to rescue us from a fatal fall over a precipice; how much more is he to be regarded as our friend, who undertakes the godlike work of saving us from some delusion which endangers our higher and more enduring interests? And what though the effort should be made in an awkward and imperfect manner? The only consideration which should come into question, in relation to all such efforts, should concern the object had in view. The only question with you should be, What would he be at? What does he intend? If his object is kind—is brotherly—this settles all questions of personal feeling.

2. We should not be offended at efforts to correct our manners and habits. One who is offended at corrections, even in the smallest things, betrays a want of good sense, or an excess of self-esteem. Such a one is not likely to reach great excellence in personal accomplishments, or a perfection of manners which will secure commanding influence.

3. Candid criticisms should never be regarded as offensive. Undue sensitiveness under criticism, wherever it is found, always is supposed to imply both pride and irritability, as well as a sense of vulnerability and weakness. A feeling of strength in our general position will be very likely to preserve us from too great a degree of concern for our reputation, although we may be the object of criticism, either ill-founded or otherwise. The true course doubtless is, always to endeavour to improve by criticism upon our conduct or compositions. Whether such criticisms are well or ill founded, friendly or hostile, they will suggest something which we may turn to good account.

4. We should not take offence at carelessness, thoughtlessness, errors in judgment, or mere want of practical wisdom or taste, however it may affect us personally. These things are the offspring of ignorance, inexperience, bad education, bad examples, or obtuseness of perception, and are mere infirmities, to be regretted indeed, but not to be made matter of serious offence. An old heathen philosopher, having once been assaulted by a stupid fellow, was asked why he did not resent it. His reply was: "If an ass kicks me, is that any reason why I should kick him?"

5. We should never be offended at a retaliation upon us for an offence which we have committed, wittingly or otherwise, against others. A fair retort should never disturb us—a just punishment for any obtrusiveness, or for an assault upon a friend, or indeed an enemy, should always be borne without complaint.

SCHILLER'S ESTIMATE OF NOBILITY.

Schiller, the German poet, had a patent of nobility conferred upon him by the Emperor of Germany, which he never used. Turning over a heap of papers one day, in the presence of a friend, he came to his patent, and showed it carelessly to his friend with this observation, "I suppose you did not know I was a noble;" and then buried it again in the mass of miscellaneous papers in which it had long lain undisturbed. Schiller's friend might have answered after this action, "If I did not before know you were noble, I know it now."

BIBLE READINGS.

THERE are seasons and occasions when a particular text or a single phrase arrests the attention of the Bible reader, and opens to his view a train of thought exceedingly rich and interesting. My own mind was thus peculiarly affected by reading Job xi. 13: "If thou prepare thy heart and stretch out thy hands towards him."

How natural it is when one who is near us has any thing we desire, and which we presume he is ready to give, to stretch out the hand when we make the request, as though we were sure it would be granted. If I say to a companion, "Let me take that book or that cup," my hand is extended to receive it: so the Christian, when he prays to God, must approach the mercy-seat with an outstretched hand—a very expressive sign of his earnest desire for the thing for which he prays, and of his expectation of receiving it. We are required when we pray to stretch forth our hands to God—that is, truly to desire the thing for which we ask, and confidently to believe that God is able and willing to grant our request, provided we ask for that which is good.

Christians pray; but do they pray with an outstretched hand, with an expectation of receiving? Would they not many times be very much disappointed if the thing asked should be granted? There is reason to believe that the disciples of Christ often meet and pray for the outpouring of the Spirit when their hearts are unprepared to receive such an influence, and when they are in no state of preparation to be co-workers with the Spirit. It is important that we prepare our hearts, and pray with an outstretched hand.

In the 15th verse, it is said, "Then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot"—that is, without a blush of shame, and without turning pale through fear. If we ask and receive not, we have a consciousness that we are in fault, and approach the mercy-seat with a sense of guilt, and in a formal and soulless manner. When we shall have learned to pray with an outstretched hand, we shall lift up our faces without spot.—D.

AN INQUIRY.

Do not both ministers and churches too generally consider the conversion of sinners as a result of the preaching of the gospel not to be *ordinarily* expected? If men come to inquire what they must do to be saved, is it not rather an agreeable surprise than the pleasing realization of cherished anticipations? And does not this state of mind exert an injurious influence both upon the prayers of Christians and upon the preaching of ministers? If we expected more from God would we not be encouraged to more earnest prayer, and to more pungent preaching? Is it not true, that if we would accomplish great things, we must expect great things? The fact that we do not expect conversions under the ordinary ministrations of the word and ordinances of Christ, prevents the prayerful inquiry why no conversions occur. We are then at ease in Zion, when we ought to be alarmed at our barrenness. Does not the word of God authorize his people to expect the conversion of men when that word is faithfully preached, and when the church is faithful to her Lord? Does not our Lord say—"Go, disciple all nations, and, lo, I am with you always."—*Presb. of the West.*

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

IF you listen even to David's harp you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Spirit hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see, in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasures of the heart by the pleasures of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours—most fragrant when they are crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—*Lord Bacon.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S HUSBANDRY.

THAT the mind of man may be worthily employed and taken up with a kind of spiritual husbandry, God has not made the Scriptures like an artificial garden wherein the walks are plain and regular, the plants sorted and set in order, the fruits ripe and the flowers blown, and all things fully exposed to our view; but rather like an uncultivated field, where, indeed, we have the ground and hidden seeds of all precious things, but nothing can be brought to any great beauty, order, fulness, or maturity, without our industry—nor indeed with it, unless the dew of his grace descend upon it, without whose blessing this spiritual culture will thrive as little as the labour of the husbandman without showers of rain.—*Henry More's Mystery of Godliness.*

ANOTHER in our own day has expressed himself in like manner: "Scripture cannot, as it were, be mapped, or its contents catalogued; but after all our dilligence, to the end of our lives, and to the end of the Church, it must be an unexplored and unsubdued land, with heights and valleys, forests and streams, on the right and left of our path, and close about us, full of concealed wonders and choice treasures."

THE HYPOCRITE'S DILEMMA.

IF there were not some singular glory in grace, why does every one covet to be reputed gracious? Nay, the devil himself baits many of his hooks of temptation with a show of grace; for he knows sin has no native beauty of its own to entice, and therefore he borrows the paint and pretence of holiness to cover it. But O, what a dilemma will the hypocrite be posed with at last! If grace were evil, why didst thou affect the name and reputation of it? and if it were good, why didst thou satisfy thyself with the empty name and shadow of it only?

Fragments.

"FOR I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes; nevertheless, thou heardst the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee." No, no, Christian; a prayer sent up in faith, according to the will of God, cannot be lost, though it be delayed. We may say of it, as David said of Saul's sword and Jonathan's bow, that they never return empty.—*Flavel.*

PRAYER is not eloquence, but earnestness; not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it; it is the cry of faith to the ear of mercy.—*H. More.*

HE who teaches religion without exemplifying it, loses the advantage of its best argument.—*Gilpin.*

THE PEACE OF GOD.

BY THE REV. THOMAS WATSON.

I. *Whence comes this peace?*

This peace hath the whole Trinity for its author. 1. God the Father is "the God of peace," 1 Thess. v. 23. 2. God the Son is the "Prince of peace," Isa. ix. 6. 3. Peace is said to be the "fruit of the Spirit," Gal. v. 22.

1. God the Father is the God of peace. As he is the God of order, 1 Cor. xiv. 33, so the God of peace, Phil. iv. 9. This was the form of the priest's blessing the people, Numb. vi. 26, "The Lord give thee peace."

2. God the Son is the purchaser of peace. He had made peace by his blood, Col. i. 20, "Having made peace through the blood of his cross." The atonement Aaron made for the people, when he entered into the holy of holies with blood, was a type of Christ our high priest, who hath by his sacrifice pacified his angry Father, and made atonement for us. Christ purchased our peace upon hard terms; his soul was in an agony while he was travailing to bring forth peace in the world.

3. Peace is a fruit of the Spirit. He seals up peace to the conscience. The Spirit clears up the work of grace in the heart, from whence ariseth peace. There was a well of water near Hagar, but she did not see it, therefore wept: a Christian hath grace, but doth not see it, therefore weeps. Now the Spirit discovers this well of water; it enables conscience to witness to a man that hath the real work of grace, and so peace flows into the soul. Thus you see whence this peace comes: the Father decrees it, the Son purchaseth it, the Holy Ghost applies it.

II. *Whether such as are destitute of grace may have peace?*

No. Peace flows from sanctification; but they, being unregenerate, have nothing to do with peace. Isa. lvii. 21, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." They may have a truce, but no peace. God may forbear the wicked a while, and stop the roaring of his cannon; but though there be a truce, yet no peace. The wicked may have something which looks like peace, but it is not. They may be fearless and stupid; but there is a great difference between a stupified conscience and a pacified conscience; Luke xi. 21, "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace." This is the devil's peace; he rocks men in the cradle of security; he cries "Peace! peace!" when men are on the precipice of hell. The seeming peace a sinner hath is not from the knowledge of his happiness, but the ignorance of his danger.

III. *What are the signs of a false peace?*

1. A false peace hath much confidence in it, but this confidenee is conceit. The sinner doth not doubt of God's mercy, from which presumptuous confidence ariseth some kind of quiet in the mind. The same word in the Hebrew signifies both confidence and folly. Indeed a sinner's confidence is folly; how confident were the foolish virgins!

2. False peace separates those things which God hath joined together: God joins holiness and peace, but he who hath a false peace separates these two. He lays claim to peace, but banisheth holiness; Deut. xxix. 19, "I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of my heart, to add drunkenness to thirst." The wicked are loose and vain, and yet thank God that they have peace—a delusion. You may as well suck health out of poison as peace out of sin.

3. False peace is not willing to be tried; a sign they are bad wares which will not endure the light; a sign a man hath stolen goods when he will not have his house searched. A false peace cannot endure to be tried by the word. The word speaks of an humbling and refining work upon the soul before peace; false peace cannot endure to hear of this; the least trouble will shake this peace, it will end in despair. In a false peace conscience is asleep; but, when this lion of conscience shall be awakened at death, then it will roar upon a man, he will be a terror to himself, and be ready to lay violent hands upon himself.

IV. *How shall we know that ours is a true peace?*

1. True peace flows from union with Christ. *Communio fundatur in unione.* The graft or scion must first be inoculated into the tree before it can receive sap or nourishment from it; so we must first be ingrafted into Christ before we can receive peace from him. Have we faith? By holiness we are made like Christ; by believing we are made one with Christ, and being in Christ we have peace, John xvi. 33.

2. True peace flows from subjection to Christ; where Christ gives peace, there he sets up his government in the heart; Isa. ix. 7, "Of his government and peace there shall be no end." Christ is called "a priest upon his throne," Zech. vi. 13. Christ as a priest makes peace; but he will be a priest upon his throne, he brings the heart in subjection to him. If Christ be our peace, he is our prince, Isa. ix. 6. Whenever Christ pacifies the conscience, he subdues the lust.

3. True peace is after trouble. First God lets loose a spirit of bondage, he convinceth and humbleth the soul, then he speaks peace. Many say they have peace, but is this peace before a storm, or after it? True peace is after trouble. First there was the earthquake, and then the fire, and then the still small voice, 1 Kings xix. 11. Thou who never hadst any legal bruisings mayest suspect thy peace; God pours the golden oil of peace into broken hearts.

V. *Whether have all sanctified persons this peace?* They have a title to it; they have the ground of it; grace is the seed of peace; and it will in time turn to peace, as the blossoms of a tree to fruit, milk to cream. They have a promise of it, Ps. xxix. 11, "The Lord will bless his people with peace." They may have peace with God, though not peace in their own conscience; they have the initials and beginnings of peace. There is a secret peace the heart hath in serving God; such meltings and enlargements in duty as do revive the soul, and bear it up from sinking.

VI. *But why have not all believers the full enjoyment and possession of peace? Why is not this flower of peace fully ripe and blown?*

Some of the godly may not have so full a degree of peace. 1. Through the fury of temptation. The devil, if he cannot destroy us, he will disturb us. Satan disputes against our adoption; he would make us question the work of grace in our hearts, and so troubles the waters of our peace. Satan is like a subtle cheater, who, if he cannot make a man's title to his land void, yet he will put him to many troublesome suits in law. If Satan cannot make us ungodly, he will make us unquiet: violent winds make the sea rough and stormy; the winds of temptation blowing disturb peace of spirit, and put the soul into a commotion.—2. The godly may not enjoy peace through mistake and misapprehension about sin. They find so much corruption, that sure if there were grace there would not be such strong working of corruption; whereas this should be so far from discouraging Christians, and hindering their peace, that it is an argument for them. Let me ask, Whence is it that you feel sin? No man can feel sin but by grace. A wicked man is insensible; lay an hundred-weight upon a dead man, he doth not complain, but the being sensible of corruption argues a gracious principle, Rom. vii. 21. Again, whence is it that there is a combat with sin, but from the life of grace? Gal. v. 17. Dead things cannot combat. Whence is it that the saints weep for sin? what are these tears but seeds of faith? The not understanding of this hinders a Christian's peace.—3. The godly may not enjoy peace through remissness in duty; they leave their first love. When Christians abate their fervency, God abates their peace; if you slacken the strings of a viol, the music is spoiled; if Christians slack in duty, they spoil the sweet music of peace in their souls. As the fire decays, so the cold increases; as fervency in duty abates, so our peace cools.

Use 1st. Labour for this blessed peace,—peace with God and conscience. Peace with neighbour-nations is sweet. The Hebrew word for "peace," comprehends all blessings, it is the glory of a kingdom; a prince's crown is more beautiful when it is hung with the white lily of peace than when it is set with the red roses of a bloody war. O, then, how sweet is peace of conscience! It is a bulwark against the enemy, Phil. iv. 7, it shall keep you as in a garrison; you may throw out the gauntlet, and bid defiance to the enemies; it is the golden pot and the manna; it is the first-fruits of paradise. It is still music; for want of this a Christian is in continual fear, he doth not take that comfort in ordinances. Hannah went up to the feast at Jerusalem, but "she wept and did not eat," 1 Sam. i. 7. So, a poor dejected soul goes to an ordinance, but doth not eat of the feast; he weeps and doth not eat. He cannot take that comfort in worldly blessings, health, estate, relations; he wants that inward peace which should be a sauce to sweeten his comforts. O, therefore, labour for this blessed peace! Consider the noble and excellent effects of it: 1. It gives boldness at the throne of grace; guilt of conscience clips the wings of prayer,—it makes the face blush, and the heart faint; but when a Christian hath some lively apprehensions of God's love, and the Spirit whispering peace, then he goes to God with boldness, as a child to his father, Ps. xxv. 1, "Unto thee, O Lord! I lift up my soul." Time was when David's soul was bowed down, Ps.

xxxviii. 6, "I am bowed down greatly;" but now the case is altered, he will lift up his soul to God in a way of triumph: whence was this? God hath spoken peace to his soul, Ps. xxvi. 3, "Thy loving-kindness is before mine eyes."—2. This divine peace fires the heart with love to Christ. Peace is the result of pardon; he who hath a pardon sealed cannot choose but love his prince. How endeared is Christ to the soul! Now Christ is precious indeed. "O, saith the soul, how sweet is this rose of Sharon! Hath Christ waded through a sea of blood and wrath to purchase my peace? Hath he not only made peace, but spoke peace to me? How should my heart ascend in a fiery chariot of love! How willing should I be to do and suffer for Christ!" 3. This peace quiets the heart in trouble, Micah v. 5, "This man shall be the peace, when the Assyrian shall come into our land, and tread in our palace." The enemy may invade our palaces, but not our peace; this man Christ shall be the peace. When the head aches, the heart may be well; when worldly troubles assault a Christian, his mind may be in peace and quiet, Ps. iv. 8, "I will lay me down in peace, and sleep." 'Twas now a sad time with David, he was fleeing for his life from Absalom; it was no small affliction to think that his own son should seek to take away his father's life and crown; David wept and covered his face, 2 Sam. xv. 30, yet at this time, saith he, "I will lay me down in peace and sleep." He had trouble from his son, but peace from his conscience; David could sleep upon the soft pillow of a good conscience; this is a peace worth getting.

VII. *What shall we do to attain this blessed peace?*

1. Let us ask it of God. He is the God of peace, he beats back the roaring lion, he stills the raging of conscience; if we could call all the angels out of heaven, they could not speak peace without God. The stars cannot make day without the sun; none can make day in a dark deserted soul but the Sun of Righteousness. As the wilderness cannot water itself, but remains dry and parched till the clouds drop their moisture; so our hearts cannot have peace till he infuse it, and drop it upon us by his Spirit. Therefore pray, "Lord, thou who art the God of peace, create peace; thou who art the Prince of peace, command it. Give me that peace which may sweeten trouble, yea, the bitter cup of death."

2. If you would have peace, make war with sin. Sin is the Achan that troubles us—the Trojan horse, 2 Kings ix. 22, "When Joram saw Jehu, he said, Is it peace, Jehu? And he answered, What peace, so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel and her witchcrafts are so many?" What peace, so long as sin remains unmortified? If you would have peace with God, break the league with sin, give battle to sin; it is a most just war, God hath proclaimed it, nay, he hath promised us victory, "Sin shall not have dominion," Rom. vi. 14. No way to peace but by maintaining a war with sin. *Pax nostra bellum contra dæmonem*, TERT. When Samson had slain the lion, there came honey out of the lion: by slaying sin, we get this honey of peace.

3. Go to Christ's blood for peace. Some go to fetch their peace from their own righteousness, not Christ's; they go for peace to their holy life, not Christ's death; if conscience be troubled, they strive to quiet it with their duties. This is not the right way to peace; duties must not be neglected, nor yet idolized. Look up to the blood of sprinkling, Heb. xii. 24. That blood of Christ which pacified God, must pacify conscience; Christ's blood being sucked in by faith, gives peace, Rom. v. 1, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." No balm to cure a wounded conscience but the blood of Christ.

4. Walk closely with God. Peace flows from purity, Gal. vi. 16, "As many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them." In the text, grace and peace are put together; grace is the root, and peace is the flower. As balm-water drops from the limbec, so divine peace comes out of the limbec of a gracious heart. Walk very holily: God's spirit is first a refiner before a comforter.

Use 2d. You who have this peace—peace above, peace within—labour to keep it; it is a precious jewel, do not lose it; it is sad to have the league of national peace broken, but it is worse to have the peace of conscience broken: O preserve this peace! First, take heed of relapses. Hath God spoken peace? do not turn again to folly, Ps. lxxxv. 8. Besides the ingratitude, there's folly in relapses. It was long ere God was reconciled, and the breach made up, and will you again eclipse and forfeit your peace?—Hath God healed the wound of conscience, and will you tear it open again? Will you break another vein? Will you cut a new artery? this is returning indeed to folly. What madness is it to meddle again with that sin, which will breed the worm of conscience! Secondly, make up your spiritual accounts daily; see how matters stand between God and your souls, Ps. lxxvii. 6, "I commune with my own heart." Often reckonings keep God and conscience friends; do with your hearts as you do with your watches, wind them up every morning by prayer, and at night examine whether your hearts have gone true all that day, whether the wheels of your affections have moved swiftly toward heaven. O call yourselves often to account; keep your reckonings even, and that is the way to keep your peace!

THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF HUNGARY.

(*From the Free Church Magazine.*)

The materials of Hungarian Church history have been hitherto almost inaccessible. In more recent times the strong censorship of the press, always specially subservient to Romish interests, and in former days more violent measures, prevented their seeing the light. No history worthy of the name has hitherto been published in the country. One valuable volume, entitled "Historia Diplomatica," full of important documents, was once in circulation; but almost all the copies of it have been bought up by the priests, sometimes at enormous prices, and it is now very rarely to be found. Various histories, we believe, more or less complete, have been written, and await their time. A vast quantity of materials, in the form of annals, biographies, &c., exist in manuscript, and are scattered every where over the country. They were mostly written by persecuted men, who, not having been allowed even to complain of the injuries they suffered, seem to have found some relief to their spirits in thus recording secretly the wrongs to which they and their Church were subjected. They may therefore be looked upon as an expression of that irrepressible desire for publicity and just judgment which the injured ever feel, and which will meet only with full satisfaction in the transactions of the last day. There was on the part of these men a sort of appeal to after times, though centuries might elapse before the cause was adjusted. Yet God, who provided for this appeal by an almost instinctive impulse within their souls, provided also for the preservation of the appeal itself, by a reverence for these documents almost as instinctive on the part of their posterity, and now the time seems at hand when it shall be heard, and just judgment awarded. There is reason to believe that no important fact has been lost. They are all awaiting the day of their resurrection. It is one among many tokens that we are approaching the last times, that the way is being cleared for history pouring out its hidden stores, and preparation is being made for a just reckoning being held even in the present world.

Fortunately, the papers relative to the history of the Hungarian Church have never yet been collected. Had it been otherwise, they would hardly have escaped destruction during these troubles. Dispersed as they are in private hands, and valued beyond all price, they are safe. Their hiding-places are unknown. God will bring them together, and make each tell its tale, when His own time comes.

The history of the Protestant Church in Hungary may be divided into four epochs—the first extending from 1520 to 1576; second, 1576–1686; third, 1686–1790; fourth, 1790 to the present time. Christianity was introduced into Hungary in the tenth century. It does not seem, however, to have obtained a firm footing in the country till after the accession of Stephen, the first king of Hungary, who was crowned in the year of our Lord 1000. Through his zeal it was rapidly propagated among his subjects, and at length became the established religion of the kingdom. This prince erected many magnificent churches, and endowed the clergy with ample revenues. Little is known of the spiritual character of the change which Hungary underwent. It is interesting, however, to observe, that the terms in which the charters of the oldest foundations run, are so little tinged with the peculiarities of Popery, that we are told a very plausible argument could be raised for Protestants as the legal heirs of the parties therein described. There can be no doubt, at any rate, that the introduction of Christianity tended greatly to the elevation of the public mind. We must never confound Popery, as an antagonist to truth and actively repelling it, with Popery, unconscious of its own blackness, superinduced upon a still blacker heathenism. It is the resistance offered to light which so peculiarly deepens guilt, and exposes to Divine judgment. It is in Jesuitism, which sprang from the very bosom of Reformation times, that we see Popery in its essence and most concentrated form. But undoubtedly there are circumstances in which Popery may be viewed as a milder form of heathenism, adopting many truths, such as the unity of God, human guilt, and a future retribution, which the latter either overlooks or altogether denies, and inculcating lessons of mercy and benevolence, to which heathen codes are strangers. Accordingly, Christianity, even in its Popish form, must be reckoned to have been a great blessing to Hungary. It proved the main element of civilisation, and imbedded in the public mind an amount of truth, which, though apparently dormant for a time, afterwards fermented, and produced the events of the Reformation.

But while God provides for a scattering of the seed in a general way, he usually raises up a more special testimony, that by the genial influence of light and heat emanating from it, the seed scattered over the surface of society may germinate and fructify. To the influences of a strictly gospel kind, which he directed on the mind of Hungary some time previous to the outbreak of the Reformation, and which may be termed its precursors, we shall now shortly advert.

1*st*, Several of the Waldenses, driven from their homes by the iron hand of persecution, and finding no resting-place for the sole of their foot, bent their course towards Hungary. These poor wanderers, led by a way which they did not know, were destined of God to perform a great work. As far as the sound of their testimony had reached, they were regarded with mingled hatred and fear, and could find no permanent habitation. Exactly where the testimony ceased, the feelings inspired by it ceased also. Within that boundary line, it was less necessary that they should settle; beyond it, it was both necessary and possible. The hospitable inhabitants of Lower Hungary offered them an asylum. The truth which they carried with them, not less embodied in their persons and lives than systematized in their creed, was the reward provided of God for those who succoured his suffering children. They seem to have lived for the most part unmolested, shedding a soft radiance of the gospel over the minds of the rude but chivalrous inhabitants of Lower Hungary.

2*d*, But God had made a provision of a similar nature for the upper division of the country. The Hussites in Moravia, Bohemia, and Silesia, on the condemnation and martyrdom of their great leader, took arms. They were able to maintain their ground so long as they remained united among themselves. On their being rent into two parties, Old Hussites and Taborites, they fell an easy prey to their enemies. Many of the former were driven into the northern parts of Hungary. The similarity of their language with that spoken in this division of the country, enabled them at once to propagate their doctrines. Their numbers also made them influential. They pressed forward into the very heart of Hungary, and built churches wherever they settled. These churches could not have been fewer at one time than two hundred. From fifty to sixty of them still stand. They are always to be recognised by a *cup*—the emblem of their distinctive doctrine—cut out somewhere on the stone wall. Thus it was that Satan, having rent his victim in two, in order the more easily to devour it, by the very act of destruction actually disseminated and diffused the life which he sought to kill.

3*d*, The first Hungarian king, as has already been stated, was crowned A. D. 1000. For the next three centuries Hungary was continually exposed to new incursions of Tartars and other tribes from the interior of Asia. At one time nearly the whole land was desolated by these means. Many regions were left almost without inhabitants. The Hungarian kings, after peace had been somewhat restored, invited settlers from Alsace, Saxony, and other parts of Germany, to occupy these districts. The settlers ever afterwards maintained constant intercourse with their native country. Particularly as merchants, many of them visited the Leipzig fair, and brought back with them wares, books, and whatever else was interesting. By this means the writings of Luther were introduced immediately after their first publication. The colonists formed the junction link between the reformations in Germany and Hungary. God had prepared the field for the future harvest in both districts of Hungary, as we have seen, by directing thither the weary foot of his persecuted servants. By another machinery he brought the revived truth, in its new and concentrated form, in contact with minds thus prepared, almost as soon as it burst forth in the centre of Germany. The whole land waited in anxious expectation for the approaching movement.

The *first* word in the spirit of the Reformation was spoken in Hungary A. D. 1520. From that time the progress was rapid. The queen, Maria, protected the new doctrine. Her confessor was a Lutheran. By his advice she invited certain learned men, who had embraced the Reformation, from Germany. Among others was the able and well-known Simon Grinæus. It is worthy of remark, that Luther dedicated a part of his new translation of the Bible to this princess, A. D. 1526. With the view of still further aiding the Reformation, and causing it to strike deeper root in the land, the queen sent a number of young men into Germany to study in the universities. This practice was afterwards continued. From 1520 to 1560 there studied in Wittemberg alone, where Luther was professor, two hundred and fifty Hungarian students. Down to the year 1580 the number amounted to four hundred.

It was not long before the truth met with great opposition. In 1523 a law was passed by the Diet, short but significant, that "Lutherans shall lose their estates and *heads*." Another Diet was held the same year. It promulgated a second law, as exterminating as the former, that "Lutherans shall be rooted out and burnt." Thus Rome was allowed to discover her real character. The religion of the Bible had begun to shine on the land in all its native lustre. It was needful that the antagonist system of the Pope should, at the same time, be displayed. Truth is never better seen than in its contrast with error. The practical tendencies of both must also be brought to light, in order fully to impress the popular mind. The people had already discerned in the Reformation a revival of the religion of love. In Popery they now discerned a religion of bloodshed and cruelty. Had, however, the two laws above mentioned been carried into effect, the evils resulting to the cause of the Reformation, from being thus rudely assailed in its very infancy, might have greatly overbalanced the benefits it received from the striking display of the spirit of Rome. But God caused an impulse to be given to his own work, by the wrath of his enemies in passing these laws—and yet at the same time he defeated their councils, and prevented the execution of their cruel purpose. The Turks had been some time advancing upon Hungary, and their inroads became every day more threatening. They came apparently as the ministers of vengeance. But, as usual, in the heart of the judgment was wrapt up a blessing. They were the deliverers of God's people at this critical moment. In the extreme remedy which was applied, we may discern the greatness of the danger which threatened the Church. In the year 1526 was fought the battle of Mohäcs, in which the political power of Hungary was almost laid prostrate. 22,000 Hungarians were left dead on the field. Among these were 500 of the highest families, and seven bishops and archbishops, whose estates were seized and kept in possession by the nobles for a considerable time. The death of the king, who fell in the same battle, and the troubles of the times, so engrossed the public mind, that the laws of 1523 were not executed. The death of so many of the most energetic bishops, no doubt, tended to the same result. Only three persons at that time suffered death for the truth's sake. Thus, an event which nearly extinguished the independence of Hungary, was the means, in the hand of God, of protecting his own cause. The Turks granted full religious freedom in those parts of the country which fell under their power. And in them, it can with truth be said, Protestantism has most prospered. The use of images by the Roman Catholics, made them peculiarly obnoxious to the Mahommedans. The latter regarded the Protestants as believers, at least, in the unity of God. They not only refrained, therefore, from persecution themselves, but did all in their power to shield the Protestants from the assaults of the Papists.

To succeed the slain monarch, two kings were elected by opposite parties. One of them persecuted the Protestants; the other, Ferdinand I., Emperor of Germany, protected them for the help they afforded him against his rival. A new diversion was thus effected in behalf of the Protestant cause. Within this period Protestantism made such rapid progress, that only three of the higher nobility and fifty gentlemen remained Popish. Twenty printing-presses were established. The Protestants, as in other parts of the continent, divided themselves into two parties, Lutherans and Reformed. In 1545, the former adopted the "Augsburgh Confession" in two synods, the one held in Hungary, the other in Transylvania. The latter adopted the "Geneva Confession" by Beza, in a synod held in 1562, and five years afterwards exchanged it for the "Helvetic Confession," which continues to the present day their recognised standard.

The Socinians obtained a footing in Transylvania in 1571, through the instrumentality of Socinus himself. The prince lent them his countenance, being influenced in their favour by his physician, who had met Socinus in Italy. Of the Roman Catholics, it may be mentioned that the Primate introduced the Jesuits in 1561. They were expelled by Maximilian. Two bishops were sent as delegates to the Council of Trent. Their instructions were to vote for the communion in both kinds, and the marriage of the clergy. Of the higher clergy five became Protestants in Ferdinand's time, and resigned their offices and emoluments.

Second Period, 1576–1686.—The kings during this period were Rudolph II., Ferdinand II. and III., and Leopold I., all emperors of Germany as well as kings of Hungary. They were, without exception, educated by the Jesuits. Rudolph introduced them again into Hungary, founded schools in their behalf, and granted them estates. His reign was the period of violence. He sent two generals, one into Hungary, the other into Transylvania, each at the head of a body of soldiers, composed of Spaniards, Italians, and Germans, to destroy printing-presses, to put down schools, and to banish clergymen from their flocks. No fewer than 550 churches were forcibly taken from the Protestants during this period. Driven to despair, they at length took arms. This step they justified, apart from more general considerations, on the following special ground. The great charter of Hungarian liberty, called the Golden Bull, dates as far back as 1222. It asserts the same rights as the English Habeas Corpus, of a much later date (1679). Besides this, when the king acts against the law, it is declared competent for the nation, or a single nobleman, to oppose him to the utmost, both by word and deed. Supported by this, the Protestants, under the leadership of Borskay, a nobleman, declared war. Success attended their efforts. Having taken possession of Hungary and Transylvania, they passed through Moravia, and at length appeared before the gates of Vienna. There they dictated their own terms. Peace was concluded (1606), called the Vienna pacification, on the condition that full toleration should be granted to Protestants, and that Roman Catholics should enjoy unrestricted liberty to join the Protestant Church. An evil clause, however, found its way into the treaty, and was overlooked by the too generous and unsuspicious Hungarians. It was to the effect that the various stipulations should be observed—"without prejudice to the Catholic religion." Of course the meaning which the Hungarians put upon this was, that they would attempt no measures of violent and unjust aggression against their opponents, such as had been practised against themselves. In other words, they desired, for both parties, that they should act according to the dictates of their own minds, without external compulsion. Yet shortly after, when they had returned peacefully to their homes, and their combination, having apparently achieved its object, was broken up, they were again robbed of their dearly purchased freedom, on the pretence that all their acts, and even petitions, were to the injury of the Romish Church. This clause was, indeed, expunged by the Diet two years after; but it continued to be acted upon by the Executive, as if no such event had taken place. The Protestants were at length relieved by the famous Bethlen, prince of Transylvania, who took arms in their defence. Success again crowned the enterprise, and peace was concluded (1621), the Vienna pacification being confirmed, but without the obnoxious clause. The Papists continued their old course in total disregard of the treaty. Rococzy, prince of Transylvania, successor to Bethlen, declared war. Once more the Protestant cause was victorious, and right prevailed. With the help of the Turks he bore down all opposition, and concluded peace at Lintz in Upper Austria. This was termed the Lintz pacification (1645). Both of these princes were eminently pious. It is said of the first, that he read the whole Bible through twenty-six times. He had it ever with him in the camp as his counsellor and guide, and no emergency, however urgent, prevented his devoting a considerable time to the daily study of it. When offered the Hungarian throne as the reward of his success, he refused to accept it lest his motives should be suspected, and the cause of God should suffer in his hands. The latter, with his officers around him, used to read and pray both morning and night. Thus, in the hour of need, God raised up able and valiant men, who feared himself, as well as wrought deliverance for his people.

The treaties of Vienna and Lintz are the great bulwarks of Hungarian Protestant freedom. Down to the present day, every king at his coronation, must swear to conform to them. But the period of Protestant suffering was not yet over, or rather was but beginning. The Turks, who had ever been a defence to the Protestant cause; were overthrown, and their power was so completely broken (1670), that they seemed quite unable to maintain a footing within the country. Instead, however, of following up the victory, the emperor granted them an amnesty for twenty years. This was done at the instigation of the Jesuits, who wished to get the hands of the Turks bound at any price, that they might exert their whole strength on their darling object, the suppression and extermination of Protestantism. Much discontent was excited in the country on account of the unequal peace. A conspiracy was formed, which, shortly after, on the death of its two chief props, was discovered, and the ringleaders were executed. Although, without exception, they had been all Roman Catholics, the Jesuits affected to believe that the Protestants were the guilty parties, and commenced a violent persecution (1673). A delegated court, consisting of bishops and other Papists, was appointed to inquire. They invited *all* Protestant clergymen and schoolmasters, within the country, to appear and clear themselves. The Turks, seeing through the whole procedure, forbade such as lived under their jurisdiction to attend. From other parts of Hungary there assembled 400 ministers and schoolmasters. Of course, the great majority did not obey the summons, although well aware that their non-appearance would be interpreted by their unprincipled persecutors as a proof of guilt, and might expose them to still greater evils than those which their brethren encountered who pursued the opposite course. As soon as the four hundred arrived, they were more, it is likely, to their horror than surprise, suddenly seized and put under arrest. Seven accusations were laid to their charge. They, of course, asserted their innocence with all the energy and boldness of calumniated Christian men. But it was of no use; the object of the Jesuits was not to try, but to condemn them. They were declared guilty of high treason. According to the usual policy of that mercy, which first stings its victim and then professes to pity it, they were offered the choice of three things —1. Forsake the Protestant Church and become Roman Catholics; or, 2. Lay down their sacred office and become laymen; or, 3. Banish themselves from the country and go abroad.

The more yielding subscribed a bond, binding them to the last of these alternatives. The others, who were chiefly of the Reformed Church, and of the Magyar (or Hungarian race, properly so called), considered the subscription as in some measure admitting the charge, and absolutely refused to choose. They were laid in chains, and sent by twenties and thirties to the fortresses. There they were subjected to every kind of maltreatment. They were thrown into damp dungeons, and when it was hoped that their resolution was in some measure subdued, they were dragged into the churches, and commanded to kneel before the images, and, on their refusal, were knocked with violence on their knees. All endeavours to make them apostatize proving fruitless, they were again assembled and transported to the galleys at Naples. There they were afterwards discovered by the celebrated Dutch admiral, Ruyter. An account of the first meeting between the admiral and these faithful men, is preserved in an old Latin manuscript, and is deeply affecting. He threw himself upon their necks, weeping like a child, and calling them the dear limbs of Jesus Christ. He immediately set them free, and carried them in his ships to Holland. At his request, the States-General entered into negotiations for their restoration to their own land. These were at length successful, but many had died through the hardships they had endured. In those times there was no such intercourse between distant countries as we now enjoy. Their friends knew nothing of their fate; they knew nothing of the fate either of their friends, or of the Church, which was still dearer than any earthly relationship. They returned to see Zion mourning and desolate. Many of those they most loved, they found partly removed by death, partly dispersed by the hand of persecution, and the places once gladdened by their presence, and where they anticipated a joyful meeting, were now in the possession of strangers.

In the period 1686-1790, no fewer than seven hundred churches were forcibly taken from the Protestants. During the 18th century, a systematic persecution was carried on. Multitudes were absolutely compelled to become Papists. Villages were frequently surrounded by an armed military; the circle closed in, driving all before them, man, woman, and child, into the churches. There holy water was sprinkled upon them by the priests, and they were forthwith declared genuine Catholics. After this purification, they were subjected to a heavy punishment if they applied to a Protestant minister for the baptism of their children, or for burial; and *he* was exposed to the severest penalties if he dared to exercise any of his functions among them. At length in 1781, under the Emperor Joseph II., a toleration edict was proclaimed. In 1791, another law was passed to their advantage, founded on the ratification of the treaties of Lintz and Vienna. From that period persecution in its more positive form has ceased. The power of Rome, generally, has been greatly crippled since the outbreak of the first French Revolution. This has been felt in Hungary also. A new class of influences has been brought to bear upon the Protestant Church. The history of this new period, though perhaps more tame, is not less interesting than the preceding, to those who are accustomed to mark the wonderful development of the divine scheme. At present, however, we must close, and reserve to a future opportunity some account of the progress of the public mind, the present position of the Protestant Church, and the providential contact of our own Church with it through the Jewish mission, with the remarkable effects that have resulted from this connection.

THE TWO DEATHBEDS.

When I was at college, I formed an acquaintance with a young man of elevated rank and great expectations. Our rooms were upon the same staircase, and we were almost inseparable companions. But, on quitting the university, I lost sight of my friend. I heard, however, at some distance of time that, having succeeded to the family title and estate, he had gone abroad for a period of three years. In about eighteen months after this, circumstances carried me to the continent; and one day, as I was at a public place in Florence, I saw a young Englishman whose features, though bronzed and matured, I speedily recognized as those of Sir William ——. It was a mutual pleasure to meet. We talked over past days and future prospects, and, in short, agreed, as long as it was possible, to travel together. We visited Rome and Naples, fearless of the banditti which then infested Calabria; we traversed that province; we explored the island of Sicily, and then prepared, by leisurely journeys, to return through France into England.

Sir William was a delightful companion. He had taste and information; he was fond of antiquarian research, and well acquainted with the modern literature of the countries through which we were travelling; his amusements were rational, and his moral conduct irreproachable; his disposition was kind and generous, and he possessed an inexhaustible flow of cheerful spirits. On one point alone we differed. I found with regret that my friend had adopted the notion, that, if a man was but sincere in the religion he professed, it mattered not, provided his conduct was decent, what faith he had embraced. He defended his opinions with much zeal, but always with perfect good-humour; and though certainly I combated his arguments, yet I have often since regretted that I did not use all the opportunities I had for convincing him of the truth. Alas! had I been more faithful, perhaps, by God's blessing, the deep misery of after days might have been averted. But I was scarcely myself at that time thoroughly alive to the importance of vital godliness.

After some months' companionship we parted. Circumstances had occurred to prevent my returning to England with Sir William, and I took up my residence as British chaplain in a seaport town, giving him a promise that my first visit, when I did again see my native country, should be to him. Some years, however, elapsed before I was able to redeem my pledge.

At length, one fine autumn, I repaired to —— Park. I found the baronet the same kind friend I had always known him. He had now married; his wife was a most amiable lady, and he had a family of three children. It was gratifying to see his conduct as an affectionate husband and indulgent father. He was esteemed by the neighbouring gentlemen, and beloved by his numerous tenantry. He had every thing around him of a worldly nature which could tend to comfort; but yet I thought that I discerned occasionally a trace of care upon his open forehead. It was only at times; for he was in conversation as cheerful, and in society as interesting, as ever. I did not like to question him, as I concluded he would of himself, from the ingenuousness of his character, lead to the subject if he thought fit to speak of it at all. I waited, therefore, though with some anxiety, yet with a hope that perhaps there was no ground for my surmise. One thing I observed, that he never touched on a religious topic. He appeared once on the Sunday at the parish church, but that was the only sign given of his professing any religion at all. And when I strove to direct the discourse to this subject, he evidently took pains to change or break off the conversation.

When I had been at the park about a fortnight, Sir William said to me one morning, as he was mounting his horse to go a hunting, "Emerson, you are fond of visiting cottages; there's a poor man just dying, about a mile off; he was run over last night, I hear, by a waggon, and is in great distress. I wish you would call there in your walk to-day, and see if there is any relief we can send him." With these words he galloped off. In about an hour's time, as I was sallying forth to the cottage he had described, my attention was arrested by a crowd of persons at a distance, moving slowly towards me. I quickened my steps, and was overwhelmed with horror and grief when I saw that they were bearing an apparently lifeless body, which I instantly perceived to be that of my friend. To rush to his side, and grasp his hand, and to question his attendants what fatal accident had occurred, was the work of an instant. I with difficulty learned from their incoherent answers, that, in leaping a hedge, his horse had fallen, and, dashing him with violence against the ground had rolled upon him. He still lived, though perfectly insensible, and it was my melancholy duty to hasten to Lady ———, and, as gently as I could, to apprise her of the calamity. I need not dwell upon the grief of that morning, or attempt to describe our agonized suspense while the surgeon, who had been sent for, was examining Sir William's hurts. His report at last was but too confirmatory of our worst fears. There was little—there was, in fact, no hope, he said: sensation would return, and life might last a few days perhaps, but recovery was impossible.

Several hours had elapsed before the patient awoke to a full perception of his calamity. Lady ——— and I were sitting beside his bed, when we heard his feeble whisper, "Where am I?—what has befallen me?" In a few minutes he looked at us with perfect consciousness; and I shall never forget the smile—it was one which told of so much gratitude, yet so much wretchedness—with which he tried to thank us for our attention to him. That night no individual, except the poor children, closed an eye in ——— Park. Grievous was the pain with which Sir William was racked, and vain were all the attempts to alleviate his agony. The next day, however, towards noon, he fell into a kind of unquiet sleep; and I, scarcely knowing whither I went, strolled sadly for a little breath of air across one of the plantations.

I had walked some distance, when I perceived myself near the cottage Sir William had mentioned to me. I tapped at the door, and was admitted by a sour-looking woman. In answer to my inquiries, she said that the man—John Hopkins she believed his name was, at least so he called himself; she knew nothing of him but from himself; he was only a lodger there—had, while helping to load a waggon, fallen from the top of it; and, the horses at that moment moving on, had been crushed by the wheel. The doctor had said he could do nothing for him, and little enough time, said the woman, she had to attend him—she must take care of her own children.

Disgusted at her unfeeling language, I passed by her into the room where poor Hopkins lay.

"My friend," I said, "I am grieved to hear of your sad accident."

"It is the Lord," faintly replied the sufferer, "let him do what seemeth him good."

I was truly rejoiced to hear these words, and asked, "Are you, then, able patiently to submit to God's will?"

"I trust," said Hopkins, "I know whom I have believed; and if, as I feel must be the case, my death be near at hand, I trust that, through the merits of my Saviour, to die will be my gain. In the world I have had tribulation, but in Christ I have peace—most precious peace."

Seeing that he was too weak to bear much conversation, I simply commended him in prayer to God, and left him with a promise that I would visit him again the next day.

On my return to the park, I found that Sir William was perfectly sensible, and desired to see me. When I entered the room, he bade his attendant withdraw, and, taking my hand in his as I seated myself by the bed, he exclaimed—

"Emerson, I am very miserable."

"And in truth, my dear friend," replied I, "it grieves me to the heart to see you in this condition."

"It is not that—it is not that," he said, with quickness; "what is the pain I suffer—what even is the sorrow"—here his voice faltered—"of my wife? All this might be borne, but do you know"—in the deepest tone of thrilling emotion—"do you know—I dread to die?"

"Let me beg you, then," I said, "to look to that Divine Saviour who has destroyed death, and him that had the power of death."

"Ay, there is my misery," he rejoined; "I have rejected the Saviour, and now he has rejected me."

"Oh no!" I cried, "the sinner that cometh unto him he will in no wise cast out."

"I tell you," repeated Sir William, "that I have rejected him, and he has justly rejected me."

He paused for a moment, then summoning his remaining strength, he added, "I will tell you all. You know how, in years gone by, I disregarded religion, and maintained that any worship, if sincere, was acceptable to the Deity; and that we need only avoid grossness of conduct to possess all the virtue that could by possibility be required. This was generally my opinion, and I had almost forgotten that any one could entertain another, till about six months ago I was called to the death-bed of a near relation, my mother's sister. She showed me in what peace a true Christian could die, and earnestly entreated me to seek the favour of God in his Son. I was impressed at first with the importance of what she said, but the impression has worn off; and—shall I speak the truth?—I have striven to efface it. I have combated conviction till I have entirely extinguished it. It is true, that from time to time unpleasant thoughts have risen in my mind—and perhaps you may have observed me occasionally dispirited, that was the reason—but I have persisted in neglecting the Bible, and in disregarding prayer; I have forced myself to believe that my upright character was enough. I have, in my prosperity, rejected Christ, and now I feel that he, in my adversity, has rejected me. I now see that there can be salvation in no other; I now see the necessity of a change of heart, which, as a child, I was by a pious mother taught, but, alas! I see all this too late."

The agony of my unfortunate friend's mind was most distressing: I endeavoured to comfort him with the assurance that the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from all sin, and that if, with simple confidence in him, he would look to his cross, he would assuredly find relief. But he withstood every attempt to console him, and persisted that, after his resolute rejection of the Saviour, the Saviour had justly rejected him. I left the room in bitter affliction at the contrast I had witnessed. In the poor man's hut, where there was no earthly consolation, where poor Hopkins lay on a flock-bed in racking pain, without a friendly hand to wipe of the chill dews of death as they gathered on his brow, there was peace and joy, a sure trust in the Redeemer's merits, a hope that was full of immortality. Death was welcomed as the gate of everlasting life. In the rich man's hall, where every hand was ministering to his necessities, and all that human power could effect was done; in a splendidly furnished chamber lay Sir William ———; his bodily pains had almost ceased, but his heart was filled with disquiet, and his anticipations were misery. Death was dreaded as the portal of an unseen state which he shuddered to contemplate.

I shall not attempt to describe the agonizing scenes of that night and the next morning. Sir William slept little. Over his pallid countenance swept rapidly shade after shade of strong emotion, and his unresting eye glared on each by turns of those that watched beside his bed. Several times I offered up prayers for him, but prayer seemed to give him no ease. I read portions of the Scripture to him, but he fixed on every threatening rather than on a promise. Nature was now fast sinking, and at nine o'clock, October —, 18—, Sir William ——— expired. His last words, as well as we could catch the low murmur of his voice, were—"O Son of God, would that I had not rejected thee till it was TOO LATE!" Over his grave a veil must be cast. It is not for us to know how far, even at his last hour, Christ might mercifully pluck this brand from the burning. But such an end does utter an awful warning to men to lay hold of, in their day, the things that make for their peace, before they be hidden from their eyes.

In the afternoon I was reminded of my promise to visit Hopkins, by a little boy from a neighbour's cottage, who brought me a message from the dying man, begging me to hasten down to him, that he might see me once more. I crossed the park, therefore, immediately, and soon stood beside him. Upon his features a heavenly peace seemed to rest.

"I am a guilty sinner," he feebly said, "but my Saviour's blood, I can trust, has washed away my transgressions. Oh that I could glorify him more! I go where there will be no more pain, no more poverty or sickness. Happy, happy lot!"

"Are you in much pain?" I asked.

"Oh yes! very much, but Christ helps me to bear it."

"And are you depending on his merits only for acceptance."

"On him alone," he answered; "he is my only hope."

"And he will not leave you nor forsake you," I replied.

"No, God is faithful; his promises in Christ are yea and amen. Oh glory!" he said, with a faltering tongue, and sunk into a lethargic doze. I waited his awaking. In about a quarter of an hour he slowly opened his eyes, stretched out his hand as if to grasp mine, and then feebly uttering some words of which I could only catch one—"faithful!" after a short struggle he fell asleep in Jesus. Happy art thou, I thought, my poor brother; happier in thy low estate than the rich man in his wealth. Thou art, doubtless, now before the throne of God, where "the wicked cease from troubling," and "the weary be at rest," Job. iii. 17.

Sir William ——— and John Hopkins were buried the same day, at ——— church. A long train of carriages and many mourners accompanied the body of the baronet, as it was laid in the sumptuous tomb of his fathers. The bearers alone stood round the grave of Hopkins, as in a distant corner of the churchyard there were committed, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life."

If this simple narrative makes the impression I desire on those who read it, they will see how far better it is to be poor in this world, and rich in faith, than to have their good things here, with no treasure secured on high. May they learn, when good and evil, when life and death are set before them, may they learn, and be strengthened thereto by God's Spirit, to choose the good, that their souls may live for ever!—*Church of England Magazine.*

THE UNHEEDED WARNING.

It was some time ago—it must have been five, six, yes, seven years, when I first met Ellen D——. I saw her but twice. I shall never forget her.

She was standing before a mirror, when I first observed her arranging her dress for an evening ball. She wore a robe of pure white satin. A simple band of pearls clasped her snowy neck, and on her head was no ornament save her own dark shining hair, which was swept back in wavy clusters from her forehead, and woven in tasteful braids behind. On her cheek was a faint yet brilliant glow, like the first blush of morning; her lips were red and smiling, and her full black eye burned like a star. As she stood before me, humming a lively tune, and half tripping off into the steps of a favourite dance, my childish imagination fancied her the happiest, as well as the most beautiful, creature that I had ever seen. She turned round as I entered the room, and curtsying gaily to a quiet-looking elderly lady, who with looks of kind and admiring interest was watching her movements.

She was interrupted by a sharp, quick ring at the door bell. There was a sound of confused, anxious voices in the hall—a moment after, her mother entered.

She looked pale and startled, and paused as if collecting strength to speak.

"Bad news, mother?" said Ellen hurriedly, "what, what is it?"

"Ellen, my child, your young friend Anna Morris is dead!"

The smile fled from the lips of the terrified girl. She stood like one in a dream.

"Dead!" repeated she, slowly, "Anna Morris dead? why it is but this morning that I met her in the street, as well and happy as ever."

"She was seized with convulsions in the early part of the evening; about an hour ago she died. Her mother has sent for me. Will you excuse yourself from the ball and go with me, Ellen?"

She leaned against the arm of the sofa near which she was standing. For a few moments her face looked sad and thoughtful. She was silent. Visions of a darkened room, a pale corpse, a shroud, a pall and a grave, rushed unbidden and gloomily through her mind; then came others, of a brilliantly lighted ball and festal throng; of whispered compliments, and mirth and song. The tempter was at work.

"Ellen, will you go?"

She raised her head. "Not to-night, mother, tomorrow I will. You know the sight of a dead person unnerves me. I could not look at poor Anna just now."

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. Anna was as young and gay as you."

"Only to-night, mother, only to-night," pleaded the conscience-warned girl. "I promise you that it is the last ball I ever will attend, and, kissing her mother fondly, she slipped away."

The mother went alone to her watch beside the dead. Ellen sought the crowd of fashion and folly, to reign the evening belle. . . . . .

The next day I stood beside an open coffin. Though the once varying expressive countenance was motionless, though the glow from the cheek and lip was gone, and the lids with their long, dark lashes drooped heavily over the eyes, I needed but one glance to assure me that the features of the occupant were those of Ellen D——. Yes, it was even she, the same, and yet how fearfully changed! Changed, but not outwardly, for the impress of age and decay, that by protracted anguish is so often wrought into the face of youth, was not upon her. It seemed as if in a moment of her pride and loveliness, death with a spell had suddenly fastened the beautiful features, and departed. But the light-hearted and thoughtless expression that had beamed upon me the evening before—O that, that was indeed changed! The calmer repose of the clay seemed but a mockery, for I fancied that a spirit dwelt within, but a spirit writhing in agony, striving to burst its frail tenement and warn others to escape its doom. From the attendant I learned the short history of the last evening of her life.

She mingled in the dance till after midnight, the gayest of the gay. When others laughed, her laugh was loudest, and the bewitching music of her voice when she sung, never seemed so full and clear. Whether her gaiety was the natural result of a light heart, that could easily throw aside and forget all unpleasant feelings; or whether, as is too often the case, she sought to hush the still small voice of conscience with the loud tones of mirth, was never known. Shortly after the last dance, she complained of a strange sensation and dizziness in her head; this feeling increasing, a carriage was called for her and ordered home. As soon as she reached the threshold of her own door, she sprang from the arms of her attendant, pressed her hand upon her heart, uttered one piercing shriek, and fell to the floor. The household gathered wildly and anxiously around her—they raised her quickly and bore her to the light. Its rays fell upon the still, white features of a corpse!

They buried her in a lonely spot, in one of the beautiful cemeteries that lay near her home. A costly marble monument was erected over the place of her rest. On one side, containing the name and age of the deceased, was sculptured a cherub with its finger pointing to heaven; dictated as a solace to the agony of the heart-broken parents, who could not endure the thought that their idol was lost to them for ever; but to the hearts of others who muse upon the life and death of the lovely Ellen D——, the simple startling inscription upon the opposite side sends a hopeless thrill. It is but one word, "WATCH!"

FOR MINISTERS.

THE grand object of the Christian ministry is to effect a reconciliation between Christ and sinners, and to bring them sincerely to love him. To secure this result ministers are justifiable in attempting to attach men to their own persons. They ought to seek an influence over them, that by it they may the better induce them to become reconciled to God. There is, however, a strong temptation to them to seek the applause and esteem of men for its own sake, and to gratify their pride and love of approbation. When this is the case, they attach their hearers to themselves, but not to Christ. When they die or leave the congregation over which the Holy Ghost hath placed them, the religion of their friends goes with them. Such popularity as this in a minister is often a curse to a church, as well as to himself. It makes it extremely difficult for a faithful minister to succeed him, without driving off many of his hearers. It is but a poor compliment to a disciple to say that he is greatly beloved by and freely welcomed to circles in which his Master is hated, especially when he is the commissioned ambassador of that Master, sent by him to negotiate with men. The sum of the whole matter is, that the minister who seeks the applause of men, except as a means to a higher end and to be used for the promotion of that end, commits a great sin in the sight of God. He may obtain his object, but he will get nothing else. The Pharisees that prayed to be seen of men, the Saviour tells us, had their reward, which was a reputation for great piety; but the favour of God was forfeited, and their usefulness prevented.

EVIL SURMISINGS.

AND what are evil surmisings? The apostle Paul classes them with pride, ignorance, envy, strife, railing, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and suchlike. This is placing them in bad company, where they properly belong. A "surmise" is a suspicion, an imagination that something may be wrong of which there is no evidence at all, or none which warrants the suspicion. An "evil surmise" is an injurious and unwarranted suspicion, which one person harbours toward another. He *may* be censurable, but there is no evidence that he is; and ofttimes a little inquiry and a little charity would satisfy the surmiser that he has no ground of suspicion.

The observations of a pretty long life have satisfied me, that these evil surmisings are fraught with infinite mischief in neighbourhoods and larger communities. As such all persons ought to be put on their guard against indulging them, and the grievous wrong of cherishing them ought to be placed in its true light. It is a dictate of common justice, as well as of scripture, that in judging of other men's characters we should put the most favourable construction upon their actions which the circumstances of the case will allow. We all hold them bound to do so by us, and the golden rule binds us just as strong as it does them. Instead of giving place to evil surmisings, to injurious suspicions concerning others, we are religiously bound to exercise that charity of the *thirteenth* of Corinthians, which "hopeth all things and believeth all things." It is often, if not always, as sinful and malignant to cherish suspicions against a man, as it is to speak evil of him without cause; as it is to slander him. The wrong, the mischief, is not the less because the venom works secretly. It may rankle as deeply in the heart of the surmiser, and in the end be as destructive of all confidence and good neighbourhood.

Mr A., being of a jealous disposition, imagines that his neighbour, Mr B., is not friendly to him. By putting things together which perhaps have no connection but in his evil surmisings, he persuades himself that Mr B. is secretly trying to undermine or injure him and his family in some other way. The more he broods over it, the stronger do his suspicions become, till every word and action which can possibly be seized upon goes to confirm them. Mr B. is undoubtedly his enemy, and not to be trusted. To be sure there is no evidence of it, but his evil surmisings have supplied the deficiency. Now if, instead of entertaining them, he would put the most favourable construction upon his neighbour's intentions, all his suspicions would perhaps be allayed at once. Or if not, by just going to him, and frankly asking for an explanation, he might be perfectly satisfied in five minutes.

So Mrs C. imagines that Mrs D. in the next house slights her, and purposely shuns her society, when such a thought never entered into the heart of Mrs D. It is an evil surmising which ought never to have been given place to, "no, not for an hour." And so I might go on to the end of the alphabet. There is no estimating the evils which grow out of groundless suspicions, which often lurk in half the families of a populous neighbourhood. There are surmises and counter-surmises without number, which, where they are indulged, inevitably ripen into strife, evil speaking, and the indulgence of all those jealousies and evil passions which destroy the peace of society. So long as men are disposed to think well of one another, and look upon the favourable side, they can hardly fail of dwelling together in harmony; but as soon as ever they "give place to the devil," by indulging in evil surmises, trouble and open discord are sure to follow. This is true, not only in the social relations of life, but in religion, in politics, and in all other relations. O, when will men be governed by the spirit of the gospel? When will their minds be imbued with that charity which "suffereth long and is kind, which envieth not, which seeketh not her own, which believeth all things, hopeth all things, and never faileth?"

It is a righteous retribution, that evil surmisings torment those who indulge them as much as they wrong those towards whom they are indulged. I hold it impossible that any person can be happy, can enjoy a quiet and peaceful state of mind, who is jealous, who is suspicious of his neighbours, without proof. It is an uncomfortable feeling. It sours and irritates the temper. It stirs up the bile. The evil surmiser may not know what the matter is, but he really makes himself unhappy, and, till he learns to look upon others with charitable eye, he will be. "Can a man take coals of fire in his bosom and not be burned?"

And one thing more: a person who indulges himself in evil surmisings, who is suspicious of every body, and ready to ascribe sinister designs and motives to his neighbours, lays himself open to the retort, which may have as much truth as severity in it, "You judge others by yourself." "How could you, without a particle of evidence, suspect me of such a thing, if you was not conscious of being chargeable with something equally dishonest or dishonourable yourself?"

As we would be judged by the golden rule, as we value the rights of others, and our own peace of mind, let us put all these *evil surmisings* far from us. The moment they tempt us to harbour them, let us chase them away.

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

Many years since, there lived in one of the central counties of New Jersey a poor mechanic, eminent for his pious zeal and consistency. He was very much tried by the conduct of an ungodly neighbour, who was in the habit of cutting his wood for the week on the Lord's day, and the sound of whose axe continually disturbed the old Christian's meditations. Father H., as he was called, often remonstrated earnestly and kindly with his neighbour, but without any effect. At length he adopted a different course. One Saturday afternoon his neighbour found the old man very busy at his wood-pile, and inquired in astonishment what he was doing. "Why," replied father H., "you will persist in cutting your wood on God's holy day, and it grieves me so much that I mean to do it for you this afternoon, so that you will have no temptation to do it to-morrow." The man was at once overcome, and exclaimed, "No, you shall not; I will do it myself. Nor will you ever after this have reason to complain of me for chopping wood on the Lord's day." And he was as good as his word.

The old man has long since gone to his reward, but this incident lives after him to enforce the Divine direction, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—*American Messenger.*

HOME TRAINING.

Wesley's home education under the tutelage of his parents themselves was peculiar, and well calculated to initiate him early in habits of order and perseverance in accomplishing any object he might undertake. "Why, my dear," said his father to his mother, or she to him (I forget which), while patiently teaching one of their children a simple lesson, which it was slow to learn, "why my dear, do you tell that dull boy the same thing twenty times over?" "Because," replied the other, "nineteen times won't do. If I tell him but nineteen times, all my labour is lost, but the twentieth secures the object!" All classical antiquity has not bequeathed us a maxim of more practical wisdom. In such a school Wesley's mind was prepared to achieve the greatest things by being taught the smallest, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," till whatever it learned at all, it learned well.

Fragments.

If ever Christianity appears in its power, it is when it erects its trophies upon the tomb—when it takes up its votaries where the world leaves them, and fills the breast with immortal hope in dying moments.—*Robert Hall.*

Offer yourself to God for life or death, for ease or pain, for strength or weakness. Let him choose and refuse for you; only do you choose him for your present and eternal portion.—*Fletcher.*

To have necessities but no supply, is the case of them in hell. To have necessity supplied by means of the creatures, is the case of us on earth. To have necessities supplied immediately from God, is the case of the saints in heaven. To have no necessity at all, is the prerogative of God himself.—*Baxter.*

Not that which is much is well, but which is well is much.

A Father's frowns are "but the graver countenance of love."—*Cowper.*

THE LOVING-KINDNESS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CHEEVER, D.D.

The loving-kindness of God—what a beautiful expression! How rich and consoling the thought contained in it! It is not mere good-will—not mere complacent friendship—not the mere neighbourly kindness of human beings, although these are of high and precious account: it is the good-will, the friendship, the kindness of love—of the love of God, who is love itself. We know something of the loving-kindness of father and mother. We have been gently tended and nursed by this kindness; or, parents ourselves, we know full well the throbbing of parental affection. Deep, earnest, self-sacrificing is human love in many tender relations. We trust in it fervently, and without fear. Oh! if there were no human love in which we could trust, what a desolate place would this earth be! But the loving-kindness of God—of that great and incomprehensible Being who fills the universe with his presence, and before whose majesty the pillars of heaven tremble—what a loving-kindness that must be! —the kindness of infinite love wedded to infinite power! There is nothing that love can conceive of, or wish to do for its object, but is contained here, and rendered not only possible, but absolutely certain.

The universe is filled with the manifestations of this loving-kindness. There is the wise and beneficent design which pervades creation. It is a creation meant, not for suffering, but for enjoyment. There are the myriads of creatures, from the most insignificant to the mightiest, all provided for, and receiving their meat in due season from his open hand. There are his heavens above, with sun, moon, and stars, dispensing light and genial influences. There is the bountiful earth, on whose bosom we subsist, producing her fruits in their season. There is the succession of night and day, and the changing seasons. There is our own wonderful constitution, by which we think, comprehend, feel, act, and enjoy. There is the gracious Providence which has ordained our lot. We were born into a world, and amid relations, opportunities, and auspicious circumstances, all arranged for us. We have been nurtured, protected, led on in the course of life, and blessed from day to day by the unseen gracious hand, even while we have been forgetful of it. We have, indeed, exerted our own wisdom, strength, and skill; but he endowed us with these gifts. Besides, how much more he hath done without our instrumentality! Our most common mercies are our greatest and most indispensable. The light by which we see, the air we breathe, the water we drink, the rains which fall from heaven, the productive powers of nature, the life which animates our own frame, the circulation of the blood through every part, the process of digestion, the mysterious connection of our limbs with the voluntary power, the adaptation of our senses to their proper objects, the emotions of pleasure which spontaneously spring up in our sensitive nature, the ceaseless activity of thought—these we have contributed nothing on our part to produce or maintain—these are purely God's doing around us, and within us—and these are the greatest of our blessings, without which we could do nothing to help ourselves, and to which all our own wisdom, strength, and skill, are every moment only subsidiary. And all that we have named, God has done for the evil as well as for the good, for the unjust as well as for the just.

When we add to this the wonderful provisions of God's grace to relieve the world of those evils which the folly, sinfulness, and rampant crimes of men have brought into it, and to redeem human souls, and to bring them to life eternal, his loving-kindness does indeed appear overwhelming! Here, as in the former case, although we are called upon to exert ourselves, and that, too, under the most weighty responsibilities, what God hath done in his preparations, infinitely outweighs what we are required to do in our personal fulfilment of the Divine design. While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us; while no movement had been made on our part to return to obedience, and to seek to regain the Divine favour, God sent his own Son to be the Saviour of the world. The giving of the law at Sinai; the calling of the Jews as the conservators of the Divine oracles; the mission of the prophets; the advent of the Messiah, his life, preaching, death, and resurrection; the dispensation of the Holy Spirit; the commission of the apostles; and subsequent to this, the preservation of the Church and the sacred books, amid all the convulsions of the world for eighteen centuries; the perpetuation of the gospel dispensation, in all its light and fulness, to the times in which we live—all these are parts of God's own mighty and marvellous work, to which we have not put our hand, and upon which our salvation absolutely depends. We now are only called upon to repent and believe, to receive the Holy Spirit, and to obey the Divine voice. All these amazing preparations have been made for us as sinners alienated from God; and now we are only required to respond and yield ourselves to the loving-kindness of God, our Father, Saviour, and Comforter. God hath done all things for us, to make us wise and happy beings for time and eternity. It is perfectly clear that this is the end of our creation, and that all God's providential and gracious arrangements have steadily and only contemplated this. God both made us to begin our heaven on earth, and to consummate our heaven in eternity. He hath made it possible to us to attain to perfection, life, glory, and immortality. Nay, it is not a distant possibility—it is a certainty near at hand to lay hold upon.

Well may we exclaim, therefore, "How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings."

Now, let us suppose a human being to receive, with all his heart, this divine word, and by true repentance for his sins, and a sincere faith in our Saviour Jesus Christ, to fulfil the simple and rational conditions of heavenly grace, and like a little child—God's little child—to follow obediently the precious gospel precepts, and thus, indeed, to put his trust under the shadow of those benignant wings—and then does it not become plain to us how such an one shall feel perfectly secure, content, and blessed? Will he not be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of God's house, and be made to drink of the rivers of his pleasure? Will he not find that he has reached the fountain of life, and that in that ethereal light he sees light?

It is true, indeed, that we are, during our mortal life, subject to many tribulations. We are disappointed in our plans of worldly good, and in the confidence we repose in our fellow-beings. Disease and death are about us, inflicting pain, and calling off the objects of our affections. We ourselves must sooner or later become their prey. There is enough in our world to make us miserable, unless we have our portion in the loving-kindness of God. God has made the world for us to be happy in; and he has made us to be happy in the world. But he has not made it possible for us to be happy without his favour. Whatever there is of evil in the world arises from, or is incident upon, our sinful condition. But his loving-kindness, by relieving us from the bondage of sin, really relieves us from its incidental evils, transforming trials into holy discipline, and making all things to work together for our good. Although we are redeemed on earth, and really begin our heaven here, still we have our probation to complete, and our works of duty to fulfil, while our state of perfection and glory remains an object of hope. Now, it is by putting our trust under the shadow of those gracious wings, that we are enabled to meet our probation, in all its parts, without fear—to work out our task cheerfully, and to cherish the hope which maketh not ashamed. The blessedness of God's children on earth does not consist in an exemption from labour and trial, but in the positive enjoyment of his loving-kindness, by which even labour and trial, without ceasing to be such, put on a friendly aspect, and contribute to our final wellbeing.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

LATE one night, when all was still around a rude hostelrie in Judea, save perchance the rippling of the wind through the tree-tops, a young mother gave birth to a son. She was one of a company of poor travellers who had taken up their night lodgings in the stable. Such a birth was no uncommon thing among the poorer classes, and yet heaven never bent over a universe just rolled into being with such intense, absorbing interest, as it did over that unconscious babe, as it lay with feeble fluttering breath upon its mother's bosom. The heavens were quiet above—the inmates of the low inn slumbered peacefully—the shepherds were dreaming free from care amid their flocks on the fresh hill-sides, and all nature was at rest when the birth of that babe brought troops of angels from the throne of God.

But suddenly a change seemed to pass over nature—mysterious influences were in the air—the slumberers on the hill-side and in the valley felt a strange unrest, and arose and came forth into the open air. Whisperings were about them, and sounds like the passage of swift wings, all sweeping onward to one place, and then on the darkness of night a new star arose, bathing the landscape in mellow splendour, and flooding that rude inn and ruder stable with light that dazzled the beholder. There it stood, beautiful and bright, pointing with its steady beam to that slumbering babe. Encompassed in the still glory, the wondering shepherds turned in alarm one to the other, but saw in the shining countenance of each only cause of greater fear. While they thus stood hesitating what to do, an angel hovered above them, saying, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Suddenly crowds on crowds of radiant beings swept round them, singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men." O how that glorious anthem arose and fell along the Judean mountains, "Glory to God in the highest!" from voices tuned in heaven for ages to melody, and sent up in one exultant shout from that excited host, burst again and again on the ear. The heavens trembled with the song, and far away, beyond the reach of watching shepherds, or listening men, were louder shouts, and more entrancing melody.

With that shout and that song on their lips, the host of glad angels hasted away to heaven, and all was still again. But still that star kept shining on, and lo! the shepherds from the hill-tops, and wise men from afar, guided by its finger of light, came to where its beam fell on the infant in the manger, and worshipped him there. Strange occupants were in that stable. The wise and proud were there kneeling. Angels had been there adoring. The Son of God was there sleeping in a human mother's arms. That stable was greater than the palace of a king, for its manger cradled the "King of kings," "Emmanuel, The Wonderful, Counsellor, Prince of Peace, Redeemer," Saviour of men, were all embraced in that helpless infant. The feeble arm could scarcely lift itself to its mother's neck, yet on it the universe stood balanced. A few hours measured its existence, and yet it lived before the stars of God. Born to die, and yet the conqueror of death. No wonder that star beamed on its face, for it did more than declare its heavenly birth, or direct the wise men to where it was cradled. It was pointing to the great solution of the problem of life, and of the profoundest mystery of heaven. For four thousand years the world had summoned its thought and energies, and exhausted its wisdom on the single question, "How shall man be just with God?" The smoke of the first altar fire kindled on the yet unpeopled earth, as it curled slowly heavenward, was burdened with this question. From the borders of deserted Eden—from the top of Mount Ararat—from the Bethel of Abraham, and from the tents of Jacob, had the sacrificial flame burned skyward in vain. The priests of Aaron had stood before the altar, and struggled for ages with the mighty problem, and, lo! the "Star of Bethlehem" pointed to that babe as its solution. The long wanderings of the Hebrews—the miracles that preserved them—the imposing ceremonies of their religion—the "ark of God," the "mercy seat," the pomp of temple worship, what did they all mean? That silent star pointed to the reply. Altars and sacrifices, prayers and prophecies, all were to end here. For four thousand years the earth had been rolling on its axis to bring about one event, and, lo! it was accomplished. To the thousand inquiries of the human heart—to its painful questionings—to all its hopes and fears for so long a period, this was the answer and the end. Like a shadow for ever fleeing had the mystery of justification baffled the mind of man, and been dark even to the inspired. The pagan with his heathen rites and his gods, the philosopher with his reason and his conscience, and the poet with his imagination, had pondered for ages over it. Watchings and fastings, self-humiliation, long pilgrimages, self-immolation, and death, had been cheerfully, nay, joyfully endured, to solve it. Too deep for the sage, too high to be fully grasped even by the prophet of God, it still remained to sadden and excite the heart of man, till the "Star of Bethlehem" arose on the plains of Judea. Then the problem was solved, and the mystery explained, but by One greater than all.

The long line of David, unbroken through so many centuries, was maintained solely to secure the birth of that child. Wrapt in holy enthusiasm, Isaiah and Jeremiah, and all the prophets of God, had spoken of a King of Israel yet to come, whose throne should excel all the thrones of earth, and in the sublimest strains of eloquence spoken of the glory of his kingdom and the splendour of his reign. Through ages of oppression—through long years of captivity—from the depths of suffering, had prophets and people looked forward to the coming of the "Redeemer of Israel," and now, as if to mock their hopes, that silent star pointed to the babe of a carpenter's wife as the fulfilment of all.

O what a bitter disappointment to be told that the King of Glory—the Prince of Peace—the Redeemer of Israel—the hope of the human heart, were in that infant humbly clad and laid in a manger!

Yet that star said more than all this: to the longings after *immortality*—to the dim hopes—the painful bitter cry of the human soul after a *life to come*, it still cast its dazzling rays on that rude manger. The sad soul may question on and struggle on; but the sleeper there alone can satisfy its desires. It may range the fields of thought—exhaust all learning and all philosophy—dive into its own unfathomed depths: yet there is unfolded the mystery. "*Life and immortality*" are in that manger—so speaks the ever-beaming star. Kneel there with thy soul, which has fallen back exhausted from the fearful heights it has endeavoured to climb unaided; fling thy philosophy, thy pride, as well as thy fears away, and let the light of thy wondrous star fall on thy countenance, and its ray subdue and gladden thy spirit. Painful doubts and appalling fears lest the sinful heart could never be either justified or made pure—unsatisfied longings and shadowy visions of a life to come, are all over. O with what thrilling eloquence that silent star spoke to the bewildered, melancholy race of men!

Not only did it point to the only way of justification, and reveal the life of the soul, when its earthly clog is cast away, but it shed light on the *grave of the body*—cast the first ray that ever fell within its dark and voiceless chambers. It said as it shone—"*Behold the resurrection and the life*:" "*There is the first-fruits of them that sleep.*" Wondrous beam, penetrating to the caverned dead, casting unearthly splendour on the charnel-house, and flooding with light and glory the mutilated fragments which the worm and corruption have left! To the "whole creation travailing in pain and groaning," waiting for the redemption of the body, it said in accents sweeter than ever yet fell on mortal ears, "Be still, that babe shall open the portals of death, and lead captivity captive."

To the heavens above, it also spoke a language—it solved the mystery of redemption—showed how mercy and justice could be united, and revealed the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of the love of God—a length that reaches from everlasting to everlasting, "a breadth that encompasses every intelligence and every interest, a depth that reaches the lowest state of human degradation and misery, and a height that throws floods of glory on the throne and crown of Jehovah."

Two great events mark the long history of the earth—one is the coming of Christ in a human form as the "Babe of Bethlehem," to save and redeem—the other is to be his coming in the plenitude of his divinity to judge the world. A single star arose and beamed on his birth: at his second appearance, the stars of heaven shall be quenched, the sun be "turned into darkness, and the moon into blood."

MADRAS MISSIONS.

[The following address will be read by many with interest and emotion. Fourteen years ago Mr Anderson left Scotland, as a missionary, for Madras, where he has since laboured with great assiduity and earnestness. The state of his health, however, having rendered it necessary that he should return for a time to his native country, he left Madras on the 13th of April last.

On the preceding day a deputation of the teachers, converts, and pupils of the Institution and its branch schools, waited on Mr Anderson, and presented him with an address and the sum of nearly a thousand rupees, raised almost entirely among themselves, to procure his portrait, if spared to reach Scotland, with a view to its being placed in the hall of the Institution.

It was a scene (says the *Madras Native Herald*) very solemn and deeply affecting. There were our faithful East Indian teachers, Messrs Whitely and Huffton, who had laboured side by side with Mr Anderson for twelve years. All the male converts, including the three native preachers, P. Rajahgopaul, A. Venkataramiah, and S. Ettirajooloo, and the candidates for the ministry, were present, together with the native monitors of the Institution and Triplicane branch school. Several old pupils also came, whom we have seen little of for eight years, but who cheerfully gave their subscription for the portrait of one who had done so much to teach them to think for themselves, and, if possible, to lead them to Christ Jesus. More than one of these at one time seemed to have his foot on the very threshold of life, and then fell back.]

After the address and testimonial had been presented, Mr Anderson said, I will find it rather difficult, my dear friends, to speak to you; however, you know what I would say if I were able. By the help of the Lord I will control my feelings, which, owing to the weakness of my body, I cannot easily govern, nor any one in the circumstances in which I am now placed. I do not require to make an eloquent speech to you, but only to express the great things which you already know. The Lord Jesus Christ found me in Scotland in a Sabbath school, and there implanted in my heart the incorruptible seed that liveth and abideth for ever. It lay a long, long time in me, until it sprang up, and I was prepared in a remarkable way for coming to this country. I was made to bear the yoke in my youth. I was made to go through many wildernesses, but the Lord always was with me. After passing through many troubles I got a single eye for his glory, and went forward in my college education until my course was nearly finished, when my health gave way, and I was broken down and laid aside. But from the beginning I always had much love for the young; and this was not a mere sentiment: it came in course of time to be a part of my nature. I always tried to work on the affections of the young by the word of God. A way for me was opened at last, after lying two years on the brink of the grave. I was as weak as I now am; I was weaker when the message of the Lord came to me. It came to me through a friend, when I was lying on my back, broken down as I now am by study, trials, and difficulties. I thought that if I was spared I would spend and be spent for Christ; but I knew that God would not work a miracle for me, and that if it was consumption, as they said, that was upon me, I would die. If I lived, my heart was fixed to come to you. I was kept a whole year in darkness and difficulty, and the great obstacle was my health. But all at once the hindrances disappeared, and I was carried as it were with the speed of lightning to India, and there was no difficulty. I can say with a good conscience, that, though Scotland is my own native land, and there is many a warm bosom there, I have not the same desire to go back as I had to come to you. However, the Lord's will be done; I will go in his strength. No doubt I must expect difficulties and distresses; but I return to my native land in the hope of this body being repaired, and without such a hope I certainly would never have left you. The praise be not to me, but to the grace of Christ in me. It is very true the Lord took one of the base things when he took me, and put his word in me, and brought me out. Though I do not despise any other kind of learning, I have been taught that what the word of God teaches is the highest and best kind of learning. This is the great power by which you are to bless your country, by which you are to be saved, the word of God which liveth and endureth for ever. One of the things which made it so easy for me to do and to suffer for you was the way in which the Lord had tried me. I felt no difficulty in any thing in which it was clear to my conscience. What struck and pierced me was when the work was struck at, or any connected with it. Throughout the whole progress of the Mission, I did not feel any difficulty as to the course to take; the Lord made it plain in all the great steps; he made it as plain as if it was written with a sunbeam; and it was always a path of trial and cross-bearing.

And now there is a native church, with both males and females in it. O what a blessed thing it is that the word of the Lord has not returned unto him void! What grace, what deliverances some of you have experienced. What power in saving, and in keeping you! You know it, and have been yourselves the subjects of it. But you will never know till the day of judgment what anxious labour some of you have cost us. It is by the help of Christ that some of us are not in our graves.

Do not think that I say this to blame you. Ah! little do many know what a native convert has to bear. But Christ knows sufficiently well what he has to endure, what to forsake, what temptations assail him, how his spirit is pressed, how to preserve him from the fiery darts of that wicked one when attacked by him and wellnigh destroyed. But the Lord has helped you up to this day. You are the living monuments of the grace and long-suffering of Jesus Christ, and of his ability to save. I do feel that he will keep some of you, I trust all of you, till the day of redemption. I understand that promise better than most people, because of the many attempts made to take you out of his hand, "He that is in us is greater than he that is in the world."

My heart cannot express all that I feel. You are written there, and I trust that you will testify your love to me by cleaving fast to the Lord Jesus Christ to death. I trust that when this token of love is sent back to you, if ever I am spared to reach Scotland, you will not look upon it without having it flashed on your memory that that was the man that spoke to you the word of life, and rejoiced in your faithfully obeying the Lord Jesus Christ. O save me, I beseech you, me a poor redeemed sinner, from being a witness against you at the day of judgment, whether as idolaters now, or as called out from the heathen and baptized! The God of the Bible is he whom I wish to be honoured: to him I wish you to come that you may be saved, and that I and the brethren who have laboured in the ministry with me may rejoice over you. O dear friends and children in the gospel! I beseech you to consider that if God takes the missionaries away from their work, if he takes them away out of this world, he will take you also. I can say, and it may be some encouragement to you, that the Lord has given me great peace, and I wish he would thus make me always to praise him and adore him. I have sorrow and pain in parting with some as dear to me as my own soul; yet why do I leave them? Is it not as pledges that I love your souls? These little ones that I leave behind,—death is not so awful that the thought that some of these little ones should perish; that some of them should die for want of nourishment to preserve their souls. And therefore understand that the gratitude I expect is a thing of power,—making you not only to remember me, but to do and to suffer in a way in which you have never yet been called to do and to suffer.

I was a child of Providence, and the providence of God has worked in a very remarkable way with me hitherto. He has made the wrath of man to praise him; the very difficulties he has made the means of causing our roots to spread: even that great affliction of souls drawing back has, by the grace of Christ, only deepened my desire to save souls, and that I may prove to some a savour of life unto life. We will leave these poor unhappy creatures in the hands of him that judgeth righteously, in the hope that He may yet save some of them as by fire.

Dear friends, these tender girls are there inside; they lie near my heart. I feel I cannot express my gratitude to you. I am grateful to you for all you have done for the work of Christ. I know you love me mainly on that account, so that if you are grateful to me, it is because you have love in your hearts to Christ. But there are some here who do not understand the love of Christ. I know you are not deficient in natural affection; you would suffer something for me. I would be grateful to you, if only you loved the Lord Jesus Christ. I feel you have a claim on my heart that nothing can remove. This portrait will rejoice me just in proportion as you remember, when you look at it, that the Lord Jesus Christ sent me here to proclaim his gospel that you might be saved. Oh! do not pacify conscience by mere natural affection, lest this very gift should rise up against you, because you refuse my gift,—the salvation of Christ, sent unto you through me and my brethren. Be always cleaving to the word of God, brethren, that so you may have strength to watch over our native sons and daughters. The Lord has blessed us with much unity in our work together. No doubt we have had little differences and troubles; but they have been like light clouds on the face of the morning sun. And now may the Lord lift up your hearts, and help you to endure in his work. And you, our native sons in the gospel, you have had in us an ensample of the way in which brethren ought to love one another and to labour together for you, for your country, and for souls. Our example will rise against you in the judgment, if you fail in love to one another. Our principal and anxious desire has been, that you may all grow into the Lord Jesus Christ, and in love to him and to one another. This is one of the great marks by which you will make it known that you are his: this will be the glory and strength of this native church. My dear young friends, I was taught in my youth to endure all kinds of difficulties, and therefore I never felt it hard to sympathise with the Hindus. The Lord knows our motives in regard to all that we have suffered for you; and you will be without excuse if you do not deny yourselves for your own country and people. If you cannot understand our watchings for you, our long-suffering, our willingness to be despised for you, you will be guilty of great sin. I beseech you, therefore to follow us, as we have followed the Lord Jesus Christ in this.

Now my heart's desire for you is, that as many of you as have put on the Lord Jesus Christ, may walk worthy of him, and not be ashamed of him at the day of his appearing. I do not mean only natives; the Lord has taught me to love other souls, and to rejoice to see grace in any of you, whither among Europeans not simply showing love to us but to Christ, or among those dear fellow-labourers of this land who are one with us in spirit. This work is much nearer to his heart than to ours. Though we die, the Lord Jesus Christ will never cease to care for it. I pray that all your relatives may be saved, and get the blessings of this gospel. I trust that some present, who have long withdrawn themselves from this word, will yet be saved. It is for you who believe to bear the cross, and to wait until the Lord show mercy to those whom you love and pray for. Those of you who have wives, may the Lord grant that you may be enabled to love them in him, and to teach them early to deny themselves for the Lord Jesus Christ! Better that they should have some pain to their natural feelings, than that the Lord Jesus Christ and his cause should suffer loss.

I pray also that my dear East Indian friends may have the greatest blessing that God can confer, or seeing their beloved wives rejoicing in the same hope with themselves, loving the same Saviour, washed in the same blood; and that the dear children of you all may be jewels in the crown of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I have now spoken much, not to exalt myself, but the Lord, who has broken and redeemed me, to exalt the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. He taketh the beggar from the dunghill, and maketh him sit among princes. I have confidence that my sons in the gospel will follow in the footsteps of Christ, and that the Lord will cause your work to prosper. I have confidence in the power of the instrument, and in the power of that Almighty Spirit whose instrument it is. This is the grand lesson which I have been taught—"Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." I will say to the people among whom I am going, that if any of you doubt the necessity of the converting energy of the Holy Ghost, let him be sent to India and he will be cured of this delusion. The Lord will not withhold his Spirit: wherever his word is faithfully made known, he will not withhold his Spirit.

Some of you I will not again see till the day of judgment. Oh! may our meeting be one not of grief, but of joy. It will be so, if you will only love the Lord Jesus Christ. That you have not loved him is my pain, and your loss.

Just because you have received instruction from the man who speaks to you, I will never be satisfied till you forsake your dumb idols, and believe the true God, and find mercy in that Saviour whom you already know.

May the Lord bless you all, and his work! May he make his grace sufficient for the dear brethren who are left behind! I tell you surely that my heart is more in India than in Scotland. This is to me my native land, my country: I wish to live and die here. My heart is behind me, in connection with those whom I love, who are willing to prefer the Lord Jesus Christ to me, and to separate me and every thing from their heart when the work of Christ needs them.

THE DOOMED MAN.

THERE is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set,
Indelibly, a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doom'd man's path below,
Like Eden, may have bloom'd;
He did not, does not, will not know
Or feel that he is doom'd.

He knows, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calm'd:
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doom'd, but damn'd.

O where is thy mysterious bourne,
By which our path is cross'd;
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart!
While it is called to-day, Repent!
And harden not your heart."

THE DREAM OF GOLD.

BEING THE INTERESTING AND HIGHLY INSTRUCTIVE VISION WHICH DETERRED GEORGE BAKEWELL FROM GOING TO CALIFORNIA, WHEN HIS TRUNK WAS NOW ALREADY PACKED.*

John.—What's the matter this morning, brother George? You look pale and haggard.

George.—Let us abandon this California expedition, brother John. We have a good trade; let us stay at home and live by it: we are well enough off, if we have not millions.

John.—Why, what has come over the man? You must have seen a vision.

George.—Ay, and a dreadful one—a dreadful dream, I mean.

John.—A dream! nonsense! I thought you did not believe in dreams.

George.—Not in ordinary dreams, but this dream is extraordinary. It is a dream which carries with itself the evidence of its truth.

John.—Well, what is it? I am curious to know what the dream can be that has frightened you so terribly.

THE VOYAGE AND TEMPEST.

George.—I dreamed that you and I were on our way to California, and O how long the voyage seemed! The wind was against us, and it blew a hurricane. The waves broke over our frail bark—the masts were sprung—the sails torn; every thing was against us. The captain talked of putting back, and this filled me with distress, for to reach California was all my desire.

John.—I thought that it would turn out so. The idea of a sea voyage has made you nervous.

THE APPARITION AND ARRIVAL.

George.—Hold, John, hear me through. In the midst of the darkness and tempest, a dim and shadowy form glided by me and whispered in my ear, "Which will you do—go on, or go back?" "Go on," I answered immediately. "You shall have your wish," he replied, "and at the end I will meet you again." This mysterious visitor, and his mysterious answer, gave me no little uneasiness. What can he mean? I asked myself. I almost wished that I had said, "Go back." But presently the wind lulled, and a fresh breeze sprang up from the opposite qaurter, which wafted us quickly to our long wished-for port.

In an ecstasy of delight I sprang ashore, and made my way directly to the gold region. Thousands were busy all around me, digging up the glittering dust, washing it, and filling their bags with it.

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* A dream this, which may do good to many, besides those bound for California. All who "make haste to be rich," are going in the same direction.

A GUIDE SHOWS HIM A RAVINE FULL OF GOLD.

I had not been long at work before a man came to me, tapped me privately on my shoulder, and beckoned me away into a retired place, whispering as he proceeded, "I will show you the yellow dust." I was startled at the sound of his voice, for it was like that of the form which glided by me during the storm on the ocean; besides, there was something wild and unearthly in his tones, looks, and gestures. Nevertheless I followed him till we came to a deep ravine, in which the pure gold dust lay by cart-loads. How it glittered in the sunbeams, and how I leaped up and down for joy! "There," said my guide, and disappeared. I stripped off my coat and went to work with all my might, filling bagful after bagful, as fast as I could shovel it in.

John.—I guess I see what you are coming to. When you got home it proved to be "fool's gold," did it not?

George.—Ay, "fool's gold" in a more dreadful sense than you think of.

John.—Well, go on with your story.

HE RETURNS HOME AND BUILDS HIMSELF A PALACE.

George.—I had soon collected a whole ship-load of gold, chartered a ship, and returned home. I carried a bag of my dust to the mint, and it was pronounced to be *pure virgin gold.*

John.—Bravo! You must have been a happy man. I should like to dream such a dream just for the pleasure of it.

George.—But hear the end. I *did* think myself a happy man. Now, said I, I will enjoy life. I have gold dust enough, and gold will buy all that I need to make me happy. I bought me a magnificent site for building, collected together all the masons and carpenters in the region, and directed them to erect a splendid palace of marble. They were all obsequious and ready to run at my bidding, for I paid them high wages in gold. O, thought I, how pleasant it is to have plenty of money! Once, if I wanted a load of wood drawn, I had to beg and entreat, and reason the matter half an hour: and if I got a promise from a man, he would break it. But now every body is at my service. Now I will outshine all my neighbours. So I set the workmen to work, and soon a princely palace rose like magic, all of the purest marble, adorned with Corinthian columns, and glittering in the sun like new-fallen snow. Within it was furnished in the most sumptuous style, and without it was environed by gardens, and fruit-yards, and parks, all arranged in the best taste, and filled with fruits, and flowers, and fountains. I bought me carriages and horses, and had a retinue of servants of all sorts. Every body envied me, and I thought myself the happiest of mortals.

THE FIRST THING THAT CANNOT BE BRIBED—THE MAN ON A BLACK HORSE.

But now came the dreadful change. I was sitting one day in my parlour, thinking over my good fortune, and planning out pleasures for the future, when a man of a dreadful countenance, mounted on a black horse, and carrying a heavy mace in his hand, rode up to the front door, dismounted, and knocked violently. I was alarmed at his appearance, and besides displeased at his rudeness; for, now that I lived in a palace in the style of a prince, I was determined that all should treat me with proper deference. So I made no reply. But immediately he gave the door a second blow which shivered it in pieces, and the next moment he stood before me.

"Who art thou?" I asked in terror and in anger. "My name is *Disease*," he answered, and struck me a heavy blow with his mace, which filled me with excruciating pain. I seized him and attempted to remove him by force, but he struck me a second blow more terrible than the first, when my agony became insupportable, and I fell at his feet, faint and panting. I now betook myself to entreaty. Pointing to a bag of gold which lay in the corner of the room, I offered him that if he would depart, but he laughed me in the face, and gave me a third blow. Next I crawled to the strong vault where I kept my treasures, and showed him a huge pile of bags all filled with gold, but he answered sternly, "Disease cannot be bribed. I go elsewhere, but I leave my work behind;" and with that he struck me another dreadful blow, and departed. I called together all the physicians in the region, but none of them could help me, for the blows of the mace had left their work behind. Now, how changed were my prospects! My body was so full of pain that I could no longer enjoy any thing. I saw through the window my elegant gardens, and fruit-yards, and parks, but all seemed hung with a pall of black. The coachman brought to the door my carriage, glittering all over with gold, but I sent it away in disgust. The servants loaded my table with the choicest viands and wines, but I could not taste a mouthful. Then I saw that there was one thing that gold could not buy.

THE SECOND THING THAT CANNOT BE BRIBED—THE MAN ON A PALE HORSE.

As I lay in this wretched and helpless condition, I heard again the prancing of a horse's hoofs. A grim and terrible figure, seated on a pale horse, rode up to the window and knocked upon it. Thinking that he was about to leap through the window, I screamed aloud from terror. But he forbore, and said, "I shall call for thee soon." I told him that I had millions of gold within, and entreated him to take it instead of me, but he called out in a voice of thunder, which shook the palace, "*Death* cannot be bribed," and galloped off. "Alas!" I said, in the agony of despair, while my frame quivered all over like an aspen leaf, "here is another thing that gold cannot buy."

THE THIRD THING THAT CANNOT BE BRIBED—THE SERPENT.

I had hardly uttered these words, when a huge black serpent glided in through the open door, and began to wreath his folds, cold as death, around my body. When he had reached my bosom, he gave me a blow with his fangs, and cried out, "My name is *Guilt.*" How dreadful was the pang of his envenomed tooth! Though my body was racked with pain from the blows of the man on the black horse, this seemed to me as nothing in comparison with the sting of that dreadful serpent. I did not offer him gold, for I knew that it would be in vain. I called aloud for my servants, and they entered, but instantly fled in dismay. Then he struck me another blow with his fangs, and said, "There is but one whose voice I obey." "Whose voice?" "The voice of the Son of God." "And will he help me?" "Thou hast thy Bible—ask that."

I took my Bible and attempted to pray, but my heart seemed as hard as a millstone, and, besides this, the serpent, *Guilt*, so stunned my ears with his upbraidings, that my voice was drowned in his. He reproached me with my ingratitude, my abuse of God's mercies, my contempt of his gospel, my idolatry of Mammon, my pride and sensuality; and added, "There is one more whom gold cannot bribe—the Judge of all the earth, into whose presence Death will soon carry you. Hark! do you not hear the prancing of his horse's hoofs?"

THE MAN ON THE PALE HORSE REAPPEARS WITH THE GUIDE.

I looked and saw him again at my window. In his hand he held an hour-glass from which the last sands were running; and behind him I saw my old guide who had led me to the ravine of gold. I now understood that this was the demon *Mammon*, the same who had met me in the tempest, and promised to meet me again at the end. With a look of malicious joy he pointed his finger at me, and exclaimed, "When he dieth he shall carry nothing away." As he spake these words, the last sand ran out; the man on the pale horse sprang through the window; darkness and horror came over me, and I awoke—thankful that it was but a dream.

And now, brother John, I am fully persuaded that this dream foreshadows the realities that will overtake us, if we embark on this gold-hunting expedition.

John. Do you expect that a ship-load of gold will be one of these realities?

George. No, not that; I agree now with uncle Nathaniel, that there is more than an even chance that we shall not better our condition even for this world—there are so many uncertainties attending the enterprise—long delays, enormous expenses, and what not: but the true interpretation of the dream is, that though we were ever so successful, the end would be bitter. It is the lust of sudden wealth, you know, John, which impels you and me to undertake this expedition. We go to California because we "will be rich;" and the Word of God declares that they "that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." Believe me, brother, if we stay at home and pursue our present honest calling, which yields us "food and raiment," we shall not regret it in the hour of death.—*Ohio Observer.*

SPIRITUAL "EXEMPTS."

These are a class of professors, far more numerous in the Church than is consistent with her welfare. They are always willing to have every thing done. They complain if it is not done. Very ready are they to bind the heaviest burdens on others; yet, somehow or other, they are always adroit enough to remove their own shoulders from the load.

"O yes, the *Sabbath school* ought to be efficiently sustained. It is very necessary to gather in the children, who would otherwise be running about, desecrating the holy day, and growing up in idle and vicious habits!" "Well then, come, take a class." "Be a visitor." "Let me report you to the superintendent as ready to begin next Sabbath." Ah! you get no such permission. You find that, by some convenient method of reasoning, these persons have learned to consider themselves "exempt" from such service. They do not indeed wear a badge to this effect, like the ex-fireman or the soldier who has served his seven years; yet, just as coolly as if they did, they refer you to somebody else as the one who is to discharge their duty. You would naturally suppose (if the thing were not impossible) that they had hired him as their substitute in the army of Christ.

The *prayer meeting* also, they have no doubt that ought to be sustained. It would look very badly, to say the least, if it were given up. Their pastor would feel very sorrowful about it, if none of the church were willing to assemble for the purpose of prayer. They have some recollection, moreover, that they have promised, in their covenant, over and over again, that they would not "forsake the assembling of themselves together." Yet here also we have the supplication, which they put up more frequently than any other—"I pray thee, have *me* excused." As in the former instance, they would fain have the duty devolved on some one else. They do not say, precisely in so many words, that others like praying better than they do: they only say, that "they have more time." How it may be in other churches I do not know; it may be different with them: but this I can say, that those who compose my own body-guard as a pastor, the picked of the flock who are always there, the Aarons and Hurs who stay up the feeble hands of my ministry, are not by any means only those who live nearest the church, who have the most of this world's goods, who are the least industrious in their lawful avocations, or are the most able to afford the loss of their time. They have somehow or other learned to forget the worth of pounds when thinking of the worth of souls, and dare not plead to their brethren excuses that will not avail before God. Other instances might be stated to point the finger at these men, and show who they are, but these two will suffice. Their *name* is sufficient to indicate them; and, unfortunately, they are a class with whom most of our churches are but too well acquainted. If any doubt remains as to those who are intended in this article, ask your minister. But before you do so, ask if it is not Mr —— or Mrs ——, that is, my dear brother or sister, just *you yourself!*

Now we have often puzzled ourselves no little to discover the method by which these *spiritual exempts* reconcile it with their consciences to live as uselessly to themselves, and as unprofitably to others, as they do. Do they make one duty that is performed, stand as a sufficient offset for a dozen that are not performed? That is Romanism. Do they suppose their nightly prayer obtains forgiveness for their daily and habitual sins of omission and commission? If so, they do not know how to pray at all. Are they looking forward to some time before they leave the world, when they really will begin to live in some measure as they ought to do? This is so much time that can never be regained—so much guilt that will loudly call for chastisement and repentance. Is their conduct really an honest index of their deliberate convictions in this matter? Do they in fact believe, that there are some in the Christian vessel who are to go to heaven as *passengers*, while others are to have all the toil and trouble of bringing the ship into port? Do they regard the Church as a *joint-stock* concern, in the labours and profits of which, as a whole, every member of it is hereafter to share, and share alike? They know as well as we can tell them, that such views are utterly at war with the letter and spirit of the gospel.

The sad and most frequent conclusion at which we arrive is, that these self-constituted exempts are those who are deceiving themselves with a name to live, while they are dead—who have the form of godliness, but are destitute of the power thereof. For our *hope*, God indeed has not revealed how little grace in the soul may be consistent with final salvation. But much more for our *fears* has he told us that MANY, who all their life long counted upon heaven, will discover, when it is too late to remedy their mistake, that hell is to be their everlasting portion. Perhaps no sight would so much surprise us in that world of despair, as the number of false professors who are now "suffering the vengeance of eternal fire."—*N. Y. Presbyterian.*

THE JUDGMENTS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. DR ALEXANDER, PRINCETON.

THE word *judgment* is used in the Sacred Scriptures in various senses, but we now employ the term to signify those providential dispensations of God by which men are visited for their sins, either in the way of punishment or chastisement. The difference between punishment and chastisement is, that in the first case the judgments inflicted are really the execution, in part, of the penalty of the law of God, the other are such as are inflicted by a loving Father for the correction and amendment of his children. Often, however, the same terms are applied indiscriminately to both kinds of dispensations.

The ideas of many persons, and those are found not merely among the ignorant and unlearned, are very erroneous on the subject of the judgments of God. They entertain the opinion, that nothing which comes to pass in the ordinary course of nature, the cause of which we can trace, is to be considered of the nature of a judgment of God. Some time towards the close of the last century, or the commencement of the present, a reverend and learned professor in a university published a small system of logic, intended to be studied by the under graduates. The book was respectable as a very brief compend; but in giving an illustration of false reasoning, he observed that many persons considered the yellow fever as a judgment of God, sent upon us on account of the sins of the people; whereas, the reverend author remarked (as though it were conclusive), that the yellow fever was produced by natural causes which could be ascertained. According to the principle involved in this remark, nothing can be properly considered a judgment of God which can be traced to a natural cause. And, consequently, since miracles have ceased, there have been no judgments of God in the history of the world. This is to exclude the Governor of the universe from the world with a witness. Few would be willing to adopt this conclusion who have any faith in God and his providence. Others suppose, that remarkable afflictions, out of the common course of experience, be reckoned judgments, but not those common afflictions which befall men every day. Both these classes of error arise from an inadequate conception of the extent of divine providence; and with many the error is rather practical than theoretical. If the question were proposed to them, Does the providence of God extend to all events, small as well as great? they would readily answer in the affirmative; but notwithstanding this, they never think of referring common events to the Providence of God; and therefore are not affected with a sense of his goodness in their prosperity, nor humbled to a penitent confession of their sins in adversity. It is true, some maintain a general while they deny a particular providence; they allow God to have some hand in the revolution of empires and downfal of thrones; but not in the minute and trivial affairs of men. But the fact is, that in the order of events, in the history of the world, there is an indissoluble concatenation of the great with the small; the revolution of a kingdom may depend upon a single word—yea, a single volition. A general providence cannot be maintained, whilst a universal and particular providence is denied. The doctrine of the Bible is most decisive and clear on this subject. According to our Lord, providence extends to the life and death of the smallest animals—yea more, to the perishing of a single hair of our heads. The whole history of the Old Testament is a history of a particular providence, in which the care of God extends to all events, of every kind, but in such a way as not to interfere with the free agency of men. And the whole book of prophecy supposes the truth of a providence which extends to all events, and even to all the free actions of men.

The notion that events brought about by natural and known causes are not judgments, is at war with most of the denunciations of God's vengeance against sinners, in the Old Testament. God's most common judgments on sinful nations are war, famine, pestilence, and destructive animals—destructive to human life, or to the productions of the earth intended for the sustenance of man. These judgments are not miraculous, but natural causes of punishment. And the whole catalogue of judgments, threatened in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy, are afflictions produced by natural causes. The most common insects are often made the instruments of inflicting judgments on a rebellious people. The locust, the grasshopper, the palmer-worm, and the caterpillar, are among the executioners of the Divine judgments; as well as the inanimate elements, the hail, the lightning, and the inundation of waters. Thus it is said, "He gave also their increase unto the caterpillar, and their labour unto the locust. He destroyed their vines with hail, and their sycamore-trees with frost. He gave up also their cattle to the hail, and their flocks to hot thunderbolts."—(Ps. lxxviii. 48.) Again, in the prophecy of Joel, we read, "Tell your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation. That which the palmer-worm hath left hath the locust eaten, and that which the locust hath left hath the canker-worm eaten, and that which the canker-worm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten."

Among the many curses denounced by Moses against the Israelites, in case of disobedience to the commands of God, were grievous diseases of various kinds. "The Lord shall smite thee with consumption, and with fever, and with inflammation, and with an extreme burning." "The Lord shall smite thee in the knees, and in the legs with a sore botch that cannot be healed, from the sole of thy foot unto the top of thy head." "And the Lord will make thy plagues wonderful, and the plagues of thy seed, even great plagues and of long continuance. Moreover he will bring upon thee all the diseases of Egypt, which thou wert afraid of, and they shall cleave unto thee. Also EVERY SICKNESS AND EVERY PLAGUE, which is not written in the book, that is the book of this law, them will the Lord bring upon thee, until thou be destroyed."

The CHOLERA, whence is it, and why has it come? The infidel will answer, it is a matter of chance; the rationalist will ascribe it to nature, and deny that Providence has any thing to do with it; but the believer will acknowledge the hand of God in this sore judgment which is now desolating our land; and he will be disposed to humble himself, and to call the people around him, not to a mere formal observation of a day of fasting, but to sincere and deep repentance. He will acknowledge that for this desolating judgment there must be a cause—a moral cause. God has been provoked by the wickedness of this people, and by the dishonour cast upon his name by men "in high places," by men in authority—by the desecration of his holy day—by the neglect of his holy worship—by the enormous avarice and insatiable ambition of the people—by the lewdness and intemperance, yea, by the bloody murders by which the land has been defiled. And we need not expect the scourge to be withdrawn until real repentance is exercised, and a reformation begun. Or, if the pestilence depart, IT WILL COME AGAIN UNLESS WE REPENT.

A STORY OF HEAVEN.

Before a Lowland cottage,
With climbing roses gay,
I stood one summer's eve to watch
Two children at their play.

All round the garden walks they ran,
Filling the air with glee,
Till they were tired and sat them down
Beneath an old oak-tree.

They were silent for a little space,
And then the boy began:—
"I wonder, sister dear, if I
Shall ever be a man.

I almost think I never shall,
For often in my sleep
I dream that I am dying:
My sister, do not weep.

It is a joyful thing to die;
For though this world is fair,
I see a lovelier in my dreams,
And I fancy I am there.

I fancy I am taken there
As soon as I have died;
And I roam through all the pleasant place,
With an angel by my side.

To that bright world I long to go,
I would not linger here,
But for my gentle mother's sake,
And your's, my sister dear.

And when I read my book to her,
Or when I play with you,
I quite forget that glorious land,
And the blessed angel too.

But oft when I am weary
Of my books and of my play,
Those pleasant dreams come back again,
And steal my heart away.

And I wish that you, sweet sister,
And my mother dear and I,
Could shut our eyes upon this world,
And all together die."

Then spake his fair-haired sister,
In tones serene and low:—
"Oh! if heaven is such a pleasant place,
Dear brother, let us go.

Our mother wept when father died
Till her bright eyes were dim,
And I know she longs to go to heaven,
That she may be with him."

"So let us all together go,"
The thoughtful boy replied;
"Ah! no, we cannot go to heaven,
Until that we have died.

And sister we must be content
Upon this earth to stay,
Till the blessed Saviour Jesus Christ
Shall call our souls away."

Before the next year's roses came,
That gentle call was given,
And the mother and her two sweet babes
Were all of them in heaven.

THEY WERE LEAVING ME!

Of many a young inquirer after salvation it has been asked, "And what has disturbed the sinful peace of your mind?" The reply has been, "I saw my young friends and associates going to Christ and *leaving* me." They could not be *left*.

There is great awakening power in the fact here announced. We wonder not that it penetrates the heart with a loud and startling voice. For:

1st, By *conversion* the Christian *leaves* sinners. He leaves the spot he himself once occupied. He has abandoned the principles which governed him—has given up the pleasures that once captivated him. He renounces the sins that once had dominion over him. And, leaving all these, he leaves all who occupy such ground. He no longer has harmony of spirit with them. He has begun to serve a different master. The parties—once in such communion of character and spirit—are now, in their respective moral tastes and feelings, totally unlike. The sinner is left.

2d, By every step in growth in grace does the Christian leave the sinner. There is a growth in sin as really as in grace. And that process goes on in every impenitent man. He treads, with a firmer step and a stronger will, the path of disobedience. Earth has more and more power, and the great concerns of religion less and less. He is receding farther and farther from all prospects of reconciliation to God, and descending into a state of more fixed and decided alienation from God.

But the young convert is making progress in precisely the opposite direction. He is advancing farther and farther into that goodly land, the spiritual kingdom of God. The flowers become more and more beautiful and fragrant, and the fruits more refreshing and nourishing. Religious principle grows stronger. Remaining sinful corruptions are losing their power. He is receding farther and farther from the kingdom of darkness, and knowing more and more of the power and glory of the kingdom of God. And he is thus leaving farther and farther behind him, all who have not been willing to enter with him into the service of God. And the separation is the more rapid and decisive, because neither saint nor sinner hold the same moral position, but are making progress in opposite directions. The history of each is the history, in moral character, of a greater and greater alienation from each other.

3d, By a most *solemn and decisive act of the divine government* will Christians take their leave of sinners. Though separate, now heaven-wide in their moral tastes and feelings, yet *personal* separation has not yet occurred. "They grow together until the harvest." But at the great separation day, which the judgment will bring, what numbers will use, with terrible anguish, the language of the young inquirer, "My friends are leaving me!" Every Christian friend will leave—must leave. The utter contrast of moral character compels the separation as much as the adorable and awful justice of God.

"My Christian friends are leaving me."

They leave me to what? To the *kind of life I love*—not what I *approve;* for keenly, at times, does my conscience condemn my course—yet to the kind of life I love. I love no higher life. I am being left—not to the kind of life which all holy beings in the universe love—all the pure, and the good, and the happy; but to the kind of life that I, in spite of my own better judgment, love.

They are leaving me to *myself*. They would have me break away from my miserable selfishness, and love the glorious Saviour they love, and interest myself in the infinitely glorious realities of eternity. They have taken that course; but as my soul has no relish for it, they are leaving me to be wrapped up in my own selfishness, and to the dominion of these passions, whose indulgence shuts out all that is good and glorious in the universe.

They are leaving me—to *what companions?* Those who like me have no God,—no sympathy in the employments or enjoyments of the holy universe—those who offer no prayer, and give no praise, who neither love, honour, nor obey the author of all their mercies, who are, therefore, essentially like to God's great enemy, Satan, and who, by that likeness, compel eternal justice to bind them together in the same everlasting doom. And I, unchanged, must go with them.—*Pascal.*

THE QUESTION RETURNED.

[The following anecdote was related in London, at the late anniversary of the London Missionary Society, by Rev. A. Sutton, missionary of the Orissa Mission.]

A friend of mine some time ago was travelling in the wilds of Orissa. As he pursued his way he came in sight of an officer's tent. The officer, seeing he was a European, invited him to dinner. He accepted the invitation, and after the repast the officer said, "Mr Wilkinson, you have come out here to try and convert the Hindus?" "Yes, that is my object," answered my friend. "And a pretty wild-goose chase," rejoined the officer, "you will make of it. You don't know these fellows so well as I do." "Oh, sir, I think I myself know something about them already!" "Ah! but you have not had to deal with them as I have. If you had been accustomed to the command of a company of Sepoys, you would soon find out their duplicity and faithlessness." Mr Wilkinson assured him he had made some converts, whose earnestness and sincerity were beyond all question or suspicion. "Oh!" said the officer, "I should like to examine them." "Your wish can soon be gratified, for here is one of them coming up the avenue. Gunga," continued Mr Wilkinson, addressing the native who entered, "here is a gentleman who wishes to examine you as to your Christianity." "What right has he to examine me?" inquired Gunga; "and does he mean to do so in anger or in ridicule?" "So," said the officer you have turned Christian?" "Yes." "How did you get your living before you turned Christian?" Gunga was astonished. His pride also was hurt. "I am a Brahman," said he, throwing back his robe over his shoulders and exhibiting a mark that attested that fact. He could not conceive how such a question could be asked of him, raising so obvious an appearance to his disparagement. The officer, somewhat abashed, asked how he had felt before he became a Christian, and he replied, "I feel that I myself, like all my countrymen, was in miserable darkness. I longed for the truth, but I could not find it. At length I heard that the light of truth was to be found on the Padre side, and thither I instantly repaired to light my own taper at the source. I found what I sought for, and I carried my candle to the bazars and public places, that I might communicate the same light to others." As he went on, the officer admitted to Mr Wilkinson, that this was indeed something which he had not expected to hear. A tear stood in his eye as he spoke. He had found in a Hindu a true believer; and he was preparing to retire, to indulge in his own meditations, when

Gunga said, "I should like now to examine *you*. Are *you* a Christian? Are you *indeed* a Christian?" This was an arrow to the officer's heart, and this question, asked in Christian simplicity, became the means of his conversion.

FOR MINISTERS.

FLIGHTS OF RHETORIC.

So far as I ever observed God's dealings with my soul, the flights of preachers sometimes entertained me; but it was Scripture expressions which did penetrate my heart, and that in a way peculiar to themselves.—*J. Brown, of Haddington.*

Do not preach so much to please as to profit. Choose rather to discover men's sins, than to show your own eloquence. That is the best looking-glass, not which is most gilded, but which shows the truest face.—*Thomas Watson.*

"Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth. And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God."

NOT DOING ANY GOOD.

You say you do no good by preaching. This is talking weakly; I had almost used a harder word. Should you not be chided for it?—*Orton.*

"Why do you leave off preaching?" said Latimer to one. "Because I do no good," was the reply. "That, brother," said the bishop, "is a naughty, very naughty reason."

"My word shall not return unto me void," saith the Lord, "but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it."

It may be demanded, What must be done, when the labours of our calling are in vain? *Answer:* We must follow the command and calling of God, whether we have good success or no, and whatever comes of it. Though Paul feared his labour was in vain, yet still he laboured. Thus to do, whatever follows, is true wisdom, and the fear of God.—*William Perkins.*

"We are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish."

While I oversee the Church, Christ oversees me.—*Polycarp.*

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

I would rather serve Christ for nothing, than gain all the kingdoms of the world as the fruit of any sin, idleness not excepted.—*Anon.*

"If the iron be blunt, then must he put to the more strength."

A quiet application to those duties which are immediately necessary, though neither easy nor honourable, is of much more value than a long train of activity and zeal in a sphere of action sweetened by applause.—*Old Author.*

If one won't, another will.—*Matthew Henry.*

God, and eternity, and the Bible, are with you, and what though the men of the world be against you?—*Chalmers.*

A minister has no ground to hope for fruit from his exertions, until in himself he has no hope—until he has learnt to put no faith in the point and energy of sentences—until he feel that a man may be mighty to compel the attention, and mighty to regale the imagination, and mighty to silence the gainsayers, and yet not mighty to the pulling down of strongholds.—*Ib.*

I would not go out of my way to distrust God's faithfulness; but neither will I go out of the way to put his faithfulness to the trial.—*Ib.*

AGED MINISTERS.

Like Samson in his old age, I continually forget that I am not what I once was. But when I take hold of the strength of God, I wonder at results.—*Anon.*

O Lord! help an old man.—*Thomas.*

AN INDIAN'S GIFT TO CHRIST.

In a portion of the Southern territory from which the red man has now been driven, I once attended a protracted meeting held in the wild forest. The theme on which the preacher dwelt, and which he illustrated with surpassing beauty and grandeur, was "Christ and him crucified." He spoke of the good Shepherd who came into the world to seek and to save the lost. He told how this Saviour met the rude buffetings of the heartless soldiers. He drew a picture of Gethsemane and the unbefriended stranger who wept there. He pointed to Him as he hung bleeding upon the cross.

The congregation wept. Soon there was a slight movement in the assembly, and a tall son of the forest, with tears on his red cheeks, approached the pulpit and said, "Did Jesus die for me—die for poor Indian? Me have no lands to give to Jesus, the white man take them away; me give him my dog and my rifle." The minister told him Jesus could not accept those gifts. "Me give Jesus my dog, my rifle, and my blanket; poor Indian, he got no more to give—he give Jesus all." The minister replied that Christ could not accept them. The poor, ignorant, but generous child of the forest bent his head in sorrow and meditated. He raised his noble brow once more, and fixed his eye on the preacher, while he sobbed out, "*Here is poor Indian, will Jesus have him?*" A thrill of unutterable joy ran through the souls of minister and people, as this fierce son of the wilderness now sat, in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus. The Spirit had done his work, and he who had been so poor received the earnest of the inheritance.

Fragments.

Look rather to God's end in afflicting than at the measure and degree of thy afflictions.

Seek the Lord and his face continually; let this be the business of your life and strength; and let all things be subservient and in order to this. You cannot find nor behold the face of God but in Christ; therefore labour to know God in Christ—which the Scripture makes the sum of all, even life eternal.—*Cromwell.*

The promises are our legacies bequeathed to us in the will of our Father, and we are to claim them as we stand in need of any of them.—*Alleine.*

That course of life which is entered upon without principle, and conducted without a plan, cannot but be unproductive of either virtue, happiness, or honour.—*Olin.*

This great mart, the world, is full of distracted men, hurrying from place to place, to barter their souls for less, *far* less than nothing.—*Griffin.*

A false hope, fortified by a false profession, is the most effectual battery against the artillery of the gospel.—*Ib.*

THE RELIGION OF WORKS.

A RELIGION whose leading idea is to atone for the sins of the soul by the sufferings of the body is as old as human nature. There are two degrees of it. The highest degree is where the religionists devote themselves to a life of entire solitude and seclusion, and make penance, under various forms of self-denial and suffering, the constant rule of life. These are the saints. The second degree is that which is adapted to human life in general. Here the pursuits of men, whether of business or pleasure, are not laid aside; but only certain seasons are devoted to works of penance. Here the world and sin have one portion of life; and then hours and days of suffering, gifts to religious houses and institutions, self-humiliation, the observance of religious rites, and pilgrimages, settle the soul's account with heaven. The invention of a purgatory in another world enables the religionist to complete there the amount of suffering which he may have failed to pay here.

There is no trace of this religion to be found in the Bible. It is the religion neither of the Old nor of the New Testament. The Old Testament announces the Divine law, and in all its teachings, its examples, its moral influences, holds up the worship of the true God in spirit and in truth, and tends to form a character of truth and integrity. There was no asceticism, no penance, no reverence of saints and relics, no pilgrimages, among the Jews. Says the prophet Micah, "He hath shown thee, O man! what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to love mercy, to do justly, and to walk humbly with thy God?" This is the spirit of the religion of the Old Testament. The religious ceremonies of the Jews were impressive and rational. Repentance, humiliation, and prayer, and trust in God, were inculcated. The sacrifices were joyful feasts, and solemn types of a prospective atonement. But nowhere are religious observances, bodily sufferings, or any mere works of asceticism and devotion held up as making expiation for the sins of the soul. On the contrary, the Old Testament is full of passages reprobating any substitution of outward ceremonies for spiritual affections. Samuel tells Saul that the Lord prefers obedience to sacrifice. David affirms that the sacrifices acceptable to God are a broken spirit and a contrite heart. Isaiah represents a true fast to be not merely bowing down the head as a bulrush, but to unbind the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and to feed the hungry.

The Old Testament was introductory to the New. Here the law of God, a spiritual worship, truth and righteousness, come forth in brighter effulgence. The ceremonial and the sacrifices are now laid aside, because their end is answered, and the great sacrifice of the Messiah abrogates all typical sacrifices. Jesus Christ was no ascetic. He ate, drank, and lived as other men, so that he was reproached as a "gluttonous man, a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." His apostles were no ascetics. They adopted no peculiar costume, manners, or mode of life. The whole effort of Christ and his apostles was to inculcate and exemplify a life of faith, benevolence, and holiness. To reconcile man to God, to make man a good and happy being, was the end of their labours. Hence the religion of the Bible is a most cheerful and happy religion. It calls for repentance, and not penance—for faith, and not ceremonial observances—for works of love, and not works of bodily mortification.

The question respecting faith and works is perfectly clear in the gospel. The works that justify in the ascetic sense are works of penance and ceremony—mere ritual works. The faith which justifies in the gospel sense is a trust which binds the soul to Christ and God in supreme love and obedience, and leads to all the graces of a holy character, and all the works of a benevolent and upright life. There is nothing which the gospel requires us to lay aside but sin, and this it enables us to do by the power of the Holy Spirit. But in delivering us from sin, it delivers us from guilt, fear, and misery, and makes us completely happy. Asceticism says, "Be miserable on earth and in purgatory, that you may be happy in heaven." The gospel says, "Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It bids us receive the love and spirit of heaven at once into our souls, and thus to begin our heaven upon earth.

Asceticism and penance set aside the law of God, and create an entirely new class of sins. Certain rules are laid down by the church, so called; to observe these rules is religion—to violate them is sin. Hence it is undeniable that the miserable subjects of Romish superstition, will be guilty of a violation of God's law with less compunction than a violation of the rules of the church. To eat flesh on Friday, for example, is viewed with greater horror than falsehood and theft.

The Word of God is thus made to give place to the church. The conscience becomes utterly enslaved. The miserable devotees are held in the gloomy bondage of fear. The church has the keys of heaven. The priest absolves. No tyranny can be more complete and terrible. It is so among the Hindus. It is so among the subjects of Rome. It is so wherever we find it. If we find it lurking in our own bosoms, impelling us to an arbitrary "will-worship," to a reliance upon any thing else beside Jesus Christ and him crucified, it will be within us an element of darkness, fear, and distrust.

The first great truth of religion is, that "God is love." And beside it stands, that "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." The great and benign Creator who fills the heavens with light, and covers the earth with beauty and plenty, who hath made us with our high and glorious capacities, calls upon us to become his trustful and obedient children, and to be happy to the full extent of our powers. There is no asceticism, no penance, no darkness, no bondage, no gloom and fear, in pure religion. Religion is all freedom, rationality, light, consolation, trust, hope, and joy. Through Jesus Christ, it delivers us from the guilt and power of sin. Through Jesus Christ, and by the grace of the Holy Spirit, it recreates us after the image of God in righteousness and true holiness. Through Jesus Christ, it recreates us to God, and makes us the children of the Most High. Through Jesus, it gives us power over death, and brings life and immortality to light. It demands of us to deny ourselves nothing but sin, our greatest evil. It demands of us no duty but what our own reason and conscience commend. It asks of us no martyrdom but that of the noblest nature—a martyrdom to truth, uprightness, and benevolence. Christianity is the best friend of man, bringing him freedom, light, and peace. It would seem that it needs only to be understood to be joyfully embraced.

PAUL'S ALLEGED DISCLAIMING OF INSPIRATION.

BY THE REV. DR WARDLAW.

The expressions in which the apostle Paul has been thought to disclaim inspiration on the particular point of which he is at the time treating, occur chiefly in the seventh chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians. I propose briefly to examine them.

The first remark that naturally occurs to the mind with regard to the sentiment in question, is, that it is quite *unaccountable;* and that therefore it is *à priori* very *improbable*. The general inspiration of Paul is frequently affirmed by himself (1 Cor. ii. 12, 16; xiv. 37); and it is asserted by Peter, when he classes Paul's writings with "*the other Scriptures*"—(2 Peter iii. 15. 16). This inspiration was a fulfilment of the promise made to the apostles by their Master—"When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into *all truth*," &c.—(John xvi. 13). Indeed, the inspiration of Paul cannot be denied by any who believe the New Testament to be the word of God.

How strange, then, the supposition, that in giving directions to the people of God, this inspiration, on his arriving at the subject treated of in 1 Cor. vii., should have been all at once withdrawn! nay, withdrawn and restored, and withdrawn and restored again—alternately coming and going, on the same subject, within the compass of a single chapter! Or, again, that the apostle should not himself have been sure whether he was writing by inspiration or not!—as some of his expressions might, to a superficial reader, seem to indicate.

This improbability, great in itself, is strengthened by the consideration, that the apostle is writing on subjects respecting which *special inquiry had been made at him, as an apostle of Christ, by a Christian Church.* This being the case, surely the gracious Head of the Church would not leave them without an answer *from himself*—would not leave them ignorant of *his own will*—when it was this they were desirous to know from his apostle, that they might conform their conduct to it. Are the matters treated of in this chapter of so trivial a nature as to be unworthy of being settled by inspiration? Far from it. They are matters of *very high importance;* certainly of far superior moment to many other things (relative, for instance, to external order) for which the Holy Spirit has given minute directions.

Besides, on the supposition of Paul's disclaiming inspiration in the expressions in question, it is impossible to fix to what extent, in the context, these expressions, when so understood, are to be considered as applying—what we are to deem the will of Christ, and what the mere opinion of a fellow man.

Let us examine a little the expressions themselves, and try their real import.

Verse 6: "But I speak this by permission, not of commandment."

The obvious meaning of this is, not that he spoke what he refers to as a thing he was *permitted* to say, but not *commanded* to say—for this, in fact, would amount to nothing. Because *permission* to say any thing, either of doctrine or precept, necessarily supposes *that which is* said to be *the mind of the Lord*, or *of the Spirit;* he could not be *permitted* to say what was contrary to that mind. The meaning is, that what he said was matter of *permission, as to the persons whom he addressed*, and not of *command*, or *positive injunction*. "I say this *in the way of permission*, not of *commandment*."—(Compare, for an expression of the same description, 2 Cor. viii. 8.) He refers to the general subject, as stated in verse 1: "It is good for a man not to marry;" and informs them, that he had *no positive command* to give them on this matter, either to marry or to remain single; but a *permission* to do the one or the other, according to personal and relative circumstances.

Verse 10: "And unto the unmarried, I command, *yet not I, but the Lord*, Let not the wife depart from her husband;" compared with verse 12, "But to the rest *speak I, not the Lord;* If any brother hath a wife that believeth not, and she be pleased to dwell with him, let him not put her away," &c.

The *commands* of Christ and his apostles are in one view, and that the most important, *the same.*—(Luke x. 16; 1 John iv. 6; 1 Thess. iv. 8; 1 Cor. xiv. 37). Yet there is a distinction between sayings delivered by Jesus himself personally when he was upon earth, and sayings delivered in his name by his apostles. Paul enjoins the elders of the Church at Ephesus (Acts xx. 35), to "remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." This, delivered as a truth by the Spirit through Paul, would have had the same authority as it derived from having been uttered by Christ himself in person. Yet the circumstance of its having been so uttered is evidently introduced with the intention of giving it additional persuasive influence.

This seems to be the distinction in the passage under consideration:—"I command,—yet not I only, though an inspired apostle,—but the Lord himself gives commandment as to this."—(See Matt. v. 32, and Luke xvi. 18). It is a pretty strong confirmation of this view, that in the case mentioned in verse 10, it is the fact that a command actually *was* given by Jesus personally; whereas, in the case stated in verse 12, there was *none.* Besides, as was already hinted, how can we suppose that in a matter confessedly of great moment, which had perplexed and agitated the minds of the believers at Corinth, they should be left with nothing more than the private opinion and advice of an individual, which they might or might not adopt, just as they saw reason to concur with, or to differ from him, in judgment. This could not settle their minds or fix their practice. We must surely consider him as speaking in the character of one who "*had the Spirit of Christ*" (chap. ii. 16), and as delivering a precept *in addition* to what *the Lord* had himself enjoined when on earth. And accordingly, it is *in continuation of the same subject*, that he uses the *authoritative language* of verse 17: "*so ordain I, in all churches*"—language peculiarly *apostolical*, evidently the language of one *having authority*—the authority of his Divine Master.

Verse 25: "Now concerning virgins *I have no commandment of the Lord: yet I give my judgment*, as one that hath obtained mercy of the Lord to be *faithful.*"

"I have no commandment of the Lord." He does not mean that he had received no commandment from the Lord to enjoin upon them; but that this was a case in which, as in the one before mentioned, there was no commandment of the Lord on record. I think the language in the latter part of the verse strongly corroborates this view: "I give my judgment, as one that hath obtained mercy of the Lord to be *faithful.*" *Faithfulness* has reference to a trust or commission.—(Compare 1 Cor. iv. 1, 2; Acts xx. 27.) On the present occasion he gives a *judgment*, or *sentence*, as one who had obtained mercy to be *faithful*—that is, to his apostolic commission; the nature of which faithfulness is described in one of the passages just referred to, as consisting in "not shunning to declare the whole counsel of God." The very mention of *faithfulness*, and not of wisdom, experience, prudence, or sagacity, appears to show that what he does deliver, he delivers *in his apostolic capacity.*

Verse 26. "I *suppose*, therefore, that this is good for the present distress," &c.

The word rendered "*I suppose*," has for its primary signification, *I establish by law, I enact.* Its more extended signification is, *I judge, I reckon, I account*, &c. &c. It does not imply the *uncertainty* which we attach to our word *suppose.* It expresses here *decided judgment*, the judgment of an apostle, of *one* who "had the mind of Christ."

Verse 40: "But she is happier if she so abide, *after my judgment: and I think also that I have the Spirit of God.*"

The observations made on verse 25, apply to the former part of this verse. The latter part, so far from being favourable to the opinion, that Paul in this chapter disclaims inspiration, is, in my mind, most decisive against it.

1. We surely must not for a moment suppose, that the apostle did not know, or was not sure, whether he was inspired or not. This was a matter which could not possibly be doubtful. Such a supposition is pregnant with absurdity in itself, and leads to the fatal consequence of completely and universally unsettling our confidence in inspiration. If these writers could be uncertain of their inspiration at one time, they might be mistaken in deeming themselves inspired at another; so that no evidence of their general inspiration could ever give us the assurance of its universality, even in what they themselves thought to be of Divine authority, or impart full confidence to our minds as to any thing at all which they have delivered.

2. Besides—for what end does the apostle introduce this at all? When he says—"*And I think also that I have the Spirit of God,*" he surely intended to give *authority* and *weight* to what he had been saying. If it has not *this* meaning, it will be difficult to say what it means. If, therefore, we believe that Paul *really had* the Spirit of God at all, we must conclude that the judgment which he here pronounces is the judgment of the Spirit. For it would obviously have been nothing to his purpose, to introduce his "having the Spirit of God" on *other* subjects, if it had indeed been the case that he was giving only his private, uninspired, unauthoritative opinion on *this.* The very circumstance, then, of his thus referring at all to his inspiration, clearly shows, that it was more than his mere personal opinion and advice that he intended to express.

3. The verb translated, "*I think,*" does not, by any means, of itself imply suspicion or doubt—but as naturally means *thinking with confidence—conviction, knowledge.* (Compare John v. 39.)

4. The language of the apostle is a gentle, modest way of expressing a fact, of which he was fully confident. And in this view, it is worthy of remark, it derives peculiar beauty from the circumstance of his apostolic inspiration having been called in question at Corinth by the false teachers and their adherents. It is as if he had said: "Whatever some may say or may insinuate, *I think* I have the Spirit of God: *I think* I surely gave you sufficient evidence of this—did I not? Have you any reason to refuse my authority? I tender to you these directions *in love:* and *I think*, from 'the signs of an apostle which were wrought amongst you,' I may also consider myself as authorized to '*enjoin* upon you that which is convenient.'"

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF AN AFRICAN.

BY THE REV. J. WILSON, MISSIONARY AT GABOON.

TANWIAH is a native of Cavally, near Cape Palmas; and was educated by the Episcopal missionaries at that place. He was thoroughly instructed in the principles of Christianity, and became, no doubt, the subject of many earnest prayers. He had scarcely completed his education, however, when he contracted a strong disgust for religion, and he determined to escape from the influence of his teachers, by embarking on board an English trading vessel in the character of an ordinary labourer.

While in this situation, he frequently entertained the sailors and others by dressing himself in a large pea-jacket, and imitating the preachers of the gospel whom he had been accustomed to hear. On one of these occasions, he was very much chagrined by a remark of one of the crew, to the effect, that what he had said, though uttered in sport, was nevertheless true. It drew from him some very contemptuous expressions upon the subject of the Christian religion, and also in relation to those who taught it; and at the same time he avowed his fixed belief in the doctrines of atheism.

Soon after this occurrence, he was transferred to a French trading vessel, among the crew of which he found himself in an element just suited to his own feelings. On one Sabbath, however, when all hands were employed in ship work, he received a severe contusion by the falling of a heavy piece of iron, and was taken to the hospital. Here he was left to reflection; and for a time he was almost overwhelmed by his fear of death; and the only relief he could obtain was in the hope of speedy annihilation. "Why should I fear to die?" said he to himself. "If death comes, I die. This body will waste away and return to dust; and this will be the end of me." Such reflections quieted his apprehensions in some measure, but they did not unburden his mind.

He was brought to the Gaboon, where he engaged in the service of the French on shore. Here he found several other young men who had received a religious education at Cape Palmas, and they agreed among themselves that, as they had come here to obtain money, they would have no more to do with the principles in which they had been educated, but would conform, in all respects, to the wishes and practices of those in whose service they had entered. Here they drank, used profane language, and desecrated the Sabbath, as if they were taking revenge upon the gospel for the restraints which it had formerly imposed.

On one Sabbath, as they were out on a shooting excursion, when it was Tanwiah's turn to fire, he was so much oppressed with the fear that the gun would burst in his hands and kill him, that he had scarcely strength to discharge it. And, after the party had returned home, one of them took up a Testament, the only one they had among them, and began to read. This greatly annoyed Tanwiah, and he took away the Testament and hid it. At the same time he reproached the other for introducing a subject which they had agreed to put aside altogether. But this book frequently met the eye of Tanwiah afterwards, but never, however, according to his own representations, without occasioning annoyance. Indeed, he hated the very sight of it; still, though he several times thought of destroying it, he never had the hardihood to do so.

The death of one of his associates soon after, made him feel very serious. He could not help imagining himself in the place of the dead; and, as he assisted in carrying the corpse to the burying-ground, he confessed that he felt a degree of anguish that was almost insupportable. He went home, took up the despised Testament, read a chapter in it, kneeled down, and prayed earnestly for forgiveness; all of which, however, only seemed to increase his trouble.

While he was in this state of mind, but without avowing it, he came up to Baraka, and was invited into the study of one of the missionaries. He was reminded of the instructions he had received, the anxiety he must have caused his teachers, the wickedness of the life he was then living; and he was exhorted to give his heart to the Saviour. This proved a word in season. For a time he hesitated, thinking it utterly impossible to become a Christian in the circumstances in which he was placed; and it was perfectly natural that he should have had these difficulties; for there was scarcely another spot in the world, humanly speaking, more unfavourable for the development of Christian character.

But even here God gave him peace of mind, and enabled him to rejoice with joy unspeakable. He came forth from the ordeal with clear views of Christian doctrine, and with a heart overflowing with love to his Saviour; and he endeavoured to effect, with the genuine earnestness of a young convert, the conversion of all around him. He refused to work again on the Sabbath; and he could not hear profaneness or look upon intemperance without reproving them—and he never failed to warn those with whom he had intercourse, of a coming judgment.

From this time forward he was an enigma to those who were about him. They knew something of the history of Christianity; and most of them were nominal professors of that religion; but it was the first time they had ever seen the real spirit and power of Christianity. This had now sprung up among them from an unknown source. It had appeared, moreover, in the most unlikely of all subjects; but it confronted them with a power and consistency which they could nor gainsay or resist.

Tanwiah would have been discharged or punished forthwith; but his services were too valuable for the former, and his earnest, dignified honesty saved him from the latter. A measure of indulgence was shown to him, therefore, that could not and would not have been granted to any other person in the establishment.

When the term of his service expired, not finding himself in an atmosphere favourable to the improvement of his piety, he made application to be discharged. He found, however, that a conspiracy had been formed to detain him. He told the officer who had made this compact, in a frank but respectable manner, that he had not power to detain him. The officer tauntingly inquired how he would escape, as the whole country was under his surveillance; and if he ran away, he would certainly be brought back and punished. Tanwiah calmly replied, that he had no schemes of his own; that his confidence was in God, who, he knew, would release him. That night he pleaded earnestly for the interposition of his heavenly Father; and he went to his bed feeling perfectly satisfied that his prayer had been heard. The next morning he went to the commander of the station, made known his wishes, and received a written discharge.

He is now a member of our Church, and exhibits the excellency of the gospel in his daily walk. Indeed, I do not know that I have ever seen a more striking illustration of the power of divine grace. He is warm in his expressions of gratitude to God for sending missionaries to his country. His influence is not only felt in our own mission, but it pervades the entire community around us; and we cannot but hope that God intends to make him the instrument of great good to his countrymen. And it should be the prayer of every friend of the Redeemer, that he would greatly multiply, not only the number of such as shall be saved, but the number of such as shall promise to be as extensively useful as Tanwiah in Africa.

GOD'S COMMAND, AND NOT MAN'S ABILITY, THE STANDARD OF DUTY.

BY THOMAS BOSTON.

Objection 1. If we be under an utter inability to do any good, how can God require us to do it? *Answer.*—God making man upright (Eccl. vii. 29), gave him a power to do every thing that he should require of him: this power man lost by his own fault. We were bound to serve God, and do whatever he commanded us, as being his creatures; and also, we were under the superadded tie of a covenant for that purpose. Now, we having, by our own fault, disabled ourselves, shall God lose his right of requiring our task, because we have thrown away the strength he gave us whereby to perform it? Has the creditor no right to require payment of his money, because the debtor has squandered it away, and is not able to pay him? Truly, if God can require no more of us than we are able to do, we need no more to save us from wrath but to make ourselves unable for every duty, and to incapacitate ourselves for serving God any manner of way, as profane men frequently do: and so the deeper a man is plunged in sin, he will be the more secure from wrath; for where God can require no duty of us, we do not sin in omitting it; and where there is no sin, there can be no wrath. But moreover, the unrenewed man is daily throwing away the very remains of natural abilities, that rational light and strength which are to be found amongst the ruins of mankind. Nay, farther, he will not believe his own utter inability to help himself; so that out of his own mouth he must be condemned. Even those who make their natural impotency too good a covert to their sloth, do, with others, delay the work of turning to God from time to time, and under convictions make large promises of reformation, which afterwards they never regard, and delay their repentance to a death-bed, as if they could help themselves in a moment; which shows them to be far from a due sense of their natural inability, whatever they pretend.

Now, if God can require of men the duty they are not able to do, he can in justice punish them for their not doing it, notwithstanding their inability. If he has power to exact the debt of obedience, he has also power to cast the insolvent debtor into prison for his not paying it. Further, though unregenerate men have no gracious abilities, yet they want not natural abilities, which, nevertheless, they will not improve. There are many things they can do, which they do not—they will not do them; and therefore their damnation will be just. Nay, all their inability to do good is voluntary; they will not come to Christ (John v. 40). They will not repent, they will die (Ezek. xviii. 31). So they will be justly condemned, because they will neither turn to God nor come to Christ, but love their chains better than their liberty, and darkness rather than light (John iii. 19).

Objection 2. Why do you then preach Christ to us—call us to come to him, to believe, repent, and use the means of salvation? *Answer.*—Because it is your duty so to do. It is your duty to accept of Christ, as he is offered in the gospel; to repent of your sins, and to be holy in all manner of conversation: these things are commanded you of God; and his command, not your ability, is the measure of your duty. Moreover, these calls and exhortations are the means that God is pleased to make use of for converting his elect, and working grace in their hearts: to them, "faith cometh by hearing" (Rom. x. 17), while they are as unable to help themselves as the rest of mankind are. Upon very good grounds may we at the command of God, who raiseth the dead, go to their graves, and cry in his name, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—(Eph. v. 14.) And seeing the elect are not to be known and distinguished from others before conversion; as the sun shines on the blind man's face, and the rain falls on the rocks as well as on the fruitful plains; so we preach Christ to all, and shoot the arrow at a venture, which God himself directs as he sees fit. Moreover, these calls and exhortations are not altogether in vain, even to those who are not converted by them. Such persons may be convinced, though they be not converted: although they be not sanctified by these means, yet they may be restrained by them from running into that excess of wickedness which otherwise they would arrive at. The means of grace serve, as it were, to embalm many dead souls which are never quickened by them: though they do not restore them to life, yet they keep them from putrifying, as otherwise they would do. Finally, though you cannot recover yourselves, nor take hold of the saving help offered to you in the gospel, yet, even by the power of nature, you may use the outward and ordinary means, whereby Christ communicates the benefits of redemption to ruined sinners, who are utterly unable to recover themselves out of the state of sin and wrath. You may and can, if you please, do many things that would set you in a fair way for help from the Lord Jesus Christ. You may go so far on as not to be far from the kingdom of God, as the discreet scribe had done (Matt. xii. 34), though, it should seem, he was destitute of supernatural abilities. Though you cannot cure yourselves, yet you may come to the pool where many such diseased persons as you are have been cured; though you have none to put you into it, yet you may lie at the side of it: "who knows but the Lord may return, and leave a blessing behind him?" as in the case of the impotent man, recorded in John v. 5–8. I hope Satan does not chain you to your houses, nor stake you down in your fields, on the Lord's day; but you are at liberty, and can wait at the posts of wisdom's doors, if you will. When you come thither, he does not beat drums at your ears, that you cannot hear what is said; there is no force upon you, obliging you to apply all you hear to others; you may apply to yourselves what belongs to your state and condition. When you go home, you are not fettered in your houses, where perhaps no religious discourse is to be heard; but you may retire to some separate place, where you can meditate, and exercise your consciences with suitable questions upon what you have heard. You are not possessed with a dumb devil, that you cannot get your mouths opened in prayer to God. You are not so driven out of your beds to your worldly business, and from your worldly business to your beds again, but you might, if you would, make some prayer to God upon the case of your perishing souls. You may examine yourselves as to the state of your souls in a solemn manner, as in the presence of God; you may discern that you have no grace, and that you are lost and undone without it; and you may cry unto God for it. These things are within the compass of natural abilities, and may be practised where there is no grace. It must aggravate your guilt, that you will not be at so much pains about the state and case of your precious souls. If you do not what you can, you will be condemned, not only for your want of grace, but for your despising it.

Objection 3. But all this is needless, seeing we are utterly unable to help ourselves out of the state of sin and wrath. *Answer.*—Give not place to that delusion which puts asunder what God hath joined, namely, the use of means, and a sense of our own impotency. If ever the Spirit of God graciously influence your souls, you will become thoroughly sensible of your absolute inability, and yet enter upon a vigorous use of means. You will do for yourselves, as if you were to do all; and yet overlook all you do, as if you had done nothing. Will you do nothing for yourselves because you cannot do all? Lay down no such impious conclusion against your own souls. Do what you can; and it may be, while you are doing what you can for yourselves, God will do for you what you cannot. "Understandest thou what thou readest?" said Philip to the eunuch: "How can I," said he, "except some man should guide me?"—(Acts viii. 30, 31). He could not understand the Scripture he read; yet he could read it: he did what he could, he read; and while he was reading, God sent him an interpreter. The Israelites were in a great strait at the Red Sea; and how could they help themselves, when on the one hand were mountains, and on the other the enemy in pursuit; when Pharaoh and his host were behind them, and the Red Sea before them? What could they do?—"Speak unto the children of Israel," saith the Lord to Moses, "that they go forward."—(Exod. xiv. 15). For what end should they go forward? Can they make a passage to themselves through the sea? No; but let them go forward, saith the Lord: through they cannot turn the sea to dry land, yet they can go forward to the shore. So they did; and when they did what they could, God did for them what they could not do.

Question. Has God promised to convert and save those who, in the use of means, do what they can towards their own relief? *Answer.*—We may not speak wickedly for God: natural men being strangers to the covenant of promise (Eph. ii. 12), have no such promise made to them. Nevertheless they do not act rationally, unless they exert the powers they have, and do what they can. For, 1. It is possible this course may succeed with them. If you do what you can, it may be, God will do for you what you cannot do for yourselves. This is sufficient to determine a man in a matter of the utmost importance, such as this is (Acts viii. 22), "Pray God, if perhaps the thought of thy heart may be forgiven thee." (Joel ii. 14), "Who knoweth if he will return?" If success may be, the trial should be. If, in a wreck at sea, all the sailors and passengers betake themselves each to a broken board for safety, and one of them should see all the rest perish, notwithstanding their utmost endeavour to save themselves; yet the very possibility of escaping by that means would determine that one still to do his best with his board. Why then do not you reason with yourselves as the four lepers did, who sat at the gate of Samaria? (2 Kings vii. 3, 4). Why do you not say, "If we sit still," not doing what we can, "we die;" let us put it to a trial; if we be saved, "we shall live;" if not, "we shall but die?" 2. It is probable this course may succeed. God is good and merciful—he loves to surprise men with his grace, and is often "found of them that sought him not."—(Isaiah lxv. 1). If you do this, you are so far in the road of your duty; and you are using the means which the Lord is wont to bless for men's spiritual recovery; you lay yourselves in the way of the great Physician; and so it is probable you may be healed. Lydia went, with others, to the place "where prayer was wont to be made;" and "the Lord opened her heart."—(Acts xvi. 13, 14). You plough and sow, though nobody can tell you for certain that you will get so much as your seed again: you use means for the recovery of your health, though you are not sure they will succeed. In these cases probability determines you; and why not in this also? Importunity, we see, does very much with men: therefore pray, meditate, desire help of God; be much at the throne of grace, supplicating for grace, and do not faint. Though God regard you not, who in your present state are but one mass of sin, universally depraved, and vitiated in all the powers of your soul, yet he may regard prayer, meditation, and the like means of his own appointment, and he may bless them to you. Wherefore, if you will not do what you can, you are not only dead, but you declare yourselves unworthy of eternal life.

THE RIVER'S VOICE.

BY THE LATE MRS JAMES GRAY.

Summer's sunbeam brightly dart
    Where the silver waters quiver;
Find a voice, O happy heart!
    In the whisper of that river:
Speaks it not of love like thine,
Of all hues and flowers divine?

Loud the rapid rivers roll,
    Winds the bending oak-trees shiver;
Find a voice, impassion'd soul,
    In the roar of that wild river:
Speaks it not of storms that be
Madly sweeping over thee?

Icy chains the waters bind,
    None the pris'ners may deliver;
Hear a voice, O lonely mind!
    Even in that silent river:
Speaks it not of fair hopes lost,
Chain'd in hapless sorrow's frost?

Spring again the currents melt,
    Sounding praise unto the Giver;
Mourner, be His glory felt,
    Like the sunbeam on that river:
Let the loosen'd torrents raise
Sounds once more of thankful praise.

LADY COLQUHOUN.

[A MEMOIR of this excellent Christian lady has just appeared from the pen of the Rev. Dr Hamilton of London. It is a most attractive volume—the character portrayed being a singularly amiable one, and every page being stamped with the power and genius of the gifted biographer. We shall be glad if the following extracts—a few among the many similar passages in which the volume abounds—induce any of our readers to procure and peruse the work for themselves.]

I. HER CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Having stated that her father was Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, and that her mother died while she was a child, the narrative proceeds:—

Along with the memory of her feminine graces and endearing gentleness, Mrs Sinclair left her representatives in two little girls, almost too young to miss her, but still so like her, that, in the daughters, there was a promise that the mother would appear again. Hannah, the oldest, was five years of age, and Janet, of whom we are now to write, was only four. She was born in London on the 17th of April 1781, and during her infancy her parents resided at Westminster and Whitehall.

The first home of these motherless children was their ancestral seat, Thurso Castle. That stormy mansion looked more like a nursery for a lord of the isles, or like, what it was at first, the ocean-nest of the amphibious Caithness earls, than a retreat for tender orphans, cradled beneath a southern sun. But in that grim old castle the Orphans' Guardian had provided for them all but a mother's care. Not only was it the frequent resort of their fond surviving parent, but it was the permanent abode of their paternal grandmother, a Scottish gentlewoman of the olden school, shrewd, energetic, notable, proud of her ancient lineage, and, as became the descendant of that venerable peer who first affixed his tremulous autograph to Scotland's Covenant, a firm adherent to the Presbyterian polity; one who looked well to the ways of her household, and indited hortatory epistles to youthful clergymen; but also one who, amidst all the strictness of a manager, and all the stateliness of a high-born dame, carried about that constitutional kindliness, and those profound affections, which—like a deep well, fenced with rustic masonry—the old mothers of Scotland sometimes hid within a dry or stoic manner. Lady Janet now lived for the daughters of her son, and though perhaps imperfectly acquainted with the distinguishing truths of the gospel, it was her anxiety to bring up her youthful charge religiously. She constantly took them to the parish church, and then examined them on the sermons they had heard, and required them every Sabbath to repeat to her a psalm and the Shorter Catechism. At the castle also resided their father's sister, a kind lady, who, throughout her long life, never ceased to be much loved by her nieces. And there, too, sojourned a judicious and affectionate servant—the English nurse, Morris—to whose warm-hearted counsels and simple Bible lessons her youthful charge were at that period more indebted than to any human influence. Herself a guileless and God-fearing Christian, this faithful attendant imbued the minds of her young mistresses with much of her own truthfulness and reverence for sacred things. One Sabbath Miss Jessie came in with a lapful of live shellfish, which she had gathered on the shore at a great distance from the castle. "I think, my dear," said Morris, "you should not have gathered them on the Sabbath-day; you had better put them again where you got them." Miss Jessie disappeared, and was late of returning. She had scrambled back the whole way along that rocky coast, till she came as nearly as she could judge to the spot where she had found the periwinkles, and then put them carefully back again. To her latest day she retained the simplicity and ingenuousness, as well as the respect for the Sabbath, which she learned thus early; and to *her* latest day Nurse Morris experienced the gratitude of the Misses Sinclair, who provided her with an ample annuity, and were careful that in health, as in sickness, she should want no comfort which money could procure.

From Thurso Castle it was a grand sight to view the Pentland Firth in its winter's fury; and the sisters often viewed it. On the short December days—in Caithness extremely short—they would stand and watch as one long wave after another swung home, and exploded beneath them; till at last some monster billow, with skirmishers streaming before him, rolled up to the charge, and, as he burst on the basement, the windows were washed with brine, and the old tower shook like a lighthouse. To gaze on that stormy ocean, and listen to its noisy anthem, were great lessons; and even in these our days of infant training it might be well if more provision were made for such bookless education, and the young mind were permitted to commune more freely with nature in her wild and gentle moods. The subject of this memoir often reverted to the solemn and awe-struck emotions with which she used to survey the many waves of that mighty sea. To her it lived. In its gambols it was a familiar and a playfellow; in its turmoil it was a preacher of Jehovah's majesty; and, when formal instructions had nearly faded from remembrance, she was still conscious of lofty thoughts, and grave impressions, derived from this august but kindly tutor.

From Thurso Castle Lady Janet brought her granddaughters to Edinburgh. There, for three years, they dwelt in the ancient Canongate, whose quaint houses were still occupied by such of the aristocracy as had not migrated to the New Town; and then, to complete their education, they were sent to the school at Stoke Newington. where their own mother had spent her youthful days. . . . . . They made signal proficiency; and when, at the respective ages of fifteen and sixteen, they returned to Edinburgh, in person and acquirements advanced beyond their years, they found a ready welcome into that brilliant society to which their birth was a passport, and into which their kind mother-in-law, Lady Sinclair, rejoiced to introduce them.

However, it was the great happiness of the sisters that even then they had no love of fashion, and no turn for gaiety. And it was their other great happiness that they had an ardent love for one another. Hannah was a student. Even during her childish days at Thurso, she had nearly as many friends as there were books in her father's library. She knew the haunt of each, and, climbing on a chair, got hold of her favourite poet or divine, and sat demurely reading, whilst the summer tempted her to play. To her it was the great event, not when the carrier brought a package of new toys, but a parcel of new volumes; and when ministers and learned people visited the castle, she posed them with hard questions. At school the same tendency bewrayed itself. Her turn was still for thought and knowledge. She was fond of languages; she was an adept in grammar, history, geography, arithmetic; she could calculate an eclipse, or analyse "Reid's Inquiry." And, as might be expected, she was sedate and speculative, and often silent. From extreme modesty, reserved, she was still more self-contained, because amongst companions of her own sex she seldom found much sympathy in her intellectual pursuits. But Jessie was more lively. Dutiful and diligent, and considerate of each one's feelings, she was full of merry life and social glee. There was health in her nimble step, and a prepossession in her fair and open features, and a peculiar charm in her tuneful voice. To her sister's turn for music she added a remarkable command of the pencil; and whilst her sister pored over problems and deep authors, Jessie read for information. Her sister pondered and reasoned, and carried with her a mind full of queries and surmises; but Jessie seemed to have an innate affinity for things "honest, lovely, and of good report," almost akin to Christian faith. At first sight contrasts, their characters were really the complement of one another. Their diversity increased their fondness, and enabled the one to supply what the other lacked. For her erudite and thoughtful sister the younger felt an admiring and up-looking deference; whilst the limpid perceptions and true instincts of that younger mind often proved lights in dark places to the more abstract inquirer.

At that period Dr Walter Buchanan was one of the ministers of Canongate. His warm and affectionate nature had been cast in the mould of the gospel, and as it shone from his happy countenance, and breathed in his gracious words, holiness was very beautiful. The sisters looked at him with reverence. They had been told a great deal about religion, and they thought of it as something strict and precise; but they had never met any thing so fascinating as they saw in their saintly pastor. They were quite arrested. Even amidst gay parties and volatile companions, there followed them many a reminiscence of those fervent intercessions and persuasive counsels to which they had hearkened on the previous Sabbath. At last one day Miss Sinclair said to her sister, "If to obtain eternal life, we have only to practise goodness; if we have only to do what is right in the sight of God and avoid what is evil, I am sure it would be folly not to make the attempt." And the proposal was made to one who had already been pondering the matter in her own mind, and who was beginning to be much impressed with the value of her soul and the uncertainty of life. The two resolved to become religious. They often retired and read the Bible together, and became very exact in devotional exercises. But still they were not satisfied. They saw that their pastor, and Christians like him, "had bread to eat which they knew not of," and they longed for this hidden manna. At this time they found on their father's table a theological treatise, newly published, and inscribed, "From the Author." It was "A Practical View of the Religious System of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes, by William Wilberforce, M.P" It seemed the very book they wanted. They carried it off to their own apartments, and perused it with avidity. They could easily recognise in it the same system of evangelical doctrine which their minister preached, and, as one truth after another unfolded in the bland and eloquent expositions of the gifted author, they were transported with delight. In the precision of a printed book, and in the free, inartificial language of a layman, they understood the gospel. In Christ believed they found their peace with God; in Christ loved they learned a new morality. It was Dr Buchanan's scriptural preaching and elevated walk which first prepossessed them in favour of vital godliness, and which long continued to be the chief means of building them up in faith and holiness; but it was the "Practical View" which first corrected their self-righteous errors, and first taught them God's own method—the religion of receiving and relying.

After this the Canongate Church was dearer than ever. With sacred delight they hailed the return of the Sabbath, and to them the most hallowed spots in the world were the dusky pulpit in which re-appeared that man of God, and their own family pew with its faded lining of green baize. With its brown light, its heavy pillars, and clumsy sounding-board, and with an audience becoming rapidly more and more plebeian, that sanctuary had charms which more classical structures and more fashionable resorts could never countervail. It was the Bethel where God first met them; and, during each sojourn in Edinburgh, the youngest sister used always to revisit it, till shortly before the time when she arrived at "her Father's house in peace."

Now also was found the benefit of "two walking together." Miss Sinclair's seriousness and reflectiveness at an earlier period had proved of essential service to Miss Janet; and now that service was requitted, for, indulging the metaphysical propensity of her mind, Miss Sinclair was soon involved in perplexity as to the primary truths of revelation. The doctrines of the Trinity, the incarnation, the eternity of future punishment, the Divine sovereignty, all in succession proved stumbling-blocks; and, though much distressed at her own reluctant doubts, she had not within her own resources the means of removing them. In spiritual matters her only confidant was her younger sister; but a mind like hers could not have sought a better counsellor. To Miss Janet the gospel had always been its own witness. She cared not to reason about "fate, free-will, foreknowledge, knowledge absolute;" but she saw the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. To her the religion of the Bible was beautiful. To her, in his revealed character, God was light, and she perceived no darkness at all. To her the Bible was truth, and the gospel was the wisdom of God. And, instead of debating with her sister, she directed her mind to the same objects which had assured herself. That which she had seen of the Word of Life she declared to her disquieted friend; and by dwelling on the fitness of the gospel, and the loveliness of the Saviour's character, and by urging her to pray, she sought to bring that friend to "fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." And she succeeded. By means of the more prominent and practical truths of Christianity, she conjured away her sister's abstruser doubts and intellectual difficulties, and had the happiness to see that dearest of her kindred a sharer of her own ingenuous and healthful piety. Our language contains few summaries of evangelical Christianity more simple and comprehensive than Hannah Sinclair's "Letter on the Principles of the Christian Faith;" and in reading it we feel our interest deepened by remembering, that this labour of sisterly love is in good measure the result of sisterly prudence and piety; for, under the blessing of God the Spirit, it was her younger sister's meekness of wisdom and simplicity in Christ which mainly contributed to establish Hannah Sinclair in the "Christian Faith."

But an event had now occurred which, whilst it left them attached as ever, interrupted their daily communings. On the 13th of June 1799, and in the nineteenth year of her age, Miss Janet Sinclair was united in marriage to James, eldest son of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, Baronet. . . . . .

II. HER MARRIED LIFE.

However, during the first years of her married life, Lady Colquhoun had much reason to lament the want of Christian society. Her spirit craved for it. All her desire was towards the excellent of the earth; and when, with letters of introduction, pious strangers took their place at her table, or turned aside to tarry for a night, she had towards them a venerating feeling, as if they were angels of God. But usually it was in vain that she longed to have spiritual conversation with them. They assumed that she was like most gentlewomen of that day,—more amiable and interesting than many, but as destitute of real religion as the rest. And then, when they had passed on their way, and when it would have been equally just to have charged the lost opportunity to their excessive prudence or erroneous politeness, her sensitive spirit took home all the blame, and she upbraided herself for her sinful timidity. On the other hand, in the visiting circle of her own neighbourhood there were at that time few, at least few known to her, in whose intercourse she could find spiritual invigoration or intellectual enjoyment. Amongst the landed aristocracy of Scotland there were then less mental expansion and less religious enlightenment than in the middling class of towns-people, and much less than amongst their own modern representatives. Political rancour was extremely virulent. The prejudice against evangelical Christianity was nearly universal. And if the gentlemen did not drink so freely, nor swear so coarsely as a bygone generation, they did not read their Bibles more, nor keep the Sabbath better. Card-parties, elaborate carriage airings, and the news of the neighbourhood, were the recreations of their wives and daughters; but few took pains to cultivate their minds, and still fewer were engaged in works of usefulness; so that, in the general absence of literary tastes and refined enjoyments, the houses of our Scotch grandees repeated with awful uniformity the same scenes of pompous inanity and stolid merry-making. And although there were exceptions, all the more prized for their rarity, it was rather by an effort of benevolence, than in obedience to her natural inclinations, that the young lady of the manor paid visits which added nothing to her mental resources, and often left repentant misgivings in her devout and conscientious mind.

This comparative isolation was not without its benefits. It gave a more personal character to her piety. Instead of deriving all her impressions and impulses from ardent or endearing friends, her religion increasingly became communion with the Saviour. And it left her more leisure for that employment into which she had thrown all her soul—the instruction and training of her children. And, whilst it prepared her for hailing with peculiar delight the congenial intercourse at length so abundantly vouchsafed to her, it drew her in the meanwhile with especial tenderness towards such humble disciples as the parish then contained—those "poor" whom the Lord had promised that she should "have always."

III. THE DEATH OF HER SISTER.

Hitherto the summers of Rossdhu had been often cheered by long visits from a beloved sister; but the last of these had now been paid, and, in the spring of 1818, that sister lay a dying invalid at Ham Common, in Surrey. There, besides the affectionate assiduities of her own family, she was favoured with occasional visits from a faithful minister of Christ, and the frequent society of an attached Christian friend. Lady Colquhoun could not come to her, but, on this very account, her supplications were the more ceaseless, and her solicitude relieved itself in letters, which, for their sisterly tenderness and faithfulness, proved the chief cordial of the weary sufferer. In penning them the fond writer sought help from a Wonderful Counsellor, and, as they were full of His wisdom, as well as her own warm-heartedness, they always arrived like "words in season." Miss Sinclair kept them under her pillow, and used to have them often read over to her. . . . . .

The following extracts from her Journal show how the mind of Lady Colquhoun was exercised during this anxious spring:—

"*Rossdhu, March* 8, 1818.—After church, was quite overcome by receiving two or three lines from my dearest Hannah, written with great difficulty and in much weakness, but expressive of the composure of her mind and resignation to every issue. O my God! I will praise thee! Yes, I will praise thee even in the fire of affliction, when thus tempered with mercy.

"*April* 12.—It has pleased the Lord to lay his afflicting hand upon me; but it has also pleased him in great mercy to support me. I heard yesterday that my dearest sister is no better, and getting still weaker. I have been agitated, but quite resigned; and I see so much, so very much mercy in every part of the dispensation, that I dare do nothing but lie quietly in the hand of God. After some thought, I wrote her a letter telling her of her danger. O how was I puzzled how to frame it! but I trust my pen was guided by an invisible hand. O Lord, accompany this bit of paper; be with her when she opens it; support her spirits; give her triumph in the thought of death! I trusted to the direction; may it answer the end for which I wrote it! Employed much as usual to-day; but in the evening felt nervous and unwell. Still I have the greatest possible confidence in the safety of the dear saint. I cannot mourn as those who have no hope, and I could not have believed that I should be so tranquil.

"26.—Oh! I am cold and dead at present. I am indeed worthless—my services worthless, my heart worthless. I feel some pleasure in writing these lines, and making this acknowledgment. In glory, and there alone, shall I love and serve my God. And heaven is mine—freely and without money, mine. Had not Christ died, my portion were hell. Had the happiness yesterday to hear that dear Hannah is no worse, and that Mr Gandy and Miss Massie were to see her. How kindly is God dealing with her; and thus he deals with all who are his!

"*May* 10.—Prayed with sincerity in the morning, and laid all my burdens on my covenant God; for burdens I have, and one very heavy to be borne. All hope is over. Dear, dear Hannah is much worse, and I look for her death every day. Still, Lord! thou art faithful, thou art kind. Did not I pray for evidence as to her eternal state? and is not my prayer fully answered? Is she not every thing I could wish?—a pattern of meekness, patience, long-suffering, faith? What would I have more? Must she be detained from glory because I cannot part with her? No, Lord! I would only still further implore that thy everlasting arms may enfold her now and for evermore; that her passage through the dark valley, which is but a 'shadow,' may be easy, and that thou wouldst be graciously pleased to support me, thy poor afflicted servant, and sanctify it to me.

"17.—Received a very gratifying letter from my sister Catherine; not that my Hannah is getting better: my dear saint must go to her blissful home; but I was gratified with the affection expressed for her and me, and above all, with the piety which appeared in it. *There* is the fruit of my Hannah's labours.

"24.—My beloved sister still lives; at least I have not heard of her death. O how hard it is to give up one so truly dear! yet I feel resigned. My heart is sometimes rent, especially when I hear any thing of her affection for me; but, in general, I am calm to a miracle. God has done it. In this trying dispensation, how kind has he been to me, warning me for eleven years of its approach, and at last taking her in the gentlest manner. I trust, too, it has already been sanctified! My heart has been raised to Jesus, and I have been enabled, in a faltering manner, to lean on the Beloved. Could I but know this dear Lord, I should trust him.

"*Tuesday*, 26.—Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest! I have just heard that my beloved Hannah is in glory! What cause for praise! 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.' Sweetest saint, thou art now far removed from me; but far also from sin and sorrow, and enjoying the presence and the smiles of Jesus. O that my end may be peaceful like thine! Not a fear disturbed thy serene composure, and thou slippedst gently away, as if afraid of disturbing others. O my Hannah! hardly shall I find thy equal to me! yet could raising a finger bring thee back, I would not be so cruel. Though I must sojourn here a longer or shorter time without my darling sister, have we not an eternity to spend together? Let me rejoice in the thought. O that I could raise this dead heart above the world! My God! sanctify this event to me, and accept my praise for thy great kindness to the dear departed, and for so wonderfully supporting me.

"31.—Beloved Hannah! I would once more write a little to thy beloved memory. What a heart was thine!—filled with the desire of doing the will of God, and of conferring good on all around thee. Yet, hadst thou died some years ago, I should not have been so confident of the safety of thy state. God heard my prayers, and completely established thee in the faith, and now I have nothing to say but 'Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints.' Read to myself and Sir James. Read to my children with much enlargement. At night prayed with tears. Even my prayers distress me, for I used always to pray for my dear departed Hannah. I cannot omit her name, so I turn it into thanksgivings for God's goodness to her."

Miss Sinclair died on the 22d of May, and soon after her death a little volume was published, containing her own beautiful "Letter on the Principles of the Christian Faith," and a brief memoir from Legh Richmond's happy and descriptive pen. In its accessible pages the reader may learn more fully how worthy was Hannah Sinclair of her sister's devoted love, and how full of immortality was the hope which sparkled amidst that sister's tears; and it is only for us to add, how fraught with peaceful fruits to the survivor was this long and deeply-felt affliction. These chapters may be read by some who have sustained recent bereavements; if so, may their sorrow in like manner be sanctified!

And, perhaps, the most natural effect of this trial on a mind like hers, was the effect which Calvin's death produced on Beza: "Now is heaven more dear, and death less dreadful." She had learned how lightsome the Saviour can make the dark valley, and she almost wished that she had traversed it when the "door of hope" opened so wide, and let so much of glory shine athwart it. And she could think of the better country more vividly, because one so amiliar was there. To quote some of the simple rhymes into which about this period her contemplations often ran:—

"In sweet surprise that anthem swelling
  With notes of joy and love;
What seraph's form is this that treads
  Jerusalem's courts above?

"That form, methinks, I yet should know;
  That heart, it once was mine;
And still, my Hannah, does my soul
  Unite in love to thine.

"Together, from our earliest years,
  In every thought united,—
Each in the other's grief downcast,
  In th' other's joy delighted.

"O may we still each union [illegible],
  And one in Christ be found;
And through one glad eternity
  The Saviour's praise resound!"

Arrayed in the deep mourning, which was little needed to remind her of her loss, many were the solitary walks she now took in the garden, and in the sequestered bypaths of the "Policy;" and there, or seated on the margin of the silvery lake, she loved to meditate on the multitude before the throne: and just as in that multitude she recognised one dear as her own soul, for that dear one's sake "the Lamb in the midst of the throne" became yet dearer. Nor was it long till the sisterly thoughts, which used to travel to England, as naturally ascended to heaven.

But along with this result came another, as important. For many years she had ceased to live unto herself; but up to this period her solicitude and self-denial had been mainly for her husband, her children, and her immediate family circle. This providence, however, broke open a door of exit, and bade her seek a wider sphere. She received it as a personal message, and, admonished that "the time is short," she looked eagerly around for opportunities of larger usefulness.

(*To be continued.*)

CONSCIENCE—A PREACHER.

1. He has been regularly inducted into office. He was called to the work by the highest authority; and the validity of his ordination has never been disputed. Much as some of his sermons have been disliked, I believe all the denominations claim him as belonging to them, and it is well to see a point in which they are all agreed.

2. He is certainly an old preacher. The first parents had a specimen of his preaching before they left Eden, and he has not failed of preaching somewhere a day, if he has an hour, since. Some people think a minister should stop preaching after a certain age, and I think some would be glad if this old preacher would stop. And some have taken a good deal of pains to stop him. But I never heard of their success. Indeed, I have known cases when the more they opposed him and tried to put him down, the louder he preached, and they had to give it up. Notwithstanding his age, he has lost nothing of the power and vigour of his voice. From what I know of him, I should not think that age, however great, will ever stop him, or any other agency, but the authority which first set him to work.

3. He is a very discriminating preacher. He is an archer that seldom loses an arrow. He comes directly home to men's bosoms, as if he had something to do there. The hearer has no difficulty in ascertaining what he is about. "What would he be at?" is often asked under sermons, but not when Conscience is in the pulpit.

4. He is a bold preacher. Scowls, frowns, and threats are all lost upon him. What he has to say, he says right on, no matter who is in the audience. He does not wait for people to come to specified places to hear him: he fearlessly goes after them

into the parlour or the palace, lifts his voice to the king on the throne, utters his rebukes in the hall of revelry or the den of robbers. There is no timidity or cowardice about him. He tells the truth out and out, without any kind of compromise, or any sort of reference to the feelings of his auditors. It may raise a dreadful storm in the bosom, and hate they may the preacher most cordially; but he lays on the match without shrinking, and it matters not who stands in the way of the shot.

5. He is certainly a very awakening preacher. People who are good at the business of sleeping under other preachers, never get asleep under this one. The moment he begins, all previous drowsiness departs. Most people had rather be asleep when he preaches. And hard many of them try to reach such a state of unconsciousness. But he knows what chord to strike to keep them awake, and awake they will be while he is in the pulpit, take what pains they may to be slumberers. One of his gentlest whispers will make sleep an exile; and when he speaks in the fulness of his power, it is as if every bone was breaking, and every nerve was snapping. The crash of all nature about his ears would not more effectually keep the hearer awake.

6. He always has something to say when he preaches. Some preachers get along somehow without this. They can have utterance by the hour, and say but little—some of them nothing. But all who have heard this preacher affirm that there ever was sound and solid matter in his discourse. He has no rhetorical flourishes—no tricks and subtleties of speech—no sound in the place of sense—no thunder without lightning. He has a message where he goes—an earnest and important errand, whomsoever he addresses. He crowds a good deal into a small space, and makes the hearer feel there is abundance of matter in a few words.

7. He is a very effective preacher. Some preachers seem to have no more effect upon their hearers than a child's breath in stopping a hurricane. But hard hearts have melted, iron wills have bowed, deeply-loved objects have been forsaken, inveterate sinful habits have been abandoned, the very deepest depths of the human soul have been stirred: all these things have been done by this preacher. Effective! Look at David wetting with his tears the parchment on which he wrote the fifty-first Psalm! Look at the king of Babylon as his eye fell on the hand-writing on the wall! Look at Judas as he dashed on the pavement of the temple the price of the betrayal of his Lord! And then at Peter weeping bitterly over his denial of him. Here was preaching to some purpose—and conscience did it. And there never was a human being deeply and powerfully moved by the grand and momentous interests of religion, but this preacher had been uttering his terrible voice in the depths of the guilty soul. Verily the history of human hearts testifies he is an effective preacher.

8. He preaches every where. Preaching is usually done at stated times and places. But here is a preacher who has no confinement of this sort, and he can skilfully adapt his discourse to any capacity. There goes a pouting stubborn child; this preacher is there. There is a reckless and ungodly young man, and the preacher is there. He is preaching in that parlour, where domestic peace is broken by a profligate husband or an ill-tempered wife. He is down in that forecastle, making that wicked sailor tremble. He is shaking a thousand people with fear in that great congregation, and at the same time he has gone out on that pleasure excursion, and is making the ears of those Sabbath-breakers tingle. He makes the open villains of yonder penitentiary hear him, and so he does the but a little smaller villains who are yonder, at midnight, counting the day's hard bargains. While he thunders in the ears of that impious blasphemer, he sharply admonishes that professed disciple's omission of prayer. He is the greatest busy-body about preaching ever known. In season and out of season, night and day—at home, abroad—on the land, on the sea—in cell, or attic, or parlour, he drives a great business. He is never tired, never frightened, never sick, never discouraged, never dies. As one generation of his hearers passes away he makes the next his auditors—always, therefore, has plenty to hear him, and hear him they must, though the majority hate most intensely the preacher and his subject.

9. He will never stop preaching. He not only preaches this side the grave, but beyond it. All who have heard him here will also hear him there. He will preach in heaven. All the audience then will love to hear him. When they were in the world for a while, they disliked the preacher as much as any others. But after the working of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, they came to take great pleasure in this preacher before they died. And now in glory they like him better than ever. It is one of the highest pleasures of that world to hear him. He has not a word to say that does not fall on their ears like the sound of the most delightful music.

But he will preach elsewhere than in heaven. No preaching in this world was so loud as his to prevent people going to the world of woe. But they would not hear him. They tried to fill their ears with every other sound rather than with his voice. And they did get rid of him for long periods together, and hoped they should never hear him again. But they will. He will preach the louder for all the ill-treatment given him in this world. He will preach some old sermons which it will be any thing but a comfort to hear. And he will have a great many texts furnished by the hearers themselves. And he will preach long. They had short sermons from him once, and those were too long for them, and thankful were they when he was done. But he will keep on preaching, though his hearers may "say in the morning, Would God it were evening! and in the evening, Would God it were morning!" And to any who should inquire when he will stop, there will be but one answer—Their worm dieth not! Who will be the happy and who the sad hearers of this GREAT PREACHER?—*N. Y. Observer.*

WHERE IS IT?

"IT was here—I had it; but while I was thinking what I would do with it, it fled, and now I cannot find it." No, you cannot find it. You will never see it again. A solemn hour is coming when you will hear of it, and will be glad to give an account of it; but it will never be in your possession again. A moment of past time can never be recalled. Once gone from you, 'tis gone for ever. A moment misimproved, perverted, abused, is worse than lost. As it cannot be recalled, so cannot its work be recalled nor altered. It has gone to the boundless past, but has left its record of evil for an eternity to come. How many moments of your life have been lost—how many worse than lost! Yea, hours, days, months, and years—long years have been passed, and they have their record in the great Book of Remembrance, but they cannot return to you. What is the account which they have registered? Is it an account of penitence? Days, months, and even years, all spent in unbelief of heart and enmity against God. Wonderful perverseness of man! Wonderful forbearance of God! Fellow-sinner, do you think of it as your moments pass, that every one is going to make its report for the judgment day? Do you look back on a year that has been spent in rebellion against God, and have no fears of the future account? and have you already lived ten, twenty, thirty, even fifty or sixty years, and lived all this time estranged from God? And have you now no uneasiness of conscience respecting the past? Have you no anxieties concerning the endless future? Are you still living in impenitence, and still planning for the pursuits and pleasures of future years, without taking at all into your account the claims of God on your time and service? Care you nothing for the sin—nothing for the danger of living so? Divine patience and forbearance are great; but there are also such things as Divine justice and Divine wrath. They will not always slumber. You cannot always cumber the ground in this world of mercy. If you do not turn to God, by repentance and faith in his Son, the word will go forth, "Cut him down, why cumbereth he the ground?" If you wait for that hour, O think of what must follow! An eternity of woe! Endless and unutterable sorrows and sufferings, and all purchased by a fleeting life spent in the pleasures of sin. Is it not buying transitory and unsatisfying pleasure at too dear a rate? Will a few years of sinful pleasure on earth compensate for the torments of those fires which shall never be quenched? O no; you do not intend to go to those torments. But keep it in mind, you are going there, swift as time and your sins can hurry you there. If you delay but a little longer the work of repentance, you may delay too long to be saved. One moment too much will be fatal for ever. If you intend not to perish for ever, *repent now.*

Professing Christian, one word with you. Where are your moments? Do you notice how they pass away? Are you improving them? You are constantly flattering yourself, that at a future day you shall be more diligent, more prayerful, and more useful. Have you not indulged the same thoughts for years? Has that time of devotion arrived? Do you find it nearer than it was years ago? Are you now more willing to be wholly consecrated to God than you have formerly been? Are you willing to say, Now I devote myself *anew* and *wholly* to the service of God—I will be more active, more prayerful, more holy, by his grace, from *this hour* onward? Say it, Christian, in the fulness and sincerity of your heart, and may God enable you to fulfil the vow.

THE PRAIRIE FUNERAL.

(*From Journal of a Journey in Oregon.*)

To-day we lost a soldier by cholera, the second only since our march commenced. He was a private named Caldwell, a man of excellent character, and much regretted by his officers. His funeral took place in the evening, after retreat. I followed the procession to the spot selected for his grave, the head of a small ravine in the rear of the camp, and shaded by large cotton wood trees. He was buried in his blanket, the camp furnishing no material for a coffin. The burial service was read over him by one officer, the dust and ashes scattered, and the first shovelful of earth thrown in by another, and as the last rays of the sun glanced athwart the turf, the crack of the rifle paid him the soldiers' tribute. The band struck up a lively air as it returned, and he was left in that wild solitude without even the silent companionship of other dead around him. Never had the gloom of death in its relation to earth struck me more forcibly. There is a consolation in lying down to one's last sleep amidst kindred and friends, or even where some eye shall now and then light upon the sod that covers us; but to lie there, with the howl of the wolf, or the prairie wind alone, to break the silence that broods over this green waste, is death indeed. A pretty child, the daughter of an officer, had stood by my side, looking curiously on. She now pulled my hand, and we turned away to pick the flowers that grew around us, and I forgot in their freshness the blight that another day would bring to them also.

THE REVEL HUSHED.

A company of revellers in England were waiting, over their mugs of ale, pipes and tobacco, for the accustomed leader of their mirth. When he came he was silent; till, on being rallied, he spoke, confessed his sins, and told them he was resolved henceforth to live to the glory of the Redeemer. What was the secret of this change? He had picked up a leaf of a Bible in the street. It was the means of his conversion; and his efforts were blessed to one of his comrades, who is now an aged and faithful servant of Christ, labouring for the wandering and the lost in the city of Philadelphia.

Fragments.

Every day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love.—*Lavater.*

As fire will not warm us unless we tarry at it, and as a bee cannot suck the honey from a flower unless she abide upon it, no more can any child of God receive support and consolation from the promises, unless he seriously and solemnly ponder and meditate on them.—*Ibid.*

God governs the world, and we have only to do our duty wisely, and leave the issue to him.—*John Jay.*

Patience is an anodyne of God's own preparation.—*Cowper.*

Those unlimited submissions which would debase the soul if directed to any other, will exalt and ennoble it when rendered to God. The chains and cords of love are infinitely more glorious than liberty itself: this slavery is more noble than all the empires of the world.—*Scougal.*

HINTS TO A YOUNG DISCIPLE.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,—I rejoice with your other friends in the change which has taken place in your views and conduct. Though it is too soon to pronounce it a *saving* change, yet I am willing to *hope* that it is such. The day will disclose it. I do not know whether a tree full of fragrant and beautiful blossoms, or the same tree laden with ripe fruit, gives the most pleasure. So, I am not able to say whether a young Christian, full of simplicity, eager for instruction, and ardent in hope, or the aged child of God, chastened in all his desires, deeply versed in the knowledge of his own heart, and richly laden with experience, is an object of the greatest interest. Older Christians commonly hope that those who come after them will avoid the errors into which they have fallen, and so accomplish wonders in the cause of Christ. At least, they have good hopes, even if they have fears also, respecting those who promise well, and so they desire to be useful to them. I venture to say some things which may do you good. They are said in love. I feel sure you will not despise them.

1. It is *not* an easy thing to be a Bible Christian. "The righteous are scarcely saved." None but the "violent take the kingdom of heaven by force." To lead a Christian life is to run a race; it is to wrestle with principalities and powers, it is to fight with legions of foes. Running, wrestling, and fighting are all hard. Of all errorists, none are more wild than those who teach that it is easy to obtain the crown. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." "Thy work will not be done till thou hast got thy crown."

2. Obtain clear views of religious truth. To be clear, they must be both definite and extended. Be not satisfied with a few vague notions. "Be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding." The word of God is the food of all true Christians. If they would grow and be strong, they must know it. "Search the Scriptures." The Bible is the richest mine ever worked. There is no danger of your reading it too much, or of your being too much controlled by it.

3. Settle it now and for ever, that whatever puffs up your mind and makes you feel secure or self-satisfied, is adverse to piety. To the humble alone does God give grace. Nothing, positively nothing, can be a substitute for deep self-abasement before God. Those thoughts, books, and sermons which awaken in you sentiments of self-abhorrence, are the best.

4. Adopt as your standard the Word of God, and nothing else. There is not a more dangerous practice than that of comparing ourselves with men, and not with God's word. It is the adoption of a forbidden rule. Besides, when we have begun to lower the standard, we continue to lower it until we get it so low as not to condemn us in our own eyes. This was the great error of the Scribes and Pharisees. Paul says: "We dare not make ourselves of the number, or compare ourselves with some that commend themselves; but they, measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise." Will you *dare* to do what Paul did not venture on? Your life, your heart, your faith will all be judged in the last day by the Bible, not by other men's attainments.

5. Beware of becoming a mere professor of religion. The pious Scougal speaks of some who were "mere talking and walking skeletons" in the church. "He that boasteth himself of a false gift, is as clouds and wind without rain." Never express more feeling than you have. Let your life, even more than your words, declare your real principles.

6. While it is very desirable that you should, by firm reliance on the atoning blood and precious righteousness of Christ, get rid of that "fear which hath torment;" yet some fears are salutary. "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death." You cannot fear God too much. Sanctify him and make him your dread. Nor can you be too much afraid of sin. Nor can you be too fearful of being left by God to the deceitfulness of your own heart. Many of our fears are the means of our preservation. "Be not high-minded, but fear."

7. Never trifle nor jest with sacred things. It is profaneness. It must harden the heart. It cannot fail to induce a sad confusion of mind. You cannot be too solemn and reverent when you speak or think of divine things. Never smile at a witticism on divine things. Some wits are madmen.

8. Try to do something every day for God; nay, live to him every hour and moment. Be always trying. He who never fails, will never succeed. There is no good horseman who has not been often thrown. There is no good swordsman who has not been often disarmed. There is no good Christian who has not often wept at the failure of his devices for the glory of God and the happiness of man. Keep trying.

9. Beware of superstition, fanaticism, melancholy, and a morbid conscience. All these are foes to piety. I mention them together because they are often united. If any thing be not sin or duty in God's word, make it not such in your creed. Beware of sleepless nights and nervous prostration. "Be not righteous overmuch." Nature is feeble. Lay not upon her heavier burdens than the Lord has done. Fanaticism is a wild-fire that will destroy intelligent piety.

10. Think much of the goodness of God, and especially of his mercy to you. Christ is full of grace and truth. Do not forget the bright view of things. This will furnish one of the best means of estimating your responsibility, and one of the best stimulants to exertion in behalf of a perishing world.

If you have no pity for the heathen, you are no child of God.

11. If favoured with high religious joy, and seasons of sweet communion with God, boast not. Vain-glory is the bane of communion with God. When Moses' face shone, he covered it with a vail. Some things in religion are best known only to God and our own hearts.

12. Avoid all conduct of a doubtful kind. Many consciences are defiled by yielding to fashion or importunity, not only against convictions, but even against doubts. God never shuts us up to the necessity of doing a doubtful deed, whereby guilt may be incurred. We always sin when we do an act the lawfulness of which we are not clear about. Go not into the twilight. Live in the sunlight of Bible truth.

13. Waste not your time in idle fears and thoughts of the future in this world. To you the future may be very short. The things you most fear will probably never disturb you. If evils come, they will probably be such as no foresight of men can anticipate. "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in thy land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."

14. Love all who love our Lord Jesus Christ. Love them tenderly. Bigotry and a narrow mind are great sources of misery, and great sins also. No man is more to be pitied, no man is in greater danger, than he who rejects those whom Christ receives, or who says to any child of God, "Stand by thyself, I am holier than thou." You have joined the church you prefer. That was right. But remember that there are *some* people in all branches of the true church of Christ, who please the Lord better than *some* in the branch to which you belong.

15. Be ever ready to give a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear; but avoid angry controversy. It is unfriendly to growth either in knowledge or in grace. Friendly discussion of even religious doctrine is often useful. But you are yet a private and a feeble Christian. You are not now "set for the defence of the gospel." A feeble defence is often worse than none. Be sure that you understand a matter before you decide upon it. "He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and a shame unto him."

16. If you shall fail of eminence in a life of piety, it will probably be as with most others, by inattention to comparatively *little* duties and *little* sins. It was the "little foxes" that "spoiled the tender grapes." All defections begin with little things. Nothing is positively of little importance, which affects the honour of God and the safety of the soul.

17. Be steadfast. A miserable changeling in the days of bloody Mary, said that he was a willow, not an oak. I hope you will be an oak, not a willow. He whose heart and purpose have no stability, is not fit for the kingdom of God. The Bible often says as much. If you are naturally firm, still remember that grace alone can make you spiritually so. If you are naturally fickle, be doubly on your guard.

18. Get and maintain clear views and deep impressions concerning the glorious doctrines of salvation by *grace* alone. Human merit is nought. Even say, "What I am, I am by the grace of God." "What hast thou, which thou hast not received?"

19. Come to Christ daily for cleansing and salvation by his blood. Come as you came the hour you first fled to him. Come naked, guilty, defiled, poor, helpless, and lost. He is all your salvation.

20. Often think how soon your toils and tears and temptations will be over, and how sweet and pure and unfading the bliss of heaven will be. "To be spiritually-minded is life and peace." To be heavenly-minded is eating the grapes of Eschol before we enter the promised land. Another day, and you may be for ever with the Lord. At most "a little moment" will end the warfare, and open heaven to all believers.

LADY COLQUHOUN.

(*Concluded from* p. 334.)

IV. SEED SOWN, AND ITS FRUIT.

MR Farrell was proprietor of an estate near the Giant's Causeway, in Ireland; but his wife was in delicate health, and along with their three daughters they had resided for four or five summers at Camstraddan House, near Luss. Young ladies so well informed, and of manners so pleasing, were welcome visitors in most houses of that neighbourhood, and they were very often at Rossdhu. Miss Jane especially drew towards herself the affectionate observation of Lady Colquhoun. A prepossessing appearance, good sense, a cultivated mind, a warm heart, and frank and lively manners, made her a universal favourite; but, beyond a weekly attendance at the parish church, she gave no evidence of an interest in the things of God. And even this church-going was a mere formality. "Have you remarked that picturesque old woman who on Sundays sits on the pulpit stairs?" she one day asked her friends at Rossdhu. Of course they had. "Oh!" said the amateur artist, "she is such a fine-looking old woman, I cannot take my eyes off her the whole time of the sermon, and I am painting her likeness from memory I can carry away each Sunday an impression of her features sufficient to employ my pencil during the week." But, in conjunction with other circumstances, the prospect of leaving home solemnized her mind, and led her to ask her whether, separated from all the means of grace, her religion had strength to stand? and this led to another question—whether she had any religion at all? A severe mental conflict ensued, and at the time when her thoughts were all engrossed with these anxious questions, at a dinner-party she met Lady Colquhoun. On leaving the dining-room the ladies went out to walk round the garden. Lady Colquhoun and Miss Jane Farrel having separated from the rest, in her own swee and engaging manner Lady Colquhoun introduce the subject of religion, and her young companio opened to her all her mind. After this their interviews were frequent; and as they were the principa means of leading this interesting inquirer into the light of the gospel, they originated an ardent and life-long attachment. "Her last visit," says our informant, "is still fresh on my memory. It was a bright autumnal morning, and I well remember her light and elegant form, as she glided along the avenue after bidding farewell to her friend and adviser." In company with Sir Edward and Lady Barnes, she sailed for Ceylon, and was married to her brother's partner, Charles Scott, Esq. From her home among the cinnamon-groves she wrote to her friend on Loch Lomond letters brimming over with the fulness of her own felicity, mingled with occasional misgivings as to her spiritual progress. "I possess great earthly happiness. I hear of my beloved family being in excellent health, and have the prospect of rejoining them in a very few years; and I have one of the kindest and most indulgent husbands that ever lived. But all these blessings, instead of raising my heart in thankfulness to the Giver of every good, and leading me to devote myself more to his service, seem only to bind my thoughts more firmly to this world; and I am often made to fear that I shall be deprived of some of those great mercies I am so unworthy of possessing. Yet no contrition seems to accompany the knowledge of my own sinfulness, and I have generally a gaiety and happiness of heart which should only be produced by the hope of daily advancing in meetness for the kingdom of heaven. When my prayers are cold and wandering, I feel I cannot deplore it as I ought, nor do I ask with sufficient earnestness for assistance to pray better; at the same time, I certainly do often feel the indescribable happiness of being able to trust in One mighty to save, and that it is not for our sakes that our prayers are accepted by God. I think I am gaining rather more knowledge of my sinfulness, and of the waywardness of my heart; but, as I said before, it is unaccompanied by sorrow for my offences, and does not diminish that lightness of mind which is certainly gaining on me." It was thus that Lady Colquhoun's gentle and guileless nature drew forth the confidence of her younger friends especially, and encouraged them to tell her "all that was in their heart;" for they were as sure of kind sympathy as of wise advice. And perhaps the fears of her ingenuous correspondent were not without foundation. God may have seen what she herself suspected; and in order to bring the roaming spirit back into its quiet rest, he sent the windy storm and the tempest. Six weeks after these lines were written, Mr Scott was seized by a fatal malady, and in a few hours it tore him from the arms of his distracted wife. A devoted missionary, Mr Mayor, heard of her distress, and along with Mrs Mayor, the beloved sister of a man greatly beloved, the Rev. E. Bickersteth, prevailed on her to come for a season to their calm and secluded abode. There she gradually regained composure, at least serenity enough to benefit by the conversation and prayers of her deeply sympathizing friends; and when, in 1828, she returned to her native land, although she brought with her a heavy load of sorrow, she also brought a mind uncommonly devoted to God. From Dublin, on February 13, 1829, she thus wrote to Lady Colquhoun:—

"I have often intended writing to you. In the time of my deepest affliction, you were one of the very few my heart seemed to turn to, feeling that you would understand where consolation can alone be found. I have indeed been in a strong fire of affliction since I last wrote to you. O that the fire had consumed more of the dross! *Then* I was at the height of earthly happiness. The fall was sudden and violent, and unless upheld by an Almighty arm, I must have perished in my affliction. On the first shock I was left to my own strength, and the mind wandered under the acuteness of anguish. It seemed as if I could not pray; yet even the first look to Him whose compassions fail not, was answered, and in a way I could not have conceived before. I was made to experience my own inability to have so much as one thought, except by the help of God, and his wondrous power to shed into the soul the richest spiritual consolations in the midst of nature's woe. O the deep, deep, almost overpowering views then given me of the vastness of eternity! and great in proportion was the consolation, when, by the tender mercy of God, there came back on the mind the transporting conviction that the soul, which seemed the dearer part of my own, was entered on an eternity of blessedness—that, as surely as Christ died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. And the evidence that his state was such was so abundant, as to raise my soul in wonder and gratitude. My earthly, backsliding heart had been so satisfied with present happiness as to be comparatively forgetful of spiritual; but now I remember with indescribable comfort these last seven or eight months in particular, the gradual, the beautiful change, that often made me exclaim to myself, 'I may have more of religion on my lips, but he has infinitely more of it in his heart.' The sting of my many omissions, in regard to his spiritual welfare, I thought at first could never be extracted; but my compassionate God has been pleased long to remove it, and even change it into an additional motive of gratitude to Him, who did it all himself, and who did not allow my sinfulness to come in the way of the great work of his salvation."

Then, after mentioning Mr Mayor's providential visit to her dying husband, and her sojourn in the house of the missionary and his "truly Christian wife," she concludes:—

"My voyage was such as to keep faith in constant exercise—many dangers, but a powerful protecting God appearing through all. I may humbly say, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.' I am continually made to feel my weakness. Were I trying to look to earth in any shape for comfort, the heart would yet entirely sink under sorrow. But, blessed be our faithful God, who will never leave nor forsake us, who can give us faith to rest in his promises, and who can show the blessed termination when those sundered on earth shall unite for ever in praising redeeming love! My dear Lady Colquhoun, I have given you a letter filled about myself; but I know you will join with me in praising the mercy and love of our Saviour God. Your letter was indeed most comfortable to me. I received one from you at Baddagama, written when you thought me in the midst of earthly happiness. I was struck by your saying in it: 'If we cannot give our hearts to God, let us pray that he will take them—by any means take them.' You had little idea then that it required my best earthly treasure to be taken to heaven before I could feel that my all was there."

The eighteen years of her widowhood were spent in a succession of ministrations to one invalid or afflicted relation after another, which in several instances appear to have been blessed to their everlasting salvation. At last, in the year 1845, and when she hoped to see again her spiritual parent, the Lord called her to himself. She said, when dying, "I laid too much stress on the ministry of man, and delighted in it. I cannot now converse but with difficulty. God is drawing me off from all earthly props, that I may lean solely on himself. How abundantly I felt the promise fulfilled last night! The Comforter, the Holy Ghost, was indeed sent, and abundant was the supply of Scripture brought to my remembrance. Not merely what I had committed to memory, but large portions that I had not, came pouring in to comfort me." And as God had taught her to live upon himself, so she was very fearful of being too highly exalted, or too much spoken of by others. A diary which she had kept she destroyed before her death, and when told that a friend had written to inquire how she was, and how she had felt supported, she said, "I can so well understand Mr Simeon's feelings," and, like him, she for a moment or two waxed quite eloquent in extolling her Saviour, and disparaging herself; and like him also she silently departed, telling her attendant to keep the room quiet, for she was going to sleep.

Thus, on earth they never met again; and in the many thoughts which followed her to her Indian bungalow, her Irish home, and her cottage on the brink of Niagara, in the fancy of her friend it was always the same Jane Farrell. And though the widow's garb was worn, and though many griefs and watchings by sick-beds had doubtless changed that pleasant countenance, no change came over that ardent, ingenuous, and self-devoting mind. And down to the close of life Mrs Scott retained a fervent attachment to Lady Colquhoun, and in her letters fondly reverted to the happy days when "first she knew the Lord," and when they were wont to take sweet counsel together. "Dear, dear Lady Colquhoun, I have indeed often thanked God for having given me such a Christian friend. When my mind was awakening, you were the first that spoke home to me. You first directed me plainly to Jesus, and encouraged me with the assurance that he would carry on the work which he alone could commence. And, dear friend, what increasing comfort there is in that view, grounded on God's own word, that he will perfect that which concerneth us, and will not forsake the work of his own hands. What a God we have! God in Christ. Truly you say, 'The end of our trials is to endear us to Jesus, and loose our hold of every thing else.'" Of these trials the meek writer had many, and one was the loss of the letters addressed to her by her endeared correspondent. During a sojourn at Kingston, Upper Canada, the house in which she was residing was burnt to the ground, and we cannot forbear inserting a portion of the letter in which she describes the calamity, April 8, 1837:—

"You kindly said you would send me 'The Kingdom of God.' All my efforts to procure it have been vain, and, alas! its beautiful sister, which I prized so much, is gone. Where? Like many other fair and lovely things, to dust and ashes. We were living in greater comfort than I ever expected to meet in Canada—too much at ease, no doubt—when one night a fire broke out below us. The flames spread rapidly, and all our worldly goods were consumed. It was night; the house, of course, in total darkness, and all sound asleep, till wakened by loud cries of 'Fire!' Our rooms were at the greatest distance from the hall, and worst situated for escape. The fire originated in a hardware store under the boarding-house, and when we got outside the house we heard there was gunpowder in the store sufficient to blow it up. Two explosions there were; but they did no additional harm. So there we stood, in the snow, watching the fierce flames forking up from our rooms, so shortly before the picture of peace and comfort. Nothing could be done, and the whole of it was so ordered that one could only offer it up into His hands who can make all things work together for good, and pray that we might effectually learn the lessons it was meant to teach. Besides much valuable property, I have lost all my books and written papers and letters, my Indian things, with all mementoes of beloved friends and past times. Another hint to forget the things which are behind, and press forward. But why do I thus detail our little losses? I meant *not* to do it. Rather let me speak of the great gain, the ever-increasing comfort of the promises, and of our Lord's love, who in every trial condescends to speak such peace as raises the heart to himself in continual thanksgiving. When I think of what I deserve I can only wonder at his gentle dealings. He often says, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter;' and he graciously lets so much of his hand of love be seen in every trial, that it is easy work to trust him with the remainder."

Of the many letters which Lady Colquhoun addressed to this younger sister "in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ," we are thus precluded from offering to the reader any specimen. But even this slight record of so dear a friend may reflect some light on the character of Lady Colquhoun. It shows, at least, how alert she was for opportunities of doing good, and how graciously God honoured her consistency and prospered her fidelity. Nor will it be a vain digression if it enkindle in the reader or the writer aspirations after that heavenly-mindedness and holy skill which made the subject of this biography a living epistle, and which so frequently converted morning calls and evening visits into "walks of usefulness."

V. KING WILLIAM IV., SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR, AND THE SABBATH.

"*Jan.* 15.—My brother George is also with us. He gave a noble proof to-day of devotedness to the King of kings. When an invitation from the palace came for him to dine with our monarch on this sacred day, he did not hesitate a moment to send a refusal, which he did in most respectful and affectionate terms. How this will be taken it is impossible to say; but I rejoice that an opportunity has been afforded my brother of showing his sincerity at the court, and that I have a brother capable of acting thus. May the Almighty bless and preserve him!"

The incident to which the foregoing extract relates afforded great delight to Lady Colquhoun. Her brother was staying with her at the time, and as valued relics she preserved the card of invitation, dated, "Pavilion, Jan. 15, 1832," and a copy of the answer, which she sought leave to transcribe. And we are sure that Sir George Sinclair will forgive the publication of that letter if it contribute, however remotely, to a cause which he has much at heart.

"SIRE,—No one can value more highly than I do, the honour and privilege of being at any time permitted to enjoy that social intercourse with which your Majesty has, on so many occasions, been pleased to indulge me for so many years. But I am fully aware with how much consideration your Majesty enters into the feelings and sympathises with the wishes of those whom you honour with your friendship. I have for some time past been led to entertain very different notions from those which I once cherished as to the observance of this day, and subscribe fully to the views which the Church, and I may add the legislature, have laid down with respect to its importance. Encouraged by the latitude of discussion which your Majesty has so long and so kindly vouchsafed, I lately took the liberty, though in opposition to your Majesty's opinion, to maintain that not merely a *part* but the *whole* of this day should be devoted to those great purposes for which divine authority has set it apart. I may be permitted to add, from grateful experience, that this decision has its reward even here. I have found that God honours those who honour him, and, though encompassed with sin and infirmity, I can testify, that he is not an austere Master, that he has strength for all our weaknesses, indemnity for all our sacrifices, and consolation for all our troubles.

"I feel bound, on principle of conscience, to deny myself, what is always one of my most valued gratifications, that of paying my humble and most affectionate respects this day, and must rest satisfied with renewing in my retirement those earnest supplications for your Majesty's health and happiness, which are equally dictated by regard for the public welfare, and by a thankfully cherished remembrance of much distinguished and unmerited kindness.—I have the honour," &c.

The sequel was no less worthy of the King. Next morning, whilst they were seated round the breakfast table, a royal messenger arrived charged with an invitation to the Pavilion that evening. His Majesty made no allusion to the letter; but to show how perfectly he appreciated the motives of his guest, he went beyond even his usual urbanity and kindness; and to the close of his reign no interruption occurred in a friendship equally honourable to the accomplished commoner and to the frank and warm-hearted monarch. To every pious subject it must also be a source of lively satisfaction to know, that in the Pavilion itself originated measures which have materially tended to promote the better observance of the Sabbath in Brighton. It is said that there were certain arrangements in the royal household which undesignedly entailed a large amount of Sunday labour; but when the facts were represented to Queen Adelaide, she immediately commanded that the orders in question should be given on Monday instead of Saturday as heretofore; and this act of Christian consideration has been extensively copied, to the great relief of many a laundress who formerly could not "remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

THE FEEDING OF THE FIVE THOUSAND.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

We are told that once, wearied with the press of the crowd, the Saviour took his disciples into a ship, and sought a lonely and desert place, where he might rest and commune with himself and them. But the multitude was not so easily shaken off—the hungry soul was but half satisfied, and hundreds of lame and sick were yet to be healed.

Behold that solitary bark is on the placid deep, bearing onward the weary Son of God. The waves are scarcely stirred by the summer wind, the sunlight glitters on the sparkling waters: and save the dip of the oar, the leap of a playful fish, or the scream of the wild-bird after its prey, not a sound breaks the solitude of the scene. But as Jesus casts his eye over the broad bosom of the sea, he perceives at a glance that no seclusion or rest awaits him; for the distant beach is crowded with men and women watching the progress of that frail bark, as though it carried their destiny. Litters on which the sick are stretched, cripples struggling along, blind men groping their toilsome way by the sound of rushing footsteps, the wretched of every description, help to swell the throng that lines the sea-shore, and endeavour to keep pace with the vessel that wafts Jesus of Nazareth on.

O how his heart swelled as he saw the distant coast black with human beings who would not lose him from their sight! Solitude and weariness were both forgotten in the deep love and compassion he bore them.

On swept the vessel to the desert place, and on pressed the crowd to people it with life, and make it echo with their solicitations and prayers. Of the words that were there spoken, and the truths which held that crowd of more than five thousand in such long and breathless attention, nothing has come down to us, but that he healed their sick, restored their lame, and melted and consoled the hearts of all. Hour after hour they stood with upturned faces, and drank in the messages of love and kindness, heedless alike of the declining day, and the long journey back to their homes. What a picturesque scene they presented there on the sloping shore! Above them leaned the Saviour—behind them heaved the sea—far away rose barren mountains, and all around them was dreary and wild. Not a house, not a cultivated spot in view—that single bark moored to the shore—the dark throng encircling the Son of God—these were the only objects betokening life amid the universal desolation. And now over all, the setting sunbeams are streaming, flooding with light the form of Christ—giving a deeper colour to the sea, and throwing in stronger contrast the dark group on the shore. On the stillness of that evening no sound breaks but the voice of the Saviour. Did he point to that wild scene as he once did to the lilies of the valley to enforce his words? Did the encompassing heavens seem to bend nearer as his eye pierced their depths? Did the setting sun blaze up with greater brilliancy before he left the presence of his God?

As the disciples, filled with the same tender sympathy as their Master, watched the multitude, and thought how long and weary was the journey to their homes, they besought him to send them away before dark, that they might get food to appease their hunger. From the city, the hamlet, the farm-house, the shop, and the hovel, they had come, bringing no supplies with them; and when the excitement which then upheld them should subside, faintness and weariness would make them sink by the way. Jesus knew this as well as they, and bade his astonished disciples feed them before they left. Having nothing themselves, they inquired for bread amid the multitude, but sought in vain. Not one out of the five thousand had food, save a poor lad on whom were found "five barley loaves and two small fishes." Whence came this lad, and how happened he there with his basket of bread and two little fishes? Perchance he was sitting on the shore fishing, to provide food for a lone mother, when the crowd came rushing past him with their eyes bent on the slowly moving vessel in the distance; and, snatching up his basket, followed after to see what it all meant. He was doubtless led by curiosity alone, and deemed himself unnoticed in the throng. But his basket was taken from him, and he led trembling into the presence of the Saviour, who made the mass separate itself into groups and companies, and sit down on the grass. He then took the five barley loaves, and after giving thanks, broke them before the people. Each of the five thousand received what he wished, and yet the loaves did not waste, nor the fish diminish. At first it seemed a farce to distribute that immense throng into bands of fifty, and in their presence commence dividing the mere pittance; but wonder and awe soon usurped every other feeling. The lad saw his barley loaves and fish feed more than five thousand, and yet twelve baskets of fragments remain.

As night began to come down on the sea, Christ dismissed the multitude to their homes. Following him from afar, bound as by a spell in his presence, they involuntarily obeyed his bidding, conscious only of being under the influence of a superior power.

The scene is now changed. The multitude is merely a black speck on the far-winding shore. The hum of their subdued voices as they talk of what they have heard and witnessed, and the sound of their footsteps, have long since died away. Even that solitary vessel is gone, and is rising and falling on the steady swell far out upon the water. The disciples are on deck, watching with straining eyes the fast-fading form of their Master on shore. He is once more alone with the night. O who can tell the emotions that then stole over his human soul! The far parting multitude, the distant tossing vessel, were forgotten in the mightier, more fearful events before him. The thickening shadows of night were not darker than the forebodings that gathered around his spirit. The moan of the deep, and the solitude of the desert scene, were in harmony with the feelings that oppressed him, and he turned his footsteps towards a lonely mountain to pray. Kneeling under the open sky, he unburdened his heart to his Father in heaven. What words of anguish and sadness startled the night air, what sweet submission and tender sympathy succeeded both, we shall never in this world know. It was a secret and hallowed interview; but while it continued, a far different scene was passing on the sea below him. Dark thunder clouds were hovering over its bosom, the wind swept by in angry gusts, lashing it into fury, and amid the boiling waters that frail bark was struggling desperately for life. By the flashes that ever and anon rent the gloom, its plunging form was seen dividing the waves, as the wild wind and wilder sea hurled it along the distracted waters. Jesus, who had arisen from prayer, and slowly retraced his steps to the shore, now stood and looked on the turbulent scene, and his heart was moved for his terror-stricken followers, whom he knew to be in despair on deck. Calmly, serenely stepping on the crest of the billows, as they rolled and crumbled at his feet, he moved out upon the watery waste. Around him the leaping billows crouched like fawning lions—the lightning slipt harmlessly along his forehead, and the thunder stopped "mid volley" as he passed. Though foam and cloud and tempest were spread around "thy form, thou Son of God,"

"And the heavy night hung dark,
Yet like a spirit in thy gliding tread,
Thou, as o'er glass, didst walk that stormy sea,
Through rushing winds, which left a silent path for thee.

"So still thy white robes fell—no breath of air
Within their long and slumb'rous folds had sway,
So still the waves of parted shadowy hair
From thy clear brow flow'd droopingly away!
Dark were the heavens above thee, Saviour!—dark
The gulfs, Deliverer! round the straining bark!
But thou!—o'er all thine aspect and array
Was poured one stream of pale, broad, silvery light:
Thou wert the single star of that all-shrouding night."

O what a spectacle that self-illuminated and gliding form must have presented to the alarmed disciples on deck! No wonder they cried out, "It is a spirit!" and turned from the messenger of doom to the wrathful deep around them. But when that calm and gentle voice, heard in its lowest accents above the loud sea, "It is I, be not afraid," fell on their ears, despair and horror gave way to the wildest joy, and Peter leapt into the surge to meet his Lord.

EXCELLENCY OF CHRIST.

He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he!
To dead men, life he is; to sick men, health;
To blind men, sight; and to the needy, wealth;
A pleasure without loss; a treasure without stealth.

Giles Fletcher.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

BY THE REV. DR HUMPHREY.

This is the season of the year when hard-working people are peculiarly liable to be overcome by drowsiness in the house of God. Of these, there are two classes. One class of sleepers in church, would gladly keep awake if they could. They take a great deal of pains for it during the public exercises. When their eyes grow heavy, they resort to various expedients to shake off the sleepiness which is stealing upon them. They say, and we have no reason to doubt it, that they would give any thing if they could overcome the infirmity, but they struggle in vain. Ere they are aware of it, the voice of the preacher dies away upon their ears, and they fall asleep.

The other class of church-going sleepers give themselves very little trouble about it. They are willing enough to keep awake perhaps, and for appearance sake, if nothing else, would rather choose to, but they generally doze and nod more or less, or, what is more common with many, lay their heads quietly down in some snug corner of their pews, till the amen or the last singing notifies them that the exercises are drawing to a close. Under some of the most solemn and faithful gospel sermons they had rather sleep than not, though they cannot always succeed when they have chosen the most convenient attitudes. To this class of church-sleepers we have not much to say, because we have but little hope that they would hear and heed us. We could remind them, that the time is coming when they *must* all keep wide awake, whether they will or not. It may not be till after they have done attending public worship—it may not be till they wake up and find themselves in a miserable eternity; but the time will come, and then, O how will they wish they had given the most wakeful attention to the messenger of salvation, under which they now so stupidly slumber!

To the other class of church-sleepers, who would fain shake of their drowsiness, we have a few things to say. It does not follow, because they really wish to keep awake during all the public exercises, that they are not to blame for losing themselves and losing the sermon. Do they use all the appropriate *means* to that end? It is not enough to pinch, or prick themselves, or freely to use the smelling-bottle. Some preventions are to be tried before they go to church. If they would meditate and pray more in their closets, and thus get their hearts more deeply interested in the subject of religion, as a personal concern of infinite moment, they would be less likely to be overcome by drowsiness under the droppings of the sanctuary. If they would reflect, when they enter the courts of the Lord, "Perhaps this may be the last time; perhaps this may be the last sermon that I shall ever hear," would they be likely to fall asleep? "What, would they not watch one hour?" If they would remember, when the preacher rises in the pulpit, "There stands the legate of the skies," that it is Christ, speaking through the lips of his ambassador, would they be so indifferent to the message as to fall asleep in the midst of his discourse?

And are there not predisposing physical causes to sleepiness in church, which might and ought to be avoided? Are not labouring men, in haying and harvest time, apt to work harder and to work later on Saturday than any other day in the week, in anticipation of the rest of the Sabbath; and is not this one great reason why they are so "dull of hearing?" They get so worn down, so exhausted by the end of the week, that they are unfitted for all religious services on God's holy day. They drop to sleep as soon almost as they get seated in their pews, and their excuse is, that they are obliged to work so hard during the week that they can't help it. But how far will this plea avail in the court of conscience, or before that high tribunal to which we are all hastening? Ought not labourers and other men of business, to remember, as the week wears away, that the Sabbath is "drawing on," and instead of laying out more work than common on Saturdays, so to order their affairs as to close up at an early hour? Our Puritan fathers used to do it. They left their fields on Saturday, in time to have all their chores done up before sundown, and why may not their descendants do the same? We do not believe they do more work in a week, by driving all day and late into Saturday evening, than they might accomplish, by a little forethought and extra effort, earlier in the week. If hard labourers would favour themselves somewhat on Saturday, and retire at an early hour, they would rest well, and find themselves refreshed on Sabbath morning, to their great comfort and wakefulness, when they go to the house of God, and indeed in all the religious duties of the day. Who is so poor, and absolutely obliged to work so hard, that he cannot keep awake for an hour, or an hour and a half, forenoon and afternoon, in the church? We know by some experience, how difficult it is for men who labour in the field all the week to resist drowsiness when they come to sit still; but just so much of it as comes from the cause above mentioned, will, we verily believe, prove at the last day to have been inexcusable. God does not require men to work so hard, at any season of the year, that they cannot enjoy the worship of his own appointment on the Sabbath.

Another way to avoid sleeping in church is, to refresh one's self for a few moments before going, or between the services. We are no apologists for dreamy slothfulness at home on the Lord's day; but surely, where "the flesh is weak," it is better to take half an hour's repose at home, than in the house of God.

One thought more. A light and spare diet on the Sabbath, is an excellent antidote to sleepiness in the church. No wonder if those who indulge themselves with full and luxurious dinners cannot keep awake. It would be strange if they could. And to do them *justice* (if that be not a *misnomer*), they generally stay at home to sleep in the afternoon, about which we may have something to say at another time.

THE PESTILENCE.

"God's hand is in this pestilence." He governs this world. He directs every event—controls every occurrence. If there be evil, that is, distress, calamity, in any place, the Lord sends it. It comes from his hand—from the wise counsel of his will. Whatever instrumentality he may employ, whatever may be the aspect of the evil, and however it may stand related to second causes; still, his agency is concerned in it. He brings it about. There is a mode of reasoning on this subject which, we are sorry to see, is becoming quite common, and which virtually cuts this world loose from the control of God's providence. Every thing is referred to the action of second causes. The mind goes back to these, and there it stops. Hence affliction comes forth of the dust—tribulation springs out of the ground—the pestilence comes upon us from some disturbance in the atmosphere. Much effort has been put forth to ascertain the causes of disease, and especially of those forms of it which, from time to time, sweep over the earth, and lay man in the dust. Theories have been started, and results arrived at, which in no one particular recognise the hand of God in these matters. While we heartily approve of this search for the proximate or immediate cause of any calamity, and of all proper efforts to remove it, yet we would have men see the finger of God in what befalls them—we would have them trace it back in the line of accusation until it reaches the counsel of his will.

It is a poor, blind philosophy that looks through nature, without looking up to nature's God. It ministers no comfort to the human spirit to find the cause of its sorrows in the operations of nature, and so fixed and unalterable as to silence the voice of prayer, and to make the arm of God even impotent to save. We have no sympathy with such teaching. It is not found in the Bible. In the lessons of that book, we are taught that disease has its existence in the appointment of God. However, therefore, it may prevail, or be aggravated through the action of causes which we may and ought to remove, still it exists aside from these causes. Men tell us that the pestilence that is now upon us is owing to some disturbance of the atmosphere—to the absence of some element essential to the health of man—and it may be all true; but what, we ask, created that disturbance? Whose hand has withdrawn that element essential to its healthy condition? We connect the existence of this calamity directly with the hand of God. We can no more separate it from his agency, and from the wisdom of his providence, than we can any other aspect of affliction, or of human woe. He has sent it upon this land, and for wise ends. And these ends are corrective—reformatory. He employs this pestilence to chastise us for our sins—to make us feel our dependence—to lead men to repentance. Sin, therefore, is the reason that it is upon us.

As long as Israel was a willing and obedient people they were safe—were prosperous and happy. But when they forgot God, and departed from him, evil came upon them—famine spread over the land—pestilence invaded their habitations. God laid his hand upon them—punished them for their transgressions, and thus brought them to see and to forsake their sins, and to come back into the light of his favour. Here, then, is the great principle of his providence. If we walk contrary to him, he will walk contrary to us. If we depart from him, he will punish us, and make the pestilence cleave unto us. The Bible declares this fact. The history of every individual, and of every community, shows us that a departure from God has its consequence in the chastisement from his hand. Let this event, then, be connected directly with the hand of God—let us regard it as sent for wise ends, and look upon these ends as corrective. If we take this view of this aspect of God's providence, it will lead us down into the valley of repentance—of humility before God, and thus to a life of new obedience.

THE SAILOR BOY AND HIS BIBLE.

At a village in Warwickshire, England, a few pious people were in the habit of meeting at an early hour on the Sabbath-day for prayer and praise. Returning from one of these meetings, a Christian female observed a poor sailor sitting by the wayside, with his Bible and his hymn-book in his hand, as if waiting for the time of divine worship. She invited him to her house, when he gave the following account of himself and his Bible:—

He was born in America; at twelve years of age he left home. A father's and a mother's tears were unheeded. He embarked on the wide ocean, and soon met with many dangers from tempests, and battles with the enemy. One night a dreadful storm arose, and the ship became unmanageable, and in the morning an awful scene presented itself—every person on board had been swept away by the waves breaking over the ship, and he found himself the only living person upon a vessel going to pieces!

The poor boy, finding that he must leave the sinking vessel, put as much money in the pocket of his jacket as he could. He had likewise a treasure, which, though he was ignorant of its real worth, yet he prized as having belonged to his mother—it was a Bible. When he left home at twelve years of age, he determined to take something that should put him in mind of her. He had, as he said, no love for the book, and but little knowledge of it; but it was his mother's.

Our sailor in all his wanderings had preserved his Bible, this blessed volume; it was a small one, and he easily kept it within the bosom of his jacket. Having made this preparation, and judging that the wreck could be no longer a place of safety, he committed himself to the waves, hoping to be able to swim to the land; but, alas! land was very far off. He continued swimming for a long time, but finding the treasure he had about him added greatly to his fatigue, he cast away his Bible, which, notwithstanding his wish to preserve it, he thought he could most easily do without.

"Yes," said he, when mentioning the circumstance, "yes, I threw from me the Bible; I cast it into the waters, being sorry only because it had belonged to my mother; I knew it not as containing the pearl of great price. But though I had thus far lightened myself, the money still weighed rather heavily; yet, being unwilling to part with it, I tried all my strength, and continued swimming. After some time, and when I must have made considerable way, I turned to see whether my Bible was in sight, though I could not suppose it possible, even from the distance, and thought, indeed, that it had sunk into the waters; but, to my great surprise, I found it borne up by a wave, and now close to my shoulder! My heart thrilled with joy; I seized my precious book, and could not help crying out, 'O my Bible! so you would not leave me, though I cast you away! Well, then, come what will, you and I will never part.' Gladly did I put it into my jacket, and then emptied my pockets of my money, which, being the greater part of it silver, was bulky as well as heavy."

At length he reached a rock, which raised its head just above the water; upon this he scrambled, thankful to rest his weary limbs upon it. A few crumbs of biscuit, which he had in his pocket, though soaked, afforded him a scanty, but welcome refreshment. His Bible, so wonderfully preserved, became, in such circumstances, still dearer to him; he carefully pressed out the water, and opening it, these words met his eye, and fixed his attention: "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

He stretched himself upon his rocky bed; sleep weighed down his eyelids, and tired nature sunk to rest; but the words still seemed sounding in his ears. He was afraid the merciful Saviour would, in his case, cease to be merciful.

His situation was dangerous in the extreme; but the Lord heard his cry, and sent him help. A ship hove in sight, bound on her homeward voyage to Liverpool. What now was his joy! with what anxiety did he strain his eyes to watch the coming vessel! and with what dread did he think of being passed unseen! A fresh breeze had sprung up, and the vessel was going very fast through the water. He had passed two long days here, and was suffering from raging thirst. He had scarce strength enough to wave his handkerchief. Happily, it was perceived. A boat was sent off, and he taken on board the vessel.

Now, rested and refreshed, he soon regained his strength; and with a grateful heart poured forth his thanksgivings to God, and renewed vows ever to be the Lord's. At length he was landed safe in Liverpool, and was now pursuing his way to London.—*Teacher's Offering.*

SOME DIRECTIONS TO BACKSLIDERS.

BY ANDREW FULLER.

1. *Set apart special times to humble yourself before God by fasting and prayer.* Extraordinary cases require the use of extraordinary means. When a great army was coming against Jehoshaphat, it is said, "he feared, and set himself to seek the Lord, and proclaimed a fast throughout all Judah." But the loss of a soul is of more account to you than the temporal overthrow of a country was to him. When Judah for his backsliding was under the frowns of God in Babylon, and had been so for about seventy years, Daniel says, "I set my face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplication, with fasting and sackcloth and ashes." The apostle Paul plainly intimates that there are times wherein we are required to give ourselves to fasting and prayer. And surely there can be no times in which these means are more necessary than when we have got out of the way, and desire to recover it. There is much meaning in the words, "He set himself to seek the Lord," and "I set my face unto the Lord God." They denote something more than the extraordinary exercises of prayer; even a special fixedness of the thoughts, purposes, and desires, to particular objects: and God has usually honoured those extraordinary approaches to him, when influenced by a pure motive, with success. It is true, we may attend to duty in a superstitious or self-righteous spirit, resting in it as an end, instead of using it as a means: but this is not "setting our face unto the Lord God," or "seeking him." A day devoted to God in humiliation, fasting, and prayer, occasionally occupied with reading suitable parts of the Holy Scriptures, may, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, contribute more to the subduing of sin, and the recovery of a right mind, than years spent in a sort of half-hearted exercise.

2. *To prayer it is necessary to add watchfulness.* Our Lord unites these together as an antidote against temptation. It has sometimes been one of the devices of Satan, after a backslider has been drawing near to God, and strongly soliciting for mercy: yea, after a time has been set apart for this purpose, to ply him afresh with some powerful temptation; and while his mind has been unsuspicious, and it may be thinking itself to be somewhat secure on account of having so lately been engaged in earnest devotion, he has been surprised, and overcome! The consequence, as might be expected, has been a future neglect of prayer, under the idea that it must have been mere hypocrisy before, and would now be adding sin to sin. Instead of depending upon spiritual frames for preservation, and especially when they are over, perhaps we ought to expect that our comforts should be succeeded by conflicts. We know it was so in several cases recorded in the Scriptures. Immediately after drinking at the smitten rock at Rephidim, Israel was called to fight with Amalek. Paul's thorn in the flesh succeeded to extraordinary revelations. Our Lord himself went up from Jordan into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

3. *In your approaches to the Saviour, let it be under the character in which you first applied to him for mercy—that of a sinner.* If you attempt to approach the throne of grace as a good man who has backslidden from God, you may find it impossible to support that character. The reality of your conversion may be doubtful, not only in your apprehension, but in itself. Your approach, therefore, must not be as one that is *washed, and needeth not, save to wash his feet:* but as one who is defiled throughout, *whose hands and head*, and every part, needs to be cleansed. Do not employ yourself in raking over the rubbish of your past life in search of evidence that you are a Christian. You will not be able in your present state of mind to decide that question; nor would it be of any service to you if you could decide it. One thing is certain, you are a *sinner*—a poor, miserable, perishing sinner; the door of mercy is open, and you are welcome to enter it. Let your past character then have been what it may, and let your conversion be ever so doubtful, if you can *from this time* relinquish all for Christ, eternal life is before you.

The Laodiceans, who, though composing a Christian Church, were doubtful characters, are counselled to deal with Christ in the same manner as *sinners* deal with him, for *riches*, for *righteousness*, and for heavenly *wisdom*.

4. *In all your supplications, be contented with nothing short of a complete recovery.* It is possible you may obtain so much ascendency over your evil propensities that they may seem to be slain before you; or at least, that you are in no particular danger of yielding to them any more; and yet you may not have recovered that holy rest in God, that sweet peace which arises from confessing our sins upon the Head of the gospel Sacrifice. But while this is the case, there is no security against their revival. The first temptation by which you are assaulted may afford lamentable proof that they are yet alive. Nothing will serve as a preservative against the risings of evil propensities short of *walking with God*. There is much important truth in that declaration of the apostle, *This I say then, walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh.* Sin is not to be opposed so much directly as indirectly; not by mere resistance, but by opposing other principles to it. It is not by contending with the fire, especially with combustible materials about us, that we should be able to quench it; but by dealing plentifully with the opposite element. The pleasures of sense will not be effectually subdued by foregoing all enjoyment; but by imbibing other pleasures, the relish of which shall deaden the heart to what is opposite. It was thus that the apostle became *dead to the world by the cross of Christ*. Do not therefore reckon thyself restored till thou hast recovered communion with God. David, though the subject of deep contrition, yet was not contented without gaining this important point. Till then, the poison would still at times be rankling in his imagination. Hence arose the following petitions—"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit." Make these petitions thy own: and if God grant the thing that thine heart desireth, go and sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee!

SOLICITUDE FOR A NEIGHBOUR.

More than twenty years ago, Mr Bingham of C——, in the state of Vermont, then an old man, now I trust in heaven, gave me the following narrative:—

"When I first came to this town in my youth Mr L—— came with me, and we pitched our tents here in the wilderness, not far from each other. Here we lived and laboured, side by side, for many years.

"Soon after our settlement in C——, it was my happy lot to be led to embrace the Saviour. But my neighbour L—— remained as he was, unreconciled to God, without hope, and even manifesting a marked opposition to spiritual religion, till he removed about three miles from me, when I had fewer opportunities to see him and converse with him; and at length had almost ceased to think of him with solicitude for his salvation.

"One evening, during a season of the outpouring of the Spirit, as I was casting my thoughts over the town, before the hour of family prayer, the case of this former neighbour came to mind, and deeply interested my feelings. After prayer I retired, but sleep departed from my eyes; my mind was too active, and my emotions too powerful to sleep. An apprehension of the lost condition of my friend, and of his exposure to death and the judgment, with a sense of my neglect of opportunities to warn him of his danger, pressed so heavily upon me that I could not rest in bed. I retired into a grove, where I walked, and meditated, and prayed till I felt an inexpressible desire to see him, and once more converse with him on the things which concerned his 'everlasting peace.'

"It was a beautiful night. The autumnal air was soft and balmy. The moon shone with peculiar brightness. All nature seemed to be resting in silence. I saddled my horse, and rode slowly towards the residence of my friend, which I reached about two o'clock. Under impressions which it would be in vain to attempt to describe, I knocked at his door and requested a short interview. I related to him, as well as I could, the object and occasion of my untimely visit; and no sooner did I begin to speak than the tears began to flow from his eyes—eyes which had probably never before wept for sin, or looked up for pardon and salvation. Apparently under the deepest conviction of sin, and with a full apprehension of the danger of his case, he besought me to pray with him, and for him.

"The result was a marked and happy change, a subsequent consecration of himself to the service of God—a life, for a few years, of habitual obedience to the Divine will, a triumphant faith in the hour of death, and an assured hope of a blessed immortality."
—*American Messenger.*

THE PULPIT AND THE PROFESSOR'S CHAIR.

[*From Dr Chalmers' Farewell Sermon at Glasgow.*]

There is no time, nor do I think this a place for argument; and all, therefore, which I can at present do to re-assure the conviction that has been in some degree unsettled, is to make averment in your hearing; and I do it as in the presence of God, and from the depths of my own conscious sincerity, that on retiring from the direct business of the church, I still regard that church as the most glorious instrument for the moral and the spiritual regeneration of our land—that with this our Zion are linked all my fondest associations, whether of patriotism or of piety—that as holy men of old took pleasure in the stones of Jerusalem, and favoured the very dust thereof, so dear to my recollection is every related thing which calls to mind the business of congregations and parishes, that, even apart from the high thought of each solemn assembly being an assembly of immortals, there is nought on earth which has such an impress of moral loveliness to my eye as its groups of decent and devout worshippers, and nought that falls with sweeter cadence upon my ear than the voice of their melting psalmody. But this is the mere poetry of religion, and these but the good and the graceful accompaniments that attend the exhibition of it in time. The pith and sterling of its excellence lies in its bearing upon eternity; the elements wherewith it is mainly conversant, are the undying interests of the soul, the sin by which it is tainted, the Saviour by whom it is restored, the hell by which to nature it is so fast hastening, the heaven for which by grace it is invested with all the meet and necessary endowments. These are the dread and the solemn realities wherewith a minister of the everlasting gospel has to do, and when put by the side of these, all the glories of human science vanish into the frivolities of childhood. This is true Christian arithmetic. In all the calculations of usefulness, this is the principle that should never be overlooked; nor, with humility be it spoken, do I think that I have been left to overlook or to err in the application of it. From one of the thousand streams in our Establishment—a deep and a copious one, it must be admitted, but still a stream—a way hath been opened up to one of its emanating fountain-heads. From the vocation of labouring as one of the many teachers or prophets in our church, I now enter upon the vocation of labouring in a school of the prophets. From the business of directly working the machine, I have been recalled to the business of a guidance and a guardianship over its elementary principles—or, in a manner, of feeding and regulating the fire that actuates its movements. From the deep exhaustion—not incurred at the home-walk of my parochial managements, for at all times was there a charm and a tranquillity in these—but from the deep exhaustion of hurry and fatigue, and manifold distractions from without, have my footsteps been lured into a most congenial resting-place, among whose academic bowers Rutherford and Halyburton spent the evening of their days, and amid whose venerable ruins their bodies now sleep until the resurrection of the just. Should those high and heavenly themes on which they expatiated through life, and which shed a glory over their death-beds, ever cease to be dear unto my bosom—should the glare of this world's philosophy ever seduce me from the wisdom and simplicity of the faith—should Jesus Christ and him crucified not be the end of all my labours in expounding the law of righteousness—then let the fearful judgments of heaven blight and overcast the faculties that I thus have prostituted. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! if I forget thee, O thou church and city of my God! let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

YOU ARE GOING THE WRONG WAY.

"You are going the wrong way," said a conductor of a train on the railroad to a passenger, on receiving his ticket. That assertion fell very unpleasantly upon the ear of him who had made the mistake. Still it was not a very serious one. It could be corrected. He was advised to get out at the first stopping-place, and to take the opposite train on its arrival.

"Going the wrong way." In another sense, this is affectingly true of thousands. It is true of the child who goes not in the way of its parents' commands. It is true of the man who with hot haste is in pursuit of the riches, or honours, or pleasures, of earth. It is true of every one whose course has not been changed, who is not running the Christian race. Says the Saviour, "Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction; and many there be which go in thereat. Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life; and few there be that find it."

O, how many are now hurrying on toward eternal death, while they vainly are hoping to reach at the end of their course the New Jerusalem above! "They are going the wrong way." The language of God to them is, "Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways, for why will ye die?" Turn to-day. Soon it will be too late. Soon destruction will become inevitable.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

REV. JOHN ELIOT.

The apostle Eliot was pastor of the church at Roxbury nearly sixty years. Cotton Mather records some of his dying sayings. Relative to the work of God among the Indians he said—"There is a cloud, a dark cloud, upon the work of the gospel among the poor Indians. The Lord revive and prosper that work, and grant that it may live when I am dead. It is a work which I have been doing much and long about. But what was the word that I spoke last? I recall the word, 'my doings!' Alas, they have been poor, and small, and lean doings; and I'll be the man that shall throw the first stone at them all." His last words were, "Welcome joy." He feared that the old saints, especially those devout neighbours of his, Cotton of Boston, and Mather of Dorchester, who had got safe to heaven before him, would suspect that he had gone the wrong way, because he stayed so long behind them. He said that he should have a good deal of news to carry to heaven to the founders of New England. That church work was yet carried on among us; that the number of our churches was continually increasing; and that the churches were still kept as big as ever they were, by the daily addition of those who shall be saved. When any person brought him tidings of the death of any individual eminent for usefulness, he would answer, "Well, but God lives, Christ lives, the old Saviour of New England yet lives, and he will reign till all his enemies are made his footstool."

Eliot took unwearied pains in the instruction of the children of his congregation. Mather says—"As when certain Jesuits were sent among the Waldenses to corrupt their children, they returned with disappointment and confusion, because the children of seven years old were well instructed enough to encounter the most learned of them all; *so if any seducers were let loose as wolves among the good people of Roxbury, they would find, I am confident, as little prey in that well-instructed place as in any other part of the country.*"

That was the state of things in Roxbury at the death of Eliot. All the youth were instructed in the Shorter Catechism; but that generation and others who followed passed away; the Puritan doctrines were gradually undermined, until thirty years ago one solitary individual in the whole town held the primitive faith of New England. That remnant of Puritanism is still living, at the age of eighty-three, and was a classmate of John Quincy Adams. The things that remained in Roxbury were ready to die; but they have been strengthened. A flourishing church and congregation have been gathered on the soil where Eliot prayed, preached, and wept. The captivity of Zion has been turned back again as streams of the south. The saying of Eliot has been verified in Roxbury: "Well, God lives, the old Saviour of New England yet lives, and he will yet reign till all his enemies are made his footstool."—*Puritan Recorder.*

A PURITAN'S AMBITION.

William George became minister of Blackfriars, London, in 1608. His labours were very acceptable, the congregation greatly increased, and numbers were added to the church. He was on several occasions offered higher stations in the church, and, among others, the Provostship of King's College, Cambridge, but he used to refuse them, saying, "It is my highest ambition to go from Blackfriars to heaven." His great object was to be useful to souls. He was never lifted up by his popularity; but used to say, "I know more to *abase* me, than others do to *exalt* me."

He was very diligent in the improvement of his time. If at any time he heard other persons at their work before he was in his study, he would say, "I am much troubled that any person should be at their calling before I am at mine."

Towards the close of his life, he was afflicted with several painful maladies. Under these he often groaned, but never murmured. In the midst of his afflictions he would often say, "Soul, be silent; soul, be patient. It is thy God and father who thus ordereth thy estate; thou art his clay; he may tread and trample on thee as he pleaseth; thou hast deserved much more. It is enough that thou art kept out of hell. Though thy pain be grievous, it is tolerable. Thy God affords some intermissions. He will turn it to thy good, and then put an end to all. None of these things can be expected hereafter."

When his friends would comfort him by reminding him of his usefulness, he replied, "I dare not think of any such thing for comfort. Jesus Christ, and what he hath done and suffered, is the only ground of comfort. I, being a great sinner, comfort myself in a great Saviour. When I look upon myself, I see nothing but weakness and emptiness; but when I look upon Christ, I see nothing but sufficiency and fulness."

A few days before he died, he fell into a state of drowsiness, in which he continued for three days. When he revived, and was told how long he had been in that state, he exclaimed, "Alas! I have lost three days." Soon after he said, "Now I have not long to live. The time of my departure is at hand. I am going to my desired haven. I am most willing to die. I have, blessed be God, nothing else to do but to die. Death is my best friend, next to Jesus Christ. I am sure I shall be with Christ when I die." He died in the seventy-ninth year of his age, having been minister of Blackfriars nearly forty-six years.

Reader, when you come near the close of life, will you be able to say, "I have nothing else to do but to die?" Or will you have the work of a life still unperformed? Christian reader, are you sure that you will be with Christ when you die?

WITHERED FLOWERS.

Every Christian should labour to form the habit of mind by which spiritual reflections shall be suggested by every passing object and event. Few persons have attained this habit in so high a degree as did Flavel. His reflections are sometimes as remarkable for their poetic beauty as for their rich spirituality. The following were written "upon the sudden withering of beautiful flowers:"—

"How fresh and orient did these flowers lately appear, when being dashed over with the morning dew, they stood in all their pride and glory, breathing out their delicious odours, which perfumed the air round about them, but now are withered and shrivelled up, and have neither any desirable beauty nor favour in them.

"So vain a thing is the admired beauty of creatures, which captivates the heart, and exercises a pleasing tyranny over the affections of vain man, yet it is as suddenly blasted as the beauty of a flower.

"If then thou delightest in beauty, O my soul! choose that which is lasting. There is a beauty which never fades, even the beauty of holiness upon the inner man. This abides fresh and orient for ever, and sparkles gloriously when thy face, the seat of natural beauty, is become an abhorrent and loathsome spectacle. Holiness enamels and sprinkles over the face of the soul with a beauty in which Christ himself delights. Even imperfect holiness on earth is a rose that breathes sweetly in the bud; in heaven it will be full blown, and abide in its prime to all eternity."

THE SAINTS AFTER DEATH.

When death shall have disencumbered, and set us free from all sorts of distempers, and brought us into the state of perfect and perfected spirits, how delectable will that society be, when all shall be full of divine light, life, love, and joy, and freely communicate, as they have received freely! How pleasant will it be to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God! To converse with angels! those wise, kind creatures, so full of profound knowledge and benignity; instructed by long, uninterrupted experience and observation of the methods of the Divine government and dispensation; highly pleased with our accession to the general assembly, that rejoiced in the conversion of a sinner, whereby but one was hereafter in due time to be added, much more in the glorification of so many that are now actually added to them! What delightful communings will there be of the mysteries of nature, of the methods of Providence, of the wonders of grace, of the deep and hidden counsels of God! In what part it shall be agreeable to his wisdom and good pleasure to let them appear and stand in view.

The conferences at the transfiguration made the transported disciples say, "'Tis good to be here" when the glory which, while it oppressed, pleased them, though this was but a transient view. But above all that is conceivable in that other state, how delectable will their society be in worship!—in their unanimous adoration of the ever-blessed God, Father, Son, and Spirit! In how pleasant eternal raptures of delight and praise will all those excellent creatures be that inhabit and replenish the vast realms of light and bliss; when all behold how the several kinds of being, light, life, excellency, and perfection, by a perpetual efflux, spring from the first, the Fountain of all being, the parent of so glorious and so numerous a progeny, all God-like, and bearing the bright image of their Father! O the inexpressible pleasure of this consociation in worship, perpetually tendered with so absolute a plenitude of satisfaction in the dueness of it, and the gustful apprehension of what those words import, "Worthy art thou, O Lord!" each one relishing his own act with just self-approbation and high delight, heightened by their apprehended perfect unanimity, and that there is among them no dissenting voice! Whence it can be but to worship God in spirit and truth must be to enjoy him. And that he is under no other notion the more satisfying object of our enjoyment, than as he is the object of our worship. What room or pretence is there now left for unwillingness to die, on the account of relatives we have been wont to converse with in this world, when such an exchange as this is to be made by dying?—*John Howe.*

NOTICE TO QUIT.

When any one is required to quit a lodging, or a dwelling-house, a notice is usually given; this notice is for a week, a month, a quarter, or a year, as the case may be, but a day's notice would certainly be considered short. I have just heard, however, of a more sudden notice than even that of a day.

Often and often have I seen a portly-looking man, full of life and health, drive past my door on his way to the city, in whose merchandise he was largely interested, but a day or two ago I heard that he had received a sudden notice to quit his worldly calling. He was taken ill, and in three hours hurried off into an eternal world.

Think of this for a moment! Three hours' notice to quit, not a room, a lodging, a house, a street, a neighbourhood, a country, but the world! Whatever may be the state of your health, your notice to quit may be equally sudden. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the winged arrow of death may find its way to your heart. Let then your language be that of the psalmist, "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is: that I may know how frail I am," Ps. xxxix. 4. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever," Ps. lxxiii. 25, 26.

Fragments.

One of the finest eulogies ever pronounced by one Christian on another, was that pronounced by Dr Doddridge on his beloved and venerated friend, Dr Clark of St Albans: he remarked of him, that "he brought joy into *every* house which he entered, but most of all into his *own* house, when he returned to it."

A philosopher being asked by what means he had acquired so much knowledge, replied, "By not being prevented by pride, from asking questions when I was ignorant."

It costs us more to be miserable than would make us perfectly happy. How cheap and easy is the service of virtue!

The Bible is a mould into which mind, and heart, and actions—fused shall I say by the fire of holy love—shall be poured, so as to bring out a character corresponding to what is there revealed.—*James.*

SIN AND TERROR.

The element of gloom is essential to a true theology. And the discarding of that element, the dislike of it, the hatred of it, the attempt to construct a system without it, is characteristic of a *false* theology, a theology not taken from the Scriptures. Given the element of sin, you must have the element of gloom; it cannot be otherwise. Let any questioner or doubter on these subjects take the case of Adam and Eve, for illustration, at a period before any such thing as Calvinism (to which some persons would refer all the gloom of existence) was known to the world, to see, in the beginning, what a system sin introduces. The moment sin entered, God became to our first parents a dreadful Being. Not that there was any change in God; for he came down to walk in the garden, calm and blessed, and glorious as ever, holy, benevolent, and good. But there was a dreadful change in them. Before, they had loved God, and now they were afraid of him; before, they delighted to meet him, and now they fled, terrified, from his presence; before, they had nothing to conceal, but loved the thought of God's notice; but now they sought to hide themselves and their doings from his eye. Simple beings, and ignorant! Did they suppose the trees could hide them? Did they not know that God was every where, that the darkness and the light were both alike to him, and that by day and by night every where his eye was upon them? What a change from their innocence! Before, all was holiness and happiness; now, all was conscious guilt and misery. They heard God's voice, and were afraid, for they knew that they had disobeyed him. They were filled with a sense of guilt and shame, in which they could not bear to meet God's eye; and they endured a terror of punishment, in which they were afraid to come into God's presence.

They fled, and hid themselves among the trees in the garden. Oh! what thicket was there so dark that it could be any vail from the all-seeing eye of God! They might plunge into the tangled lair of the wild beasts of the forest, into recesses where the sun never penetrated; but God's eye was there! And if they could have sunk into earth's central caverns, and the very rocks had closed upon them, the voice of God would have followed,—Adam! where art thou? How fearfully it thundered through the forest! How the voice of God shook the trees, beneath which those guilty ones had sought to hide themselves!

They were afraid of God. But did they not always fear him? Ah! there is a great difference between fearing God, and being afraid of him—between a guilty fear, and a fear to sin against him. If they had but continued to fear him as at the first, this holy fear of God would have prevented their ever being afraid of him. They would still have rejoiced to hear his voice, though it had shaken the earth to its foundations. There is nothing terrible to the innocent, nothing that can make a holy being afraid. But the wicked flee when no man pursueth; and God is clad in the terrors of a consuming fire.

So it is a fact, whatever way men may take to account for it, that a sense of guilt makes men universally afraid of God. Even the denial and disbelief of divine truth does not enable men to get rid of this dread. And a guilty man can endure any or all the evils of sin poured upon him easier than he can endure the sense of the presence of God. And though he should never feel a single one of the evil consequences of sin otherwise, yet the sight of God in his holiness, in contrast with his own guilt, would be insupportable. This was the case with Adam and Eve. They experienced, as yet, not one of the evils of sin, except a *sense* of sin. The air was yet balmy and pure, the sun shone as bright and beautiful as ever, the trees were as shady, the shrubs were as fragrant, the flowers were as lovely, the crystal streams were as pure and refreshing, the fruits were as delicious to the taste, the landscape as smiling to the eye, all nature, animate and inanimate, as full of happiness. No edict of wrath had gone forth, no curse had fallen upon them, or on the ground for their sake, and yet they were miserable! they were miserable because they were guilty, they knew that they were guilty, and that God was a holy God. They were miserable because conscience was at work within them. While apart from God, conscience may sleep; but the moment God comes near, conscience wakes. When God's voice is heard walking in the garden, then the voice of conscience thunders!

Some men endeavour to get rid of the sense of God's presence, by making God a different being from what he is—a very successful expedient, if they can persuade themselves to believe it. They make God indulgent towards sin. They deny that sin is so terrible an evil as the Scriptures represent it, or that men are so depraved, or that there is such a hell as is represented in the word of God. They say that men's consciences are needlessly harassed and frightened by such representations. They say that this dread of God, which it must be confessed is so common, is produced by the severities of a false system of education, in gloomy theological tenets, that make men afraid of their heavenly Father.

We should like to ask such persons how they can account for the terror of Adam and Eve on such principles—whether *they* were educated in such gloomy tenets—or how it happened, when they had all along been living in such a delightful paradise upon God's bounty, with nothing but proofs and experiences of his love around them, and nothing but delight in his presence, that a single sin could change the whole aspect of God and nature to them, a single violation of the divine law could fill them with misery, with a sense of guilt insupportable, of guilt and shame, that made the thought of God's notice intolerable, with a dread of God's presence that made them, who ever had hailed the voice of God with joy and gratitude, now shrink from it in the garden, and rush wildly into the thickest of the wilderness! Ah! it is sin that must always array God with terrors to the guilty mind, and in itself can make a hell of heaven!

The greater part of men rush into the world and its perilous vortex, and drown all sense of God, all the terror of his presence, in the distractions of business, the dissipations of gaiety, the indulgence of passion, the allurements of sense, the pleasures of sin for a season. They hide themselves, as Adam, behind the trees of the garden. They make use of the very objects of God's creation to deaden their consciousness of the presence of the Creator, and to hide him from their sight. And some of them succeed in doing this wonderfully for a season. They say unto God, "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways." They succeed in forgetting God, and for the present are but little disturbed by the remembrance that for all these things God will bring them into judgment.

But it is *only* for the present. And the moment God comes near, and becomes visible to a guilty mind, then there must be terror, there must be gloom. Nor can there be any release from it but in Christ, only in his cross, in his blood, in his grace, renewing the heart and taking away sin. The system of the gospel, recognising that gloom, recognising sin, and death by sin, and death for sin, and the death of Christ as the only ground on which the remission of sin is possible, is the only system that conquers and takes away the element of gloom, and replaces it by the element of glory.

MRS JUDSON,

WIFE OF DR JUDSON.

Mrs Ann H. Judson was the daughter of Mr John Hasseltine, and was born in Bradford, Massachusets, in December 1789. Activity, gaiety, and enthusiasm, were her early characteristics. During the period of extreme youth her busy mind and ardent feelings found abundant employment in the social pleasures of the world, which she enjoyed with a peculiarly keen zest; but before she was seventeen years old, her attention was aroused to serious subjects, and her religious impressions imbibed all the fervour of her natural character.

In 1810 she became acquainted with Mr Adoniram Judson, who was then preparing to engage in a mission to India for the conversion of the heathen. A mutual attachment sprung up between them. The situation was peculiar, and somewhat difficult. If she accepted Mr Judson, she must, of course, consent to leave her home and friends, and go to a far distant clime, in order to try an experiment, the success of which, to say the least, was very uncertain; then there was the conscientious fear that human affection would have more influence than it ought to have, in a step for which she would receive the credit of religious zeal.

The result was her marriage with Mr Judson, in February 1812. About a fortnight after the wedding they embarked for India, accompanied by several others who had been ordained as missionaries, among whom were Mr and Mrs Newall. Mrs Judson and Mrs Harriet Newall were the first women that left America for the purpose of devoting themselves to the cause of missions.

We shall pass over the doubts and encouragements, the trials and triumphs, which fell to their lot, while engaged in this undertaking: whoever wishes to see an interesting account of the mission, will find it in a small volume written by the Rev. James D. Knowles, a book so universally known that it scarcely need be mentioned.

We have Mrs Judson's own testimony that her union was happy. In a letter to her sister, she says: "I find Mr Judson one of the kindest, most faithful, and affectionate of husbands. His conversation frequently dissipates the gloomy clouds of spiritual darkness which hang over my mind, and brightens my hope of a happy eternity. I hope God will make us instrumental of preparing each other for usefulness in this world, and greater happiness in a future existence."

During the first year of the mission, Mrs Judson had many inconveniences to encounter, and she met them with a singular degree of patience and energy; but her trials at this period were very largely mingled with blessings and enjoyments. Her real afflictions began with the war between England and the Burman Empire in 1824. On the suspicion of being spies, paid by the English government, Mr Judson, and several other individuals, were imprisoned and treated with great severity. The weight of this calamity was increased by separation from their friends and fellow-labourers; for they were at Ava, while the main body of the missionaries were at Rangoon.

On the 8th of June, Mr and Mrs Judson were preparing for dinner, when in rushed an officer holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, among whom one with a spotted face was immediately recognised as "the son of the prison," or the executioner. This man threw Mr Judson violently on the floor, and began to bind him with cords.

Mrs Judson begged him to be merciful, promising to give him money. "Take her too," exclaimed the brutal officer; "she also is a foreigner." Her husband, with an imploring look, entreated that she might remain, at least till they received further orders. They consented to this; and having bound his fetters very tight, they dragged him off, she knew not whither.

She followed, offering them money, and entreating them too loosen the cords a little. Finding her efforts unavailing, she sent Moung Ing (a native convert to whom they were much attached) to make some further exertions for the benefit of the prisoner; but the unfeeling jailer only drew his cords the tighter. Moung Ing returned with the information that the foreigners had been thrown into the *death-prison.* It would be an idle attempt to describe how the night was passed by that wretched wife. A guard of ten ruffians was placed round the house, who spared no pains to insult and terrify her. Their loud carousings and fierce language tormented her till morning, when her worst fears were confirmed by hearing that the prisoners had each three pair of iron fetters, and were fastened to a long pole. Her greatest source of anguish was her inability to make any exertions in their behalf. In vain she begged and entreated permission to state her case to some officers of government. At last she wrote a note to the king's sister, but received it again with the cold reply that the princess could not understand it. Another wearisome day and sleepless night passed heavily on, and brought to her no hope. On the third day she begged to wait upon the governor of the city *with a present.* This was touching the right key. The governor received her graciously, and heard her earnest expostulations against imprisoning Americans, who were a people distinct from the English, and entirely unconnected with their wars. He said it was out of his power to release her husband: he however promised to make him more comfortable, and referred to his head officer for the means. The officer demanded a secret bribe of one hundred dollars, two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of handkerchiefs. The money was paid, and the other articles excused, because she did not own them. This fee gave her access to the prison, but she was not allowed to enter. Mr Judson crawled to the door and talked with her a few minutes. Even this poor consolation was grudgingly allowed by the jailers, and they soon ordered her to go away, telling her they would drag her off if she did not.

Again Mrs Judson sought an interview with a female relative of the royal family. With heart-stirring eloquence she represented the extreme injustice of her husband's case; begged the lady to imagine what would be her own wretchedness in a similar situation—alone and unprotected in a strange land, daily expecting the death of the friend she best loved, and that friend innocent of any crime; and concluded by imploring her mediation with the Queen.

The lady's feelings were touched, and she promised to use her influence. But the hopes thus excited were dashed to the ground by her Majesty's cool answer—"The teachers will not die; let them remain as they are."

In the mean time, the property of the foreigners was confiscated. Mrs Judson, being forewarned of this, secreted as many articles of value as she could. The officers conducted the business with more regard to her feelings than she expected. Seeing her deeply affected, they apologized, by reminding her of the obedience they owed the king, assuring her their duty was a painful one. They left the books, wearing-apparel, and medicines. When they had taken all the money they could find, they asked, "Is this all the silver you have?" Mrs Judson would not resort to a falsehood even in these trying circumstances, she simply replied, "The house is in your possession; search for yourselves."

Even the sad interviews at the prison gate were now forbidden; and a man who was discovered carrying letters was beaten and put in the stocks. His release could not be obtained under ten dollars. With the rapacity of despotic governments, every pretext was seized upon to extort money from the unfortunate sufferers; and difficulties were multiplied, for the express purpose of trying how much they would give to be extricated.

The governor of the city was exceedingly angry when he found Mrs Judson had told of the sum she had given him and his officers for a slight amelioration in her husband's condition. "You are very bad!" he exclaimed; "why did you tell of that?" "The royal treasurer asked me; and what could I say?" she replied. "Say you gave me nothing." "My religion forbids a lie. Had you stood by me with your dagger raised, I could not have said what you suggest." Upon this, the governor's wife immediately took her part, saying she liked such sincerity. This lady ever after continued a firm friend to Mrs Judson; and the governor was pacified by the present of a beautiful opera-glass, which had lately been sent from England.

For the seven succeeding months, Mrs Judson daily continued her importunate entreaties to different members of the royal family, and various branches of the government. Sometimes she was cheered with a ray of hope, which only made the succeeding darkness more insupportable. During this period, she suffered under every species of oppression: all the officers, from the highest to the lowest, taxed their ingenuity to invent schemes of extortion.

Liberty to go to the prison was gained by reiterated presents to those in authority; but often, for days in succession, she was not allowed to go till after dark, although it was two miles from her residence.

In a letter to her husband's brother, after relating these particulars, she says: "O how many, many times have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night, solitary and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and thrown myself down on that same rocking chair which you and Deacon L. provided for me in Boston, and endeavoured to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners! Sometimes, for a moment my thoughts would glance towards my beloved friends in America; but for nearly a year and a half every thought was so entirely engrossed with present scenes and sufferings, that I seldom reflected on a single occurrence of my former life, or recollected that I had a friend in existence out of Ava."

The only commander who had any success against the British forces was Bandoola; and he, consequently, had almost unlimited influence with the king. As a last resource, Mrs Judson resolved to apply to this officer for the release of the missionaries, although some cautioned her against this step, lest, being reminded of them, he should order their instant execution. The petition was received graciously; but her excited hopes were soon dashed by a message, stating that the city of Rangoon must be retaken before Bandoola could attend to her cause.

The unhappy wife was, however, allowed to make a little bamboo room within the prison enclosures, where she could sometimes spend two or three hours with her husband.

The birth of a little daughter interrupted these visits; and as she could not, during her illness, make daily presents, and offer daily petitions, the cause of the prisoners lost ground. Besides this, the total defeat of Bandoola exasperated the government still more against all foreigners. The missionaries were removed to an inner prison, in five pair of fetters each, and deprived of their mats, pillows, &c.

Mrs Judson's babe was not two months old when she received these tidings. She immediately repaired to the governor, but was sent away with the assurance that he could not help her. But she persevered until she obtained an audience. With pathetic eloquence she reminded him of his former kindness, of his promise to stand by her to the last, and never, under any circumstances, allow Mr Judson to be put to death. The old man melted into tears, as he listened to her impassioned entreaties. "I pity you," said he, "I knew you would make me feel; and therefore I ordered that you should not be admitted. Believe me, I do not wish to increase the sufferings of the prisoners. When I am ordered to execute them, the least I can do is to keep them out of sight. Three times have I received intimations to murder them privately; but I would not do it. And I now repeat it, though I execute all the others, I will save your husband. But I cannot release him, and you must not ask it."

It was the hot season of that burning climate, and a multitude of prisoners were confined in one room. The consequence was universal debility and loss of appetite. Mr Judson was seized with a fever which threatened to terminate his life.

Mrs Judson entreated permission to attend upon him; and the governor, worn out by her importunities, consented that he should be removed to a little bamboo hut, where she could nurse him. The hovel was too low to admit of standing upright; but to people in their circumstances it seemed a delightful abode. She was sometimes driven out by the brutal jailers, but in general she was able to stay two hours together with her suffering companion.

This gleam of consolation soon vanished. At the end of two or three days, the governor sent to call her from one of these visits. Much alarmed, she hastened to obey the summons. He said he only wanted to consult with her about his watch; but she afterwards found that his object was to detain her until the white prisoners were carried away from the city.

For many months her feelings had been disconsolate enough; but when she heard of this new affliction, her agony amounted almost to distraction. She ran hither and thither, inquiring of every one she met; but no one would tell where the prisoners had been conveyed. At last, an old woman said they were to be carried to Amarapora. The governor confirmed this, pleading the necessity of obedience to the king, and his ignorance of the intentions of government. "You can do no more for your husband," said he; "take care of yourself."

This was indeed a moment of despair. Even the miserable little bamboo prison had become an object of love and pleasant association; now all within it was silent and cheerless. The melancholy occupation of watching the invalid, of preparing his medicines and food, had ceased. He was carried off, she knew not whither, nor for what dreadful purpose. It can easily be conjectured what resolution was taken by a woman of her strong heart. She determined to follow her husband. The governor's charge to take care of herself implied personal danger; and this became more evident by his wish that she should not leave Ava until after dark, when he promised to send a man to open the gates.

She sailed for Amarapora in a covered boat, with her little infant, two adopted Burman children, and a Bengalee cook. The day was dreadfully hot, but they proceeded in tolerable comfort till within two miles of the government house. They were then obliged to take a cart and jostle over the dust under a scorching sun. When they arrived there, they found the prisoners had been sent on two hours before; and it became necessary to go four miles farther, in the same uncomfortable manner, with a baby in her weary arms.

On her arrival at Oung-pen-la, she found Mr Judson in a state of deplorable misery. The prisoners had been tied together two and two, and driven along in the heat of the day, till their feet bled at every step. One of them died in consequence of this treatment. Mr Judson, still suffering under the remains of his fever, narrowly escaped death. His anxious wife, almost exhausted with fatigue and wretchedness, could obtain no refreshment for him or herself.

His first words were, "I hoped you would not follow me; for you cannot live here." The corner of a filthy hut furnished shelter for the night, and after drinking a little half-boiled water, Mrs Judson lay down upon a mat and slept.

In this abode she spent the next six months: without any furniture, even a chair, or a seat of any kind.

The very morning after her arrival at Oung-pen-la, the Burman child, who was able to assist in the care of the babe, was taken with the small-pox. No assistance or medicine could be procured. All day long Mrs Judson was going from the prison to the hut, and from the hut to the prison, with her infant in her arms. Sometimes she obtained a little relief by leaving the child asleep with its father. The little Burman was delirious with a raging fever, and the babe took her dreadful disorder. This was a load of misery that seems almost too much for mortal strength. The children at last recovered; but Mrs Judson sunk under her extraordinary exertions. She became so weak as to be scarcely able to walk to the prison. In this debilitated state she set off in a cart for Ava, in order to procure some medicines she had left there. There her disorder became so violent that she had no hope of recovery. She says: "My only anxiety now was to return to Oung-pen-la, *to die near the prison.*" Frequent doses of laudanum so far subdued the disease, that the sufferer was enabled to set off. It was in the rainy season, and the oxen that dragged the heavy cart were buried in mud.

Nature was almost exhausted when she arrived at Oung-pen-la. The good native cook was so much affected by her emaciated appearance, that he burst into tears. This faithful creature seemed to be the only solace left in their forlorn condition. The babe, deprived of her usual nourishment by her mother's illness, was a source of constant anxiety, particularly as no nurse could be obtained. By making presents to the jailers, Mr Judson obtained leave to carry the poor famishing thing round the village, and appeal to the compassion of mothers. Sometimes, too, the almost dying wife was indulged in the "unspeakable consolation" of seeing her husband for a little while. But, in general, they suffered under the same system of extortion and petty tyranny.

The execution of the prisoners was prevented by the death of the king's brother, who had sent word to keep them till he came to witness it; luckily for their peace of mind, they did not know of this circumstance till the danger was past. At last, the hour of deliverance came. The English, uniformly victorious, compelled the Burmans to submit to such terms as they proposed; and their first demand was the release of all English and American captives. How joyfully these tidings must have sounded, after such a long dark season of despondency! Mrs Judson says: "It was on a cool, moonlight evening in the month of March 1826, that with hearts filled with gratitude to God, and overflowing with joy at our prospects, we passed down the Irawaddy, surrounded by six or eight golden boats, and accompanied by all we had on earth. For the first time, for more than a year and a half, we felt that we were free."

Sir Archibald Campbell, the English commander, treated them with the utmost respect and attention. A tent near his own was erected for them while they remained in the camp, and a large gun-boat was provided to convey them in safety to Rangoon.

It may well be imagined that their friends received them with great joy, after being entirely ignorant of their fate for nearly two years. During the latter part of their captivity, Mrs Judson had twice been brought to the very brink of the grave: indeed, once, after their removal from Oung-pen-la, before they came under the protection of the English, she was supposed to be quite dead. These shocks had enfeebled her constitution; but she was restored to tolerable health, and was able to nurse her feeble little infant.

Soon after their return to Rangoon, Mr Judson was obliged to leave her for a short time on business connected with the missionary establishment. In a letter to her mother he says: "Our parting was much less painful than many others had been. We had been preserved through so many trials and vicissitudes, that a separation of three or four months, attended with no hazard to either party, seemed a light thing. We parted, therefore, with cheerful hearts, confident of a speedy reunion, and indulging fond anticipations of future years of domestic happiness. In a letter to me, dated 14th of September, my wife wrote, 'For the first time since we were broken up at Ava, I feel myself at home. Poor little Maria is still feeble. I sometimes hope she is getting better; then again she declines to her former weakness. When I ask her where papa is, she always starts up and points towards the sea. May God preserve and bless you, and restore you to your new and old home, is the prayer of your affectionate Ann!'"

This was the last letter the wanderer received. The home to which he returned was desolate indeed.

Early in December Mrs Judson was attacked with a violent fever, which continued more or less severe until she died. During her illness, she expressed regret at leaving her schools before other missionaries arrived; but her head was much affected, and for the last few days she said but little. Once she murmured, "The teacher is long in coming: I must die alone, and leave my little one; but I acquiesce in the will of God. I am not afraid of death, but I am afraid I shall not be able to bear these pains. Tell the teacher the disease was most violent and I could not write; tell him how I suffered and died; tell him all that you see; and take care of all things till he returns." When unable to notice any thing else, she still asked to see her child, and charged the nurse to indulge it in every thing until its father came home. At eight o'clock on the evening of the 24th of December, with one exclamation of distress in the Burman language, she expired.

In letters written soon after her decease, Mr Judson says: "The news of the death of my beloved wife has thrown a gloom over all my future prospects, and for ever embittered the recollection of the present journey, in consequence of which I was absent from her dying bed, and prevented from affording the spiritual comfort her lonely circumstances peculiarly required, and of contributing to avert the fatal catastrophe, which has deprived me of the first of women and the best of wives.

"It affords me some comfort that she not only consented to my leaving her, but uniformly gave her advice in favour of the measure, whenever I hesitated concerning my duty. The doctor thinks her last illness was occasioned by the severe privations and long protracted sufferings she had undergone. With what meekness, patience, magnanimity, and Christian fortitude did she endure those sufferings! But can I wish they had been less? Can I wish to rob her crown of a single gem? Much she saw and suffered of the evil of this evil world; and eminently was she qualified to enjoy the pure and holy rest into which she has entered. True, she has been taken from a sphere in which she was singularly qualified by her natural disposition, her winning manners, her devoted zeal, and her perfect acquaintance with the language, to be extensively serviceable to the cause of Christ; true, she has been torn from her husband's bleeding heart, and from her darling babe; but infinite wisdom and love have presided, as ever, in this afflicting dispensation."

One of the English prisoners who had been confined with Mr Judson, pays the following tribute to the memory of this excellent woman:—

"Mrs Judson was the author of those eloquent and forcible appeals to the government which prepared them by degrees for submission to terms of peace, never expected by any who knew the inflexible pride of the Burman court.

"The overflowing of my grateful feelings on behalf of myself and fellow-prisoners compel me to add a tribute of public thanks to that amiable and humane woman, who, though living at a distance of two miles from our prison, without means of conveyance, and very feeble in health, forgot her own comfort and infirmity, and almost every day visited us, sought out and administered to our wants, and contributed in every way to alleviate our misery.

"'While the government left us destitute of food, she, with unwearied perseverance, by some means or other, obtained for us a constant supply. When our tattered clothes evinced the extremity of our distress, she was ever ready to replenish our scanty wardrobe. When the unfeeling avarice of our keepers confined us inside, or made our feet fast in the stocks, she, like a ministering angel, never ceased her applications to the government, until she was authorised to communicate the grateful news of our enlargement, or of some respite from our galling oppressions." . . . .

In a few short months, good angels carried the little orphan Maria to the mother by whom she was so fondly loved. They are placed side by side in that distant land, under the wide-spreading branches of the Hope-tree.

AN OLD STORY OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

Sir Richard Cradock, a justice of peace in the reign of Charles the Second, who was a violent hater and persecutor of the Puritans, and who exerted himself to enforce all the severe laws then in being against them, happened to live near Mr Rogers, to whom he bore a particular enmity, and whom he wanted, above all things, to have in his power. Hearing that he was one day to preach some miles distant, he thought that a fair opportunity offered for accomplishing his base design; and in order to accomplish it, he hired two men to go as spies, and take down the names of all the hearers whom they knew, that they might appear as witnesses against both them and Mr Rogers. The plan seemed to succeed to his wishes. These men brought him the names of several persons who were present at the meeting, and he summoned such of them as he had a particular spite against, together with Mr Rogers, to appear before him. Knowing the violence of the man, they came with trembling hearts, expecting to be treated with the utmost severity. While they were waiting in the great hall, expecting to be called upon, a little girl, about six or seven years of age, who was Sir Richard's grand-daughter, happened to come into the hall. She looked at Mr Rogers, and was much taken with his venerable appearance. He, being naturally fond of children, took her upon his knee, and caressed her, which occasioned her to conceive a great fondness for him. At length Sir Richard sent a servant to inform him and the rest that one of the witnesses, being taken ill, was unable to attend, and that therefore they must come again another day. They accordingly came at the time appointed, and, being convicted, the justice ordered their mittimus to be written, to send them all to prison. Mr Rogers, expecting to see the little girl again, brought some sweetmeats with him to give her. As soon as she saw him, she came running to him, and appeared fonder of him than before. This child, being a particular favourite of her grandfather, had got such an ascendency over him that he could deny her nothing; and she possessed such a violent spirit, that she could bear no contradiction, so that she was indulged in every thing she wanted. At one time, when she had been contradicted, she run a penknife into her arm, to the great danger of her life. This bad spirit, in the present instance, was overruled for good. While she was sitting on Mr Rogers' knee eating the sweetmeats, she looked earnestly at him, and asked, "What are you here for, sir?" He answered, "I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to jail." "To jail!" says she, "why, what have you done?" "Why, I did nothing but preach at such a place, and they did nothing but hear me." "But," says she, "my grandpapa sha'n't send you to jail." "Ay, but my dear," said he, "I believe he is now making out our mittimus, to send us all there." Upon this, she ran up to the chamber where Sir Richard was, and knocked with her hands and heels till she got in, and said to him, "What are you going to do with my good old gentleman in the hall?" "That's nothing to you," said he; "get you about your business." "But I won't," she exclaimed, "he tells me that you are going to send him and his friends to jail; and if you send them, I'll drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone: I will indeed." When he saw the child thus peremptory, it shook his resolution, and induced him to abandon his malicious design. Taking the mittimus in his hand, he went down into the hall, and thus addressed these good men: "I had here made out your mittimus, to send you all to jail, as you deserve; but, at my grandchild's request, I drop the prosecution, and set you all at liberty." They all bowed, and thanked his worship. But Mr Rogers, going to the child, laid his hand upon her head, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "God bless you, my dear child! May the blessing of that God whose cause you did now plead, though as yet you know him not, be upon you in life, at death, and to all eternity!" He and his friends then went away.

What follows is yet more remarkable, as containing a striking proof of the answer which was returned to good Mr Rogers' prayers for this child, and the blessing which descended upon her who had been the instrument of such a deliverance for these persecuted servants of God. A Mrs Tooley had listened with uncommon attention to this narrative, when related to a company of which she was a part, by the son of the Mr Rogers just mentioned; and when he had ended it, she asked him, "And are you that Mr Rogers' son?" He told her he was; upon which she said, "Well, as long as I have been acquainted with you, I never knew that before. And now I will tell you something which you do not know. *I am the very girl* your dear father blessed in the manner related; and it made an impression upon me which I could never forget." After this she cheerfully gave them the following narrative:—

After her grandfather's death she became sole heiress to his estate, which was considerable. Being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her, she ran into all the fashionable diversions of the age without restraint. But she confessed that when the pleasurable scenes were over, she found a dissatisfaction both with them and herself, that always struck a damp to her heart, which she did not know how to get rid of any other way than by running the same round over and over again; but all was in vain. Having contracted some slight illness, she thought she would go to Bath, hearing that it was a place for pleasure as well as health. When she arrived in that city, she was providentially led to consult an apothecary who was a very worthy and religious man. When he inquired what ailed her, she answered, "Why, Doctor, I don't ail much as to my body, but I have an uneasy mind, that I cannot get rid of." "Truly, Miss," said he, "I was so too till I met with a certain book, and that cured me." "Books!" said she, "I get all the books I can lay my hands on—all the plays, novels, and romances, I hear of; but after I have read them, my uneasiness is the same." "That may be, Miss," said he, "and I don't wonder at it. But as to this book I speak of, I can say of it what I can say of no other I ever read, that

I never tire in reading it, but can begin to read it again as if I had never read it before; and I always see something new in it." "Pray, Doctor," she replied, "what book is that?" "Nay, Miss," answered he, "that is a secret I don't tell every one." "But could I not get a sight of that book?" she inquired. "Yes," replied he, "if you speak me fair I can help you to a sight of it." "Pray, then, get it me, Doctor, and I'll give you any thing you please." "Yes," said he, "if you will promise me one thing, I'll bring it you, and that is, that you will read it over carefully; and, if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading." She promised faithfully that she would. After coming two or three times without it, to raise her curiosity, he at last took it out of his pocket, and gave it her.

This book was the New Testament. When she looked at it she rejected it with contempt; by his persuasion, however, she was induced to give him a solemn promise carefully to read it. When she commenced its perusal, it soon engaged her attention. She saw something in it wherein she had a deep concern; but her mind became ten times more uneasy than ever. Not knowing what to do, she soon returned to London, resolved to try again what the diversions there would do to dissipate her gloom. But nothing of this kind answered her purpose. She lodged at the court end of the town, where she had with her a female companion. One Saturday evening she had a remarkable dream, which was, that she was in a place of worship where she heard a sermon, but when she awoke she could remember nothing but the text. This dream, however, made a deep impression upon her mind; and the idea she had of the place and of the minister's person was as strong as if she had been long acquainted with both. On the Lord's day morning she told her dream to her companion, and said, that after breakfast she was resolved to go in quest of the place, though she should go from one end of London to the other. They accordingly set out, and went into several churches as they passed along, but none of them answered to what she saw in her dream. About one o'clock they found themselves in the heart of the city, where they dined, and then set out again in search of this place of worship.

Being in the Poultry, about half an hour after two o'clock, they saw a great number of people going down the Old Jewry, and she determined to see where they went. She mingled with the company, and they conducted her to the meeting-house in the Old Jewry, where Mr Shower was then minister. As soon as she entered the door, and surveyed the place, she turned to her companion and said, with some surprise, "This is the very place I saw in my dream." She had not been long before she saw Mr Shower go up into the pulpit, and, looking at him with great surprise, she said, "This is the very man I saw in my dream, and if every part of it hold true, he will take for his text Psalm cxvi. 7, 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul! for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.'" Having finished his prayer, every sentence of which went to her heart, he took the very text in question, and the discourse, by the blessing of God, was made the means of her saving conversion.

BE CHEERFUL.

You have trials. They are the common lot of mankind. Bear them patiently and with unquestioning submission. Think not that they are needless. Fail not to derive good from them. You have met with disappointments. And who has not? Before you allow yourself to complain, pause, and reflect. In the past, can you not see many instances in which it was merciful that you had disappointments? Had your desires been gratified, you now see that you must have been greatly injured. You are glad and thankful that God crossed your purposes. Wait patiently, and you shall soon see that your heavenly Father never gave one disappointment that was not needful and good.

You have sustained losses. It was best that you should. In the end you will see it. Even now you may derive great gain from every loss, if you will be led by them to find consolation in God. One smile from him compensates for every worldly loss. You are poor. Not poorer than One who, though he was rich, for your sake became poor, that you through his poverty might be rich. He had not where to lay his head. Your dwelling may be comfortless; your children poorly clad; you may be unable to educate them, or even procure for them all the necessaries of life. It is a trial. But be cheerful in it. The Lord can raise up friends for you and your little ones. He can give them what is unspeakably more precious than silver and gold. They cannot long be in want. He who hath numbered the hairs of your head knoweth that you have need. His resources are infinite. Trust in him. Speak to him of all you need. He can make your cup overflow with blessings; or, if he withholds some, he can give others more precious in their stead.

You have sickness and pain. It is a great affliction. Be cheerful. Show to those around you what power religion has to sustain, comfort, and bless, and to make a Christian joyful even in the midst of pain, languor, and disease. Be not anxious about the event. All things are ordered wisely and well by your heavenly Father. He does not afflict willingly. He has good and gracious purposes to secure in the afflictions which he visits on his people. Perhaps you never received from his hand any providential dispensation which was more needful than this sickness. Let your solicitude respecting it be that you may improve it to the Divine glory, and for your spiritual and eternal good.

You have had bereavements. Loved ones have been taken from your embrace, and you will see them no more here. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness." No man who hath not tasted the bitter cup, can tell what your sorrows are. But there is One who knows. In all the afflictions of his people he is afflicted. He can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He knows every pain, every sigh, every grief—he sees all your desolateness, and knows how dark the world has become to you. And he knows how to comfort you, and how to sanctify you in the deep affliction. You may weep. It is nature's only relief. But do not murmur. Repine not. Wish not that what God hath done had not been done, or had been differently done. It is all right, good, wise, perfect. Be submissive. Yea more, be cheerful. "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." Be it sufficient that the Father's will hath been done, and let his name be glorified.

ANECDOTES OF THE REV. DR NETTLETON.

A Christian minister can possess no talent more enviable than that of skill in stopping the mouths of gainsayers, and in speaking a word in season to all with whom he may meet. This talent Dr Nettleton, the eminent American minister, possessed in a very high degree.

Being accosted by a Universalist, who wished to engage in a discussion on the doctrine of eternal punishment, he replied, "I will not enter into any dispute with you at present; but I should be pleased to have you to state to me your views, that I may have them to think of." The man accordingly informed him, that in his opinion mankind received all their punishment in this life, and that all would be happy after death. Dr Nettleton then asked him to explain certain passages of Scripture, such as the account of the judgment in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, and some others, merely suggesting difficulties for him to solve, without calling in question any of his positions. After taxing his ingenuity for some time in this way, and thus giving him opportunity to perceive the difficulty of reconciling his doctrine with the language of inspiration, he said to him, "You believe, I presume, the account given by Moses of the deluge, and of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah?" "Certainly," he replied. "It seems, then," said Dr Nettleton, "that the world became exceedingly corrupt, and God determined to destroy it by a deluge of water. He revealed his purpose to Noah, and directed him to prepare an ark in which he and his family might be saved. Noah believed God, and prepared the ark. Meanwhile he was a preacher of righteousness. He warned the wicked around him of their danger, and exhorted them to prepare to meet their God. But his warnings were disregarded. They, doubtless, flattered themselves that God was too good a being thus to destroy his creatures. But notwithstanding their unbelief, the flood came, and, if your doctrine is true, swept them all up to heaven. And what became of Noah, that faithful servant of God? He was tossed to and fro on the waters, and was doomed to trials and sufferings for three hundred and fifty years longer in this evil world; whereas, if he had been wicked enough, he might have gone to heaven with the rest.

"And there were the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, which had become so corrupt that God determined to destroy them by a tempest of fire. He revealed his purpose to Lot, and directed him and his family to make their escape. 'And Lot went out, and spake to his sons-in-law, saying, Up, get ye out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city. But he seemed as one that mocked to his sons-in-law.' They did not believe that such a doom was impending. They doubtless flattered themselves that God was too good a being to burn up his creatures. But no sooner had Lot made his escape, than it rained fire and brimstone from the Lord out of heaven, and they all, it seems, ascended to heaven in a chariot of fire; while pious Lot was left to wander in the mountains, and to suffer many grievous afflictions in this vale of tears; whereas, if he had been wicked enough, he might have gone to heaven with the rest." After making this statement, he requested the man to reflect on these things, and bade him an affectionate farewell.

A young lady, who was under concern of mind, said to him, "I certainly do desire to be a Christian. I desire to be holy. I would give all the world to have an interest in Christ." He replied, "What you say will not bear examination. If you really desire religion for what it is, there is nothing to hinder you from possessing it. I can make a representation which will show you your heart, if you are willing to see it." "I am," said she. "It will look very bad," said he; "but if you are willing to see it, I will make the representation. Suppose you were a young lady of fortune; and suppose a certain young man should desire to obtain your fortune, and should, for that reason, conclude to pay his addresses to you. But he does not happen to be pleased with your person. He does not love you, but hates you. And suppose he should come to you and say, 'I really wish I could love you, but I do not. I would give all the world if I could love you, but I cannot'—what would you think of that young man?"

A person once said in his presence, that to inculcate upon sinners their dependence on God for a new heart, is suited to discourage effort, and to lead them to sit down in despair. He replied, "The very reverse of this is true. Suppose a number of men are locked up in a room, playing cards. Some person informs them that the roof of the building is on fire, and that they must make their escape, or they will perish in the flames. Says one of them, 'We need not be in haste, we shall have time to finish the game.' 'But,' says the person who gave the alarm, 'your door is locked.' 'No matter for that,' he replies; 'I have the key in my pocket, and can open it at any moment.' 'But I tell you that the key will not open the door.' 'Won't it?' he exclaims; and, rising from the table, flies to the door, and exerts himself to the utmost to open it. So sinners, while they believe there is no difficulty in securing their salvation at any moment, quiet their consciences, and silence their fears. But when they are taught that such is the wickedness of their hearts, that they will never repent unless God interposes by his regenerating grace, they are alarmed, and begin to inquire, in deep distress, what they shall do to be saved."

A caviller once asked this excellent minister, "How came I by my wicked heart?" "That," he replied, "is a question which does not concern you so much as another, namely, how you shall get rid of it. You have a wicked heart, which renders you entirely unfit for the kingdom of God; and you must have a new heart, or you cannot be saved; and the question which now most deeply concerns you is, how you shall obtain it." "But," said the man, "I wish you to tell me how I came by my wicked heart." "I shall not," replied Dr Nettleton, "do that at present; for if I could do it to your entire satisfaction, it would not in the least help you towards obtaining a new heart. The great thing for which I am solicitous is, that you should become a new creature, and be prepared for heaven." As the man manifested no wish to hear any thing on that subject, but still pressed the question how he came by his wicked heart, Dr Nettleton told him that his condition resembled that of a man who is drowning, while his friends are attempting to save his life. As he rises to the surface of the water, he exclaims, "How came I here?" "That question," says one of his friends, "does not concern you now. Take hold of this rope," "But how came I here?" he asks again. "I shall not stop to answer that question now," replies his friend. "Then I'll drown," says the infatuated man, and, spurning all proffered aid, sinks to the bottom.

A PARCEL of gay young persons got up a ball in a neighbourhood in which Dr Nettleton had been preaching with great success, and, for the amusement of themselves and others, inserted the reverend gentleman's name at the head of the list of managers. The company assembled at the time appointed. About the hour for commencing the dance, Dr Nettleton made his appearance, and observed to the company that he perceived, from the tickets that had been issued, that he had been appointed a manager, and therefore he proposed to open the services with prayer. He then offered up a very affecting prayer for the thoughtless group; which was blessed of God to the conviction of a number of those present, several of whom afterwards professed conversion, united with the church, and were never afterwards found within the walls of a ball-room. This anecdote we believe to be true. The circumstances were narrated to us in Virginia, while Dr Nettleton was labouring in the county in which we then resided.

DEMEANOUR IN CHURCH.

THE devotions of a congregation, as of an individual, should be uninterrupted by any unnecessary or unusual noise or bustle. "When thou prayest," said the Saviour, "enter into thy closet." And a congregation should enter the house of prayer with the same desire of retirement from the thoughts and cares and interests of the world, with which a single Christian seeks the privacy of his own apartment. The feelings and thoughts should be schooled to quiet awe and a devotional spirit. Every person should move as one desirous not to disturb or attract the eyes and ears of his neighbour. He should feel the awe of the patriarch for a place set apart for the duties of religion, and address himself entirely to the duties which have brought him to the church.

In order to these good effects and influences, it is desirable, first, that all churches should be so constructed as to minister to quiet. No jarring nor rattling doors and seats should be suffered by the builder, or those who have the house in charge. And these requisites to quiet being secured, the worshippers should each remember the injunction, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." All should strive to be *punctual* in attendance, endeavouring rather to be earlier than the hour, than to suffer themselves, by delay, to disturb the devotion of others. It is a great assistant to devotion when one can reach the pew, and settle himself in solemn quiet before the time for service—that he may "commune with his own heart and be still." The cares of this world too often intrench upon the Sabbath. The bustle of preparation for going to church, even in the best regulated households, must, more or less, interfere with the perfect stillness and rest which is desirable, which seems indeed to be an element in the air of the Sabbath. These adverse influences can be overcome, and the mind schooled to its better and holier duties, if a few minutes' rest and thought and silent prayer are obtained before the services commence. A morning of worry, and haste, and bustle is not a propitious training for worship. Early rising and early repairing to the house of God, all possible preparation having been made upon the day before, will comfort and tranquillize the soul, and enable it to "receive with meekness the engrafted word."

Children should be very early impressed with proper feelings of awe and respect for religious services, whenever and wherever held, whether in public or in the family circle. All lightness and irreverence should be promptly but kindly checked; and they should feel that it is a matter of *great importance* that prayer should be offered. Formalism and mechanical worship tend almost as much to teach disrespect, as the absence of all attention to worship does. Our children in these, as in all other respects, will follow our examples.

If they find us hurrying to church at the last hour, as a matter of business, they will be certain to take the infection; and thus habits may be early formed which a lifetime perhaps will not wholly eradicate. Familiarity with sacred themes and places offers many temptations which we cannot too carefully guard against; for indifference to externals even may beget irreverence; and that temper of mind once formed, the "first work" is to be done over again. Man is prone to extremes. The spirit of the present generation is to run from the superstition of the past to a spirit in the opposite direction, almost if not quite as dangerous. Let, then, parents and Sunday school teachers not be unmindful even of small things in the demeanour and bearing of the children in their charge.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

HAVE I A SOUL?—WHAT THEN?

YES, indeed, I have. The value of the soul no tongue can describe. It is eternal, and must spend an eternity either in a world of glory or in the region of darkness!

If my soul be so infinitely precious, ought I not to make it my first care? True, I am placed in an ensnaring world; I am surrounded by cares, difficulties, and business; I have my daily duties to perform, everyday crosses to encounter; but let *nothing* stand in the way of my *first care*, MY SOUL!

The health of my body depends upon the beat of my heart. If that is in fault, the life-stream is affected, circulation grows languid, and a chilling sensation is felt throughout my frame.

And so does my spiritual health depend upon the state of *my soul!* If my good Physician be not continually resorted to for the Holy Spirit's quickening powers, very soon all within will be in a languishing and dying state. It is from God alone that I can receive wisdom, support, and direction, for all that lies before me. My Saviour has opened a fountain for all my guilt, and all my weakness. If I fail to drink largely from such a fountain, all that I do will be one mass of confusion. Instead of peace, I shall have disquietude; every little circumstance will seem filled with difficulties; unexpected duties will be met with agitation; my mind will be as a troubled sea, my temper will be irritable, and all pleasure in my business will cease to exist.

I know that the proper measurement of time depends upon the correct ticking of my watch. Should the mainspring be out of repair, or broken, I cannot expect the wheels to perform their daily round of duty. If I neglect to wind up my timepiece, I cannot blame its mechanism because it ceases to tick. *My soul* is like this mainspring. Let me, then, before I enter on my daily duties, repair to that throne of grace, where I shall find a willing and powerful hand ready to renew me day by day.

Let me first secure the peace which Jesus gives; let me first feed my own soul with spiritual strength and grace; then how differently shall I spend my days! "I will go in the strength of my Lord God." The most trifling annoyance I will receive as from his hand, and my peaceful manner, my quiet spirit, my subdued temperament, will cause my household to acknowledge, that "religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

But let me never feel satisfied that I am feeding others while my own soul is starving. I must beware of Satan's devices. Often, alas! does he lull the Christian to sleep with regard to his own spiritual growth, while he is active enough in cultivating the vineyards of others. My friends see me thus busily employed for my Lord, and think all is right, and commend me. But perhaps my Master above "sees that my own heart is a waste howling wilderness."

"What shall a man give in exchange for HIS SOUL?" (Matt. xvi. 29.)

"They made me keeper of the vineyards; but *mine own* vineyard have I not kept!" (Sol. Song, i. 6.)

JUDGMENTS ON FAMILIES.

No reader of British history can avoid being struck with the misfortunes which, in all the periods of their reigns, attended the family of the Stuarts. For upwards of four hundred years there has been a blast upon their race. Robert the Third of Scotland, broke his heart because his eldest son was starved to death, and his youngest was made a captive; James the First, after having beheaded three of his kindred, was assassinated by his own uncle, who afterwards died under the tortures inflicted for his crime; James the Second was killed by the bursting of a cannon; James the Third, when flying from the field of battle, was thrown from his horse, and murdered in a cottage into which he had been carried for assistance, his own son being engaged against his father in the battle; James the Fourth was killed in battle at Flodden-Field; James the Fifth died of grief and mortification for the defeat of his army at Solway Moss—a defeat arising from the treachery and disaffection of his nobility; Henry Stuart was murdered, while his palace was destroyed by the explosion of gunpowder; Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, was beheaded in England by the orders of her rival Elizabeth; James the Sixth of Scotland, and first of England, died not without suspicion of poison by the Duke of Buckingham; Charles the First was beheaded at Whitehall; Charles the Second, for many years, was a wanderer on the Continent; James the Second was driven from his kingdom, and died in the habit of a monk; and his family, in their attempts to recover possession of the British empire, discovered such infatuation, both in counsel and in action, that one of their sincere friends, in leaving the Pretender, said, "What can your family have done, thus to excite the judgment of God?"

COMPANIONSHIP OF THE WICKED.

O YE who have been seduced from the society of the good, look from the borders of that pit into which you are plunging, back to the gates of life. Say, are you willing to forego the pleasures of eternal glory, for those sordid enjoyments which only end in disappointment, and are followed, in your moments of reflection, by many a pang? Say, are you willing to take up your abode in the dungeon of despair, when you might walk beneath the light which beams from the throne of God? Say, is not the company with whom you associate, such as, if there is a hell, will lead you thither, and overwhelm you in that sea of trouble from which there is no deliverance? By the influence of your companions, when the voice of conscience disturbs you, it is soon fled. You resort to your pleasures, and drown the clamours within your breasts in noisy mirth. You fall asleep in your sin, and dream of happiness here, but put off the considerations of hereafter. It is an easy matter, with such consciences as you possess, to imagine that the wrath of God, because it is delayed, will never arrive. While surrounded by companions, you can paint before your imagination the delight of sin, and bury in a momentary oblivion the anguish which it must eventually afford. You can laugh at the salutary fears of piety, and commit those deeds of darkness to which your wicked hearts may prompt. And all this may serve as an opiate to lull you to repose. But,

—— "Say, dreamers of gay dreams,
How will you weather an eternal night
Where such expedients fail?"

REV. DR WITHERSPOON.

THE Rev. Dr Witherspoon, formerly president of Princeton College, was once on board a packet ship, where, among other passengers, was a professed atheist. This unhappy man was very fond of troubling every one with his peculiar belief, and of broaching the subject as often as he could get any one to listen to him. He did not believe in a God and a future state, not he! By-and-by there came on a terrible storm, and the prospect was that all would be drowned. There was much consternation on board, but no one was so greatly frightened as the professed atheist. In this extremity, he sought out the clergyman, and found him in the cabin, calm and collected, in the midst of danger, and thus addressed him: "O Dr Witherspoon! Dr Witherspoon! we're all going; we have but a short time to stay. O how the vessel rocks! we're all going; don't you think we are, doctor?" The doctor turned to him with a solemn look, and replied in broad Scotch, "Nae doubt, nae doubt, man; we're a' ganging; but you and I dinna gang the same way." The poor man was speechless; and the worthy doctor, who had not said much before, then took the opportunity of setting before him the guilt and folly of his conduct.

STOOP! STOOP!

Dr Franklin once received a very useful lesson from the excellent Dr Cotton Mather, which he thus relates in a letter to his son:—

"The last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, he showed me a shorter way out of the house, by a narrow passage which was crossed by a beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning towards him, when he said hastily, 'Stoop, stoop!' I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an opportunity of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me, 'You are young, and have the world before you; learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will avoid many hard thumps.' This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortune brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high"

THE TEACHER IN HIS CLOSET.

"ENTER INTO THY CLOSET."

"The teacher in his closet!" What precious thoughts this little title suggests. "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." Delightful promise!

O brother, sister, Christian fellow-labourer! whoever thou art that readest these words, take courage; let not thine heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Thy Father seeth thee; he waiteth to receive thy prayer. Enter into thy closet; shut out the world and worldly thoughts; pour forth thy sorrows, and doubt not that thou shall be comforted.

Are thy abilities small? and dost thou fear that thou art of no use? Remember that the work of conversion is the Lord's. Thou art but his instrument; a weak one it may be, but he maketh the weakness of man to work mighty things. Ask of him, and he will give thee understanding. "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." Is thy learning great—thine intellect powerful?—then great is thy need of the closet. Beware lest thou depend upon thyself; lean not on thine own understanding. Enter into thy closet; forget thy learning, thy intellect; and lowly kneeling at the throne of grace, prefer thy prayer for deep humility.

Art thou disheartened because thou labourest much, and seest no fruit? Be not disheartened; it is God's work, and in due time thou shalt reap if thou faint not.

It may be, thou hast not sought a blessing from that source whence only thou hast a right to expect it.

Hast thou entered into thy closet, and prayed to the Lord of the harvest to bless the seed thou hast sown? No! Then how canst thou expect to see the seed spring up and bear fruit? Yes. Then let patience have her perfect work; fear not, in his own good time God will bless thy labour which proceedeth of love.

MAGNETISM OF FAITH.

I have observed at sea, and it is often noticed by mariners, that in the beginning of bad weather, before the storm was fairly set in and fixed in its course, the needle in the compass-box was considerably affected, and there was unusual oscillation, probably through the changing or disturbance of the atmosphere's electric forces. But after the gale was fairly formed or at its height, the needle became true to its polarity. In like manner is it with a mind under trial that has been once thoroughly imbued by the grace of God, so as to have the law of Divine polarity impressed upon it, making it to turn always to the pole-star of Bethlehem. Though ordinarily true to her pole, it is seldom or never that the Christian can at once repress the flutter and agitation of nature, control or understand its deviations, collect his energies, and repose calmly on God. It is seldom that faith, taken by surprise, does at once steady the soul, and lift a man clear above hostile infirmities and fears. Although it be true that, when once affected by the love of God, the soul does always point upwards by strong attraction, as the compass-needle to the north, yet, like that same needle, suddenly acted upon by a disturbing force, you must give it time to recover its balance, and, its oscillations done, to fasten upon the central point of rest.

We have known God's dear children sometimes, when calamities came suddenly in prospect, when huge billows seemed ready to go over them, and a black cloud of sorrows was about to burst upon their heads, at first trembling and anxious, swinging a little with trepidation to this side and that of the central point of rest. But as the trial became more distinctly defined, the cloud's lightning began to flash, and its big drop to fall, the palpitating heart would be still, the vibrations of the will would cease, faith gather strength, and the eye of the soul be upturned and fastened on a faithful God, and its hand grasp firmly the promises, which neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, can ever loosen.—*H. T. Cheever.*

A FAITHFUL STEWARD.

Professors of religion have never yet felt as they should do that their property is the Lord's, given to them to sustain his cause. Hence they talk about giving *their property* for the support of the gospel;

as though the cause of the Lord Jesus were to be supported as an act of alms-giving. A merchant in a large town was in the habit of paying a large part of his pastor's salary. One of the members of the church was relating the fact to a minister from a distance, and speaking of the *sacrifice* which this merchant was making. At this moment, the merchant came in. "Brother," said the minister, "you are a merchant; suppose you employ a clerk to sell goods, and a schoolmaster to teach your children, and you order your clerk to pay your schoolmaster out of the store such an amount for his services in teaching. Now, suppose your clerk gave out that *he* had to pay this schoolmaster his salary, and should speak of the sacrifices that *he* was making to do it, what would you say to this?" "Why," said the merchant, "I should say it was ridiculous." "Well," said the minister, "God employs you to sell goods as his clerk, and your minister he employs to teach his children, and requires you to pay the salary out of the income of that store. Now, do you call this *your* sacrifice, and say that you are making a great sacrifice to pay this minister's salary? No; you are just as much bound to sell goods for God, as he is to preach for him."

COLDNESS IN RELIGION.

COLDNESS is a far more dangerous extreme than too much heat. The one may consist with real goodness, nay, may be *the consequence* of real goodness, commixing with a perturbed imagination, or an ill-formed judgment. But coldness can be resolved only into an absolute *want of feeling*. Enthusiasm is excess, but coldness is want of vitality. The enthusiast, in a moral respect, is insane, which implies a possibility of recovery, and a partial recurrence of reason; but the cold person is like an idiot, in whom reason never shows itself, and in whom convalescence is desperate. Professors of Christianity, members of churches, ponder gravely this solemn thought—Are you lukewarm, cold or hot?—*Anon.*

EVERYDAY HINTS.

MATTHEW HENRY, in his Life of his father the Rev. Philip Henry, says, "I have heard him often blame those whose irregular zeal in the profession of religion makes them to neglect their worldly business, and let the house drop through, the affairs of which the good man will 'order with discretion;' and he would tell sometimes of a religious woman whose fault it was—how she was convinced of it by means of an intelligent, godly neighbour, who, coming into the house, and finding the good woman, far in the day, in her closet, and the house sadly neglected, children not tended, servants not minded, 'What!' said he, 'is there no fear of God in this house?' which much startled and affected the good woman that overheard him. He would often say, every thing is beautiful in its season: and that it is the wisdom of the prudent so to order the duties of their *general callings* as Christians, and those of their *particular callings* in the world, as that they may not clash or interfere. I have heard it observed, from Eccles. vii. 16, that there may be overdoing in welldoing."

THE YEAR.

WE may consider the year before us as a desk containing three hundred and sixty-five letters addressed to us, one for *every day*, announcing its trials and prescribing its employments, with an order to open daily no letter but the letter *for the day*. Now we may be strongly tempted to unseal beforehand some of the remainder. This, however, would serve only to embarrass us, while we should violate the rule which our owner and master has laid down for us: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought of the things for itself."—*Jay.*

CANONS OF PRAYER.

IT is evident that all the provision needed for the supply of our wants has been made by our heavenly Father. Christ Jesus has made full atonement for our sins, and purchased the gift of the Holy Spirit. All things are ready—the provision is ample, and yet it is true, that nothing of importance is bestowed but in answer to prayer. What, then, are some of the things to be regarded as among the conditions of prevailing prayer.

1st Canon: "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

2d, "When ye stand praying, if ye have aught against any, forgive."

3d, "When thou bringest thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, go thy way, and first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

4th, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

5th, "Ask in faith. All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, *believing*, ye shall receive. He that cometh unto God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

PRAY AND THRIVE.

THE Rev. Mr Carter, a Puritan divine, was once in company with a poor man, who complained of the hardships of his condition, saying—"Mr Carter, what will become of me? I *work* hard and fare hard, and yet I cannot thrive." The reply of Mr Carter was, "You still want one thing; you must work hard, and fare hard, and *pray* hard, and then you will be sure to thrive."

HOW TO SPOIL A CHILD.

ABOVE all mistakes, is that of supposing that the better nature of a child is to be drawn out and raised into strength, which we should desire to see in the man, by making him pass through a cold and cheerless youth. A system of petty restraints, of privations, of severe looks, and incessant chiding, only results in depraving the feelings, and perverting the reason of a young person. He is, under such circumstances, entirely out of harmony with nature. He is like a flower, which requires light and warmth, placed in a cellar, where it can never acquire its proper proportions, colour, or vigour. It is quite impossible that a child so treated can ever attain the proper characteristic of a well-constituted man or woman.

THE WELLS OF SALVATION:

A Sacramental Sermon.

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES SOMERVILLE, D.D., DRUMELZIER.

"Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."—ISAIAH xii. 3.

THE preceding chapter contains a sublime prophetic description of Messiah's reign,—"There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots," &c. In this chapter the prophet describes the blessedness of those who live under the gospel dispensation, and submit to it:—"In that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

The language of the text is highly figurative, and the figure used is very common both in the Old and New Testaments. The water of life is an expression used in the New Testament to denote all the blessings of salvation:—"Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." In the same sense the prophet Isaiah elsewhere uses this expression—"Ho every one that thirsteth." Our Lord speaks of the blessings of salvation in the same language,—"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of living water springing up unto life eternal."—(John iv. 14.) The water here mentioned, which the people of God shall draw from the wells of salvation, we understand as signifying the graces of the Holy Spirit, and the blessings of salvation.

Christ himself is the fountain of life, the living spring from which all these blessings flow. It is from him alone that we can draw this water of life—these graces and blessings which shall nourish us up unto eternal life; but as he, the living spring, is at a distance from us, so that we cannot have immediate communication with him, he hath appointed various duties and ordinances as the wells in which we are to seek those waters of life which are treasured up in him. Among all the ordinances which he hath appointed, none are better fitted for communicating to us the graces of the Spirit and the blessings of salvation than the holy ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

It is proposed, in humble dependence on Divine aid, to point out some of the graces of the Spirit, and some of the blessings of salvation, which we may draw from this ordinance.

First, From this ordinance you may obtain humiliation, contrition, and that godly sorrow for sin which worketh repentance not to be repented of. These are not in themselves pleasant, but they are indispensably necessary. and they are pleasant in their fruits and effects, though not in their immediate operations "Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted"—"God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble"—"With this man will I dwell, even with him who is of a humble and contrite spirit, and who trembleth at my word." Let those who complain of a hard heart, who complain that they cannot get themselves sufficiently sensible of the evil of sin, humbled on account of it, and made to hate it with a perfect hatred, come to this ordinance and seek what they want. Behold Christ here, evidently crucified before your eyes. His body was broken, and his blood shed, for the remission of sin. Can that be a small thing for which the innocent Son of God was obliged to suffer and die? He died for your sins—he became a curse for you, to save you who were accursed; you see here his wounds, his agonies, his death. It was sin, even your sin, which occasioned it all. He was wounded for your transgressions, bruised for your iniquities; the chastisement of your peace came upon him—by his stripes you are healed. In this ordinance view the death of Christ as occasioned by your sins, and you will mourn and be in bitterness on account of it; you will hate it, and earnestly long to be delivered from its reigning power.

Second, Hungering and thirsting after Christ and his grace, after the fear of God and communion with him, are graces which are also brought into exercise in this ordinance—"Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." It is a most happy state of mind, when a person is able to say, like the Psalmist, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for God, saying, When shall I appear before God? My soul thirsteth for God, even the living God." This holy ordinance is suited both to excite these holy desires and to satisfy them when they are excited. Here you see Jesus, and all the blessings of salvation, clearly represented to your view. Here the most excellent blessings, the most necessary mercies, are set before your eyes, to fill you with ardent desire and earnest longing to obtain them. Here you have a complete Saviour represented to your view—a Saviour full of grace and truth—a Saviour holding out to you pardon, even a free pardon of all your iniquities—a Saviour offering you deliverance from the guilt and punishment of sin—a Saviour offering you deliverance from hell and eternal misery—a Saviour offering you himself, and every blessing along with him—peace with God, peace with your own conscience, joy and gladness in God your Saviour, happiness in life, safety at death, and an unspeakable and eternal weight of glory when you go hence. When these elements are offered to you, and when you hear the words of Christ in the institution repeated, "Take, eat," call to mind all the blessings represented in that ordinance, and let your minds run out in the most earnest desires after them; open your souls abundantly, and they shall be filled.

Third, This ordinance is suited to call into exercise the grace of faith, and lead you to receive Christ, trust in him, and commit your souls to him. Faith is one of the most excellent graces of the Spirit, and he who is strong in faith is strong in every grace. It was the prayer of Christ's disciples, "Lord, increase our faith;" and such also will be the earnest desire of every true Christian. Faith subdues corruption, mortifies sin, overcomes the world, worketh by love. As an anchor of the soul, it entereth into the things which are within the veil—keeps up a continual correspondence betwixt heaven and the soul—draws down from God peace, joy, comfort, and strength. It is when this grace is most in exercise that the Christian is strongest, happiest, and most steadfast. No ordinance is better suited than this to call the grace of faith into lively exercise. Here you have not only the important objects of faith brought before you by the hearing of the ear, but your eye as it were seeth them. When we deliver to you the bread and wine which represent Christ and the blessings of his purchase, we offer and deliver to you in his name, and by his authority, Christ himself and all the blessings of salvation. Christ says, "Take my broken body and shed blood, and feed on it to life everlasting. Take it as my sealed covenant—the sealed testimony of my love, and the sealed gift of eternal life. I here offer them to your acceptance, and deliver them all into your possession." When you have the bread and wine delivered unto you, realize to yourselves all the blessings which they represent. Accept of these blessings, and repose in unshaken confidence on that Saviour who thus gives himself to you.

Fourth, This ordinance is calculated to call into exercise the graces of love and gratitude to your God and Saviour. Gratitude and love are delightful acts of the soul, and the very exercise of them gives much felicity. They are indispensable duties which we owe to him who hath done so much for us, and who is infinitely amiable and excellent in himself. This holy ordinance of the Lord's Supper has much in it suited to fill the soul with gratitude and love. Here we see the greatest, the most valuable, the most undeserved blessings, purchased by the blood of Christ and freely given to us. Here you see Jesus, the unspeakable gift of God, obeying, suffering, dying for you, unworthy rebels. Here you see mercies given you which shall render you blessed through eternity. Here you see God, even the infinite God, become your God, your reconciled Father, your eternal portion. Here you see yourselves brought into the family of the redeemed through faith in Christ Jesus,—made the children of God, heirs of his everlasting kingdom. Here you see your purchased and sealed title to grace and glory, and to every thing which is truly good. Brethren! there is no blessing that concerns either time or eternity which is not given you with Jesus Christ, who in this ordinance offers himself to your acceptance. If God have freely given you his own Son, and if Christ so freely gives himself, will he not also freely give you all things? Yes, he will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from you. When you come to this holy ordinance, and see Jesus and all the important and valuable blessings which concern time and eternity offered to you, let your hearts flow out in gratitude and love to your gracious God and Saviour. Assume the language of the apostle Paul, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!"—"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."—"What shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits? We will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord; we will pay our vows now in the presence of all his people."

Fifth, This holy ordinance is equally fitted to influence the heart with love to our God and Saviour. The exercise of love to God is the highest duty and the highest happiness of created beings. In this ordinance we have such views of God in Christ Jesus as have the strongest tendency to make our hearts burn within us with holy love to him who hath so much loved us. In this ordinance you have the most amiable and attractive views of God. Here you see him, not clothed with majesty and terror to make you afraid—not robed in transcendent holiness and inflexible justice, taking vengeance on you as sinners and rebels; but with a countenance beaming love, peace, pardon, and grace toward you. Here you behold God as your God, your reconciled God through Christ; as glorious and excellent in holiness, yet passing by the transgression of the remnant of his inheritance; as hating sin, yet delighting in mercy; as strict in justice, yet pardoning you. In a word, the whole character and nature of God is here represented to your view in such a light as has the strongest tendency to fill your hearts with love to him. And not only does God in this ordinance draw out love to himself by giving the most amiable and attractive views of his own character, but he does so by giving the most striking displays of his love to us. Guilty and vile, we see here that God so loved us as to give his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Lost and helpless, we behold our gracious Father laying our help on one mighty to save. We behold him loving us even when we were enemies to him. "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man one would even dare to die; but God commendeth his love to us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." Here we behold the love of Christ, who for our sakes became a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief—who for our sakes endured the contradiction of sinners against himself—who for our sakes humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross—who for your sakes endured the wrath of God due to your sins—who gave his body to be broken, and his blood to be shed, that you might escape the damnation of hell, and be made partakers of endless glory and happiness. When in this ordinance, therefore, you take into your hands the symbols of Christ's body broken, and of his blood shed for you, call to remembrance the unmerited loving-kindness of God, who so loved you as to give his Son to die for you; call to mind the unspeakable love of Christ, who so loved you as to give his life a ransom for you; look up to God as in Christ, and behold all the love and mercy which shine in his countenance towards you; look up to your glorified Redeemer, and behold his heart still overflowing with love and grace towards you! When you take such views of your reconciled Father and gracious Redeemer, let your hearts flow out in unrestrained love; say, with the Psalmist, "I will love thee, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer. I will delight myself in thee, my Saviour and my God. I will delight in thee, and in the remembrance of thy grace. How wonderful, O Lord, are thy thoughts of love and mercy towards us! they far exceed all search! Awake, my soul, to love Him who hath so much loved me. Be stirred up to magnify and bless his holy name, who hath forgiven all thine iniquities, who hath healed all thy diseases, who hath redeemed thy soul from destruction—who hath crowned thee with loving-kindness and tender mercy."

Sixth, This ordinance is fitted to fill you with hatred to sin and with love to holiness. Here you see the most awful display of the sinfulness of sin—its hateful, abominable nature in the sight of a holy God. So exceedingly evil is it, that it could not be pardoned unless the Son of God bore the punishment due unto it. So exceedingly hateful did it render you to God, that he could not possibly admit you into his presence until you were washed from your sins in the blood of his Son. Look to the cross of Christ; see him in agony, suffering and dying on account of your sins, and learn the exceeding evil of sin. When you take the symbols of Christ's broken body and shed blood into your hands, let your hearts say, "How dear has my Saviour paid for my sins! How hateful is sin, which hath thus caused my gracious Lord to bleed and die. Shall I sin, when so much grace hath abounded? God forbid! How shall I, who am dead to sin, live any longer therein? How shall I ever do that abominable thing which my God and Saviour hates, and which caused him to expire in agony? Shall I, who have been so much loved, offend my gracious Lord by sin? Shall I crucify my Lord afresh, and put him to open shame? God forbid! Let me die daily unto sin, and live unto righteousness." The same views will excite in the worthy partaker the most ardent love to holiness, and desire to abound in those fruits of righteousness which are to the praise and glory of God. When he beholds the love of God in sending his Son to redeem them who were under the law from its curse, and the dying love of Christ, his love to his God and Saviour will be revived. He will ardently desire to be like him whom he loves. He will ardently desire to do all in his power for his glory. His heart will feel the power of that argument which the apostle Paul expressed—"The love of Christ constraineth us thus to judge, that if one died for all then were all dead, that they who live should not live to themselves, but to him who died for them and who rose again."

These are some of the graces which this ordinance is suited to bring into exercise. The benefits which arise from the exercise of these graces, and from the whole of this ordinance, are also many and important. Your time at present does not permit us to enter into a minute illustration of them. You will easily see that the views presented to you in this ordinance, and the graces to which it gives exercise, are fitted to fill your hearts with the highest spiritual joy and delight—to give you assurance of the Divine favour and love—to raise your hearts to God—to spiritualize the whole frame of your minds—to detach you from the earth, and render you spiritually-minded—to strengthen and increase your graces, and fill you with spiritual joy in believing—to confirm and establish you in the ways of godliness—to render you steadfast and immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord—to mortify sin in you—strengthen you with all might in the inner man, and to confirm your hopes of a happy death and glorious immortality. In a word, the view given you in this ordinance, and the graces to which it gives exercise, have a tendency to promote every thing in you which can render you truly happy in time and through eternity.

Thus, my brethren, do you see how you may draw the water of life to cleanse, nourish, revive, strengthen, and gladden you, from Jesus, the living fountain, by means of this holy ordinance which he hath instituted for your benefit.

SELF-EXAMINATION BEFORE SITTING DOWN AT THE FEAST.

BY THOMAS WATSON. 1662.

WHAT *must we examine?*

Ans. I. Our sins. II. Our graces.

First, Our sins. Search if any dead fly might spoil this sweet ointment. When we come to the sacrament, we should do as the Jews did before the passover; they searched for leaven, and having found it did burn it. 1. Let us search for the leaven of pride; this sours our holy things; we are born with a spiritual tympany. Will an humble Christ be received into a proud heart? Pride keeps Christ out. Pride swells the heart, and Christ cannot come into the heart if it be full already. 2. Let us search for the leaven of avarice. The Lord's Supper is a spiritual mystery; it represents Christ's body and blood; what should an earthly heart do here? The earth puts out the fire; earthliness quencheth the fire of holy love. A soul beslimed with earth cannot ascend to heavenly cogitations. "Covetousness, which is idolatry."—(Col. iii. 5.) Will Christ come into that heart where there is an idol? Search for this leaven before you come to this ordinance. How can an earthly heart converse with that God which is a spirit? Can a clod of earth kiss the sun? 3. Search for the leaven of hypocrisy: "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy."—(Luke xii. 1.) Aquinas describes it *simulatio virtutis;*—hypocrisy is a counterfeiting of virtue. The hypocrite is a living pageant; he only makes a show of religion; he gives God his knee, but no heart; and God gives him bread and wine in the sacrament, but no Christ. O let us search for this leaven of hypocrisy and burn it!

Secondly, We must examine our graces. I shall instance only in one, our knowledge.

1. Whether we have knowledge.
2. Whether it be rightly qualified.

1st, We are to examine whether we have knowledge, else we cannot give God a reasonable service.—(Rom. xiii. 1.) Knowledge is a necessary requisite in a communicant; without knowledge there can be no fitness for the sacrament; a person cannot be fit to come to the Lord's table who hath no goodness, but without knowledge the mind is not good.—(Prov. xix. 2.) Some say they have good hearts though they want knowledge; as if one should say, his eye is good, but it wants sight. Under the law, when the plague of leprosy was in a man's head, the priest was to pronounce him unclean. The ignorant person hath the plague in his head, he is unclean; ignorance is the womb of lust.—(1 Pet. i. 14.) Therefore it is requisite before we come, to examine ourselves what knowledge we have in the main fundamentals of religion. Let it not be said of us, that "to this day the vail is upon their hearts."

—(2 Cor. iii. 15.) But sure, in this intelligent age, we cannot but have some insight into the mysteries of the gospel.

2nd. Let us examine whether our knowledge be rightly qualified. 1. Is it influential—doth our knowledge warm our heart? Saving knowledge doth not only direct, but quicken; it is the light of life.—(John viii. 12.) 2. Is our knowledge practical? We hear much; do we love the truths we know? That is the right knowledge which doth not only adorn the mind, but reform the life.

Secondly, This solemn preparing for the sacrament, as it consists in examining ourselves, so in dressing our souls before we come. And this soul-dress is in two things:—

1. Washing in the laver of repenting tears. To come to this ordinance with the guilt of any sin unrepented of, makes the way for the further hardening of our heart, and giving Satan fuller possession of us: "They shall look on him whom they have pierced, and shall mourn for him."—(Zech. xii. 10.) The cloud of sorrow must drop into tears. We must grieve, as for the pollution, so for the unkindness in every sin. To sin against Christ's love who died for us. When Peter thought of Christ's love, who called him out of his unregeneracy, made him an apostle, and carried him up to the mount of transfiguration, where he saw the glory of heaven in a vision; and then, to think of his denying Christ, it broke his heart—"he went out and wept bitterly."—(Mat. xxvi. 75.) To think, before we come to the sacrament, of the sins against the bowel-mercies of God the Father—the bleeding wounds of God the Son—the blessed inspirations of God the Holy Ghost—it is enough to broach our eyes with tears, and put us into an holy agony of grief and compunction. And we must be so distressed for sin as to be divorced from sin. He doth truly bewail the sins he hath committed, who doth not commit the sins he hath bewailed. And this is the dressing our souls before we come, washing in the waters of true repentance.

2. The soul-dress is the exciting and stirring up the habit of grace into a lively exercise: "I put thee in remembrance, that thou stir up the gift of God which is in thee" (2 Tim. i. 6), *i. e.*, the gifts and graces of the Spirit. The Greek word *to stir up*, signifies *to blow up* grace into a flame. Grace is oft like fire in the embers, which needs blowing up; it is possible that even a good man may not come so well disposed to this ordinance, because he hath not before taken pains with his heart to come in due order—he hath not stirred up grace into its vigorous exercise; and so, though he doth not eat and drink damnation, yet he doth not receive consolation in the sacrament. Thus you see what this dressing of our souls is before we come.

Thirdly, This solemn preparing for the sacrament is in begging a blessing upon the ordinance. The efficacy of the sacrament depends upon the co-operation of the Spirit, and a word of blessing. In the institution, Christ blessed the elements—"Jesus took bread and blessed it," in the text. The sacrament will no farther do us good than as it is blessed to us. We ought then, before we come, to pray for a blessing on the ordinance, that the sacrament may be not only a sign to represent, but a seal to confirm, and an instrument to convey Christ and all his benefits to us. We are to pray that this great ordinance may be poison to our sins, and food to our graces—that as it was with Jonathan, when he had tasted the honeycomb, his "eyes were enlightened" (1 Sam. xiv. 27), so that by our receiving this holy eucharist our eyes may be so enlightened as to "discern the Lord's body." Thus should we implore a blessing upon the ordinance before we come. The sacrament is like a tree hung full of fruit; but none of this fruit will fall unless shaken by the hand of prayer.

2d. That the sacrament may be effectual to us, as there must be a due preparing for it, so a right partaking of it; which right participation of the sacrament is in three things:—

1. When we draw nigh to God's table in an humble sense of our unworthiness. We do not deserve one crumb of the bread of life—we are poor indigent creatures who have lost our glory, and are like a vessel that is shipwrecked; we smite on our breasts as the publican—God be merciful to us sinners. This is a right partaking of the ordinance—it is part of our worthiness to see our unworthiness.

2. We rightly partake of the sacrament when at the Lord's table we are filled with anhelations of soul and inflamed desires after Christ, and nothing can quench our thirst but his blood—"Blessed are they that thirst"—(Mat. v. 6.) They are blessed not only when they are filled, but while they are thirsting.

3. A right participation of the Supper is when we receive in faith. Without faith we get no good; what is said of the word preached, It profiteth not, "not being mixed with faith" (Heb. iv. 2), is as true of the sacrament. Christ turned stones into bread—unbelief turns the bread into stones, that it doth not nourish. Then we partake aright when we come in faith. Faith hath a twofold act—an adhering and an applying. By the first act we go over to Christ; by the second act we bring Christ over to us.—(Gal. ii. 20.) This is the great grace we must set a-work.—(Acts x.) Faith is the eagle-eye that discerns the Lord's body; faith causeth a virtual contact—it touched Christ. Christ said to Mary, "Touch me not," &c.—(John xx. 17.) She was not to touch him with the hands of her body; but he saith to us, "Touch me"—touch me with the hand of your faith. Faith makes Christ present to the soul; the believer hath a real presence in the sacra-

ment. The body of the sun is in the firmament, but the light of the sun is in the eye. Christ's essence is in heaven, but he is in a believer's heart by his light and influence—"That Christ may dwell in your heart by faith."—(Eph. iii. 17.) Faith is the palate which tastes Christ.—(1 Pet. ii. 3.) Faith makes a concoction—it causeth the bread of life to nourish. Faith causeth a coalition—it makes us one with Christ.—(Eph. i. 23.) Other graces made us like Christ—faith makes us members of Christ.

Fourthly, Then we partake aright of the sacrament, when we receive in love.

1. Love to Christ. Who can see Christ pierced with a crown of thorns—sweating in his agony—bleeding on the cross—but his heart must needs be endeared in love to him? "How can we but love him who hath given his life a ransom for us!" Love is the spiced wine and juice of the pomegranate which we must give Christ.—(Cant. viii. 2.) Our love to this superior and blessed Jesus must exceed our love to other things; as the oil runs above the water. Though we cannot with Mary bring our costly ointment to anoint Christ's body, yet we do more than this, when we bring him our love, which is sweeter to him than all ointments and perfumes.

2. Love to the saints. This is a love feast: though we must eat this Supper with bitter herbs of repentance, yet not with the bitter herbs of malice. Were it not sad, if all the meat one eats should turn to bad humours? He who comes in malice to the Lord's table, all he eats is to his hurt: "He eats and drinks damnation to himself."—(1 Cor. xi. 29.) Come in love. It is with love as it is with fire; you keep fire all the day upon the hearth, but upon special occasions you draw out the fire larger; so, though we must have love to all, yet to the saints, who are our fellow members, here we must draw out the fire of our love larger; and we must show the largeness of our affections to them, by prizing their persons, by choosing their company, by doing offices of love to them, counselling them in their doubts, comforting them in their fears, supplying them in their wants. Thus one Christian may be an Ebenezer to another, and as an angel of God to him: the sacrament cannot be effectual to him who doth not receive in love. If a man drinks poison, and then takes a cordial, the cordial will do him little good; he who hath the poison of malice in his soul, the cordial of Christ's blood will do him no good; come therefore in love and charity. And thus we see how we may receive the Supper of the Lord, that it may be effectual to our salvation.

Use 1st, From the whole doctrine of the sacrament learn, how precious should a sacrament be to us. It is a sealed deed to make over the blessings of the new covenant to us—justification, sanctification, glory. A small piece of wax put to a parchment is made the instrument to confirm a rich conveyance or lordship to another: so these elements in the sacrament of bread and wine, though in themselves of no great value, yet being consecrated to be seals to confirm the covenant of grace to us, so they are of more value than all the riches of the Indies.

Use 2d, The sacrament being such an holy mystery, let us come to this holy mystery with holy hearts. There is no receiving a crucified Christ but into a consecrated heart; Christ, in his conception, lay in a pure virgin's womb, and, at his death, his body was wrapped in clean linen, and put into a new virgin-tomb, never yet defiled with rottenness. If Christ would not lie in an unclean grave, sure he will not be received into an unclean heart: "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."—(Isa. lii. 11.) If they who did carry the vessels of the Lord were to be holy, then they who are to be the vessels of the Lord, and are to hold Christ's body and blood, ought to be holy.

Use 3d, Consolation. Christ's body and blood in the sacrament is a most sovereign elixir or comfort to a distressed soul. Christ having poured out his blood, now God's justice is fully satisfied. There is in the death of Christ enough to answer all doubts. What if sin is the poison, here is the flesh of Christ an antidote against it! What if sin be red as scarlet, is not Christ's blood of a deeper colour, and can wash away sin! If Satan strike us with his darts of temptation, here is a precious balm comes out of Christ's wounds to heal us!—(Isa. liii. 5.) What though we feed upon the bread of affliction, as long as in the sacrament we feed upon the bread of life! So that Christ received aright sacramentally, is an universal medicine for the healing, and an universal cordial for the cheering of our distressed souls.

TAKE THE RIGHT.

BY REV. DR CÆSAR MALAN, GENEVA.

The day was very hot, and as I had walked already many miles, I was rather fatigued, and desirous to reach the village where I intended to rest. In a cross-way, as nobody was seen in the fields, I felt some uneasiness, knowing not which of two roads I ought to take; and having perceived, at some distance, a cottage, I applied to an old woman spinning by the door, and inquired about the way. But she understood not clearly my question, and pointing to the left, she said, "There is your road." I thanked her, and walked on lustily. After about a mile, I met a boy leading a goat, and I said to him, "Is not this the shorter way to the village?" "You are mistaken, sir," said the lad, "you must return to the cross-way, and then take the right. Beyond the little bridge is a way-mark. It will show you the way."

"You misled me," said I to the old woman; "I hope you know better your way to heaven than my road?"

"O sir!" she exclaimed, "pardon me. I supposed you were going to the other village. Be pleased to excuse my mistake. And now, take the right."

"Thank you, old mother. I will do it. But tell me, I beg you, if you are sure to be on the good and direct way to heaven. For, in this journey, a mistake would prove disastrous."

The answer manifested ignorance, mixed with the most interesting devotion. She was so humble, so deeply impressed with the feeling of her sins, and at the same so desirous to be admitted into God's presence, that I distinctly perceived in her, both the belief that our salvation in the Saviour, and also the persuasion so common, that the redemption in Christ is available to a soul only *after* that soul has performed what is acceptable before him.

"You have taken the left," said I to the old pilgrim, "and all your long journey has been out of the way. It is not the path of heaven you have walked in."

"It is not!" exclaimed that poor soul. "Do you say so, sir? Have I really wandered astray? And I, in my old age, not nearer my salvation than when, eighty-five years ago, I was beginning my life?"

"The more," said I, "we walk and proceed in a wrong way, the farther also do we stand from the good issue. And blessed indeed is the soul to which, when it is still time, the Lord has revealed the mistake, and shown the true way. And, good mother, I trust it is the case and blessing with you today."

"Even so!" said she, begging me to have patience with her, and to teach her what she had yet never learned.

Then, sitting by her as a dutiful friend, and opening her worn-out Bible, placed on my knees, I exposed to her the glorious plan of our redemption through grace in Jesus; and especially, I insisted earnestly on the fulness of Jesus' suffering, and on the wideness of the promise of God, to whomsoever is sincerely depending upon Christ's blood, for a complete remission of his sins; and upon his resurrection from the dead for an everlasting justification, and a glorious felicity in heaven.

It was indeed affecting to see by degrees that old and rather dejected countenance, cleared as it were, and restored, and a few drops of often afflicted eyes, running now along meagred cheeks, as witnesses of a new and deep feeling of adoration and joy.

"Do you know the way, now?" said I, when I perceived the holy and calm emotion of the faith. "Do you see distinctly, that our own righteousness, that is to say, any thing from us that we suppose to be, or attempt to make acceptable before God, is a wrong way—the left, the fatal left of unbelief and hell; but also, do you see that the free gift of God in Jesus is eternal redemption—the true and everlasting life; and that to believe from the heart in God's gift in Jesus, the complete Redeemer, is really to 'take the right;' yea, the right path of heaven, and be certain of a happy arrival into God's city?"

"That I see!" answered the dear disciple of the truth; "and, with God's help, I will from this happy hour leave off the left, and 'take the right.'"

DID THEN ABRAHAM SAY WHAT WAS NOT TRUE?

BY DR MALAN.

Reader.—When? if you please.

Writer.—When, being commanded by God to offer his only son Isaac, whom he loved, for a burnt-offering, and when to that very purpose, having cloven the wood, which he laid upon Isaac his son, and taken in his hand both the fire and the knife, he said to the two young men, his servants, to abide at the foot of the mountain with the ass; when he and the lad they should go yonder and worship, and come again to them. These last words, namely, that "he should return with his son," are the very ground of the question: Why? Was Abraham, who knew that he was going to slay his son, and to reduce him into ashes in a burnt-offering, altogether honest and sincere when he said to his young men, we, both, we shall return?

Reader.—I must confess that the case is, in my apprehension, a delicate one, and I do not wonder when I read that Melchior Canus has positively said that Abraham fell on that occasion—and also when I see that very good and worthy friend John Calvin, the reformer, has affirmed something very like, where he says, in his commentary on Genesis, that the declaration of Abraham, having certainly the appearance of a simulation and a lie, was most likely "a confused manner of speaking on a thing quite obscure." For as to the explication of those who suppose that Abraham spoke unconsciously as a prophet, I confess that I find no relish in it.

Writer.—Nor do I, indeed. But to return to the thing itself, I cannot really understand neither Canus nor even the correct Calvin, when I read in the Epistle to the Hebrews (xi. 17–19), that when Abraham, being tried, offered up his only son Isaac, of whom it was said, that in Isaac his seed should be blessed, "Abraham accounted that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure." That Scripture is perfectly lucid, declaring, as positively as possible, that Abraham depended absolutely upon the first promise of God, namely, that in Isaac he, Abraham, should have his seed blessed; and that, in consequence, he felt assured that as God was unchangeable in his promise, and since that very Isaac was to be slain, and by fire reduced to ashes, it was evident that God would restore that son to life, since in him, in his posterity, ought the nations to be blessed. So you see, reader, that far, very far from being "confused" in that affair, and in his answers, Abraham was rather quite distinct, both in his view and in his assertion. He said a full and simple truth to his servants, for in his apprehension of the subsequent circumstance, he saw his son risen again from the dead, and coming back again with his father.

Reader.—But (as have written some commentators), if it were so, was not the faith of Abraham, and his obedience to God's command, a very little effort of his will, since he knew that the sacrifice of his son was, as it were, a kind of play of juggling?

Writer.—I know what you say is advanced, but let those minds reason more soundly. Faith is to believe what God says. Now suppose that God has said, pointing to a tree of my garden, that from that very tree he will give me, within five years, thirty full baskets of fruits to my hands; and that, however, at the end of that season God commands me to pull up that tree by the roots, and to cleave and burn it, here is my faith tried; here it will be known whether I do really rest upon the first assertion of God; or if, miserably understanding by unbelief, that God has altered his mind, I will say farewell to my baskets of fruits when I grub up the tree. But, by God's grace, I am enabled to stand firm on the first ground of his positive promise; and, when I hold the mattock, I say sincerely within me, "God, who had created and caused to grow this plant, is able to create it again in its full size, and he shall do it, for he has promised to me its full crops!" I beat down the tree, therefore; but, as you see, I do it in a deep sense of faith on God's word. Therefore, to say that my faith is not so complete, because I feel assured that the tree will be created anew, is to speak lightly; since that very assurance is the manifestation of my faith. I am certain because I certainly believe. So when you come to me, in the very moment of the eradication, I say to you, "Please return on the next year, and from this very tree I will offer to your acceptance plenty of fruits;" I do not mock, I am solemn, and really I give glory to God. Such was the feeling of Abraham when he addressed his servants. He knew that God could not lie, therefore he saw, by faith, Isaac risen again, and when he said, "We (and not I) shall return; *I and the lad*," he said a truth very clear to him.

THE PERSON AND CROSS OF CHRIST.

Hold fast Christ, but take his cross and himself cheerfully: Christ and his cross are not separable in this life, however they part at heaven's door.

To be crucified to the world is not so highly accounted of by us as it should be; how heavenly a thing is it to be deaf and dead to this world's sweetest music!

Make others to see Christ in you, moving, doing, speaking and thinking; your *actions* will speak of him, if he be in you.

Go where you will, your soul will find no rest but in Christ's bosom. Inquire for him, come to him, and rest you on Christ the Son of God; I sought him, and I found in him all I can wish or want.

Lose not sight of Christ in this cloudy and dark day; learn not from the world to serve Christ, but ask himself the way; the world is a false copy, and a deceitful guide to follow.

All come not home at night who suppose they have set their faces heavenward; it is a woeful thing to die, and miss heaven; how many a mere professor's candle is blown out, and never lighted again. Many now take Christ by guess; therefore I say, be sure you take Christ himself; his sweet working in the soul will not lie, it will soon tell whether it be Christ indeed whom you have met with.

The day of the Lord is at hand, when all men shall appear as they are; there shall be no borrowed colours in that day: men borrow the lustre of Christianity, but how many counterfeit masks will be burned in the day of God.

I wish our thoughts were more frequently than they are upon our country! Heaven casteth a sweet perfume affar off to those who have spiritual senses.

Go on in the strength of the Lord, and put Christ's love to the trial, and put upon it burdens, and then it will appear love indeed; we *employ* not his love, and therefore we *know* it not.

More I can neither wish, nor pray, nor desire for you, than Christ, singled and chosen out from all things, even though wearing a crown of thorns. I am sure the saints are at best but strangers to the weight and worth of the incomparable excellence of Christ. We know not half of what we love when we love Christ.

I would not have believed that there is so much in Jesus as there is. It is little to see him in a book; but to draw nigh to Christ is another thing.

That Christ and a sinner should be one, and share heaven between them, is the wonder of salvation; what more could love do?—*Rutherford's Letters.*

STEWARDS.

A Correspondent, writing from Bath, says:—

"I must give you an idea advanced the other day by Mr Jay; he was speaking to professed Christians, and reminded them that they were Stewards, and said it was always a suspicious thing to see Stewards grow very wealthy. He said it was a disgrace for Christians to die *very rich*, and he wished ministers, when they preached funeral sermons for men who died so ingloriously, would say how much money they left, that *the world might see with how much sincerity they had been singing for years*—

"All that I am and all I have
Shall be for ever thine,
Whate'er my duty bids me give
My cheerful hands resign."

THE BIBLE IN SWEDEN.

"I returned," says a Swedish colporteur, "through a village where there are several water-mills. A Bible had been purchased from me there, three years since, by a miller's boy, who not long before had fallen into the water, and had narrowly escaped being crushed by the mill-wheel. Snatched wonderfully from death, John (this miller lad) had, at that time, begun to be concerned about the salvation of his soul. Hence the purchase which he made, of a Bible. He read that sacred book, and was fervent in prayer; the Lord heard his prayers, and he became a stanch confessor of the truth as it is in Jesus. He was not long in becoming the object of persecutions from the miller, the miller's wife, his comrades, and persons who frequented the mill. All were determined to render it impossible for him to read the Bible; but the Lord watched over him.

"Shortly afterward, Andrew, the miller's son, a victim to habits of impiety and dissipation, became likewise a disciple of the Saviour. This happened in the following manner;—John was Andrew's assistant at the mill. Originally they were the best friends in the world; but since John's conversion, Andrew employed all sorts of suggestions, artifices, threatenings, and even violence, to plunge his comrade into a disorderly life. All his efforts were ineffectual. One day, while John was busy out of doors, Andrew, who was alone in the mill, took John's Bible for the purpose of casting it into the river; however, just as he was about to throw it in, he opened the Bible mechanically, and this passage caught his eye: 'Two shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left.'—(Matt. xxiv. 41.) This declaration struck his conscience with the rapidity of lightning; it took possession of his heart; and under the weight of an inexpressible emotion, he placed the Bible again in John's chamber. Dating from that moment, Andrew became a new man; thereafter he showed himself to be a sincere servant of Jesus Christ. United from that time in heart and soul with one another, John and Andrew, young as they were, soon became, in the hand of God, instruments of a religious awakening in the village and the surrounding neighbourhood."

Bible colportage has frequently borne good fruits among the Swedish and Norwegian seamen.

"One day," relates a colporteur, "I offered the Bible for sale on board a Norwegian vessel. 'I am happy,' replied one of the seamen, 'that I am able at last to procure that book, which I have for so many years wished to possess, for my own sake, in my voyages. I have a complete Bible at home, indeed, but my dear wife has a pious heart; and, naturally, I feel unwilling to deprive her of it. The New Testament, which I have here along with me, was sent me six years ago. It is to that, under God, that I attribute my conversion. The entire Bible which I purchase from you will never leave me.'"

"I sold," continues the same colporteur, "ten Bibles on board of another Norwegian vessel. I was aware that, morning and evening, the captain and crew of this ship met to read the Bible. The reading of this holy book and prayer, performed morning and evening in the presence of the crew, is becoming more frequent on board of Norwegian and Swedish vessels. A sailor lately accosted me, and asked if I knew him. 'It was you,' said he, 'who gave me a New Testament last year, when I was sick in the hospital. My New Testament taught me to know the physician of my soul, Jesus Christ the Saviour; and, thanks be to God, I am now full of joy.' Another sailor wrote to me, that the Word of God had been his support and consolation in the midst of sharp trials which he had to undergo during nine consecutive months."

SICKNESS.

There is always much sickness in this world. At times it greatly prevails. No man can entirely escape it but by a sudden death, which calls him in a moment into eternity. So far as the truly pious are concerned, it is probable that the terrors of sickness are often greater than the actual pains endured. Some sicknesses waste the frame without beclouding the mind. Others beget stupor, which destroys sensibility to pain. To him who has made up his mind to be sick, and not to murmur, sickness may, without a miracle, be a means of great enjoyment. It is delightful to a good man to find his principles capable of enduring such trial as sickness subjects them to. The severer the sickness, often the greater the joy. Were I to be sent into any city in the land to find the happiest person there, I should not go to places of business, mirth, or fashion, in quest of my object; I would be much more apt to succeed in some humble abode among the sick of Christ's flock. I know a man who says he has seen four very happy days. One was the day of his marriage, one the day of his conversion, and the other two were spent in sickness away from home, with a burning fever on him. The world has seldom seen a more exemplary servant of Christ than the celebrated Rivet. As a student, a writer, a preacher, he was full of energy. Yet he said he "had learned more divinity in ten days' sickness than in fifty years' study." Think you those ten days were remembered with sadness? Nay, even as they passed away, had they not great pleasures in their train? The pious Halyburton, in a state of great weakness and pain, said: "Verily, there is a reality in religion. The little acquaintance I have had with God within these two days, has been better than ten thousand times the pains I have all my life been at about religion. These fourteen or fifteen years I have been studying the promises; but I have seen more of the book of God this night than all that time. If I had my students about me now, I would give them a lesson of divinity." He said much more to the same effect.

Call to mind also the wonders of mercy shown to Payson. Was Jeremiah Evarts a forlorn, an unhappy man, when he cried out in extreme faintness and distress of body, "O wonderful, wonderful glory?" Had he ever been happier? Was Dr J. H. Rice an unhappy man when he said, "Mercy is triumphant?" The sweet and delightful communications of divine grace are not withheld from God's sick servants until their dying time arrives. Some years ago, at Princeton Seminary, a brother was taken sick. His illness became extreme. His life was in great peril, and his pain at times excruciating. Every one who returned from his room brought an affecting account of the astonishing mercies of God to his soul. The feeling towards him might have been expressed by the words of Moses respecting the burning-bush: "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight." Yet this good man died not then, but lived sweetly to preach the blessed gospel for some years. Many will instantly say, "that was Jacob Beecher." And so it was.

But particular cases need not be multiplied. Every pastor sees them. Every evangelical church furnishes them. If *such* be the manner of God's dealing with us, we need not dread it. Let it come. It has sweet mercies in its sharpest pangs.

But if we shall not have such supports and joys, our sickness may yet be very bearable. God may indeed appoint wearisome nights and days of vanity to us, scaring us in visions of the night, or holding our eyes waking. Our bed may not comfort us, nor our couch ease our complaints. And God may hide his face from some. At least their consolations may be small. Yet if they learn lessons of humility and self-abasement there, the issue may be as happy as if their eye had overflowed with the richest joys. Any thing is good for a man that humbles him.

Or perhaps one needed some new lessons of the vanity of the world, or of the frailty of his body, and Jehovah taught them to him effectually. So the mighty man no longer glories in his might, nor the rich man in his riches, nor the favourite of the people in their idle breath; but he is brought to glory in the Lord alone. Before he leaves his couch he cries: "O Lord! correct me, but with judgment; not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing." Is not any thing good for a man, that makes him see that all is vanity of vanities below the skies? Do not even the aged servants of God often need such a lesson before they are willing to let go the earth?

Well does Paul call the effects of sanctified affliction "the peaceable fruit of righteousness." This applies as much to sickness as to any other affliction. How softly does one, chastened by sickness, walk before the Lord! How quiet, contented, thankful he is! How strangely he is changed, but not for the worse! How tender are his feelings towards others! How strong his sympathies for those who suffer as he has suffered! How meek he is under wrongs! How constantly and sweetly does he look to God! He is no more like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, but like a weaned child.

If we have been sick and recovered, let us inquire what use we have made of our trials? Do we still remember our pains? Are we thankful to *God* for our recovery? Are we more and more like Christ? When Hezekiah had been sick and recovered, he took time to write down his thoughts. Would it not be well to imitate him.

Sickness may return at any time. Let us be better prepared when it shall next make its attack. When we must die, it is a great matter to have nothing to do but to die. So, when we must be sick, it is a blessed thing to have nothing to do but to be sick. To lie passive in the hand of God, and know no will but his in such an hour, is a great attainment.

It is only in heaven that the inhabitants never say: "I am sick." How happy they are, who have finished their course and do rest in their beds! There warfare is accomplished. Jesus has healed all their sicknesses. With his own divine hand he has wiped away all tears from their faces. They sigh no more. They weep no more. How near each believer may be to that blissful state, none can tell. And who knows how many are there? Many went there before the flood; many between the flood and Christ; many millions of martyrs since Christ ascended thither in chariots of fire; many have reached their home the last year, yea many the last day, and *some* within less than an hour.

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?"

—*New York Evangelist.*

A COLOURED PREACHER.

Jack is a Methodist local preacher. In one of his sermons he told this story: "When I was a lad, there were no religious people where I lived. But I had a young master about my age who was going to school; and he was very fond of me. At night, he would come into the kitchen to teach me the lesson he had learned himself during the day at school. In this way I learned to read.

"When I was wellnigh grown up," said Jack, "we took up the New Testament, and agreed to read it verse by verse. When one would make a mistake, the other was to correct him, so that we could learn to read well.

"In a short time, we both felt that we were sinners before God, and we both agreed to seek the salvation of our souls. The Lord heard our prayer, and gave us both a hope in Christ. Then I began to hold meetings for prayer and exhortation among the coloured people.

"My old master soon found out what was going on. He was very angry, especially because his son had become pious. He forbade my holding any more meetings, saying, that if I did he would whip me severely for it.

"From that time, I continued to preach or exhort on Sabbath nights; and on Monday morning my old master would tie me up, and cut my back to pieces with a cow-hide, so that it had never time to get well. I was obliged to do my work in a great deal of pain from day to day.

"Thus I lived near a year and a half. One Monday morning my master, as usual, had made my fellow-slaves tie me to a shade tree in the yard, after stripping my back naked to receive the cow-hide. It was a beautiful morning in the summer time, and the sun shone very bright. Every thing around looked very pleasant. He came up to me with cool deliberation, took his stand, and looked at me closely, but the cow-hide hung still at his side. His conscience was at work, and it was a great moment in his life.

"'Well, Jack,' said he, 'your back is covered all over with scars and sores, and I see no place to begin to whip. You obstinate wretch, how long do you intend to go on in this way?'

"'Why, master, just as long as the Lord will let me live,' was my reply.

"'Well, what is your design in it?'

"'Why, master, in the morning of the resurrection, when my poor body shall rise from the grave, I intend to show these scars to my heavenly Father, as so many witnesses of my faithfulness in his cause.' He ordered them to untie me, and sent me to hoe corn in the field. Late in the evening he came along, pulling a weed here and a weed there, till he got to me, and then told me to sit down.

"'Jack,' said he, 'I want you to tell me the truth. You know that for a long time your back has been sore from the cow-hide; you have had to work very hard, and are a poor slave. Now, tell me, are you happy or not, under such troubles as these?'.

"'Yes, master, I believe I am as happy a man as there is on earth.'

"'Well, Jack,' said he, 'I am not happy. Religion, you say, teaches you to pray for those that injure you. Now, will you pray for your old master, Jack?'

"'Yes, with all my heart,' said I.

"We kneeled down, and I prayed for him. He came again and again to me. I prayed for him in the field, till he found peace in the blood of the Lamb. After this, we lived together like brothers, in the same church. On his death-bed he gave me my liberty, and told me to go preaching as long as I lived, and meet him at last in heaven.

"I have seen," said Jack, "many Christians whom I loved, but I have never seen any I loved so well as my old master. I hope I shall meet him in heaven."
—*Zion's Herald.*

LITTLE SINS.

I heard not long ago of a thing which astonished me much—*a railway train stopped by flies.* Only think of a ponderous machine, several hundred feet in length, thundering along at perhaps fifty miles an hour, compelled by a few insects to stand still!

My friend's account—he had heard it from a credible source while travelling in the United States—was as follows: "Over the wheels of the original locomotives which ran on the American railways, is a receptacle for grease, which as it melts by the heat (arising from the friction), runs down a perforated tube into the boxes. In the year 1844, an engineer on one of the lines of that country, finding that the axles of his engine were becoming red-hot, stopped the train, and discovered that his machinery was so clogged by flies that the oil had been prevented from running."

Is there nothing, I thought to myself, to be learned from this? Has the story no moral? May not the progress of our undertakings in spiritual matters, Sunday school teaching for instance, be greatly retarded by trifling things? Does not Scripture warn us against *little sins?* Do not we read in one passage (Eccles. x. 1) of "dead flies" which spoil the rich ointment, "little follies" which injure men of wisdom and reputation? And does not another text speak of certain "little foxes," insignificant but subtle and mischievous habits, which eat out the fruitfulness of our Christian profession? (Cant. ii. 15.) "Behold," said St James (iii. 5), "how great a matter a *little fire* kindleth!" And our Lord, as if to warn us against habitually allowing ourselves in trifling omissions and commissions, speaks of some commandments which he calls "the least," and of "jots and tittles" of the law (Matt. v. 18, 19); and "fragments" (John vi. 12) are by no means to be disregarded.

Let us then examine ourselves. If I am unsuccessful, let me search and see what it is that clogs the wheels, and hinders the oil from running. What is it that prevents the gentle flow of the Holy Spirit's unction? Is it neglect of special prayer? levity of mind? self-love unmortified? love of dress? undue association with the world? carelessness in my preparations of the lessons? tartness of manner? too much attention to the mere machinery? want of life and spirituality in teaching? what is it in me that grieves the Divine Spirit, and interrupts his gracious influence? Let me remember that my God is a jealous God, that the Lord Jesus claims (and deserves) all my affections; that he had a controversy with the active and diligent Ephesians (Rev. ii. 4) on account of *declension*, not entire *absence* of love; that though we talk of little sins, there is in reality nothing little or unimportant between him and our souls. Let me seek to have all my ways brought into sweet captivity to the obedience of Christ; to be sanctified wholly; and to have all my body, soul, and spirit, preserved blameless unto the hour of his coming.—*Presbyterian.*

THE PREVALENT PESTILENCE.

An unseen power mysteriously calls it up, and directs its course. The same power alone can stay it. Cities tremble at its approach, wither under its presence, and anxiously look for the signs of its disappearance. But philosophy has not yet discovered the causes, no skill can prevent its ravages, and no power on earth can say, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." Here, too, we can only sit and wait until God shall please to arrest the destroyer.

God is for ever teaching us our dependence, and calling upon us to become his trustful and obedient children by a constant flow of mercies. Sometimes, too, he teaches us by judgments, because we do not hearken to the voice of his mercy. Still, when his judgments are abroad, he is bestowing upon us blessings which far outweigh them. He does not smite us as he might smite us, and as we deserve to be smitten He chastens us as a father chastens the children whom he loves. Why will not men observe these things, that they may learn their own absolute dependence, and understand the loving-kindness of the Lord! Absolute dependence—yes, absolute dependence—it is so, whether we feel it or not. But blessed is he who does feel his absolute dependence upon God! To such an one, the whole universe is filled with tokens of Divine love, and promises of Divine protection. Every place is a place of security, because God is there. Every movement of providence contains blessings, because he orders it. Such an one becomes a cheerful, happy child in the hands of the Lord. He yields up to all his governance, in the full conviction that all things will be governed by infinite wisdom and love. He submits himself to the Divine will in quietness and hope. In fearing God, he has nothing else to fear. In trusting in God, he is placed beyond all disappointments.

FROM "A BASKET OF FRAGMENTS."

PREACHING, sacraments, and all other means of grace, shall be laid aside when the saints of God have entered the heavenly Jerusalem. Whilst on earth, these were often sweet and precious to them. But the travellers being now got quite home, the *inns*, appointed for their entertainment by the way, are now shut up, and the *candles* put out. Because Jesus has become now their everlasting light, and the temple of glory being now opened to all believers, the tabernacle used in the wilderness is folded up.

THE way of salvation is a *highway;* and highways, we know, are always *free*. Whosoever will, let him come. The peasant and the peer, the meanest beggar and the mightiest monarch, have one and the same warrant to travel on this road. But this, alas! proud human nature liketh not. It wants a path for itself, all alone!

WHEN one sin is admitted into the heart, we shall always find that it hath a companion waiting at the door, and for which it works hard to gain admission also. And this effected, the devil and all his company quickly follow.

THERE is an oil of gladness which all the floods of this world's trouble can never drown. The hail from without may rattle on the tiles, but he who has peace within can sit undisturbed and smile.

SOME sins inflict such deep wounds and gashes in the believer's conscience, that they send the poor soul off bleeding to the good Physician, to get fresh healing from his precious blood; others, that seem but small transgressions, he thinks conscience can swallow. But it is these, alas! which do insensibly alienate and estrange his heart from his forgiving and gracious Lord, and so interrupt his peace and communion with God.

IN pain, trouble, mortifications, and distress, methinks I hear God say, "Take this medicine—it is exactly suited to thy case. It is prepared and weighed out by my own hand. It consists of the choicest herbs which heaven affords—and these things are good for thy soul." Hence, says Madam Guyon, "If we had *nobody* about us to plague and vex us, God would send an angel from heaven to do it."

IT torments the devil's soul to see the believer under sail for heaven, filled with the sweet hope of his joyful entertainment when he anchors there. Therefore he raiseth what storms and tempests he can—for although he cannot hinder the believer's making at last that blessed port, yet he will make it a troublesome *winter's* voyage (like Paul's last one was), at least, if he can do no more.

THE question is, saith the soul, whether I shall be saved or no. As many as say *Yea!* let them speak—

Yea! say the sweet promises of Christ's gospel—*Yea!* cries the blood of Jesus, God's only son. But, *No!* cries guilty conscience—*No!* cries Satan—*No! no!* say a thousand sins. Yet, let *God be true*, although all else prove a lie, and He has said, "*Whosoever* cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

All the saving and most nutritious truths of the gospel hang on the lower boughs of the tree of life, and are within the reach of the believer of the lowest stature.

The Scriptures are a garden of healing herbs where grows a plant for the cure of every ail. The apothecary goes there to gather his simples in the spring, which he uses in the winter. So the provident believer lays up a store of promises in health, for sickness and trial and death. It is when the heart is musing in meditation upon these, that the Blessed Comforter kindles the affections and quickens to prayer.

God calls his saints to drink of the rivers of *His* pleasures.—(Psa. xvi. 8.) There is a difference between a prince ordering his servants to make a man drink of *their* wine, and his setting him down at his own table. So natural men are permitted to receive of the common cellar of God's bounty of providence in corn, and wine, and oil; but His *children* He sets down at His own table, and makes them to drink of the rivers of His pleasures—satisfying them with His grace and glory. But for most men, they are satisfied, alas! if only made fellow-commoners with the beasts that perish.

As with Jonah's shipmasters, so we should exercise great tenderness towards poor backsliders, and never attempt to administer our medicines of reproof when boiling hot with our own passions and wrath. Again, we must take heed that we bury none as past hope, till we are sure they are quite dead.

The tallest oak is laid prostrate generally, not by the force of the tempest, but by some secret worm or canker at the core, which has been long devouring the sap. So the believer's decays in grace are generally gradual and secret at first. Secret prayer is neglected, or some vile lust, like a deadly canker, is preying on the vitals of godliness.

The *choice* must begin somewhere, and the Lord Jesus has told us *where*, when he said, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." Where this choice is fixed it finds a man out, be he where he will. It brought Abraham out of idolatrous Ur of the Chaldees—Zaccheus from his money-bags—Paul from the college of Pharisees.

He that walks without a crutch is stronger than he that needs one. Sense and experiences are the crutch on which weak faith so much doth lean. A strong man, though he doth not lean on his staff *all* his weight, nor all the way, yet he doth make good use of it now and then to defend himself, when set upon by a dog or thief by the way. So, strong faith, walking on the sure ground of God's *promises*, yet sometimes, when assailed by *Satan's pack*, makes use of past experiences to drive them away.

To say of a man that his own children won't believe him, is to defame him to the utmost—and shall God's dear children by unbelief throw such foul dishonour on their heavenly Father's name?

The moralist may be very punctual in his dealings with men, but very thievish in his dealings with God. He won't rob his neighbour of a farthing, but he sticks not to rob God of his love and fear, which are debts due from every man to God.

PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Preach Christ crucified! Turn not aside from this, under the temptation of meeting some question of the day, or some bearing of the public mind. There is much mystic verbiage, which some esteem to be of transcendental depth. There is much pantheism, which some regard as original and sublime. Your versatility will often be urged to follow after these conceits. You will be told of their amazing influence. They really are nothing. They are the bubbles of the hour. They cannot boast even a novelty. I conjure you, care little for them. Yours is not a discretionary theme. It is unchanging. Keep to it. Abide by it. It is one, but it is an infinite one! It is the word of Christ, divinely true! Its rigidness can never hamper your thought. Its reiteration can never weary your inquiry. At no point can it restrict you. It is a large place. It is a boundless range. It is a mine of wealth. It is a firmament of power. Whither would ye go from it? It is the unwinding of all the great principles. It is the expansion of all glorious thoughts. It is the capacity of all blessed emotions.

O Calvary, we turn to thee! Our nature, a wreck, a chaos, only canst thou adjust! We have an aching void which thou canst only fill! We have pantings and longings which only thou canst satisfy! Be thou the strength and the charm of our inward life! Be thou the earnestness of our deepest interest! Be thou inspiration, impulsion, divinity, and all! Our tears never relieved us until thou taughtest us to weep! Our smiles only mocked us until thou badest us rejoice! We knew no way of peace until we found our way to thee! Hope was banished from us until its dove flew downwards from thee upon our heart! All was dormant until thou didst stir; all was dull until thou didst excite us! Our eyes are still lifted to thee as to the hill from which cometh our help! Our feet shall stand upon thee, O high mountain! and thou shalt make them beautiful while we publish the glad tidings of "Christ crucified."—*Rev. W. R. Hamilton, D.D.*

HANNAH MORE ON NOVELS.

"Many works of fiction," says Hannah More, "may be read with safety, some even with profit; but the constant familiarity even with such as are not exceptionable in themselves, relaxes the mind that wants hardening, dissolves the heart which wants fortifying, stirs the imagination which wants quieting, irritates the passions which want calming, and, above all, disinclines and disqualifies for active virtues and for spiritual exercises. The habitual indulgence in such reading is a silent, mining mischief."

Fragments.

How awful will it be should the branch be saved and the stock perish!—*Hall.*

Dwell not on the comforts thou wantest; but on the mercies thou hast.—*Love.*

It is much easier to pull up many weeds out of a garden than one corruption out of the heart; and to procure an hundred flowers to adorn a knot, than one grace to beautify the soul.—*Flavel.*

He that serves God carelessly brings a curse upon himself instead of a blessing.—*Calamy.*

The moon is never in eclipse but when the earth comes between it and the sun, and it is the world coming between God and his children that hides the light of his countenance from their souls.—*Ibid.*

He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.—*Lavater.*

We have never so much cause to fear as when we fear nothing.—*Bishop Hall.*

PEACE AND SAFETY:

A WORD TO THE FEARFUL, ALARMED BY THE PESTILENCE.*

BY THE REV. J. B. JOHNSTONE, WOLFLEE.

GOD'S hand is stretched out in the place where you dwell. Pestilence rages. Death is doing its work with a fell hand. With little note of warning it hurries its victims to the tomb. Another and yet another it taketh away. The young and the greyheaded—the matron and the maid—the feeble and the strong—all are its victims. With awful speed it does its work. Many are the hillocks in the churchyard which mark the graves of those who but yesterday walked and worked among you. A mystery is over its movements. Who can tell where next its fatal power shall be felt? How it mocks the efforts of the wisest of our physicians to rescue its victims from its cold grasp! You are afraid. Death at the door makes you tremble. Ah! you think, if the destroying angel should next cut you down. You see the blanks and the desolation produced in other families; and you picture your own home made thus desolate. You ponder these things, and dark forebodings trouble you. You are awakened to such serious thought as you never were before—a life of utter unconcern about eternal things, of utter worldliness, has been broken in upon. Time seemed so important and so durable, that eternity, and all its momentous realities, were hid from the view. But the events of these past days have changed your thoughts. You see you have not such a lease of time. It seems as if it would slip from your fingers. Death, that was so hid in the glitter of earthly things, rises up black and gloomy, and Judgment stands at its back. You shudder at the sight. A voice within the while tells you you are not prepared to die, and you feel in your inmost soul the truth of its averments. Ah! it is well that it is thus with you—sooner or later you must have been awakened. Bless God that it has taken place with you in *time!* Many are not awakened out of their sleep of indifference until they lift up their eyes, being in torments. In their case there is no hope; in yours there is. Thank God for it, then, and improve it. Doubtless it is in real love and mercy that He hath sent the pestilence upon your neighbourhood. He tries many ways to lead you to repentance. The rod, though a stern teacher, may prove in your case the most effectual. Let me point out some truths applicable to you at this time. It may be, by God's blessing, that they may lead you from a state of much alarm and concern to one of real joy and peace.

I. *The Pestilence is sent by God.*

It did not come of itself, neither did it come by any natural cause apart from God. It is His doing. He saw fit thus to visit you. Every death was of Him. He regulates all the movements of the pestilence. If it passes over one house, and enters the next—if it leaves one side of the street, and spreads death in the opposite—it is because the Lord will have it so. You are entirely in God's hands. As a general truth you admit this at all times, but now He seems to come awfully near to you. You are slow to acknowledge this. Could you but account for the pestilence by some secondary cause, you would feel relieved—you do not like the idea of God being so near you, and near you in such a way as He is at present, as a sin-avenging God. You feel that you are not in a right state for a meeting with Him. Ah! you know there is much standing between you and Him—many accounts unsettled. You would gladly, therefore, get rid of the thought of His being so near you if you could. But what a tale does this tell—what a tale of misimproved grace—of slighted mercies! How otherwise it should have been with you, who have so often enjoyed the sweet calls of the gospel! You would be glad to put the thought of God out of your mind, that you might continue at ease. But O how foolish is such a course! Grant that, by the passing away of the pestilence, you could sink into unconcern again, what good would it serve? Your ease, your fancied peace, would be but a vain dream, to be enjoyed, it might be, for a year or two, and then to be broken in upon for ever. O, away with such a delusion! Does the thought of God pain you? Then there is reason for the pain—a reason which, as an immortal being, desirous of your own happiness, you ought at once to seek to have removed. Blessed be God, if you will but so seek, it is not a hopeless thing.

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* This paper has been published in a separate form, and will be found highly suitable for circulation at this period.

II. *Real peace and safety are to be found only in the favour of God.*

You are in the hands of God—in the hands of the omnipotent Jehovah. "He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What dost thou?"—(Dan. iv. 35.) It is vain to think of contending with Him, and equally vain to look for deliverance apart from Him. There is no real peace of mind in such a trying time, but in the assurance that you enjoy the favour of the God of the pestilence. There is no real safety in such a day of rebuke, but in the love of Him who hath sharpened the sword for the slaughter. Had you His favour, you would have nothing to fear. The cloud over others might be also dark over you, but the Lord's comforting voice would be heard amidst its darkness, saying to you, "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid." You might see the strong arm and the glittering sword, but taking deeper refuge in His love—going further into the secret place of the Most High (Ps. xci. 1)—you would see yourself protected by that arm, and would know that your name is graven on the palm (Isa. xlix. 16) of the hand that wields the sword.

III. *The favour of God is enjoyed under the covert of Christ's blood.*

When the Lord was about to smite all the first-born of the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh who sat upon the throne, even unto the first-born of the maid-servant behind the mill, He told his people Israel, whose first-born He meant to spare, to take the blood of a lamb, and to sprinkle it upon the side-posts and lintels of the doors of their houses, and, having done this, to abide within their houses in the night in which He was going to execute this great judgment.—(See Exod. xi. and xii.) The Lord said that, when He passed through the land of Egypt, He would pass over those houses on the doors of which He saw the blood thus sprinkled, and not suffer the destroyer to come in to smite them. The children of Israel did accordingly sprinkle their doors with blood, and on that fearful night, when the cry of distress was great among the Egyptians, because of some one dead in every house, in the houses of the Israelites marked by blood there was peace—not a hair of their heads had been touched. It was thus they were saved from the plague. The *blood* was the token between them and God. They were safe under its covert. No evil came nigh their dwellings. The Lord in all this pointed to a time of far more awful judgment, and to a far more blessed deliverance. He pointed to the time when He shall come out of His place to punish men for their iniquities, and to the only way by which they may escape in the day of His anger. It was by sprinkling blood upon their doors, and by keeping close under the covert of this blood, that the Israelites were saved. Where there was no blood there was no barrier. All was open to the destroying angel. Where there was blood all was safe. It was Jehovah's hiding-place. It is by the sprinkling of blood also, and by taking refuge under its covert, that we shall be saved when the Lord passeth through to destroy. The blood the Israelites used was that of a lamb of the flock; but that we must use is the blood of the Lamb of God—God's own dear Son. We were justly exposed to the wrath of God on account of our sins; but "Jesus made peace for us through the blood of His cross" (Col. i. 20), "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree."—(1 Pet. ii. 24.) "God made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."—(2 Cor. v. 21.) "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin."—(Heb. ix. 22.) And no blood will God regard but the blood of His own Son. It alone will shield us in the day of God's wrath.

Now, just as it was under the covert of blood that the Israelites enjoyed the favour of God, and were safe, so is it here. God's favour and protection are only to be had by sprinkling this atoning blood of Christ upon our souls. Had any of the Israelites neglected to sprinkle their doors with blood, or had they gone out of their houses in the night when God passed through in judgment, they would have been no longer safe. They were His people, the beloved of the Lord, yet it was under blood alone that they were preserved. Here alone also shall we be remembered by God. The blood of Jesus is the only mark He will regard. Where He finds any soul sprinkled with it, that one shall be passed over—the destroyer shall not be allowed to smite him. The Lord will cover such an one in the hollow of His hand. But where the blood of Jesus is not seen, whatever else is there, then shall that one be consumed.

Ah! learn the lesson—it is all-important in such days as these, when the Lord is executing judgment among you. Would you enjoy peace of mind—would you be safe? Then take refuge in *Christ*. Flee to Him. Look upon yourself as a worthless, vile sinner, worthy only of hell, but entreat Him to wash you in His blood. Put your trust there. Then you shall be prepared for every trial. Even in the last great conflagration, you shall be remembered. God shall see you as a poor sinner, who has taken refuge under the blood of His own Son, and shall save you with His own hand. And in these trials which come across our paths as we journey on through this life, you will, looking to the blood of Jesus as your confidence, enjoy a blessed peace and rest in your souls. Thus, at this time of pestilence, when men's hearts are failing them for fear, you will feel calm and untroubled. You will feel yourself under the protection of God, and in the enjoyment of His favour, because under the covert of the blood of Jesus. Your mind resting upon it as you lie down at night, you will rest in peace. Looking at the blood, you can look to God as your Father; and, as a child, commit yourself and your household to His keeping. You may not be sure that the pestilence shall not visit you or yours; but you shall be assured that it will not come unless your heavenly Father pleases. It will not come as a *plague* to you. It may come; but if so, you will have nothing to fear—it will just be your Father's way of taking you to himself. Why should a child fear a visit from a loving father, come *when* he may, or *how* he may? O how blessed is this *resting-place!* Here you may sing in storm or sunshine. Here you walk in the light of God's countenance, and are exalted in His righteousness.—(Psa. lxxxix. 15, 16.) Nothing can possibly befall you here, but what *infinite wisdom* devises and *infinite love* desires.

Escape for thy life, thou fearful one! Look not behind thee. Flee to this covert. Say not, "*Ah! the blood of Jesus is not for me.* I dare not come to Him, I have been such a great sinner." Think you there were no great sinners among the children of Israel? Yet they sprinkled the blood and were safe. The Lord's command given to them *all* was their warrant. *All sinners are made free to use the blood of Jesus.* The command came to the children of Israel as a *people* to make use of the blood as their safety, and, without exception, it was not only their *privilege* but their *duty* to do so. The blood of Christ is not confined to any one people. The warning of danger, and the proclamation of the way of escape, are world-wide. To every sinner on this earth's surface does God send the message of mercy—the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ. All, without exception, are told of the day of vengeance, and all equally, without exception, are invited, and entreated, and commanded to flee to the covert of Christ's blood. Hang not back then, fearful to enter this only place of safety as if it were not open to you! *God* makes you welcome, and who shall say nay? True, it is wonderful that *you* should be invited—you, a very child of the devil—a vile worthless sinner, who have never done any thing but mock God, and sin against him. Yet he has invited you. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—(Mark xvi. 15.) What is this but to say, "Go throughout this world, and tell every sinner the glad tidings about Jesus, that he may be saved through Him. Stand not without, O sinner! you have God's warrant to enter. Christ is as free to you as ever He was to any. Hesitate not, then, one moment longer, but flee to Christ, wondering the while at the marvellous grace that has made Him free to you. Rest in Him with confidence. In Him you have nothing to dread. In Him you have peace with God; you enjoy the Father's love. What then have you to fear even in the darkest night? "Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. . . . . . Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."—Psalm xci.

OLD CATHARINE.

BY THE REV. DR ROBERTSON, SWELLENDAM.

CATHARINE RUYTERS, a Hottentot, better known by the name of "Old Catharine," and amongst the coloured people as "Old Granny," died at Swellendam on the 18th July 1848. For some years before her death she had yielded a striking proof of the riches and power of divine grace. Her age cannot be precisely ascertained; but by the most careful calculation, from several circumstances to which she repeatedly alluded, she was at the least 110 years old. She was born in the district of Swellendam, and spent her long life entirely in that district; so that she was known to most of the inhabitants as "Old Catharine." In her younger days she lived in the darkest heathenism, and was altogether without God in the world. It pleased the Lord, however, in his providence, to bring her afterwards, as a servant, into the family of a pious elder of the Swellendam church, who was accustomed to invite and encourage his servants to attend the worship of God in his house. There she heard the Scriptures read, and became in some measure acquainted with the purport of the gospel. About the same time came that excellent missionary Pacalt, whose labours were blessed to so many persons, both white and coloured, into that part of the country where Catharine then lived. Under his simple but faithful preaching she was often greatly affected, and stirred up earnestly to seek the salvation which is in Christ Jesus.

In the beginning of the year 1836 she came to live in the village of Swellendam, when the writer of this narrative first became acquainted with her. In the month of April in the same year, after having been examined, and given satisfactory proofs not only of her knowledge of divine truths, but also, as it was believed, of her true piety, she was admitted by baptism as a member of the Church. On receiving this holy sacrament she must have been about a hundred years old—an event, indeed, such as has seldom occurred. Since that time she has always distinguished herself by a very pious deportment. For *her*, Christ was, in the fullest sense, ALL. It was astonishing to see how she became excited and affected when any one spoke in her hearing of his sufferings and death. This always seemed to agitate her entire soul. "For *me*, for *my* sins, he had to suffer all that," she would say; whilst frequently the tears flowed down her cheeks.

She was very punctual in attending public worship, and was usually the first in the house of God. She might generally be seen sitting on the steps in front of the church, or before the chapel, waiting for the opening of the doors. During the singing her trembling voice might frequently be heard; and she was accustomed to give her assent to what the minister announced by frequent motions of the head. People were often surprised to see her present at the celebration of public worship even in unfavourable weather, or whilst labouring under bodily indisposition; but, when spoken to on this subject, Catharine was always ready with the answer, "*My* Lord brought me hither, He gave me strength."

It was, indeed, very remarkable how the Lord provided for her. In her experience, too, was fulfilled what the Psalmist declared: "I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

Old Catharine was much in prayer early in the morning; and often in the stillness of the night her voice might be heard wrestling with the Lord. A female friend of hers, having once requested that she would remember her in her prayers, Catharine, in the middle of the following night, was heard by those in whose house she slept earnestly praying for her friend, whom she mentioned by name, commending her to the Lord, and entreating a blessing upon her. The writer of this once seeing her, very early in the morning, busy feeding some chickens, said, "I hope, Catharine, you were first in your retirement?" Ah! sir," she replied, "how could I forget that? It is my bread and my water."

She always showed an earnest desire to be useful to her fellow-creatures; and the general esteem in which she was held, gained for her admonitions and consolations ready access with all.

The love of Christ, and the obligation to return his love, by living for him, was constantly the theme of her discourse, and eternity will doubtless reveal that she has been of no small benefit to the souls of many. When a certain lady was once deeply affected on account of the death of a very dear child, Old Catharine came to her, and sharing in her sorrow, addressed her, amongst other things, in this consoling and reviving manner: "Let go, Ma'am, let go! only fall down at his feet; ask him to take your heart, and he will make all right." When people complained to her about the state of their souls, her usual answer was, "Do not complain to me, but go to the Lord Jesus. Fall down at his feet, and ask him for pardon and assistance."

For her own part she mostly enjoyed an assurance of her interest in Christ, and spoke of it with confidence. When a pious Indian gentleman was one day conversing with her, she was, as usual, much excited when he spoke to her of the great love of Christ. "And Catharine," said the gentleman, "will Christ come again?" "Yes," she replied, "at the day of judgment." "And where," rejoined he, "do you think your place will be in that day?" "Oh, sir!" said Catharine, with a smile, "at his right hand; for he died surely for *my* sins, and his blood is upon my soul."

For the last year of her life she was almost quite blind from old age, yet she got some one to lead her, and that usually twice every Sabbath, to the Lord's house, where the minister of the church had, for some years, allowed her to sit on the pulpit stairs, a privilege for which she often expressed her gratitude. On the Lord's day, two days before her death, her place in the church was observed to be unoccupied; upon which one of her friends went, after divine service, to visit her. "I was too weak," said Catharine, "to go to church to-day, but the Lord was *here* with me; and oh! the room seemed too small when I was permitted to fall down at his feet, and speak to him freely, and make mention of all his mercies towards so great a sinner."

The next morning, the writer of this was sent for, and informed that Catharine was very ill, and desired to see him. Immediately repairing to her cottage, he said, "Well, Catharine, it seems you are going to leave us?" "Yes, sir," was her reply, "it is all over with Old Catharine." "And whither," said he, "do you think you are going?" "To heaven," she immediately answered, "for Jesus surely died for *my* sins." "To depart, and to be with Christ," said he, "is far better." "Yes," replied she, "to be with Christ is the best; and his Spirit must thoroughly cleanse and sanctify me, and enable me to serve him there in a perfect manner; and," added she with great emphasis, "without shedding of blood shall no one enter into the kingdom." The excitement of her mind now seemed too great for her enfeebled frame. After these words she suddenly fell backwards upon the bed, and remained speechless and without moving until the next morning, when the spirit was released from the body, in order, as we have the best grounds for believing, to join the happy company of those who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb, and who are therefore before the throne of God, and praise and serve him without ceasing, and without imperfection, in his heavenly temple. Her earthly remains were followed by a great number, both of white and coloured people, to the grave, there to await the glorious morning of the day of general resurrection.

"The righteous," says the Psalmist, "shall be in everlasting remembrance." It was therefore considered a duty to preserve in this narrative the remembrance of Old Catharine, and at the same time to endeavour to excite others to praise and glorify the riches of divine grace, so remarkably displayed in her salvation. The same grace, dear reader, is sufficient for you. Pray that you may be made, both here and hereafter, a monument of God's mercy; imitate Old Catharine in so far as she followed Christ; with *her*, build your whole hope solely upon his atoning sufferings and death; and when you consider the grace shown, not only to *this* aged Hottentot, but to *others* of this (once) utterly despised nation, say with the poet—

"The race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

"To hail thy rise, thou better Sun!
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

"Thy power increasing, still shall spread;
Thy reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard thy throne above,
And peace abound below."

THE EAGLE-WINGED BELIEVER.

BY RALPH ERSKINE.

I. As to the wings wherewith they do mount up, they are especially these two, viz., the wing of faith and the wing of love.

1. The wing of faith they have, and must have, who would mount up heavenward. Now, there is not a feather in this wing but is made in heaven: "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God."—(Eph. ii. 8.) Yea, after the believer hath got faith, he cannot spread out his wing without God: "To you it is given, not only to believe but to suffer for his sake."—(Phil. i. 29.) To you, believers, it is given to believe; not only the habit of faith is the gift of God, but the exercise of faith is his gift also. Now, this is one wing, and none can mount up to heaven without it; for it is a grace that looks not at things that are seen in this world, but at things that are not seen; it is the evidence of things not seen; it mounts the soul to heaven and heavenly things, and makes them evident.

2. There is the wing of love, by which the believer mounts up to heaven: and this is a wing made also by God: "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost."—(Rom. v. 5.) This is a wing then framed in heaven, a grace that comes from the God of love; and therefore it flies up to heaven again: the holy spark of this fire flies upward. This grace is of such a mounting quality, that it unites the soul of the believer to Christ as well as faith. As Jonathan's soul was knit or joined to the soul of David by love, so is the soul of the believer knit and glued to Christ by love: and, O this wing of love is a strong wing! (Song viii. 6,) "Love is strong as death;" yea, stronger than death and life, and principalities and powers: "I am persuaded," says the apostle, "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—(Rom. viii. 38, 39.) This is such a strong wing that the fire cannot burn it: martyrs have found that it would abide the fire when they glorified God in the fires; the fire did not burn their love; no, it mounted up to heaven with the flame.

II. As to those things wherein they mount up, we shall give you both a negative and a positive account of them.

1*st*, We propose to give you a negative account of these things.

1. They do not mount up in airy speculations: some mount up only in airy notions; they have a great deal of head-knowledge, but no heart-love to the truth: "They receive not the love of the truth, that they might be saved; for which cause God sends them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie."—(2 Thes. ii. 10, 11.) The devil himself knows God and Christ, but hath no love to God or Christ in his heart: there may be much speculative knowledge where there is no saving grace.

2. They do not mount up in sinful curiosity, to pry into the secrets of God; "for secret things belong to God, to us the things that are revealed."—(Deut. xxix. 29.) Many mount up too far into the decrees of election and reprobation. Oh! I fear I am a reprobate, say some. Alas, Sirs! beware of such blasphemy; as if, forsooth, you were omniscient, like God; and as if you had been upon the privy council of God from eternity, when he marked down the names of elect and reprobate: this is a thing that cannot be known. In this side of time you cannot be sure you are a reprobate as long as you are out of hell; but I can give you assurance, better than the stability of heaven and earth, that if you truly repent of your sin, and flee to Christ, the only Saviour, you are no reprobate: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."—(Isa. lv. 7.) But if you will not part with sin, nor flee to Christ, you subscribe your own reprobation. Now, I say, the believer doth mount up in sinful curiosity concerning the decree of election and reprobation, but in so far as it is revealed to him, to give all diligence to make his calling and election sure; neither doth he pry curiously into the secrets of God's providence; "It is not for you to know the times and the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power." Some have been very rash in telling when the day of judgment would be: we should not meddle with such secrets; "for of that day and that hour knoweth no man."—(Matt. xxv. 13.)

3. They do not mount up in self-conceit and self-estimation, as some do, who mount up in the pride of their hearts; God abhors the proud, and he will cast them down, let them mount up never so far: "He resists the proud, and gives grace to the humble." (Jas. iv. 6.) Pride was the sin of fallen angels; they would be as high as God, viz., self-dependent; and therefore God cast them down. This was the ill lesson that the devil taught our first parents, "Ye shall be as gods;" and they were taken with this bait, to their overthrow and ruin; and ever since, pride and self-conceit hath been natural to their posterity; and hence it is, so much self is mixed with all our preaching, praying, communicating. But when the believer mounts, he mounts in some measure above self, and gets it trod under his feet in self-abasing, self-abhorring thoughts.

4. They do not mount up in fits and starts of devotion, in modes and pangs of affection in a transient

way. Many professors, when they hear the word, they seem to be mounted up in joy; but what comes of it? It is but a flash, and like a land-flood. The stony-ground hearers may receive the word with joy; but having no root, they wither and dwindle to nothing.—(Luke viii. 6, 13.) Some, when they hear of Christ's sufferings, and see him sacramentally crucified, it draws tears from their eyes, and they never mount further.

2dly, We come now to give a positive account of these things wherein the believer mounts up. Believers mount up with wings as eagles, in these following things, or the like.

1. They mount up in spiritual-mindedness, contemplation, and holy meditation: hence says David, "My meditation of him shall be sweet."—(Psal. civ. 34.) Having got the spirit, they mind the things of the spirit: "They that are after the flesh, do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the spirit, mind the things of the spirit: that which is born of the spirit, is spirit."—(Rom. viii. 5.) Their heart is set and bent to mind the great mystery of godliness, "God made manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. iii. 16); "and to know the height, and depth, and breadth of the love of Christ." They do not suffer their thoughts to wander on the mountains of vanity.

2. They mount up in high designs and intentions: their ultimate design is the glory of God, and the enjoyment of him, which, you know, is man's chief end. This is the winged Christian's end: he mounts up in this high and holy end, and that in all his actions; in his civil actions, as in his buying and selling, travelling, labouring; and in his sacred actions, as his praying, reading, hearing, communicating; or in his relative actions, what he doth as a father, master, servant, or child; and in his natural actions, whether he eat or drink, or whatever he doth, he doth all to the glory of God.—(1 Cor. x. 31.) At least, his short-coming herein is matter of sorrow and shame to him.

3. They mount up in holy desires, saying with Job, "O that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his feet." And their desires are not like the faint, languishing wish of the wicked, such as Balaam had; no, no; their desires are spiritual and sincere, such as these spoken of (Isa. xxvi. 9), "With my soul have I desired thee in the night; and with my spirit within me, will I seek thee early." Their desires are strong and fervent; none but Christ will satisfy them. "What wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless?" said Abraham.—(Gen. xv. 2.) So says the soul, mounting up towards God, O what wilt thou give me, seeing I go Christless? It pants after God, the living God. Their desires are restricted to God and Christ alone: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee."—(Psal. lxxiii. 25.) Their desires are dilated on a whole God, and a whole Christ: "O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord, my God, my King."—(Psal. xvi. 2.) They will have a whole God in all his essential perfections, and in all the relations he stands in to his people. They will have this God for their God for ever and ever, and for their guide even unto death. And they will have a whole Christ—Christ for sanctification as well as for salvation, yea, Christ for their all in all.

4. They mount up in pious inclinations; they have an aversion at sin, at the sinful pleasures of this life; yea, they abhor them with Ephraim, "What have I any more to do with idols?" That is the language of the eagle-like believer; he hath a great inclination, a strong bent of spirit after a God in Christ, as the top of his perfection, as the very spring of all his pleasure, and as the magazine of all his treasure, as the rest of his soul; if the devil and his evil heart hath set him at any distance from God, his mind is restless till he return to him again: "Return to thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."—(Psal. cxvi. 7.) The top-swarm, as it were, of his inclination mounts up this way.

5. He mounts up in heavenly affections: hence is that injunction, "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth."—(Col. iii. 2.) He endeavours, through grace, to have his affections some way corresponding with God's affection, so as to love what God loves, and hate what God hates; yea, to love as God loves, and to hate as God hates. God loves holiness with a strong and great love; so doth the believer. God hates sin with a perfect hatred; and so doth the believer: "I hate every false way." See also, Psal. cxxxix. 21, 22.

6. They mount up in a gospel conversation; so saith the apostle, "Our conversation is in heaven, from whence we look for our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."—(Phil. iii. 20.)

7. The winged saint mounts up in a heavenly walk: as Enoch and Noah walked with God, so doth the winged soul whose strength is renewed; he runs without wearying, and walks without fainting on the Lord's way. His heavenly walk discovers itself, 1. In his heavenly words—they are seasoned with salt, and edifying. And, 2. In his actions, wherein he studies sobriety, righteousness, and godliness in all the duties of religion, prayer, and praise. And, 3. In his company, for he can say with David, "I am a companion of all them that fear thee."—(Psal. cxix. 63.)

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRETENCES OF COVETOUSNESS.

BY DR SOUTH.

One instance in which men use to plead the will instead of the deed, is in duties of cost and expense.

Let a business of expensive charity be proposed; and then, as in matters of labour, the lazy person can find no hands wherewith to work; so neither, in this case, can the religious miser find any hands wherewith to give. It is wonderful to consider, how a command or call to be liberal, either upon a civil or religious account, all of a sudden impoverishes the rich, breaks the merchant, shuts up every private man's exchequer, and makes those men in a minute have nothing at all to give, who, at the very same instant, want nothing to spend. So that instead of relieving the poor, such a command strangely increases their number, and transforms rich men into beggars presently.

Thus, at the siege of Constantinople, then the wealthiest city in the world, the citizens had nothing to give their emperor for the defence of the place, though he begged a supply of them with tears; but when, by that means, the Turks took and sacked it, then those who had nothing before to give had more than enough to lose.

But to descend to matters of daily and common occurrence; what is more usual in conversation, than for men to express their unwillingness to do a thing, by saying they cannot do it; and for a covetous man, being asked a little money in charity, to answer that he has none? Which, as it is, if true, a sufficient answer to God and man: so, if false, it is intolerable hypocrisy towards both.

But do men in good earnest think that God will be put off so? or can they imagine, that the law of God will be baffled with a lie clothed in a scoff?

For such pretences are no better, as appears from that notable account given us by the apostle of this windy, insignificant charity of the will, and of the worthlessness of it, not enlivened by deeds (James ii. 15, 16): "If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?" Profit, does he say? Why, it profits just as much as fair words command the market, as good wishes buy food and raiment, and pass for current payment in the shops. Come to an old, rich, professing vulpony, and tell him that there is a church to be built, beautified, or endowed in such a place, and that he cannot lay out his money more to God's honour, the public good, and the comfort of his own conscience, than to bestow it liberally upon such an occasion; and in answer to this, it is ten to one but you shall be told, "how much God is for the inward spiritual worship of the hear; and that the Almighty neither dwells nor delights in temples made with hands, but hears and accepts the prayers of his people in dens and caves, barns and stables, and in the homeliest and meanest cottages, as well as in the stateliest and most magnificent churches." Thus, I say, you are like to be answered. In reply to which I would have all such sly sanctified cheats (who are so often harping upon this string) know, once for all, that that God who accepts the prayers of his people in dens and caves, barns and stables, when, by his afflicting providence, he has driven them from the appointed places of his solemn worship, so that they cannot have the use of them, will not, for all this, endure to be served or prayed to by them in such places, nor accept of their barn-worship, no, nor yet of their parlour or their chamber-worship, where he has given them both wealth and power to build him churches. For he that commands us to "worship him in the spirit," commands us also "to honour him with our substance." And never pretend that thou hast a heart to pray while thou hast no heart to give; since he that serves mammon with his estate, cannot possibly serve God with his heart. For, as in the heathen worship of God, a sacrifice without an heart was accounted ominous; so in the Christian worship of him, an heart without a sacrifice is worthless and impertinent.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

A STORY OF LAST CENTURY.*

Above a century ago, in a sequestered part of Scotland, a hard-working couple were struggling through life, and frequently found it difficult to gain a bare subsistence, and provide even necessaries for their young family. But though their lot was cast among the poor of this earth, they were honest. They lived in a thinly-peopled neighbourhood, remote from town or village, and indeed at a considerable distance from any habitation whatever.

Their humble thatched cottage stood picturesquely at the foot of a hill, rugged, with perpendicular rocks, and projecting cliffs, and precipitous to the base. In summer these were wellnigh hid by the verdure—the different wild plants, the braken (fern), the bog myrtle, the wild thyme, and lichens of richest emerald tints, uniting to conceal them from view. There too, the pine, the mountain-ash, the hazel, and the birch-tree flourished, springing up naturally out of the crevices, or spreading their roots fantastically over the bare rocks, till their fibres reached some congenial soil, where they found nourishment, and thus gained strength and firmness to withstand the wintry blast. But when divested of its summer garb, the scene assumed a sterner aspect, the rocks appearing in all the varied and fantastic forms which fancy might create. Fronting the cottage, but divided by the public road, was a deep ravine, down which a rivulet was seen at intervals, through the foliage, gliding smoothly over its pebbly bed, or, when swollen by the rains, impetuously rushing on with a loud roaring noise, forming in its course innumerable cascades. But, however inviting the situation, every thing within and around the little cottage bespoke the poverty of its inhabitants, so that a stranger might naturally have asked, "What happiness can these poor people enjoy amid such manifest hardships and privations?" Yet though worldly advantages were denied them, they had in their lowly dwelling a source of comfort, too often unknown to the great and the affluent of this world, and which riches cannot purchase—the peace of God reigned there.

The poor man could generally contrive to earn a scanty subsistence, barely sufficient to maintain his wife and four children. At times, indeed, his means of support were cut off; for though industrious when he could procure work, his employment at best was precarious. In that secluded district, where there were few resident gentry, his resources in this respect were limited and uncertain. And sometimes this worthy couple were reduced to great necessity for want of food, when they experienced unexpected interpositions of Providence, by which help was sent to them in the most unlooked for manner. Thus God often reveals himself to his chosen ones, and in the time of their need proves that he is "a very present help in trouble." So frequently in their case had they been made to perceive that they were the objects of his peculiar care and watchfulness, that they were led by experience to put their trust in that Providence which had so many times signally and graciously preserved them.

At some miles' distance from this cottage, was the residence of a lady whose piety and active benevolence had gained her the love and esteem of all the neighbourhood. Lady Kilmarnock devoted her time and fortune in doing good, and was indeed a blessing to those around her. She had herself been taught in the school of affliction to sympathize with the distressed.

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* This striking narrative has been recently published as a tract by James Nisbet and Co., London, from whom we have received a kind permission to insert it in our pages.

Early in life she was deprived, by a sudden stroke, of the husband of her affections. At first she was overwhelmed by the blow, till by degrees she found true consolation, where alone it is to be found, in the love of God. Thus was she led, though by a thorny path, to place her happiness beyond the things of time, and to experience real comfort—that peace "which passeth all understanding."

With every external advantage to render life attractive, she from that period gave up the world, and devoted herself entirely to promoting the welfare of her fellow-creatures; and it was her peculiar care to seek out cases deserving of her assistance.

These worthy cottagers had, of course, been frequent objects of her bounty, and through her means they had often obtained most seasonable relief. But though Ann Young—for that was the maiden name of the cottager's wife, by which she was still known in the neighbourhood—had formerly been a servant in her family, yet such was her repugnance to appear burdensome to her benefactress, that it was seldom indeed that when in want her distress was made known by herself. It came to pass from some of those causes before alluded to, or from circumstances with which we are not acquainted, that those poor people were reduced to the greatest extremity of want: all their resources had failed. Their little store of provisions gradually diminished till they were exhausted. Ann had always been frugal, and a good manager of her husband's earnings; but, with all her economy, she could not make her means last longer. Unlike the widow's of Zarephath, the barrel of meal wasted away without any prospect of its being replenished. Her children had received the last morsel she could furnish, yet she was not cast down, for Ann Young was indeed a Christian. She "knew in whom she had believed;" she had learned to trust in the loving-kindness of her God, when apparently cut off from human aid; and having found by experience, that man's extremity is God's opportunity, therefore she did not despond. The day, however, passed over, and no prospect of succour appeared. Night came, and still no relief was vouchsafed to them. The children were crying for their supper, and, because there was none to give them, their mother undressed them and put them to bed, where they soon cried themselves to sleep.

Their father was much dejected, and likewise went to bed, leaving Ann in solitary possession of the room. And yet she felt not alone—many sweet hours had she spent in that little cottage, apart from the world, with her Bible and her God. Often had she here enjoyed communion with Him whom her soul loved, unobserved, save by his all-seeing eye. Precious had these seasons ever been to her. The present, therefore, was not to be suffered to escape unimproved; nor the opportunity neglected of pouring out her soul to God—of spreading her sorrows, her trials, all before him; and giving vent to a full, and now, alas! a *heavy* heart.

But ere she began, that she might not afterwards be disturbed, she made up the peat fire on the hearth. She trimmed and lit the *cruisy* (a small iron vessel which served as a lamp), and hung it upon its accustomed place on the wall. She moved the clean oaken table near it, and having taken the large family Bible from among the six or eight well-read, well-worn volumes on the book-shelf, deposited it upon it. She paused, however, before opening the sacred volume to implore a blessing on its contents, when the following text involuntarily came into her mind: "For every beast in the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills."

That text, thought Ann, is not very applicable *to me*—and opening her Bible she proceeded to look out for some of her favourite passages of Scripture. Yet, "For every beast in the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills," was uppermost in her thoughts. She endeavoured to read the parts of the Bible that she considered more particularly adapted to her present circumstances. Her eye, it is true, might glance over the sacred pages, and her lips pronounce the precious words they contained; but still the verse we have quoted would ever and anon occur to her, supplanting in her mind every other passage of Scripture and every other subject of thought. She knelt down, and committed her case to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer; and then tried to recall former experiences—to bring to remembrance the promises of God, and those portions of Scripture which used to come home with power to her heart; but without now feeling that lively pleasure and satisfaction she had ever found in the Word of God, the text, "For every beast," &c. &c., seemed fastened to her memory, and, despite of every effort, she could not banish it from her mind. Yet, thought Ann, it is God's own word; and she read the Psalm in which that text is contained. It was, she thought, a beautiful psalm, but many verses in it appeared to her more suited to her condition than the one already quoted. Again she prayed, hoping that, while presenting her supplications before a throne of grace, she might forget it, but with no better success. Still she endeavoured to encourage her drooping heart with the belief, nay, God's blessed assurance of the efficacy, of earnest, persevering prayer, and continued her occupation, alternately wrestling in prayer and reading her Bible until midnight.

Indeed, early dawn found her engaged at the same employment, as at length daylight appeared through the little casement, when a loud impatient rap was heard at the door.

"Who's there?" said Ann.

A voice from without answered—"A friend."

"But who is 'a friend,'" replied she, "What are you?"

"I'm a drover; and quick, mistress, and open the door, and come out and help me. And if there's a man in the house, tell him also to come out with all speed, for one of my cattle has fallen down a precipice and broken its leg, and it is lying at *your door*."

On opening the door, what was the first object that met the astonished gaze of Ann? A large drove of cattle, from the Highlands of Scotland. As far as the eye could reach on either direction, the road was black with the moving mass, which the man was driving on to a market in the south. And there lay the disabled beast, its leg broken—the poor drover standing by, looking ruefully over it—his faithful *colley* dog by his side, gazing up, as if in sympathy with his master, and as if he understood his dilemma, and knew also that his services could now be of no avail.

The worthy couple were concerned for the poor drover, and evinced every willingness to assist him in his misfortune, had it been in their power. He, in his turn, felt at a loss to know how he should dispose of the animal, and paused to consider what course he ought to pursue. But the more he thought over the catastrophe, the more his perplexity increased.

To drive on the maimed beast was obviously impossible. To sell it there seemed equally so. At a distance from a market, it would not be easy to find a purchaser; and, by remaining in that place long enough to do so, he must likewise detain the whole herd of cattle, which would incur more expense than the animal was worth.

What was to be done? The drover drew his Highland plaid tighter round him. He shifted and replaced his bonnet from one side of his head to the other. "I never," he at length exclamed, "was more completely brought to my wit's end in my life;" and then turning to Ann he added, "'Deed, mistress, I must just make you a present of it, for in truth I don't know what else I can do with it; so kill it, and take care of it, for it is a principal beast. I'll answer for it, a mart* like *that* has never come within your door." And, without waiting for thanks, he whistled on his dog and joined the herd, which was soon seen moving slowly on in its weary journey.

The poor cottagers were lost in wonder at this unexpected deliverance from famine, by so signal an interposition of Providence. And after they had in some measure recovered from the surprise such an incident was calculated to excite, the father assembled his little family around him to unite in prayer, and render thanks to the "Giver of all good" for this new proof of his condescending kindness towards them. Thus their prayer was now turned into *praise.* He then proceeded to follow the advice of the drover, and found his gift, as he had told them, to be "a principal beast." All was then rejoicing, preparation, and gladness, with the inmates of the cottage. They had *meat* sufficient to serve them for many months to come, and in their first joy they totally forgot that they had *no bread.* But He who "commanded the ravens to bring to the prophet bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening," did *not* forget it. God does not work by halves. About six o'clock in the morning, another knock was heard at the door, which this time flew quickly open, when who should present himself but the "grieve," or bailiff, of Lady Kilmarnock, with a load on his back. Of course, the astonishment of Ann was great, as she asked him what could bring him thus, at that early hour? "Allow me," said he, "to enter, and to relieve my shoulders of my burden, and *my conscience too.*"

He then proceeded to relate how Lady Kilmarnock sent for him the previous morning, to inquire "if any thing had happened to Ann Young." To which he replied, that he was not aware that she had met with any calamity, and that, when he last heard of her and her family, they were all well. "Then," said her ladyship, "she must be *in want;* for these few days she has been incessantly in my thoughts. *I cannot get her out of my head;* and I am sure she is in distress. So take a sack of meal to her—a large one, too, and take it directly. You had better convey it yourself, that it may be safely delivered to her, and bring me word how she is; for I know she would almost starve before she applied for relief." "I fully intended," added the bailiff, "to have brought it yesterday, as Lady Kilmarnock desired; but being more than usually busy throughout that day, I could not find leisure to come, but determined that my first employment this morning would be to fetch it to you." Thus were these pious cottagers, by a wonderful interference of Providence, amply provided for. They had now a more abundant supply of food in their house than they had ever before possessed. The merciful and bounteous care of that God whose "compassions fail not," had been made manifest towards them in a remarkable manner.

Ann Young now found out the meaning of that text, "For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." She could not but recognise the hand of God in the chain of events that were rendered subservient in the accomplishment of His gracious purposes towards her. But we shall not attempt to describe, in this instance, her feelings of gratitude to the "Father of mercies;" nor endeavour to solve the questions that such a recital as the foregoing is calculated to suggest. Mysterious are the Lord's dealings towards his children, and "his ways past finding out."

In conclusion, we would merely add a few words of comfort and encouragement to those who may be languishing in poverty and wretchedness. The few last years have been to many years of unparalleled want and suffering. Hundreds, nay, thousands, in these realms have perished from famine; and God's judgments are still abroad on the earth. To the afflicted child of God, who may be now pining in starvation and misery, we would put this question, "Have you, like the subject of this narrative, ever prayed the prayer of faith? Have you, like her, perseveringly sought His aid with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning?" It is more than a hundred years since the incidents here related occurred, but "God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." And He who mercifully interposed in behalf of this lowly Christian, will be *your* Deliverer too. "All his saints are in thy hand." What, then, though the Christian's lot be one of penury? Is he not thereby relieved from those snares which must ever surround the great, the affluent? And regarding this life as but the passage and preparation to another and a better, with a thankful and contented mind he is enabled, even in the humblest stations, and in the midst of privations and trials, to realise in his own experience, that he has indeed the "promise of this life, as well as of that which is to come." "O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him. O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him. The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." "Trust in him at all times, ye people," "who never said unto the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain!"

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* The labourers in Scotland seldom eat butcher-meat during the summer months, but at the beginning of winter it is customary to kill a cow. Generally two families join in the purchase of it, or two or three sheep, for the winter's provender, which are carefully salted for that purpose This is called "the mart," an abbreviation for Martinmas, being the time of year when the purchase is made.

BE IN EARNEST.

There is such a thing as being almost a Christian—as looking back unto perdition—as being not far from the kingdom of heaven, and falling short at last. Beware, lest thou lose the reward. The promise is made to him that holdeth fast, holdeth out to the end, and overcometh. Labour to forget the things which are behind, and reach unto the things which are before. He who is contented with just enough grace to escape hell and to get to heaven, and desires no more, may be sure he hath none at all, and is far from the kingdom of God. Labour to enjoy converse with God. Strive to do every thing as in his presence, and for his glory. Act as in the sight of the grave and eternity. Let us awake and fall to work in good earnest. Heaven and hell are before us. Why do we sleep? Dulness in the service of God is very uncomfortable, and at best will cost us dear; but to be contented in such a frame is the certain sign of a hypocrite. O how will such tremble when God shall call them to give an account of their stewardship, and tell them that they may be no longer stewards! O live more upon the invisible realities of heaven, and let a sense of their excellencies put life into your performances! For your preciseness and singularity you must be content to be laughed at. A Christian's walking is not with men, but with God. He hath great cause to suspect his love to God, who does not delight more in conversing with God and being conformed to him, than in conversing with men and being conformed to the world. How can the love of God dwell in that man who liveth without God in the world?—*Janeway.*

THANKS FOR PRESERVATION.

If we are visited by disease and permitted to recover, we are usually grateful. It seems impossible for the Christian mind, at such a time, not to recognise its dependence on God's mercy and power; or, feeling his kindness, not to sing to his praise. So if our friends or our families are assailed, and disease seems about to desolate our dwellings, we feel relieved and thankful when the shadow has passed over; and we bless God earnestly, in our families and in our churches, that we are permitted to rejoice in the health which he in his compassion has been pleased to restore.

But is it not a singular illustration of the proneness which we experience to forgetfulness of our Father, of the certainty and the swiftness with which the current of our thoughts sets toward ourselves, and away from him, except as it is arrested and reversed by his Providence—that we are conscious so little of our daily dependence?—that in the season of uninterrupted health, we are so anxious for the future, but so forgetful of the past?—that day by day, while health remains, comparatively so few devout thanksgivings ascend to Him who holds us in his hand?—that we feel practically as if simply *our* skill and care and preventive appliances were preserving us in vigour? Does not this show our proneness to forgetfulness of Jehovah? And if this be the state of our feeling, may we not fear that God will interrupt it by admonitions of our frailty?

THE OLD NEGRO.

[There is something in the following narrative eminently illustrative of the vitality of the gospel, and adapted to encourage the heart of the Christian minister under every discouragement.]

About half a century since a Christian church was organised in Virginia. For some years it eminently flourished, but after a while the pastor died, some of the members removed to different parts of the country, and others returned into the world. The house of worship fell into decay, the doors were broken from their hinges, and the birds of the air built their nests upon the deserted walls. The pulpit bowed to its fall, and utter desolation reigned where once the praises of Zion's King had resounded. Close by arose a grog-shop, and it soon became the Sunday resort of the young and old in the vicinity. In that neighbourhood lived a wealthy gentleman, who had one son, a youth of great promise. This youth was in the practice of spending his Sabbaths with other young men at the grog-shop above named, though it had not been said that he ever was guilty of any outbreaking immorality. One Sabbath, as he was going to the general place of rendezvous, when passing the old meeting-house, he turned his head and saw an old greyheaded negro sitting on one of the benches. A degree of superstitious fear came over his mind, and an impression was produced which rendered the society at the grog-shop irksome, and he soon returned to his father's. On the next Sabbath, as he was passing the old house, he saw the old negro again, seated on a bench, leaning his head on the top of his staff. Riding up to the window, he inquired of the old man what he was doing there. "Get down, young master, and come and sit down, and I will tell you," was the reply. He accordingly went in and took his seat by the side of the old man, whom by this time he recognised as the aged servant of a neighbouring planter.

"Thirty years ago," proceeded the old man, with deep emotion, "I used to come to this house of a Sunday to meet God and his people. And precious times we have had here. This house used to be filled with professed Christians, engaged in the service of God, and anxious sinners inquiring the way to be saved. In that old pulpit, now leaning ready to fall, used to stand the servant of God, telling us the precious truths of the gospel of Jesus. Now he is dead; some of the members have moved away, some gone back to the world, and some are dead, while the old house is ready to fall. Young master, I used to come here to meet God. I have come here to-day to meet him in this house, and he has met with me. He is here now." The aged man then respectfully, yet earnestly, pressed upon the youth the importance of religion, and the danger of neglect. "Young master, you see my head, it is white. I was once young like you. I am now old and soon shall die. And you will die too. Are you prepared?" The young man wept, and the old Christian proposed that they should kneel down and pray for the salvation of his soul. They knelt down, and God *was there*. During the ensuing week the young man was greatly distressed, and early the next Sabbath morning repaired to the old church to meet the old negro, who preached Jesus to him as the way, the truth, and the life. In a few days, the young man obtained a hope, and by his exertions, and the blessing of God's grace, an extensive revival of religion very soon commenced. A new church was soon organized, the old house was repaired, a minister settled, and many were converted to the faith as it is in Jesus. As one of the fruits of that revival, six individuals from that neighbourhood entered upon the work of the ministry, and the Lord greatly blessed their labours. One person, converted at this time, became afterwards the governor of a state, and died, after a life of usefulness, as the righteous die. These facts were communicated to the writer since, by a person who received them from some who were themselves the subjects of the revival.

HOW TO MAKE CHRIST OUR PATTERN.

As a scholar that writes after his master's copy—he begins every line as his master begins, and ends as he ends: he frames every letter as his master frames it, joins letters and syllables together as his master doth, though there be no equality. He cannot write as well as his master, yet there is a similitude: he labours to imitate and write like his master. So true Christians, though they cannot live and walk so exactly as Christ did, yet they labour to come as near to him as they can—to imitate and follow him, though not in his Divine acts, as working miracles, which he did as God, yet in his moral and human acts, which he did as man, so they labour to make him their only pattern in their deportment both towards God and man. For instance, his carriage towards God was full of piety, faith, zeal, heavenly-mindedness; he went about doing good to the bodies and souls of others: and in this we are to imitate him, it being the end of our redemption. Follow him also in his carriage or deportment towards man; and in this you may observe from Scripture, that it was full of wisdom, innocence, truth, justice, humility, meekness, love, mercy, and pity to others, in all of which virtues the Scripture commands us to imitate him.—*Bartlett.*

THE COLLEGE REVIVAL, OR WHAT MAY BE DONE BY MOTHERS.

The Rev. Dr Hill of Lexington, some time since, made the following statement at a public meeting of a tract society:—

"I lost my sainted mother when I was a youth, but not before the instructions which I received from her beloved lips had made a deep impression upon my mind—an impression which I carried with me into a college (Hampden, Sidney), where there was not then one pious student. There I often reflected, when surrounded by young men who scoffed at religion, upon the instructions of my mother, and my conscience was frequently distressed. I had no Bible, and dreaded getting one, lest it should be found in my possession. At last I could stand it no longer, and therefore requested a particular friend, a youth whose parents lived near and who often went home, to ask his pious mother to send me some religious books. She sent me "Alleine's Alarm," an old black book, which looked as if it might have been handled by successive generations for one hundred years. When I got it, I locked my room and lay on my bed reading it, when a student knocked at my door; and although I gave him no answer, dreading to be found reading such a book, he continued to knock and beat the door until I had to open it. He came in, and seeing the book lying on the bed, he seized it, and examining its title, he said,—"Why, Hill, do you read such books?" I hesitated, but God enabled me to be decided, and tell him boldly, but with much emotion, "Yes, I do." The young man replied with deep agitation, "O Hill! *you* may obtain religion, but *I* never can. I came here a professor of religion; but through fear I dissembled it, and have been carried along with the wicked, until I fear there is no hope for me." He told me that there were two others who he believed were somewhat serious. We agreed to take up the subject of religion in earnest, and seek it together. We invited the other two, and held a prayer-meeting in my room on the next Saturday afternoon. And O what a prayer-meeting! We tried to pray, but such prayers I never heard the like of. We knew not how to pray, but tried to do it. It was the first prayer-meeting that I ever heard of. We tried to sing, but it was in a suppressed manner, for we feared the other students. But they found it out, and gathered around the door, and made such a noise that some of the officers had to disperse them. And so serious was the disturbance, that the President, the late excellent Rev. Dr John B. Smith, had to investigate the matter at prayers that evening, in the prayers' hall. When he demanded the reason of the riot, a ringleader in wickedness got up and stated, that it was occasioned by three or four of the boys holding a *prayer*-meeting, and they were determined to have no such doings there. The good President heard the statement with deep emotion, and looking at the youths charged with the sin of praying, with tears in his eyes, he said, "Oh! is there such a state of things in this college? Then God has come near to us. My dear young friends, you *shall* be *protected*. You shall hold your next meeting in my parlour, and I will be one of your number." Sure enough we had our next meeting in his parlour, and half the college was there; and there began the glorious revival of religion, which pervaded the college and spread into the country around. Many of those students became ministers of the gospel. The youth who had brought me "Alleine's Alarm" from his mother, was my friend the Rev. C. Still, preaching in this State. And he who interrupted me in reading the work, my venerable and worthy friend the Rev. Dr H——, is now president of a college in the West.

HOW TO DEAL WITH SLANDERS.

It is related in the biography of Rev. Lemuel Haynes, the coloured preacher, that some of his students having been slandered for their religious activity and zeal, went to him with their complaints, expecting his sympathy and protection. After a pause, Mr Haynes observed, "I knew all this before." "Why, then," said one, "did you not inform us?" "Because," said he, "it was not worth communicating; and I now tell you plainly, once for all, my young friends, it is best to let the devil carry his own mail, and bear his own expenses."

There is much wisdom in this remark, and it is capable of a variety of applications. When assaults are made upon any one, in points where he is sustained by a consciousness of right, in a vast majority of cases silence is the most effective defence. For, to formally refute slander, he must first extend the publication of it; that is, must sustain the expense of carrying the devil's mail, and convey to many the information which they would not otherwise have had, that he has been subjected to imputations of wrong. And, as "a lie will travel from Maine to Georgia while truth is putting on its boots," there is little encouragement to run down a falsehood by an earnest refutation. And yet, with rare exceptions, it is not needful; a little faith and patience will serve one quite as well as laboured vindications. Habitual integrity is the best defence. Let a foul breath be breathed upon a diamond, and it will soon regain its wonted lustre.

Mr Haynes once practised on this principle as follows:—An unprincipled man overtook him in the road, and said, "Mr Haynes, have you heard the scandalous reports that are abroad about you?" He calmly replied, "I have heard nothing." The man proceeded, in profane and abusive language, to give the details, and allege that they were true; and that they would ruin his character. Mr Haynes walked on in silence till he reached his own house, when he turned to the slanderer and said, "Well, Mr ——, you see what disgrace my conduct has brought upon me, according to your own account. I want you to take warning from me, to forsake your evil course, and save your character from disgrace." They parted. But the next day, the man came with an humble acknowledgment, asking forgiveness. Thus did assaults give new lustre to his character.

CALUMNIES are as old as our race. Satan began them in Paradise. He is well named—accuser. He is the father of lies and of liars. There are different ways in which those who are calumniated seek to put down the false and injurious reports. Some render *railing* for *railing*. They are foolish enough to vie with their detractors in taunts and revilings. It is a miserable resort. If you are very much excited by evil reports, and descend to retaliation, you at once raise the suspicion that there is some truth in what your enemies say of you. Conscious innocence does not stoop to recrimination.

Some affect a supercilious *indifference* respecting the evil that is said of them. They assume an independence which is not wholy consistent with a modest appreciation of one's self. They who care not what is said respecting themselves, are not likely to live above *merited* reproach. The truly virtuous and good are far from being indifferent to what may injuriously affect their reputation.

Some *prosecute* their defamers. They go into a civil court to establish their innocence. Perhaps this is sometimes necessary; but I think it a measure of doubtful expediency. It probably seldom occurs that a slander suit improves any person's character. The motives of prosecution are usually supposed to be revengeful. A truly worthy person will not be easily persuaded to go before judges, jurors, lawyers, and a crowd of spectators, to prove his character.

Some are at great pains to *contradict* all false rumours. Such often have their hands full of business. The more notice you take of slanderers, the more industriously will they defame you. They are a class of persons who have very little character, and are right glad of an opportunity to attract some notice, by attacking those whose names are associated with respect.

Is there not a far better way than any of these? "Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing; but contrariwise blessing." "For so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." Nothing else will so effectually silence slanderers. Let your *life* contradict their falsehoods, and you will have no need to defend your character. There is something noble, dignified, lovely, in the silence of conscious innocence, when the tongue of detraction is carping and slandering. There is something Christ-like, when they who are reviled revile not again; and when they bless those who persecute them, and say all manner of evil against them falsely. There is a homely proverb, that "he who spitteth against the wind spitteth in his own face." It is so with him who spits venom against the character of the innocent and virtuous. All the assaults of his malice recoil on his own head. Be not disturbed by him. Let him have his own way, and your innocence and his infamy will both be made apparent. It may cost some trial of your patience, but that will be a profitable exercise. Your name may, for a brief season, be under the cloud; but it will shortly appear brighter than before. Possess your soul in patience. Move quietly and steadily onward in an upright way, and fear not the evil which is aimed at you. "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" No one. There may be those who will try to injure you. They may be the more inimical towards you for the very reason that they cannot provoke you to be revengeful. Be it so, if it must. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass: and he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday."

Fragments.

BLESSED be God for his long-suffering goodness, and his warning mercy. He might justly have spared his words, and come instantly to blows. But he speaks before he strikes: and he threatens that he may not destroy. May the kind alarm awaken our fear; and may our fear produce flight; and may we flee for refuge to the hope set before us, even Jesus, who delivers from the wrath to come.

GOD is at once infinitely easy to be *apprehended* by the lowest of his spiritual children, and infinitely difficult to be *comprehended* by the highest of his seraphim.—*Tupper.*

THE believer's life is his school time, and eternity his holiday.—*Miss Plumptre.*

STREAMS of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness.

JOY.—True joy is a serious thing.—*H. Bonar.*

THE EAGLE-WINGED BELIEVER.

BY RALPH ERSKINE.

(*Concluded from* p. 378.)

III. The next thing was, the seasons when it is that the believer, whose strength is renewed, doth mount up.

1. Whenever he gets the new nature, and the disposition; whenever he is converted, he mounts up on wings as an eagle. It is said of Paul (Acts ix. 11) whenever he was converted, "Behold, he prayeth:" think you Paul never prayed any before that time? Yea, many a prayer had he uttered, no doubt; for he profited in the Jewish religion above many of his equals in his own nation: he had learned to say his prayers as well as the best of them; but he never prayed spiritually and acceptably before; he had never mounted up to heaven in his prayer before: but now, "Behold he prays;" behold he mounts up, whenever he is converted.

2. He mounts up to heaven, all the days of his life, after his conversion; he is still making some progress heavenward; whatever backsets he may get by sin and Satan now and then, yet he gets up again, and still ascends nearer and nearer heaven: "Nevertheless. I am continually with thee."—(Psa. lxxiii. 23.) Whatever I do, I endeavour still to be up on the mount with God. David would have both day and night spent with God: "The Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."—(Psa. xlii. 8.) He went to bed, as it were, with God in his arms; for he remembered him upon his bed, and meditated upon him in the night-watches; and his soul was satisfied as with marrow and fatness: and when awakened out of his sleep he found him in his arms: "When I awake, I am still with thee."

3. He mounts up when he gets a fresh gale and new influences of the Spirit. The believer, at his lowest, is like a ship wind-bound, lying at anchor, but ready to set sail whenever the wind is fair; he can but make small progress with the oars of diligence when the wind and tide is against him. O Sirs! if there be any gale of the Spirit blowing among you this day, then mount, mount, mount; you may make more progress then in an hour, than you will do without it in many a year, yea, in a whole lifetime.

4. The believer uses to mount up with wings about a communion-time; nothing less will serve him than to come to Bethel, the house of God; he will go into the chambers of presence, and never rest till he be at the end of his flight. Where is that, say you? Doth he mount to a communion-table? nay, he must be farther: doth he mount to the top of duties and ordinances? nay, he must be farther: doth he mount to heaven? nay, he must be farther yet. Strange! Where would he flee next? Indeed, he would flee into the heart of Christ: "Set me as a seal upon thine heart;" yea, and which is more yet, he would not only have himself in Christ's heart, but he would have Christ in his heart—"Christ in him the hope of glory." And what would he do with him when he hath got him there? O then, saith he, "He shall lie all night between my breasts;" if I can, I will keep him all the night-time of this life, which is but a night, "till the day of eternity break, and the shadows fly away."

5. The believer mounts up on wings, as an eagle, at the day of death; then he soars aloft: "This night thou shalt be with me in Paradise." It is said of the adder, that when she is old she goes through some strait passage, and leaves her old skin in the passage, and thereby renews her vigour and life. This passage of death is strait, and uneasy to the body, which, like the adder's skin, is left in the way; and not without much pain and difficulty to it: but the soul passeth through without any harm; and the next moment mounts up to her state of immortality and happiness: then the believer mounts up indeed to the general assembly and church of the first-born, to the innumerable company of angels, to God the judge of all, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant; yea, then he is mounted up a pillar in the temple of his God.

6. The believer will mount up at the day of judgment as with eagle's wings; then will he flee up to meet Christ in the air: "Then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord."—(1 Thess. iv. 17.) You see then when the believer mounts up.

IV. The fourth thing is, to speak to the manner how the believer mounts up—"He mounts up with wings as an eagle." In whatever respects the eagle mounts up, the same way doth the believer.

1. The eagle mounts up freely and naturally; God gives it a mounting nature: "Doth the eagle mount up at thy command?" says the Lord to Job (chap. xxxix. 27); nay, it is by the instinct which the Lord hath given it, so that it is natural to it. Thus the believer mounts up naturally after God hath given him the new heart; it is natural to him to be mounting towards God. When the hypocrite mounts, he is forced up contrary to his natural tendency, as it were, like a stone cast up into the air; it is not natural to it to fly up, but rather to fall down; but the believer mounts up naturally and freely.

2. The eagle mounts up highly; she flies higher than other birds: she makes her nest on high, on some inaccessible rock; not like the ostrich, that leaves her eggs in the sand, as some leave their souls here on earth: but these spiritual eagle-believers, these heavenly birds, they fly high, even to the Rock

of Ages; and hence their daily desire is, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."

3. The eagle mounts up strongly, vehemently, and violently; it is a strong bird, and, when it hath got the prey, it flies with violence. Thus doth the believer mount up: "For the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." With such earnestness and intentness doth he mount up towards heaven, that no difficulty in the way shall hinder him.

4. The eagle mounts up swiftly and suddenly: this follows upon the other; for its strength and violence in flying infers celerity: so doth the believer, under the lively influences of the Spirit. O how quick is his motion! "Or ever he is aware, his soul makes him like the chariots of Amminadab." It is a speedy flight that the believer makes towards Christ; he mounts swiftly.

5. The eagle mounts up gradually: though its flight be strong and swift, yet it is gradual; it comes not to the utmost extent of its motion, but by degrees: so the believer mounts gradually; he goes from strength to strength, till he appear before God in Zion.—(Psa. lxxxiv. 6.) He flies still higher and higher; and so the object of his aim draws nearer and nearer to him, while he comes to more and more knowledge of God, and more and more communion with him, till faith and hope land in vision and fruition.

6. The eagle mounts up frequently and daily; and, in respect of its mounting disposition, constantly: so it is with the believer; he is always mounting, he hath still a mounting disposition, and he is constantly endeavouring to be actually mounting. The carnal professor never mounts up but about the time of a communion, or the time of some sore affliction or conviction; and, whenever these seasons are over, he goes as fast down as he went up. But it is the believer's trade of life to be mounting on week-days as well as on Sabbath-days; and on ordinary Sabbaths as well as communion Sabbaths.

V. The next thing is, To show the reasons why the believer, who hath his strength renewed, mounts up on wings like an eagle.

1. Because he hath an eagle's nature. I said before, that the believer mounts up naturally: why? because he hath an eagle's nature. It is the natural disposition of an eagle to fly upward; so the believer hath a disposition to mount up to God, he being a new creature: "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature."—(2 Cor. v. 17.) This new nature ascends to heaven from whence it descended; the old nature goes always downward, but the new nature mounts upward. If you want the new nature, you want the mounting disposition.

2. He mounts up on wings like an eagle, because he hath an eagle's eye: so the believer, he can see that invisible Sun which no natural eye can attain to: "The poor in spirit, and pure in heart, shall see God."—(Matt. v. 3, 8.) The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him."—(1 Cor. ii. 14.) But the believer, knowing the mind of Christ, sees farther than the world; he sees the King in his beauty, and the land afar off. When he sees these things, he cannot but mount up to them. "He endures, as seeing Him who is invisible."—(Heb. ii. 27.) He is far sighted: "Abraham rejoiced to see Christ's day afar off, and he saw it, and was glad." This is that blessed object which every believing soul doth see even when he is in this world.

3. He mounts up on wings like an eagle, because he hath his nest on high like an eagle: no wonder than he flies up, for his nest, I mean his seat, his food, his treasure, his heart, his head, his all is above. His seat is above. The believing eagle cannot find himself safe while here below; therefore he flies to the Rock of Ages, and there he sits. His food is above. Christ is his food: "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." Now, his food being above, "where the carcase is, thither will the eagles be gathered together." His treasure is above—he hath an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, that is reserved in heaven for him; and up he must to visit his inheritance. His heart is above, where his treasure is; yea, Christ hath gotten his heart a-keeping, and he must be where his heart is. And in a word, his head is above: and must not the members be where the head is? And must not the stones of the building be where the foundation is? Christ is the head corner-stone. His *All* is above: Christ is all in all to him; and therefore mount he must; for this eagle hath a rich nest above.

4. He mounts up on wings as an eagle, because his strength is renewed like the eagle's: "who satisfies thy soul with good things; so that thy strength is renewed like the eagle's."—(Psa. iii. 5.) Therefore, having renewed his strength, he mounts up on wings like the eagle. Some say the eagle is renewed when it casts its old feathers and gets new ones; so the believer gets the old feathers of corruption removed, and puts on the new man.—(Eph. iv. 24.) Others say the eagle's youth is renewed when, its stomach being thirsty, it drinks the blood of the prey; and so the believer gets his strength renewed by drinking the blood of Christ by faith.—(Eph. iv. 13.) It is in the unity of the faith that he comes to the perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. If you have got a drink of the blood of Christ this day, to be sure your strength will be renewed; and, if your strength be renewed, you cannot but be mounting up on wings as an eagle.

NOVELTIES IN RELIGION.

[We have, in the following article from the *Christian Observer*, a good description of a class of characters too common among us. Reader, are you one of those troubled with "itching ears?" If so, then look at yourself in this daguerreotype. Standing in the light of God's Word, you cast a shadow which this article faithfully presents and holds up to your gaze.]

The state of mind which we speak of in this article, is entirely different from a common and innocent desire for knowledge, in its nature, in its origin, in its influence on the character and life. It is not the love of truth and duty. It is not an earnest wish to discover that which is essential to the proper development of the affections. It is not the delight of an inquiring soul holding fellowship with nature and with God. It is a restless passion, ever clamorous for that which is new, merely because it is new; and weary of that which is old, merely because it is old. These lovers of novelty find gratification, not in discovery, but in change; not in the addition of a useful planet to our system, but in the wonder which its fresh light awakens; and for every luminary thus discovered, they would have an old one quenched. They have no taste for the pleasure which results from the quiet performance of known duty, from the thorough study and application of their own mysterious nature and immortal destiny, and from an earnest and effectual preparation for the tribunal before which they must soon stand. Weary of the old world of thought, with its familiar sun, and ever-varying landscapes, and exhaustless beauty, they desire a new one to awaken feeling in their torpid hearts. Tired of hearing perpetually of that God who of old laid the foundations of the earth, and hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness, they long to hear some "setter forth of strange gods." Disgusted with the Bible and the gospel of yesterday, they demand a gospel of to-day, and a revelation that shall be made, through perverted and unsanctified minds, in successive instalments to the end of time. They are never happier than when agitated by some unprecedented absurdity, which they have neither the patience to examine nor the ability to comprehend. They live in a scene of useless agitation, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. They ask for novelty as the drunkard for intoxicating drink, that they may forget themselves, the truth, and God, in the dreams of a heated imagination.

Their notions of progress consist in renouncing all that has been obtained by laborious investigation, to seize upon some questionable invention. According to this, we are ever to be new beginners, raw and green. The scientific idea of progress is to adhere to the established basis of ascertained truth, and to the continually enlarging boundaries of what is already secured. This can be done only by following the old rule, "to keep what you have, and get what you can."

But it may be said that this state of mind is at least innocent, if it is not commendable. It may, perhaps, seem so to those who have not made it the subject of much reflection; but it is certain that they are mistaken. For, surely, no passion or affection of the mind which is not under the control of the divine law—which wanders restlessly about, or stands idle in the market-place waiting for some new gratification that can be obtained without the price of labour—which is applied to no useful purpose, and produces no valuable results—can be altogether innocent. But it is, in truth, worse than it at first seems; it is not merely negatively sinful, it is a positive evil, and produces unspeakable mischief in the Church and in the world. When the desire for perpetual change in religion has become the ruling passion, it places a man in a false relation to every thing within and without. It gives a wrong direction and character to the thoughts. It hinders self-examination, self-knowledge, and self-culture. It interrupts the proper business of religion. It produces uncertainty and instability of moral character, and leaves the soul without strength or consolation amidst the contradictions of the world, the sudden changes of this stormy life, and the struggles of the last hour. It turns the Church into a debating society, and makes the intercourse of those who should be of the same mind and judgment painfully unedifying. It exerts a fatal influence on personal piety, and upon all the relations of life. It fills the Church and State with idle, ignorant, gossiping, and noisy declaimers, who desire to be teachers of the law, while they understand neither what they say nor whereof they affirm. Under the influence of such a principle, a man's religion can have no foundation nor symmetry, his graces no root, his hopes no sanction, his professions no sincerity, his religious character no value. He loses the substance of truth in his vain pursuit of shadows. He profanes the temple of God by his unhallowed curiosity, and makes a Christian profession contemptible by his foolish inconsistency. What, then, is the moral character of a state of mind which produces all these dreadful results?"

May all our readers be delivered from this evil principle—this weakness, not of the flesh, but of the spirit—this source of failure in duty, of feebleness in the hour of trial, of cowardice and terror in death. And, to fortify themselves against all temptations to cherish this spirit, let them remember, that although in art, in science, in practical life, new and important truths may be brought to light from day to day, yet in religion every thing of highest value to man is old, and that novelty is a presumptive evidence of falsehood. The Locrians, it is said, entertained such a dread of change, that every one who proposed a new law was compelled to do so with a halter about his neck, that, if his proposition were rejected, he might be immediately hung. If such a custom could be enforced among us, there would be fewer novelties in the science of religion. What we want with respect to the Bible, which is the source of all our religious knowledge, is, as John Norton once said, not "new *light*, but new *sight*;" not additional revelations, but a clear and deeper knowledge of the written Word of God; not the learned speculations of uninspired men, but a better understanding of the testimony of the first witness, whom God sent forth with miraculous powers to spread His word among the nations. How many old and salutary truths, beautiful as the stars, and enduring as eternity, invite our study, and promise high intellectual as well as spiritual delight; while we go about with gaping curiosity, asking of all we meet, "Who will show us any good?" It is one of the devil's masterpieces and chief deceiving tricks, says Luther, to draw us away from the Bible, and to make us think that there is any thing of greater importance than the hearing, the reading, and the meditating upon God's Word, wherein all our welfare and salvation, both temporal and eternal, consist. This book contains a wisdom that no man is able fully to comprehend. We have only the first-fruits; and, when we fancy that all is exhausted, we have scarcely mastered the simple rudiments of the divine oracle.

Our first care, then, should be to understand as fully as possible the holy and venerable Book of Life; and every thing is an impertinence which renders us indifferent to its claims or forgetful of its teachings. The speculations of learned men possess their value. The views which a high and advancing culture, with the aid of an untrammelled press, is continually spreading before us, demand a passing notice; but should never be regarded as of sufficient importance to interrupt for a day our diligent study of God's Word, or to awaken a doubt of the absolute sufficiency of its teaching for all the moral and spiritual wants of mankind. The religion of the Bible, by which alone we can be rendered happy in this world, or prepared for the world to come, consists not in new revelations, new doctrines, new theories; not in ascending up to heaven to bring Christ down; not in descending into the deep to bring Christ up from the dead, nor in going across the sea to find something of which our philosophy has never dreamed; not in searching into those hidden things which God has kept in his own power, but in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; in meek and grateful obedience to the system of doctrine which we have heard from the beginning; in holy love to God, and in justice, faithfulness, and charity to man; in the steady and persevering discharge of the ever-recurring duties of our Christian calling; in patient hope, and in deep communion with the powers of the world to come; in daily preparation for the hour which shall separate us from earth, and reveal the glories and the terrors of the future state. He that has the comforts and the excitement of such a religion will feel no want of those poor novelties, by which the lovers of pleasure are cheated of truth and peace, nor at last be compelled to exclaim in bitterness of soul: "How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof; and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined my ear to them that instructed me!"

TRAVELLING CLERGYMEN.

BY THE REV. J. LEAVITT.

ONCE we entertained an angel. It happened in this wise. My father was a country minister, and his parish lay in a lovely region of country west of the Green Mountains, on the high road from the Eastern States to the Springs. Often would ministers drive up to the door in their gigs, having previously ascertained by inquiry where the parish pastor lived, and calling to us boys at the door would say, "Does Mr —— live here?" On being answered in the affirmative, they would ask again, "Does he keep ministers' tavern?"—that is, does he entertain ministers *for nothing?* And being answered in the same way, they would add, "Well, take my horse and give him four quarts of oats to-night, and don't water him till he gets cool." With these laconic intimations that they felt quite at home, they would walk in to enjoy the entertainment kept for the "man," while we took care of the "beast."

Now, all this seemed sufficiently cool, not to say presuming, on the part of entire strangers; but it was the custom, and no one ever went away without an invitation, and a *strong resolution*, to call again, if he ever passed that way.

But about the angel. He was not travelling to the Springs, but was an angel of the Churches—a messenger sent by some one of the benevolent institutions of the day to receive the alms of God's people. Some called him a beggar; others, an agent: I have called him an angel—which title he deserved, as the sequel will show. It was in winter, and about the middle of the week, when he arrived: we had sickness in the family, and he came to stay through the week, and over the Sabbath; and would it have been strange if we had felt that his room was more desirable than his company, under such circumstances? Would it have been uncivil or unkind to have told him that it was very inconvenient for us to have him staying at our house, and we would prefer to quarter him among the people? However that may be, we preferred to keep him, and make him as comfortable as we could.

He stayed. One after another of the family was taken sick; the parents were confined to bed; the children were down; the servant gave in and went to bed; and the travelling minister, who had turned in to tarry with us, was the only *well* person in the house. And what did he do? Did he call in some of the nearest neighbours, and then look out for more convenient quarters? Not at all. He nursed the sick, as if nursing was his business; he went to the barn and took care of the "cattle," as if he had been brought up at the stable. He split and brought in the fuel, as if he had lived in the woods. He was at hand when he was wanted, and out of the way when he was not. He was active, clever, cheerful—as much at home as if he were among his own children, and not with strangers whom he had never seen before, and whom he might never see again.

He stayed over the Sabbath; preached for my father, who was still not able to be out; and, having seen us in a good degree convalescent, he went on his way rejoicing. His name is remembered with delight by the members of that household to this day, though many years have since fled, and that family has been scattered widely; some are as far apart as earth and *heaven*.

Our folks always kept open door for the Lord's ministers, and they never had reason to regret it. Some of us have been thrown far from home and among strangers, and some of our number have sickened and died among strangers, and the Lord has always surrounded them with kind friends, whose sympathy has proved that our Father in heaven is faithful and true when he says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." He has provided friends for us among strangers, and we love to befriend strangers at our gate.

It was an injunction of divine wisdom that we should not be forgetful to entertain strangers, for some had thereby entertained angels unawares. And those who are most "given to hospitality," find real enjoyment in obeying this precept.

There is a vast difference among people on the subject of entertaining strangers. As a plain country minister, I have had frequent opportunities of making comparisons, and the result is this:—

When we go to presbytery or synod, or to a religious convention of any sort, *in some places* the good people seem to vie with each other in seeing who will most freely and handsomely entertain the strangers. Every house is open, every heart is warm, every face is pleasant; and while we stay we are treated as welcome guests; and when we go, it is with repeated and pressing invitations to come again, and never to pass through the place without favouring the family with a call.

On the other hand, I have sometimes gone to other places on such errands, and it has been with extreme difficulty that we could find lodgings, though the *ability* of Christians to entertain strangers far exceeded that of the people before described. And it is no unusual thing for ministers who have been invited by public notices to attend religious meetings in certain places, with the assurance that entertainment would be provided for them, to find on their arrival that they must seek their entertainment at a public-house, and pay for it at the rate of a pound a day.

For this there is no excuse. Hospitality is a Christian duty, and those who would, in the last great day, hear the Saviour saying unto them, "I was a stranger and ye took me in," must love to entertain Christ's friends, whether they come with the homely garb of the country or the polished exterior of city life.

CARES ARE BLESSINGS.

There are few who have not many of them;—few who do not complain of them. But who is better for being without care? Is it the son who is heir to millions, and who never had an earthly wish that is not gratified?—the daughter who has slaves to fan and feed her, and whose caprice is law? Can two beings be found more selfish and useless, not to say vicious, than they? Indolent, imbecile, unthankful,—vain, ignorant, prodigal, and corrupt,—persons of this class are tormentors to themselves and others. That parent is very unwise who anticipates every desire, and removes every source of care that may lie in his child's way. It were far better to teach him to moderate his desires, and to labour diligently for himself and for the welfare of others.

Care sobers the mind, and makes it familiar with the realities and responsibilities of life. Care moderates levity, and tends to check the tendencies to recklessness. The man who has business which requires constant attention, and is faithful in giving it the regard to which it is entitled, is kept in a state of mind which is favourable to moral and religious culture. The responsibilities which rest on him are designed to make him thoughtful and serious, and to restrain him from wayward and evil tendencies. The slightest observation will show that the industrial class of society, both among the rich and the poor, are the most virtuous, and are society's pillars and ornaments.

There may be such a thing, no doubt, as too much care. Iron constitutions have been broken, and premature old age or early death has been induced by tasking body and mind beyond the limits of mortal endurance. Many Christians accumulate so many worldly cares around them, that they chill their religious affections and rob their souls of peace. Doubtless a large proportion of the lukewarmness which now reigns amongst the people of God, is to be traced to an inordinate anxiety for increase of worldly estate, and a consequent increase of worldly cares, and perplexities, and labours.

But a proper measure of life's cares is a blessing. The burden which they impose may bend the frame, but the exertion which it makes in bearing it will promote its health and vigour. They may write wrinkles on the brow, but they also inscribe peace and benevolence on the heart. They cannot change the heart, but their tendency is favourable to that work of the Spirit. They cannot sanctify the believer, but they serve to prevent that levity of mind which is one of the greatest hindrances to progressive holiness, and they enforce lessons of dependence, and cultivate habits of application and effort, which are indispensable to success in the pursuit of any good, whether earthly or heavenly. It is good for parents to have the care which weighs heavily on them in seeking the welfare of their children. It is good for every Christian to have the care of souls pressing constantly on him. The teacher in the Sabbath school—the matron of an asylum, who cares for both body and soul—the missionary to the heathen—every minister of the gospel—all the family of God—are better for the care which they may have for the salvation of souls.—*New York Evangelist.*

TO A DYING INFANT.

Sleep, little baby! sleep!
  Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest—
  But with the quiet dead.

Thou weepest, childless mother!
  Ay, weep—'twill ease thine heart;
He was thy first born-son—
Thy first—thine only one—
  'Tis hard with him to part!

Thou'lt say, "My first-born blessing,
  It almost broke my heart
When thou wert forced to go;
And yet for thee, I know,
  'Twas better to depart."

Now like a dewdrop shrined
  Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove!
Safe with the source of love—
  The Everlasting One.

And when the hour arrives,
  From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await—
The first at heaven's gate—
  To meet and welcome me.

—*Caroline Bowles Southey.*

REV. DR J. M. MASON.

Every one, says the late Rev. Dr J. M. Mason of New York, has remarked the mixed and often ill-assorted company which meet in a public packet or stage-coach. The conversation, with all its variety, is commonly insipid, frequently disgusting, and sometimes insufferable. There are exceptions. An opportunity now and then occurs of spending an hour in a manner not unworthy of rational beings; and the incidents of a stage-coach may produce or promote salutary impressions.

A few years ago, one of the stages which ply between the two principal cities of the United States of America was filled with a group which could never have been drawn together by mutual choice. In the company was a young man of social temper, affable manners, and considerable information. His accent was barely sufficient to show that the English was not his native tongue; and a very slight peculiarity in the pronunciation of the *th*, showed him to be a Hollander. He had early entered into military life, had borne both a Dutch and a French commission, had seen real service, had travelled, was master of the English language, and evinced, by his deportment, that he was no stranger to the society of gentlemen. He had, however, a fault, too common among military men, and too absurd to find an advocate among men of sense—he swore very profanely and frequently.

While the horses were changing, a gentleman who sat on the same seat with him took him by the arm, and requested the favour of his company in a short walk. When they were so far retired as not to be overheard, the former observed, "Although I have not the honour of your acquaintance, I perceive, sir, that your habits and feelings are those of a gentleman, and that nothing can be more repugnant to your wishes than giving unnecessary pain to any of your company." He started, and replied, "Most certainly, sir! I hope I have committed no offence of that sort?"

"You will pardon me," replied the other, "for pointing out an instance in which you have not altogether avoided it."

"Sir," said he, "I shall be much your debtor for so friendly an act; for, upon my honour, I cannot conjecture in what I have transgressed."

"If you, sir," continued the former, "had a very dear friend, to whom you were under unspeakable obligations, should you not be deeply wounded by any disrespect to him, or even by hearing his name introduced and used with a frequency of repetition and a levity of air incompatible with the regard due to his character?"

"Undoubtedly, and I should not permit it; but I know not that I am chargeable with such indecorum to any of your friends."

"Sir, my God is my best friend, to whom I am under infinite obligations. I think you must recollect that you have very frequently, since we commenced our journey, taken his name in vain. This has given to me, and others of the company, severe pain."

"Sir," answered he, with very ingenuous emphasis, "I have done wrong; I confess the impropriety. I am ashamed of a practice which I am aware has no excuse; but I have imperceptibly fallen into it, and I really swear without being conscious that I do so. I will endeavour to abstain from it in future; and, as you are next to me on the seat, I shall thank you to touch my elbow as often as I trespass." This was agreed upon; the horn sounded, and the travellers resumed their places.

For the space of four or five miles, the officer's elbow was jogged every few seconds. He always coloured, but bowed, and received the hint without the least symptom of displeasure; and, in a few miles more, so mastered his propensity to swearing, that not an oath was heard from his lips for the rest of his journey, which was the greater part of it.

After this, he was more grave; and, having ruminated some time, after surveying first one and then another of the company, turned to his admonisher, and addressed him thus:

"You are a clergyman, I presume, sir?"

"I am considered as such."

He paused; and then, with a smile, indicated his disbelief in Divine revelation in a way which called for farther conversation on this subject.

He avowed himself an infidel, and an animated conversation followed. At length he exclaimed, "I own I am beaten, completely beaten; I have nothing more to say."

A silence of some minutes succeeded; when the military traveller said to his theological friend, "I have studied all religions, and have not been able to satisfy myself."

"No, sir," answered he; "there is one religion which you have not yet studied."

"Pray, sir," cried the officer, roused and eager, "what is that?"

"The religion," replied the other, "of salvation through the redemption of the Son of God; the religion which will sweeten your pleasures and soften your sorrows; which will give peace to your conscience and joy to your heart; which will bear you up under the pressure of evils here, and shed the light of immortality on the gloom of the grave. This religion, I believe, sir, you have yet to study."

The officer put his hands upon his face; then, languidly clasping them, allowed them to fall down, forced a smile, and said, with a sigh, "We must all follow what we think best." His behaviour afterwards was perfectly decorous, but nothing further is known of h.m.

EARLY RISING.

Every young man then, who desires to be intelligent, good, and happy, should learn to rise early in the morning. He should do this for various and strong reasons; among which are the following:—

1. *It is healthy to rise early.*—It is scarcely possible to find a healthy person, very old, who has not been habitually an early riser. Sickly and infirm old people I know there may be, who have been in the habit, through life, of late rising, but not many healthy ones. The following are the names and ages of several men, most of whom were eminent and remarkably healthy, who were distinguished for early rising. Some of them rose as early as four o'clock in winter and summer; and one or two of them as early as three in summer.

Dr Franklin, 84; John Wesley, 88; Buffon, the naturalist, 81; Stanislaus, King of Poland, 89; Lord Coke, 85; Fuseli the painter, 81; President Chauncey of Harvard College, 81; Washington, 68; Matthew Hale, 68; Dr Priestly, 71; Dr Samuel Bird, 79; Bishop Burnett, 72; James Mason, 100; Lewis Cornaro, over 100.

2. *It is delightful to rise early.*—Can any one entertain a doubt on this point? None can, I am sure, who have tried it. All the early risers I have ever seen find early rising agreeable. One author, in treating on this subject, has the following remarkable words:—

"There is no time equal in beauty and freshness to the morning, when Nature has just parted with the gloomy mantle which night had flung over her. The forest leaves sparkle with crystal dew; the flowers raise their rejoicing heads towards the sun;

the birds pour forth their anthems of gladness; and the wide face of creation itself seems as if awakened and refreshed from a mighty slumber."

3. *It is good for the mental or thinking powers to rise early*—Solomon says, "Let us get up early to the vineyard; let us see if the vines flourish; if the tender grape appears; if the pomegranates bud forth." The wise man takes it for granted here, that the mind is active at this hour in observation, as it truly is. There is not a little reason to believe that Solomon devoted this sacred season, as some have called it, to the study of "the hyssop," the "cedar," and other plants and trees; and that it was his morning studies that enabled him to become a teacher of all the kings of the then known world.

4. *It is economical to rise early.*—Franklin used to say,

> "Early to bed, and early to rise.
> Makes men healthy, wealthy, and wise.'"

Exercise of the body, whether in recreation or at labour, is worth a great deal more in the morning than at any other time of the day. An early walk is much more agreeable, as well as more useful, than a later one. The labour of the farmer and the mechanic is also more agreeable in the morning than at any other time, to say nothing of its usefulness. The lesson of the school or of the family is easier studied, better understood, and more readily retained, than at any other time. Devotion, too, is more spiritual at this hour than at any other hour of the day.

5. *It is rational to rise early.*—To lie in the morning after the sun is up, or even after early dawn, not only renders us like brutes, but like brutes of the most stupid sort—the woodchuck, the bear, the marmot, and the swine.

6. *It is for the profit of the soul to rise early.*—The morning is a precious time for prayer, for reading, for meditation, for communion with God. He who lies long in bed seldom remains long on his knees.

THE BOY THAT SAVED HIS FATHER.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." There is no demonstration of the value of an institution, which carries such conviction to every mind, as that made by the actual results which it secures. Let us know what the institution has *done*, and we can easily tell what it is *worth*. This demonstration of the value of Sabbath-schools, brought out in their results, is elaborate and complete.

It is manifold; the argument is cumulative. It piles up its vast array—its treasury of facts—like mountains upon mountains. Every individual who has been blessed with light, with restraint, or with salvation in the Sabbath school, is a witness of its worth. Every instance of reformation, or of the diffusion of intelligence, or of divine influence by means of Sabbath schools, adds to the pyramid of evidence that commemorates their value. At a late meeting of a general association of ministers, a member, to show the importance of sustaining them, stated the fact, that a little boy, brought into the school with others, found there almost the only religious influence that ever reached his mind. He was there taught the way of life. The seed of the word sprung up and bore fruit unto eternal life. This great result was secured, notwithstanding the most adverse influences at home, opposed to the work of grace. At length he was suddenly attacked with a fatal disease, and hurried to the eternal world. But, while dying of cholera, he had his reason, and conversed about his future state, his hope and prospects, and admonished others to prepare to follow him. His conversation, his influence, were blessed to his wicked father. The natural affections of that ungodly father were lacerated by his affliction, and thus the way was prepared for the application of other influences. The meekness and patience of the little sufferer, and his evident anxiety for the salvation of others, were seen to be the fruits of that new character which he had acquired in the Sabbath school. And when, in addition to all the other influences that gathered around that dying bed, that profane and godless opposer of religion heard from the lips of his child, as he sunk into the arms of death, this last message of affection and piety, "Father, do not grieve so; for if you'll be good, you can come to heaven too,"—he was convinced of the reality and saving power of his child's triumphant faith, and was pierced with conviction for sin in view of his own want of it, and in view of the conscious fact, that he was not prepared thus to die in peace. This was the means of his salvation.

That child is now in heaven. That father is now in the Church, a useful and consistent member, walking in the strait and narrow way, and blessing by his influence the Christian community with which he is connected.

1. One such fact shows the value of Sabbath schools. But there are ten thousand of them, bearing witness to the same point.

2. How vast the consequence of the trifling effort that brought that little boy into the circle of these blessed influences!

3. Who can estimate the value of the eternal satisfaction which that faithful teacher will enjoy, by whose fidelity these results were secured?

4. If Sabbath schools had never accomplished any good but what is here recorded, who can say but that these saving results are worth all they cost?

5. Why may not every Sabbath school publish just such successes every year?

REV. DR PAYSON.

Dr Payson seems to have touched the right string, when, writing to a young clergyman, he says:—"Some time since, I took up a little work, purporting to be the lives of sundry characters as related by themselves. Two of those characters agreed in saying, that they were never happy until they had ceased striving to be great men. This remark struck me, as you know the most simple remarks will strike us, when Heaven pleases. It occurred to me at once, that most of my sorrows and sufferings were occasioned by an unwillingness to be the nothing which I am, and by consequent struggles to be something. I saw if I would but cease struggling, and consent to be any thing, or nothing, just as God pleases, I might be happy. You will think it strange that I mention this as a new discovery. In one sense it was not new; I have known it for years. But I now saw it in a new light. My heart saw it, and consented to it; and I am comparatively happy. My dear brother, if you can give up all desire to be great, and feel heartily willing to be nothing, you will be happy too."

Dr Payson was once going to one of the towns in Maine, for the purpose of attending a ministers' meeting, accompanied by a friend, when they had occasion to call at a house on the journey where Dr Payson was unknown. The family had just sat down to tea; and the lady of the house, in the spirit of genuine hospitality, invited the strangers to partake of the social repast. Dr Payson at first declined; but, being strenuously urged, he consented. As he took his seat, he inquired if a blessing had been asked; and, being answered in the negative, requested the privilege, which was readily granted, of invoking the benediction of Heaven. This was done with so much fervour, solemnity, and simplicity, that it had the happiest effect. The old lady treated the company with the utmost attention; and, as Dr Payson was about to leave, he said to her, "Madam, you have treated me with much hospitality and kindness, for which I thank you sincerely; but, allow me to ask, how do you treat my Master? That is of infinitely greater consequence than how you treat me." He continued in a strain of appropriate exhortation; and, having done his duty in the circumstances, proceeded on his journey. This visit was sanctified to the conversion of the lady and her household. The revival continued in the neighbourhood; and, in a short time, a church was built, and the regular ordinances of religion established.

On another occasion he went to see a sick person, who was very much troubled because she could not keep her mind all the time fixed upon Christ, on account of the distracting influences of her sufferings, and the various objects and occurrences of the sick-room, which constantly called off her attention. She was afraid that she did not love her Saviour, as she found it so difficult to fix her mind upon him. Dr Payson said, "Suppose you were to see a sick little child, lying in its mother's lap, with its faculties impaired by its sufferings, so that it was generally in a troubled sleep; but now and then it just opens its eyes a little, and gets a glimpse of its mother's face, so as to be called to the recollection that it is in its mother's arms; and suppose that always, at such a time, it should smile faintly with evident pleasure to find where it was; should you doubt whether that child loved its mother or not?' The poor sufferer's doubt and despondency were gone in a moment.

THE MINISTER ONLY THE LEADER IN PRAYER.

It is related of the late Dr John Breckinridge, whilst the chaplain to Congress, that, observing that several members of that body kept their seats and continued reading whilst he was offering prayer, he one morning arose in his place and said, "Let us pray." Waiting some minutes for them to arise, he repeated the expression, *Let us pray*—emphasizing in his peculiar way the word *us*, and then added—"I did not say let *me* pray, but let *us* pray, *all* of *us*." The rebuke had its desired effect. All of the members, from that time until the end of the session, invariably arose, and stood in a respectful attitude whilst he led their morning devotions. The rebuke might with great propriety be administered to most of our congregations. Many of them regard the prayers that are offered as the duty peculiarly of the ministry, just as preaching is, and their own duty is to listen to them respectfully. We have rejected the practice adopted by some churches of audible responses, expressing our adoption of the petition offered by the ministry; and in doing so it is feared that but too many have with this rejection given up also the mental concurrence, which is the main thing in all true prayer. With a late writer in the "Biblical Repertory," we must say, that "with all charity we cannot help suspecting that real union in the prayers of our religious assemblies is confined to a very few persons; that many Christians, even of the most lively and conscientious sort, only hear the prayers, and that multitudes do not so much as that. If such suspicions are groundless, we are sorry, and abhor them, and glad that truth does not warrant them. We put it to the consciences of those concerned. In public devotion the assembly prays, and not the minister alone. The prayer is the prayer of the congregation. . . . . . It is not conceived that the prayer of the pulpit is a mere expression of the sentiments of the speaker, in the name and behalf of the congregation."

The leader does not speak in his own name, or offer his own petitions, but those of the congregation as far as he knows them. Every member of the congregation is supposed to adopt the prayer as his own, and thus it goes up to the throne of grace as the united desire of the hearts of the whole congregation. Wherever this concurrence is wanting, all the advantages from union in prayer are lost. The minister might just as well have offered the prayer in his closet before he left home.—*Presbyterian Herald.*

A SUNNY SPIRIT.

How beautiful it is! A spirit of cheerfulness and readiness to enjoy, of genial humour, of warmth and gentleness and hopefulness of feeling, of charity and kindliness, of peaceful faith, of brightness of fancy and clearness of thought, and the joyful appreciation of all that is beautiful! What a charm such a spirit sheds about its professor! How tranquil and how happy are the family circles amid which it prevails! How does it make the common words of the soul which it pervades as musical in their flow as brooks in June! How sweetly does it retain its serenity against the strong impulse of opposition! How does it enlighten that portion of life which is overhung and shadowed by sorrow or by peril! How does it imbue with beauty the literature or the art of the mind that is its dwelling! How does it convert even the infirmities of old age, which it cannot dissipate, into occasions of pleasant remembrances and pleasanter anticipations; as the sun at evening lines the thickest clouds with pearls and silver, and edges their masses with golden sheen! And how does such a spirit, as the evidence and the result of faith in Christ, and of delightful trust in our divine Father, correspond with all that is sublime in holiness, and grand in self-devotion, and powerful and uplifting in belief of the truth? How does it find its fitting and natural consummation, after life's day is done, amid the rest and peace of heaven!

Who would not have "a sunny spirit?" that charming effluence of Christianity; that sweetener of life; that beautiful essence, pervading our thoughts, the fruit of gentle submission to the Divine wisdom; that shadow of God's home, as Plato said the light was of his body! No felicity of organization, no effect of the will, no friendly guidance and education alone, can give it—can render it perfect and make it permanent. But in Christ Jesus, through faith in him, and the reception of his spirit, and joyful trust in his redemption, we may all find it.—*Independent.*

LOST AFFLICTIONS.

CHRISTIANS often lose their afflictions as well as their blessings. "You were greatly afflicted at that time," said one to his friend, in allusion to the death of a child.

"Yes," was the reply, "but I lost the affliction."

"How so?"

"I bore up under it in my own strength, and I sought comfort in the wrong way; and so lost nearly all the benefit of the trial."

If we would not lose our afflictions we must deal with them aright. We must not occupy our minds in considering how they happened, or how they might have been prevented. We must give but small space in our thoughts to second causes. No doubt, second causes are connected with all our afflictions; still they are the work of God. In regard to every afflictive event we must say and feel, it is the work of God.

We must draw our comfort and support in affliction from God alone. We must banish such atheistic sources of consolation as the following—that we are suffering the inevitable lot of man, that our condition is still preferable to that of many others. We must not trust to our own self-possession and strength of mind. We must say, God has done it, and I am content. It is the work of infinite love, guided by infinite wisdom. We must earnestly inquire wherefore the affliction was sent. We must ask counsel of God in this matter, and fervently pray that we may not fail to secure the benefit designed.

O how numerous have been our lost afflictions! What progress should we have made in holiness had we derived from our afflictions the benefits which they were designed to confer! Let us resolve to suffer no further losses in this respect. When God's hand shall again be laid upon us, let us see to it that it draw us nearer to Him.—*Observer.*

MINISTERS' SATURDAY EVENINGS.

HOWEVER it may be with others, the minister finds it greatly to his advantage to be at home in quiet retirement on this Christian "eve of preparation." We do not say that he should prepare his sermon or declaim it before a mirror. But we do say that he should be on that evening crowding his discourses for the next day into his *heart*, and filling his soul with the spirit of them. Eloquence, like man, has a soul. If its body has been prepared during the week, its soul need be breathed into it on Saturday evening, or before. The body of eloquence can be written. The body of a *sermon* can, and preserved in manuscript for any occasion. But the soul cannot. This admits of no such preservation. This must live, not like ideas in the memory, but in the heart. The fact that it lives here Wednesday, is no certain proof that it will be found there Sunday. But if it be warm there, when the minister closes his eyes Saturday night, it will be very likely to be found there the next morning.

Much is said about studying sermons. And too much cannot be said in favour of it. But it is, if possible, more necessary that sermons be interwoven with the soul's affections, sanctified by prayer, steeped in the heart. Eloquence and declamation are quite two things. The latter is taught in the schools; but the former only where the soul is taught to warm and kindle and glow with the sentiments the lips are uttering.

Now let the minister make it a rule to spend his Saturday evenings with his God and his sermons for the coming day—let him labour by prayer and by meditation to put himself in the place of the inspired men whose sentiments he is to echo—let him draw aside the veil, and view the awful realities of the eternity in view of which he preaches, to arouse all the latent sympathies of his soul, and all this in view of the particular topics which he is to discuss on the morrow; and then, if ever, he will be eloquent. After this, he will not "court a grin when he should win a soul." The energies of head and heart are concentrated, the people feel, and God has the glory. —*Morning Star.*

A SPIRITUAL MINISTRY.

THE people who enjoy the ministrations of a truly spiritually-minded pastor, have a blessing, the value of which they are in but little danger of over-estimating. There is a worth in spirituality for which no greatness of natural or acquired abilities can compensate. Learning and abilities are qualities much more easily attained, and much more easily judged of. Piety does not lie on the surface; it is developed by the life. But its possession is the best guarantee for that intellectual growth for which piety is too often sacrificed. The man of piety will grow in knowledge; his very piety supplies the most impulsive and sustaining motives in the universe for labour and study. The richer his experiences in grace, the broader and brighter the fields of knowledge which will open before him, to invite to higher and higher attainments. But if he be not learned or philosophical, he has in his spirituality a source of power far surpassing the utmost scope of influence that learning ever supplied. Preachers in Protestant countries must respect the heads of people; but after all, in any congregation of immortal men who have souls to save, and sins to be forgiven, to affect the heart is the preacher's chief business. The difficulty in the way of the gospel, is not so much the want of knowledge as of feeling. The preacher's desideratum, is not so much the power to instruct as to move; light is needed, but warmth and life are more wanted. Piety—which emits its electric fire from heart to heart, that gathers and wields the pathos and thrill of eternity—gets hold of the moral susceptibilities of the soul, and rouses its latent powers to the mighty business of salvation.

REPENT FIRST.

THE minds of many persons are occupied wholly about the speculative points of religion, while the heart is turned away from it, and all its practical duties are neglected. Religion is a practical matter; it respects chiefly the heart and life. In revealed religion there may be many deep things—truths which respect God and the future state, that may lie beyond our comprehension; but all that respects duty and salvation is perfectly plain to the humblest inquirer, provided he performs his duty so far as he knows it, and comes to the fountains of truth with an humble spirit and a teachable disposition. To repent of sin, to believe in Christ, to love and serve God, to abstain from evil and do good, what can be more simple than these? And yet these are the religion of Jesus; and consequently upon them is the salvation of the soul. Instead of perplexing themselves about the "difficulties of religion," would men pray for divine enlightenment and renewing grace, and thus enabled, would they perform the great first duties of repentance and faith, all their difficulties would vanish.

We have heard of an intelligent speculatist, who had long been perplexed about certain doctrinal points in religion, and yet performed none of its duties. The more he reflected, the greater those difficulties appeared. Near him there lived an aged African, in whose piety he had entire confidence; to him he went and stated the case, and sought a solution of his difficulties. To him the old man, simple-minded, but taught of God, replied: "Master, you begin wrong, and you will never get on in that way. The difficulties you mention are away on in the Romans; but in the beginning of the Testament, it commands men to repent. You have never repented, and you cannot get on without repentance. Go and repent, and then all the hard places will become easy."

In this reply was great point and appropriateness. It is perfectly accordant, also, with the Saviour's declaration, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." Again: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Those, then, who would be saved, let them think of these things, and do as is here required. Repent first, and go to Jesus by faith. He is the way, the truth, and the life. All then will be plain and easy.

TRANSPARENCY OF CHARACTER.

We have lying before us upon our table one of those singular globes of glass, into the centre of whose crystalline solid, an art to us entirely mysterious has introduced what look like flowers and beads and the films of lace-work. In itself it is beautiful to look upon, and more than once in the midst of our hurry we have paused to be refreshed by a momentary glance at its varied structure. It is strangely exciting to the curiosity, too, and our fancy has been more busy than ever before, since the hot weather came on, in trying to read the secret of its construction,—a secret known, if we understand aright, to only one or two persons in the country.

But one lesson which our silent friend has breathed into our ear, and which we are fain to share with our readers, is a spiritual lesson, of the beauty of the Character, of which it is not inappropriately the symbol and suggester;—the character, which is at once firm and transparent, like the crystal in clearness, yet also shaped into forms of symmetry by culture and training; the character, which shelters within itself, in its clear depths, the ornaments of scholarship and the graces of fancy; the character, which, though pure and delicate, can be jostled and overthrown in the conflicts of life without fracture; upon which all soil is but outward and transient, to be washed away by the first touch of the truth; a character which will abide when impurities shall be destroyed. But ah! is it not also true—blessed be God it is true—that such a character, unlike this inanimate solid, has in it a principle of vitality, and shall grow steadily more precious and more beautiful until transferred to the Celestial, and then for ever!—*Independent.*

THE PESTILENCE THAT WALKETH IN DARKNESS.

The attentive student of the Holy Scriptures will frequently find an expansive practical meaning contained in what the careless reader would deem to be a rhetorical figure, introduced merely for the purpose of euphony and embellishment. The phrase, "The pestilence that walketh in darkness," has in it more than the mere mention of one of the inflictions to which men are subject. It contains a significant declaration of the particular *time* when the morbid influence that brings disease and death is more especially virulent and active. The inspired writer, with a wisdom that penetrated beyond the ordinary vision of mortals, declares that it *walketh in darkness.*

The discoveries of modern science give peculiar significance and force to this expression of Holy writ. It is ascertained to be true, that the seeds of epidemic and miasmatic disease are generated, and exert their activity during the darkness of the night, and in places that are unvisited by the purifying rays of the sun. When light is upon the earth, and the sun is hidden from view, then the pestilential vapours arise from the causes where they are generated, and, in the expressive words of the sacred text, *walk* forth to do the bidding of him who created them, who set bounds to their activity, and fixed the seasons when they should fasten themselves upon their victims.

REV. J. A. JAMES.

"If the present lecturer," says Rev. J. A. James, "has a right to consider himself a real Christian—if he has been of any service to his fellow-creatures, and has attained to any usefulness in the Church of Christ, he owes it, in the way of means and instrumentality, to the sight of a companion, who slept in the same room with him, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to rest. That scene, so unostentatious and yet so unconcealed, roused my slumbering conscience, and sent an arrow to my heart; for though I had been religiously educated I had restrained prayer, and cast off the fear of God; my conversion to God followed, and soon afterwards my entrance upon college studies for the work of the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then, with all its multitudinous events; but that little chamber, that humble couch, that praying youth, are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amidst the splendour of heaven and through the ages of eternity."

THE DOOM OF THE LOST.

Who is there that does not know something of the bitterness of self-reproach? We see one burying himself in seclusion from the haunts of men, to get away from the upbraidings of conscience. We see another drowning his voice in intoxication, and preferring the life of a beast to a sense of accountability. A third cries out in an agony of spirit, and reveals his secret murders, and prays that civil justice may execute its sentence as some little atonement for his crimes. A fourth, goaded even to madness by its stings, rushes unbidden into the presence of his Judge, to know the worst of his case! All this is not the remorse of hell. This is not that agony which will fill every pore with suffering at the thought, "Life and death were set before me, and I chose death." In that world there will be no seclusion from the eye of Jehovah. Your naked souls will be continually exposed to his piercing glance. There will be no intoxicating draught, in which you can lose your sense of accountability and become beasts. There is no gallows, to which you can look with the vain hope of expiating your sins. There will be no means of suicide, no escape from the existing torment, no change, nor hope of change. You will know the worst of it, and not have even the poor relief of change. If you open your eyes, you will only see the heaven you have rejected, and the hell you have chosen. If you close them, it will only call home your thoughts again to the same point: "Life and death were set before me, and I chose death." Every new view of the destruction you have brought upon yourselves, will only add to your torment. Every thought of heaven will only bring home with a more withering energy the thought, "I *might* have been there, but I chose death." Every pang of suffering will but recall to you, "It is my own choice." And there will be no end to this. From the nature of the subject there *can* be no end. When ages on ages shall have rolled away, the thought will still be as true as ever, and as bitter as ever: "Life and death were set before me, and I chose death."

THE POOR MAN'S HYMN.

As much have I of worldly good
  As e'er my Master had;
I diet on as dainty food,
  And am as richly clad
(Though plain my garb, though scant my board)
As Mary's son, as Nature's Lord.

The manger was his infant bed;
  His home the mountain cave;
He had not where to lay his head;
  He borrow'd e'en his grave.
Earth yielded him no resting spot—
Her Maker, but she knew him not.

As much the world's good will I share,
  Its favour and applause,
As He whose blessed name I bear—
  Hated without a cause—
Despised, rejected, mock'd by pride,
Betray'd, forsaken—crucified.

DO SOMETHING.

The most important principle in life is a pursuit. Without a pursuit, no one can ever be really happy, and hold a proper rank in society. The humble wood sawyer is a better member of society than the fop without brains or employment. Yet many young men of our great cities strive for the distinction awarded to fools. They are content to exist on the products of other hands, and are, in truth, little better than barefaced rogues. They live on ill-gotten spoils, go on credit, lie and cheat, rather than pursue a calling which would render them useful to themselves and mankind generally. None can be happy without employment, mental or physical. The idler is a fit candidate for the penitentiary or the gallows.

A RECIPE—TO SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.

Set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat, and go and visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants, and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.—*Howard.*

PARENTAL FIDELITY.

The Puritan preachers and writers dwelt much on the importance of the religious education of the young. They were mindful of the injunction, "Thou shalt teach them (God's commandments) diligently to thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Baxter has somewhere remarked, that if parents were faithful in the religious training of their children, there would be but little occasion to preach to adult sinners. Flavel abounded in appeals and expostulations adapted to rouse parents to the duty of bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Would that the following queries, set forth by him, might be seriously considered by Christian parents.

1. "Whether it be likely, if the time of youth, which is the moulding age, be neglected, they will be wrought upon to any good afterwards? You may bring a tender twig to grow in what form you please, but when it is grown to a sturdy limb, there is no bending it afterwards to any other form than that which it naturally took. Thus it is with children. Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

2. "Whether, if you neglect to instruct them in the way of the Lord, Satan and their own natural corruptions will not instruct them in the way to hell? Consider this, ye careless parents; if you will not teach your children, the devil will teach them; if you show them not how to pray, he will show them how to curse and swear, and take the name of the Lord in vain. If you grudge time and pains about their souls, the devil doth not. O it is a sad consideration, that so many children should be put to school to the devil!

3. "What comfort are you like to have from them when they are old, if you bring them not up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord when they are young? Many parents have lived to reap in their old age the fruit of their own folly and carelessness, in the loose and vain education of their children. By Lycurgus's law, no parent was to be relieved by his children in age, if he gave them not a good education in their youth. It was a law in a certain country, that if any child was condemned to die for a capital offence, the parents of that child were to be his executioners. This was to provoke parents to look better to their charge. Believe this as an undoubted truth; that the child which becomes, through thy default, an instrument to dishonour God, shall prove, sooner or later, a son or daughter of sorrow unto thee."

SAFETY OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

LIFE is always uncertain; and the declaration of James the apostle is applicable to all seasons—"Ye know not what shall be on the morrow." But we realize these truths more in a day like this, when the judgments of God are abroad in the land, and when in a few hours men sink from a state of apparent health into the grave. At such a time, the Scripture doctrine of a particular providence is peculiarly dear to the righteous. When our Saviour was about to send forth his apostles to perform a work which would expose them to many and great dangers, he thus comforted them: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." This language is equally applicable, of whatever character the dangers may be to which Christians are exposed. Not one of them will die *accidentally*. He who has fixed the bounds of their habitation, and appointed them their work, will call each to go up higher, in his own good time.

In the time of prevailing disease and death, let them see to it—

1. That they are found in the path of duty. Like their divine Master, let them be going about doing good. Let them be found, when needed, at the bed-side of the sick and the dying, and comforting the bereaved. Let them have their lamps trimmed and well supplied with the oil of divine grace. Let them be found watching. "Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing."

2. Let Christian parents commend their families to God, day and night, endeavouring to impress divine truth upon their minds, and seeking for them his sanctifying grace. And let them, as they have given their children to God in the covenant sealed by baptismal water, be prepared to resign them, should he claim them, into his hands, without a murmuring word, saying with pious Job—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

3. Let each individual, especially heads of families, guard, as far as possible, by prudence in diet, &c., against the insidious attacks of the pestilence. Let them gain the best information concerning proper remedies, and apply them without unnecessary delay. Needless exposure to the disease by imprudent diet and the like, and unnecessary delay in using remedies, are but ways of tempting God. When we pray that he will take care of us and ours, we are solemnly bound, as far as possible, to employ the best means of securing the blessing. *God works by means.*

Having done these things, apply to yourself the language of our Lord—"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." In his hands, sincerely endeavouring to discharge your duties, you are safe. Should you be called to die, it will be because Infinite Wisdom sees it best to take you to your rest. Be calm.—*Presbyterian of the West.*

SIN CURSING AFTER REPENTANCE.

A YOUNG lady in one of the large cities, of good native talent, was once condemning her folly, in terms of deepest regret, for cultivating her taste for novel-reading. She had lately become pious, and now found to her sorrow, that her imagination had become so fascinated, and her taste so vitiated by this pernicious reading, that she could fix on nothing permanent, and, said she, "Were it in my power, I would make any earthly sacrifice could I thirst after the Bible as I do after novels; and the greatest daily cross I am called to take up, is to pass by a novel without reading it. I would say it as a warning to all my sex, Beware of this fatal rock; beware of wasting not only days but nights, to make yourselves fools all the rest of your days, if not absolutely wretched." This is a frank confession, which might be made by multitudes who are ciphers in society, because they have no fund within; for novels, ever so attentively read, will furnish none

AN AGED CLERGYMAN.

AN aged clergyman, when preaching in New England some few years since, raising his voice with each succeeding word, and bringing down his clenched hand with amazing force upon the Bible at the last word of the sentence, exclaimed—"A deceitful, wicked man is not fit to serve either God, man, or the devil!" Then, after a pause, he added, "And I'll tell you why. He is not fit to serve God, because he's unholy; he's not fit to serve man, because he's deceitful; and he's not fit to serve the devil, because he's not content with his wages. No," said the old man, "*he's not content with his wages.* No, no, my friends, the sinner is not satisfied with the wages which the devil gives, and he never will be—'*for the wages of sin is death.*' Sinners! sinners! strike for higher wages."

Fragments.

SERMONS work not upon hearts as they are eloquent and admirable, but as they are instruments in the hand of God appointed to such an end; even as Austin said of the conduits of water, "Though one be in the shape of an angel, another of a beast, yet the water refreshes as it is water, and not as it comes from such a conduit."—*Flavel's Husbandry Spiritualized.*

IT is often as hard to persuade the broken-hearted to hope, as formerly it was to induce them to fear. Is this thy case? Behold this sweet promise—"A God ready to pardon!"—(Neh. ix. 17.) "Thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness." Instead of keeping away from God under a sense of our unworthiness, as the enemy of souls would urge, let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.—He is a God ready to pardon.—*Scott.*

DIVINE TEACHING.—If God be our father he will give us the teachings of his Spirit. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them." The natural man may have excellent notions in divinity, but God must teach us to know the mysteries of the gospel after a spiritual manner. A man may see the figures upon a dial, but he cannot tell how the day goes unless the sun shine; we may read many truths in the Bible, but we cannot know them savingly till God by his Spirit shine upon our soul.—*Watson.*

SATAN'S TEMPTATIONS AFTER PRAYER.

BY WILLIAM GURNALL.

SATAN draws his argument from God's deportment to the soul in and after prayer; in which, three things he commonly insists upon, by them to create trouble to the Christian's thoughts. *First*, His silence, which he would have the Christian interpret to be God's slighting or disregarding of him and his prayer. *Secondly*, His frowns, from which he would have him conclude, neither he nor his duty are accepted. *Thirdly*, He not giving the mercy in kind: and this he tells the Christian amounts to a denial.

SECTION I.—His silence after prayer. As wicked men sometimes sin, and God keeps silence, which makes them bold to think God approves of them and their way; so sometimes a gracious soul prays, and God holds his peace here also; and the poor soul begins to fear that neither his person nor his duty are approved of God. Now Satan, knowing what thoughts are likely to rise in the Christian's own heart, falls in, and joins issue with the Christian's bosom enemy, labouring to confirm him in these his unbelieving fears. To help thee out of this, *First*, Learn to distinguish between God's hearing and his answering the saint's prayer. Every faithful prayer is heard, and makes an acceptable report in God's ear as soon as it is shot; but God doth not always thus speedily answer it. The father, at the reading of his son's letter (which comes haply on some begging errand), likes the motion, his heart closeth with it, and a grant is there passed; but he takes his own time to send his despatch, and let his son know it. Princes have their books of remembrance, wherein they write the names of their favourites whom they intend to prefer, haply some years before their gracious purpose opens itself to them. Mordecai's name stood in Ahasuerus's book some while before his honour was conferred. Thus God records the names of his saints and their prayers. "The Lord hearkened and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before him, of them that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name."—(Mal. iii. 16.) But, perhaps, they hear not of God in his providential answer for a long time after. Abraham prays for a child, and is heard; but how many years interpose before he hath him in his arms? Take heed thou be not led into this temptation, to question whether God hears thee, because thou hearest not from him presently. Be patient, and thou shalt find, the longer a mercy goes before its delivery, the more perfect it will come forth at last. God gave a speedy answer to Abraham for his son Ishmael: "O that Ishmael might live!"—(Gen. xvi. 18.) "I have heard thee," saith God, "concerning Ishmael."—(Ver. 20.) Indeed, he flourished, and spread into a great nation, almost before Isaac's stem had budded. What a small number was the family of Jacob at their going down into Egypt! But when the date of God's bond was nearly expiring, and the time of their promise grew nigh, then God paid interest for his stay. None gain more at the throne of grace than those who trade for time, and can forbear the payment of a mercy longest. *Secondly*, Consider, when thou findest the deepest silence in God's providence, concerning the thing prayed for, then thou hast a loud answer in the promise. Say not, therefore, Who shall ascend to heaven? to bring thee intelligence whether thy prayer hath got safe thither, and had favourable audience in God's ear. God himself hath saved thee this labour; the promise will satisfy thee, which assures thee, that if it be duly qualified, it cannot find the heart of God shut against it: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—(James v. 16.) So assured have the saints been of this, that they, before any inkling from providence hath been heard (to bring them the news of a mercy coming), have taken up joy upon the credit of the naked promise, and feasted themselves with the hopes of what they expected, but had not yet received, at the cost and charge of God's faithfulness, with which the promise is sealed: "In God I will praise his word."—(Psa. lvi. 4.) Mark the phrase: he had not as yet the desired mercy, only a word of promise that it should come; and considering the power and truth of God, the promiser, he is as merry as if he were put in possession of it, and pays his praises before God performs the promise.

SECTION II.—The second thing which Satan gathers from God's deportment toward the Christian, thereby to bring the hearing of his prayer into question, in his anxious thoughts, is some anger which seems to sit upon his brow against the Christian. It cannot be denied, but sometimes a dear saint of God may go away from duty with an aching heart, by reason of the sad impressions of an angry God left upon his spirit. And when thus it fares with the Christian, Satan's time is come, he thinks, to lead him into this temptation, by persuading him he may read what entertainment his prayer had at God's hands, in the language of his countenance, and his carriage toward him. If God, saith he, had heard thy prayer, would he handle thee thus? No, sure; he would rather have taken thee up into his arms, and kissed thee with the kisses of his mouth, than thus trample thee under his feet. Thou shouldst have had darts of love shot from his pitiful eye, to intimate the purposes of his grace, and not arrows headed with his wrath, to stick in thy soul, and thus drink up thy very spirits. Can these be the wounds of a friend?—this the deportment of one that means thee well? This was the temptation which ruffled Job's thoughts, and embittered his spirit.—(Chap ix. 17.) He could not believe God answered his prayer, because he broke him with his tempest—as if God's mercy came always in the still voice, and never in the whirlwind. Now, in this case, take this double counsel. *First*, Inquire whether this tempest comes to find any Jonah in thy ship; whether it takes thee sinning, or soaking in any past sin unrepented; or whether thy conscience, diligently listened to, doth witness that thou art sincere in thy course, though compassed with many failings. If it overtakes thee in any runaway voyage with Jonah, or rambling course with the prodigal, from thy Father's house, then, indeed, thou hast reason to question; yea, it is beyond all question, that an acceptable prayer in this posture cannot drop from thy lips. What! run from God, and then send to him thy prayers! This is to desire mercy to spend upon thy lust. But if, upon thy faithful search, thou findest this storm overtakes thee in the way of duty and exercise of thy sincerity, like the tempest that met the disciples at sea, when at Christ's command they launched forth, be not discouraged; for it is ordinary with God to put on the disguise of an angry countenance, and to use rough language, when his heart is resolved upon ways of mercy, and meditates love to his people. Jacob, you know, wrestled hard and long before victory inclined to his side. And the woman of Canaan was sent away like a dog, with harsh language, who at last was owned of Christ for a dear child, and sent away to her heart's content. Sincerity needs fear no ill from God. This very consideration kept Job's head at another time above water.—(Chap. xvi. 12.) There we find God taking him by the neck, shaking him, as it were to pieces, and setting him up for his mark; but (ver 17) this upheld his troubled spirit, that all this befell him walking in the way of obedience—"Not for any injustice in my hands; also my prayer is pure;" wherefore he rears up his confidence (ver. 19, 20): "Behold my witness is in heaven, and my record on high; my friends scorn me, but mine eye poureth out tears unto God." The holy man was not for all this scared from the throne of grace, but still looked on God, though with tears in his eyes, expecting good news at last, after so much bad. And we have warrant to do the same (1 John iii. 11): "If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God."

Secondly, Inquire whether, under these frowns from God, there be yet a spirit of prayer working in thee. Haply thou canst not deny but that thy heart is rather stirred up from these to lament after the Lord with more restless sighs and groans, to pray with more feeling and fervency, than driven away from duty. This spirit of prayer upheld in thee, may assure thee of these two things. First, That the cloud of anger, which seems to sit on God's brow, is not in his heart. It is but a thin veil, through which thy faith might see the working of his bowels toward thee. The presence of the Spirit of God at work thus in a soul, cannot stand with his real anger. If his wrath were up, this in thee would be down. Thou shouldst have him soon calling back his ambassador of peace, at least suspend and withdraw his assistance. When that sad breach was made between God and David in the matter of Uriah, David's harp was presently out of tune, his right hand had forgot its cunning, and the spirit of prayer received a sad damp in his heart. Where is the psalm to be found that was penned by David in that interregnum of his grace? I do not say he never did pray all the time he lay soaking in that sin; but those prayers were not fit to be joined with the holy breathings of that spirit which actuated him before his fall, and after his recovery; therefore, when by repentance he came to himself, like one recovering out of a dangerous sickness (which had for a time taken away his senses), he begins to feel himself weak, and how much the Spirit of grace was by his sin enfeebled in him; which makes him so vehemently beg that God would renew a right spirit in him, and not take his Holy Spirit from him.—(Psa. li. 11, 12.) The Spirit is so choice and peculiar a mercy, that if thou canst find lively actings of his grace in thee (and where are they more sensibly felt than in prayer, helping the soul to sighs and groans which cannot be uttered?) thou canst not, in reason, think God is not friends with thee, though it were at present as dark as midnight with thy soul. Secondly, It may assure thee that his ear is open to thy cry, when his face is hid from thine eye. For, consider but who this Spirit is that thus helps thee in prayer, and furnisheth thee with all thy spiritual ammunition with which thou so batterest the throne of grace; is he not one that knows the mind of God, and that would not have a hand in that petition which should not be welcome to heaven? Having, therefore, this assistance from the Spirit, doubt not thy acceptance with the Father. In a word, the Spirit that helps thee to thy groans and sighs in prayer, is no other than that God thou prayest to; and will God deny himself? This I conceive a principal part of that scripture's meaning (Isa. xlv. 19): "I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain." That is, Whenever I stir up a soul to pray, and empower him with my Spirit to perform it feelingly, fervently, and after a holy manner, it is always to purpose. God never said thus to any, "Seek ye me in vain."

Section III.—The third thing from which Satan takes his advantage, to breed scruples in the Christian's mind concerning the acceptance of his prayer, is the denial of the mercy in kind which is prayed for. We are prone enough to have such thoughts ourselves, and Satan will not be wanting to feed any bad humour that is stirring in us. Or if our hearts seem pacified with this dealing of God, he hath his ways and wiles to conjure up this evil spirit of discontent and unbelief. On this errand he sent Job's wife, to make him think and speak evil of God: "Dost thou still retain thy integrity?" As if she had said, What! art thou at thy old work—still praying and praising God? Dost thou not see how much he regards thee, or thy serving of him? What hast thou got by all thy devotion? Is not thy estate gone—thy children slain and buried in one grave—and thyself left a poor, loathsome cripple?—thy life serving for nothing but to make thee feel thy present misery, and feed on thy past crosses. Indeed, it requires a good insight into the nature of the promises, and the divers ways God takes to fulfil them, to enable us to spell an answer out of a denial of the thing we pray for; yet such a "good understanding have all they that do his commandments."—(Psa. cxi. 10). They can clear God, and justify his faithfulness in all his dealings, though, when he comes to answer their prayers, he chooseth not to enter in at that door which they set open for him, nor treads in the very steps of their express desires. The whole psalm contains a testimony given to the faithfulness of God in his providential works, at which though a carnal eye (from the mysteries hid within) takes offense; yet the gracious soul, by his more curious observance of, and inquiry into them, finds a sweet harmony between them and the promise; and therefore he concludes, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; a good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his praise endureth for ever." They have a key to God's character, can read the hand of his providence, and so are able to praise him (knowing him faithful) when others are ready to curse him. But to help thee out, or keep thee from falling into this temptation, in the first place, consider what mercy it is that God denies thee: is it not of that sort of blessings which are not necessary unto thy happiness as a saint? Such all temporal mercies are. The kingdom of God consists not in meat and drink; thou wilt find an absolute denial for no other; he hath bid us take no denial for his love and favour, grace and glory: "Seek the Lord and his strength; seek his face evermore" (Psa. cv. 4); that is, be not put off for these, but live and die at God's door till he brings this alms to thee. Well, we will take this for granted. It is a temporal mercy thou art denied. Now, when thou art tempted to question the love of God, or acceptance of thy prayer, let me desire thee to weigh this threefold consideration. *First*, Consider how ill God may take this at thy hand, and that in a double respect; First, That thou dost suspect his love upon so slight and trivial a matter, as the temporal enjoyments of this life are, which he thinks have not worth enough to be put into the promise any otherwise than they are subservient to the spiritual and eternal blessings of the covenant: "Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. vi. 33); that is, as you need them. He casts them into the other (more grand blessings), as a tradesman would thread and paper unto a parcel of rich commodities. Suppose a child should ask his father for money to buy some trifle, but the father denies him: now, if the child should go and make proclamation in the open street, to the disgrace of his father, that his father did neither love nor regard him, though he wants neither food nor raiment, would this be well taken at the child's hand? This thou dost in this case, though thou thinkest not so much; and hath not thy heavenly Father more reason to question thy love, for taking away his good name, than thou to suspect his for his denial? But again, he may take it ill that thou hast aspersed his wisdom. Is there no way but this for the wise God to show his love, and answer thy prayer? Cannot he deny health and give patience?—take away thy estate, and turn it into contentment; teaching thee to be abased, and to bless God thou art made low? He that will make thee so happy in heaven, where few of this world's enjoyments shall be seen, cannot he make thy life comfortable on earth without some of them? *Secondly*, Consider how thou prayest when thou didst meet with this denial. Didst thou pray peremptorily, and absolutely, or conditionally, with submission to the will of God? If peremptorily, thou wert beside the rule, and art the cause why the prayer came back without its errand. God will not hear or bear commanding prayers; he that must have a temporal mercy, if he gets it, may have a spiritual curse, but he is sure to get a temporal cross. So Delilah proved to Samson, who would not take his parent's counsel, but must have her, whatever comes of it: "Get her me, for she pleaseth me well."—(Judges xiv. 3.) But he paid dearly for his choice. May be such an enjoyment pleaseth thee well; thy carnal heart is in love with it, and that sets thee a-praying inordinately for it. Alas! poor creature, if thou hadst it, what wouldst thou do with it? Thou wouldst fondly lay thy head in its lap, and let it rock thy grace asleep, and then betray thee into the hand of some sin; but if thou prayest with a submissive spirit, on condition God liked it as well as thyself; why then dost thou now recant thy prayer, seeing God hath declared his will, that it is not good for thee to have thy desire? Wilt thou not be determined by him, to whom thou didst refer thyself? Hast thou not reason to think that God takes the best way for thee? There is never a prayer put up but God doth, as it were, weigh and ponder it, and then his love sets his wisdom on work to make such a return as may be most for his own glory, and his child's good. Now, it being the product of such infinite wisdom and love, thou oughtest to acquiesce in it, yea, to praise God for it. Thus did David in a great strait: "O my God, I cry in the daytime, and thou hearest not."—(Psa. xxii. 2.) Well, what hears God from him, now he hears nothing from God, as to the deliverance prayed for? No murmuring at God's proceedings; nay, he hears quite the contrary, for he justifies and praises God (ver. 3): "But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel!" *Thirdly*, Observe whether thou canst not gather something from the manner of God's denying the thing prayed for, which may sweeten it to thee. Haply thou shalt find he denies thee, but it is with a smiling countenance, and ushers it in with some expression of grace and favour, that may assure thee his denial proceeds not from displeasure. As you would do with a dear friend, who, may be, comes to borrow a sum of money of you, lend it you dare not, because you see plainly it is not for his good; but in giving him the denial, lest he should misinterpret it, as proceeding from love and respect, you preface it with some kind language of your hearty affection to him, as that you love him, and therefore deny him, and shall be ready to do for him more than that comes to. Thus God sometimes wraps up his denials in such sweet intimations of love, as prevents all jealousies arising in the hearts of his people. When David was denied to build a temple for God, he gave him a large testimony of his affection, how highly he accepted his goodwill therein; though he should not build a temple for him, yet his desire was so kindly taken, that God would build a house for him that should last for ever. Thus sometimes a faithful minister prays earnestly that God would bless his labours to the converting of his people, and is denied, yet intimations of God's love to his person are dropt, with a promise that his reward is with the Lord; so that his prayer, though denied as to them, is returned with peace into his own bosom. Another prays passionately, O that he might see Jerusalem a quiet habitation! and that truth and peace might flourish in his days. This, may be, is not granted, because his desire antedates the period which God hath fixed in his purpose for the fulfilling of his promise to his church; but he manifests his love to him, and expresseth how highly he respects his love to the church. Thus God did by Daniel, to whom an angel was sent to let him know what kind entertainment his prayer had, and that he was a man greatly beloved of God.—(Dan. ix. 23.) So in temporal mercies, haply thou art pleading with God for deliverance out of this trouble and that affliction, and it is denied thee, but a message with the denial that doubly recompenseth it: may be some sweet declaration of his love he drops into thy bosom, or assurance of seasonable succours, that shall be sent in to enable thee to charge through them with faith and victory. So God dealt with Paul: "My grace is sufficient for thee." I hope now thou wilt not say thy prayer is lost. When Saul sought his father's asses, was he not shrewdly hurt to find a kingdom instead of them? The holy women that went to the sepulchre to anoint the body of Jesus with their spices, did not lose their labour though they found him risen. What are all the enjoyments of the world to the spiritual mercies and comfort of the promises which thou findest in thy attendance on God? Not so much as the dead body to our risen Saviour. Thou findest not some dead creature comfort, but thou meetest with embraces from a living God.

MISCELLANIES BY DR CHEEVER.

I.—THE LAKE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

There was once a little stream among the mountains, so small that it was lost in the first sand-bed across which it attempted to make its way. But God designed to make of this rill a great, wide, beautiful lake, that might, if need be, remain to all time majestic and glorious. Whereupon he hedged the rill about with high restraints, and threw across it an impenetrable barrier of mountains. Thus disciplined, it grew upon itself, and rose and expanded, till in process of time it did indeed become a deep, majestic water, into which the cliffs looked down with wonder to see themselves and the heavens so perfectly reflected, crystal clear.

But now the lake grew proud, and said within itself and to itself, I am too much shut up and confined. The restraint upon me is unworthy of so great a body, unworthy of a free state. I ought to have scope to exercise my sovereign will, and be governed by it. Beside, why be shut up in this basin, when I am worthy to spread all over the world? So grand a creature as I am ought not to be restricted within such narrow limits, but to go roaming, and admired in every continent. I will be free.

Now, the silly lake did not consider for a moment, did not even once think, that that very imprisonment was the cause of all its greatness and all its beauty, and all its usefulness too; so that ten thousand acqueducts might have been carried from it, if need be, to ten thousand cities; and, indeed, a beautiful river ran from it continually. Moreover, it forgot its origin, so weak and low, forgot the time when it was like an infant in the cradle, and would have been lost in getting across the first sand-bank. It had grown up, only because God had restrained it, and now it had got so large, that it threw off all humility, all thoughts of subjection, and became boisterous and proud.

But "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," as we shall see. The lake brooded upon these wicked thoughts, till at length it lost all patience and self-control, and began to beat madly against the mountain ramparts that hemmed it in, and preserved it in power and beauty. For some time its efforts were all ineffectual; the mountains remained steady at their post, and the overhanging cliffs looked down in amazement to see the calm and beautiful lake so ruffled and distorted, lashing itself into such vain fury. But when there is an evil will, there is always an evil way. *A desire after sin within us always finds tempting occasions without us.*

There were certain persons envious of the great beautiful lake, because it was not in their own dominions; and at the same time that these evil passions and causes of ruin were working within, they laid a plan to destroy all its greatness from without. They began to undermine the mountain barrier, and succeeded in producing a great avalanche from without, so that the swelling and pressing of the lake from within began to produce some impression. At length, one dark night, when a dreadful storm was raging, the lake burst impetuously through, and thundered down into the valley, carrying terrific devastation in its course. The next morning there was nothing to be seen of it but a bed of sand where it formerly rested, and a long pathway of ruins—rocks, sand, and gravel—where it rushed away. It had gained its freedom, but it had destroyed itself; it had burst through all restraint, but in doing so it had sacrificed the cause of its beauty, its grandeur, its life. It was all gone and perished.

Now this has two applications: the first, to every one of us as individuals; and the second, to our country. Let no man think that true freedom consists in deliverance from all restraint. Let every man think, that in order to be good and great, he must be restrained and hemmed in on every side. The providence and the word of God must encircle and confine him. If he wishes to do great good to the world, let him be assured that the lake of his good intentions must be confined by the word of God, and that if he bursts this barrier, the cataract of his benevolence will only cover the earth ten feet deep with mud and ruin, and in the end will come to nothing.

If he wishes to be very large and free, let him remember that it is nothing but the truth can make him free, and that it was a great king who said, "I will run in the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart." A large heart keeps confined within God's commandments, and that is the only way in which it can be made and kept large; and then a perennial stream of goodness runs from it. If he chafes at the barrier, let him remember that without it he would be lost in the first sand-bank. If he is disposed to be proud of his greatness, let him remember that it is only God who has built him up and can keep him. And, at all hazards, let him keep within the word of God.

The second application of the bursting of the lake is to our country; our country cannot be great and happy unless in obedience to God's word. They that are our enemies, would undermine our freedom and happiness by destroying the Sabbath, and nationally casting off the authority of God's word, so that they may make a breach in the great barrier of divine truth that protects our institutions. And if they should succeed in doing this, then it will be very easy for wicked demagogues and infidels to raise such an internal proud storm, that the mountains would give way, and our great and beautiful lake of liberty and happiness would go to destruction.

II.—HEART-LEARNING.

It is a striking idiomatic phrase of our language in the lips of children, *learning by heart*. "I have got it all by heart, every word of it." Things got by heart are generally lasting. But there is a great difference between getting things by heart and getting them by rote. Some things may be learned by rote, others can be learned only by heart. Too much of our learning is mere rote-learning, too little of it is real heart-learning. Heart-learning is the best; heart-learning stays by us.

Heart-learning is the only true learning in the school of Christ. There is head-learning, book-learning, word-learning, chapter-and-verse learning, system-learning; but if it does not come to heart-learning, it is all useless. Heart-learning is heaven's learning. The angels know all things by heart, and the head-learning of saints on earth, in proportion as they get near to heaven, is all changed into heart-learning. Heart-learning is that celestial geometry of which the Apostle speaks, the comprehension of the breadth and length, the height and depth in the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. Heart-learning is the book of faith's natural philosophy, whereby we can understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, and can hear their music,

> "For ever singing as they shine
> The hand that made us is Divine."

Heart-learning is the origin of true lip-learning, for "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness," and then with the mouth confession is made unto salvation, and the conversation is with grace, seasoned with the salt of heaven. But, on the other hand, "if any man seem to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart," that man's religion is vain. He has no heart-learning.

True scriptural-learning, and true theological-learning is heart-learning. Many things may be gotten by the head, and there are many head-theologians very subtle and speculative. But theology must be gotten by heart, or it is worthless. Head-learning may be other men's learning; heart-learning is our own. Head-learning is second-hand and imitative; heart-learning is original. Head-learning is dry study; heart-learning is experience. Head-learning is often filled up without prayer; heart-learning is gotten on one's knees, and with sighs and tears.

The lessons which are learnt by heart, without prayer, have to be unlearned, for they are mostly the lessons of our depravity. If not unlearned and repented of, they are lessons of misery. The lessons of God's grace, learned by heart, stay by us to eternity, and bless us for ever increasingly. The lessons of divine grace, once learned, are never forgotten. Happy are they in whom the lessons of the word are lessons of grace, lessons got by heart. "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I may not sin against thee."

III.—MORAL DAGUERREOTYPES.

One is struck with amazement at the endless variety of expression fixed by the sun, and every instant there may be a new one. Now there is a moral in all this. It shows what a record there may be, when we little think of it, of what we do and what we are.

The sun takes our likenesses by the process of the Daguerreotype. No matter what the expression may be, there it is. There is neither concealment nor flattery. The sun takes exactly what he finds. If it be beauty or deformity, a noble emotion or a vile one, it is all the same to this impartial painter. He will not heighten the one, nor diminish the other, but brings out every feature, with every touch of character. All this without our intervention, at least without our will. There needs but to be given a face, and the sun will take it.

And what if this process were going on, invisibly to us, through some medium interfused in all nature? What if every play of emotion, every attitude, every design revealed in the countenance—every revelation, in fine, of the character in the face and deportment—were thus unalterably taken down, to be reproduced before us? What if every image of ourselves is kept a copy of it, for the judgment? Suppose that a man could thus have his past laid before himself in a succession of impressions from childhood to manhood, and from manhood to old age. Would any one find any difficulty in deciphering the whole character from such marks?

Nay, sometimes a man would need to have only a single expression of countenance brought before him, a single attitude, in order to wake up conscience, and throw open the door to a whole gallery of evil doings and feelings in his past existence. But such a series of Daguerreotypes will doubtless be among the materials in the book of judgment at the last day; and, with more accuracy than that with which the most perfect series of maps or views present the face and scenery of a country, men will find their whole past being reproduced before them.

IV.—AN EVENING'S CONVERSATION AND REFLECTION.

We were reading concerning Joseph of Arimathea, how he hewed a new sepulchre out of the rock, *for himself*. He little thought, when he was doing this, that he was preparing a place for the body of the Saviour. So those who are Christ's shall often have the privilege of labouring for him, even when they see no further end than their own necessities or death. As "all things shall work together for good to those who love God;" so all things they do shall work in the end for God's glory. Hewing tombs or building houses, if the heart is right, they shall do "all for Christ."

But a great many men do good without wishing it, and then they have no more concern in it than the wires of the telegraph have with their transmitted tidings. *The heart must be right.* Angry men, that swear at God, do not mean to glorify him; and yet God makes even the wrath of man to praise him. A great many men do some good in their lives, without knowing it, without intending it, at random and by accident; just as squirrels plant acorns for their own eating, which afterwards grow up into oaks. A great many of the oaks, which God takes to build the ships of his providence, and the highway of the gospel, are thus planted and grown by the care of human selfishness. But only good men have a *heart* as well as a hand, in accomplishing God's purposes. A wretched thing it is for an immortal soul to be used in a great enterprise, and afterwards, by the necessity of its own selfishness, to be thrown away.

Again, we were reading concerning the young man in the gospel, who came to Christ *running*. Men that expect to be saved by their works, sometimes move quicker in what seems to be the right way than others, but the heart is not right. He came running, though his heart was filled with this world, because he expected to be saved by what he had done and would do. He came running, because he intended to have the gospel and the world together. But if he had to give up the world and his great riches before beginning to come, he would have set out slowly. He would have walked first, and afterwards ran. It would have been difficult first, but easy afterwards. Now it seemed easy first, but was difficult afterwards. He had to go back, and get through the eye of a needle. But no man either can run through it, or jump through it, nor can there be a railroad through it, nor indeed can any thing get through it but a broken heart, and that goes through by faith.

THE HERO OF RORA.

A TRUE TALE OF THE VAUDOIS.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

THE twenty-fourth of April 1655, was appointed as the day for executing, in the valley of Lucerne, the cruel orders of the council for the propagation of the faith and the extirpation of heretics. This council had its seat at Turin, and the officer commanding the troops which were to execute its decrees was the Marquis Pianezza.

By professing friendly intentions, this officer succeeded in allaying the suspicions of the Lucernese, and entered their valley with an army of ten thousand men. For a time his soldiers were restrained from acts of violence, but when the twenty-fourth of April arrived, a tragedy was enacted unsurpassed in the annals of inquisitorial cruelty. The following extract from the testimony of one who was an eye-witness, and whose credibility has been fully attested, will give some idea of the dreadful scene.

The signal having beeu giving on the eminence near La Torre, called Castelus, almost all the innocent creatures who were in the power of these cannibals had their throats cut like sheep in a slaughter-house. Children cruelly torn from their mothers' breast, were seized by the feet, and dashed or crushed against the rocks or walls.

The sick and aged, both men and women, were either burned in their houses, or literally cut in pieces, or tied up, stripped of their clothes, like a ball, with their head between their legs, and thrown over the rocks, or rolled down the sides of the mountain. Others they empaled, and in this horrible position placed naked as crosses by the wayside; others were mutilated in various ways.

The valleys resounded with such mournful echoes of the lamentable cries of the wretched victims, and the shrieks wrung from them by their agonies, that you might have imagined that the rocks were moved with compassion, while the barbarous perpetrators of these atrocious cruelties remained absolutely insensible.

The sun went down upon that work of blood, and the silence of desolation reigned throughout Lucerne except in the small community of Rora. It consisted of twenty-five families, occupying a retired mountain glen exceedingly difficult of access. It had received repeated promises of protection from its lord, Count Christophe of Lucerne, in the name of the Marquis of Pianezza. But promises made to heretics were not regarded as binding. On the day some of whose incidents have been described above, four or five hundred soldiers were ordered secretly to climb an unfrequented path which would enable them to surprise the dwellings in that lonely district. This they would have accomplished but for Joshua Janavel, a plain, God-fearing man, who had left his residence near Lucerne, and had retired with his family to Rora. He had wached the conduct of the soldiery, and had no confidence in the promises of protection made to the community in which he now dwelt. With a small band of armed companions, he hung upon the heights, ready to give the alarm upon the approach of a foe, and to make all possible efforts to arrest his progress.

On the day above mentioned, as Janavel with six well-armed companions occupied a station upon a ledge of rocks, he saw a movement of the troops in the valley of Lucerne. He rightly judged it to be directed against the hamlet which the Marquis had repeatedly promised to protect. Onward the soldiers moved towards the concealed path which was to conduct them, as they supposed, to a scene of unresisting slaughter. Janavel was familiar with every feature of the mountains, and knew at what point the foe could be met with the best advantage. Bold by nature, and firmly relying on the protection of Heaven, he raised no note of alarm, but resolved to beat back the invaders, five hundred in number, with the six sturdy mountaineers who stood by his side. He placed them at the head of a precipitous ledge, whose narrow ascent could be climbed but by few at a time, and in situations which enabled them to fire upon the invaders with perfect security.

In silence they awaited the approach of the murderers of fathers, and mothers, and children. At the proper moment the word was given, and each ball brought down its mark. Not dreaming of an enemy near, unable to advance except in small numbers, ignorant of the number of their invisible opponents, the invaders commenced a precipitate retreat. They were followed by rapid and effective discharges of the weapons of Janavel and his associates. In their terror and headlong haste, they pressed upon each other, trampling some to death, and causing others to fall from frightful precipices. Before they reached a place of safety, sixty of their number had perished.

When the inhabitants of Rora learned the danger they had escaped, they sent a deputation to their hereditary lord, and to the Marquis of Pianezza, to complain of the infraction of the pledges given them, and to excuse themselves for the blood which had been shed by their defenders. They were coolly told that no division of the army had marched against them; that the party routed were Piedmontese robbers, who well deserved the chastisement they had received. They were again assured that strict orders should be given that no one should trouble them in future.

The very next day furnished another illustration of the Popish principle, that no faith is to be kept with heretics. Six hundred chosen men were ordered to take another route to Rora. They did not escape the vigilance of Janavel. At the head of twelve companions furnished with fire-arms, and six others equipped only with slings and flints, which they well knew how to use, he chose his position and poured on the head of the column a shower of balls and stones. Unable to reach their assailants amid the thickets and rocks where they were most skilfully posted, and each attempt to advance through the narrow defile being met with instant death, the soldiers soon sought safety in flight, with a loss of between fifty and sixty.

Again complaint was made to the Count of Lu cerne, and he had the unblushing impudence to affirm that the attack originated in a mistake, and solemnly assured his people that the like thing should not occur again. But on the following day from eight to nine hundred men were dispatched against the devoted hamlet. They succeeded in reaching it, and commenced firing the houses, and dispersed themselves for plunder. Janavel with a small band, watched their operations, and at a favourable moment made a vigorous attack upon them. They were struck with fear, and commenced a hasty retreat, leaving their booty and cattle—the principal cause of their defeat.

Pianezza now ordered a fourth attack, and, in order to secure certain and signal vengeance, he ordered all the troops in the vicinity to assemble at an appointed day. The day came. Mario, an impetuous and cruel officer, reached the rendezvous before the rest, and, desirous of reaping the glory of the expedition, he set out at once at the head of his detachment, which consisted chiefly of Irishmen. They were met by Janavel with seventeen comrades at a point of defence so well chosen, that, after an obstinate conflict, they were obliged to flee, leaving sixty-five dead upon the spot. When they had reached, as they supposed, a place of security, and paused to take breath, Janavel suddenly fell upon them from another quarter, and completed their rout. In the narrow pass by the stream Lucerne they pressed on one another, and fell from rock to rock into its waves. Among those who thus perished was Mario himself.

Soon after this combat, as Janavel and his troop were seated on a height, they saw a small body of soldiers approaching from another quarter. They immediately placed themselves in an advantageous position. The approaching soldiers mistook them for Papist peasants belonging to the expedition, and pressed forward. Many thus came within reach of the death-shot. Those who escaped, fled to the main body, to which they communicated their terror. All joined in flight without taking time to notice the number of their pursuers.

Three days after, the Marquis of Pianezza summoned the people of Rora to attend mass within twenty-four hours. "We prefer death to the mass," was their reply. The marquis then assembled an army of about ten thousand men to reduce a community of twenty-five families! He divided his army into three bodies, and ordered them to approach Rora in three directions. One of these divisions was arrested in its progress by Janavel and his devoted troops, while the other two reached the devoted hamlet, and inflicted upon the inhabitants all the cruelties above noticed as inflicted upon the inhabiters of the valley of Lucerne. One hundred and twenty-six persons met with an agonizing death. The wife and three daughters of Janavel were reserved for prison. Every dwelling was destroyed, and every thing valuable carried off by the conquerors.

Janavel, with his heroic companions in arms, effected their escape. Pianezza wrote to him offering him his life, and that of his wife and daughters, on condition of renouncing his heresy and becoming reconciled to the Church of Rome. In case he refused, he threatened him with the loss of his head, and with the death of his family at the stake. The hero of Rora replied, "That there were no torments so cruel, no death so barbarous, which he could not prefer to abjuration; that if the marquis made his wife and daughters pass through the fire, the flames could only consume their poor bodies; that as for their souls, he commended them to God, trusting them in his hands equally with his own, in case it were his pleasure that he should fall into the hands of the executioners."

Those who had escaped from Rora, and other places destroyed by the persecutors, joined themselves together, and with a few brethren from the other valleys, formed a little army, and from time to time rushed down from their mountain fastnesses upon detached bodies of their foes. Several battles were thus fought by the Vaudois, and considerable success obtained under the conduct of Janavel and a valiant comrade named Jayer. On one occasion, Janavel occupied the heights of Angrogna with three hundred men. He was there attacked by three thousand of the enemy. He repulsed all their attempts, and compelled them to retire with the loss of five hundred men. Just as they were retiring, Jayer drew near with his troops. The Vaudois then rushed down to the plain and fell on their retreating foe. In the midst of the fierce conflict which ensued, a ball passed through the breast of the heroic Janavel. He sent for Jayer, who succeeded him in the command, gave him some advice, and was carried from the battle-field. Before he recovered from his wound, an end was put to the military operations of the Vaudois by a truce, and afterwards by a treaty brought about by the interference of Protestant powers.

"REVIVAL MEETINGS."

BY THE REV. J. A. JAMES, BIRMINGHAM.*

This is a most difficult practical subject, and requires the greatest caution in treating it. A prejudice, founded partly on observation, and partly upon report, but rarely upon experience, against any efforts beyond the ordinary course of ministerial and pastoral labour, exists in many minds; and, if some instances of revival efforts were made the example or the standard of what is here meant by special services, they are to be dreaded and deprecated by every lover of sobriety of mind, and every friend to the credit of our holy religion. Scenes more resembling Bedlam than the solemnities of the house of God, have been set forth under the name of "revival meetings," to the disgust of the wise, the grief of the good, and the scandal of the bad. Nor is it any justification of such frantic orgies to allege that souls have been converted. Very likely. But how many have imbibed invincible prejudice against all religion, how many more, after the excitement has passed off, have become increasingly hardened, and how many have received a distaste for the ordinary and more sober ministrations of the gospel. There is, no doubt, a power in the eternal truths of the Word of God, that will exert itself, under God's Spirit, in defiance of all the revolting and inharmonious adjuncts with which they may be sometimes associated. It is not, perhaps, to be questioned that if some of the monstrosities of the Church of Rome, such, for instance, as dramatic exhibitions of the Saviour's passions, were united by some popular and energetic preacher of the gospel with a vivid appeal to the conscience, in the statement of evangelical truths, souls might be converted from the error of their ways; but would this authorise and justify us in representing the scenes of Calvary upon a stage? We eschew then, at once and for ever, all attempts at revival which offend against the majesty and sobriety of divine truth,—which violate the proprieties of public worship—produce an excitement of the passions that amounts to a kind of mental intoxication—and render tame, tasteless, and insipid, the ordinary ministrations of the sanctuary.

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* From his last work, "The Church in Earnest."

But is there no middle course between wild extravagance and dull formality? Between the performances of the actor, and the somnolence of the sluggard? Shall no stimulating treatment be adopted by a judicious phyician with a collapsed patient, because some ignorant quacks have carried it so far as to bring on epilepsy or madness? I know it is the opinion of many, that all attempts to keep up, or to increase, the spirit of vital godliness in the Church, and to multiply conversions by special services, tend to relax, on the part of both ministers and their flocks, their diligence in the use of such as are stated; and to teach them to rely on occasional and spasmodic exertions, rather than on such as are habitual. Our object, they say, should be to produce a constant and well-sustained earnestness, rather than a fitful and transient one; just as in regard to our bodies our aim is habitually to keep up robust health rather than to neglect it, and trust to occasional and extraordinary means for restoring it. This is true. But surely if in the latter case it be well to resort to special means of cure *when* the health *is* impaired, and the strength is reduced, and in the best constitutions this will sometimes take place, it must be equally proper, so far the analogy holds good, to follow this rule in reference to religion. In the best and the most watchful Christians, piety, alas! will occasionally decline; first love will abate; and vital godliness be among "the things that remain, and that are ready to die." Who does not feel this, and lament it too? Have not all, in whose soul is the life of God, and who are anxious to maintain that life in vigour, found it necessary occasionally to observe special seasons of examination, humiliation, and prayer? Is there a volume of religious biography of any eminently good man extant, that does not give us an account of his days of fasting and devotion, which he observed to obtain a revival of religion in his soul? Is there a Christian in real earnestness for salvation, one of more than usual piety, that does not feel it necessary to add an occasional season of devotion to his accustomed duties, in order to recover lost ground, and to advance in the divine life? And does this practice take him off from his usual and regular duties of meditation and prayer? On the contrary, does it not rather lead him to supply defects, to correct negligences, and to pursue his course with fresh vigour and alacrity. Surely, if this be the case with the individual Christian, the same thing may be affirmed of a Christian Church.

By special services are not meant fixed periodical ones, such as yearly fasts, or a regular annual repetition of continuous preachings; for such cease to be special, and become a part of the ordinary means, and are themselves liable to sink into the same dulness of routine, and deadness of formalism, as the more frequent and ordinary means.

What is meant by special services are some such exercises as the following. An occasional day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, by a religious denomination, to which all the churches shall be *invited* by the committees that manage their affairs, or which shall be determined upon by the churches themselves at their general gathering.

An occasional meeting for solemn prayer by the directors of our public institutions, when all business shall be excluded, and nothing else done but invoking the blessing of God upon their plans, their counsels, and their objects; and thus a devotional spirit be infused into all their operations. It is true they generally commence every meeting with prayer, but who has not felt how perfunctorily this is often done?

How much would it tend to keep up a right feeling and a fervent spirit in the ministry, if the pastors within a district of twenty or thirty miles diameter, were occasionally to meet and spend a couple of days together in solemn prayer, unrestrained conference, and mutual exhortation? What solemn discourse—what deep utterances of the heart—what intercommunion of soul—might not then take place! As it now is, we meet only for *business, business, business,* till we return to our homes, revived a little, perhaps, in body, for the journey, but not one whit better, sometimes even worse, in our spiritual state.

Single churches could by voluntary resolution of their own, determine to keep occasionally a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. In the olden times of our forefathers, this was by no means uncommon; but alas, in our busy day we find little time, and have less inclination, for such exercises. True, it might be difficult to command a week-day for such a purpose: what hinders, then, that a Sabbath should not sometimes be thus appropriated, and the services of that day all be made to bear on the object?

Where whole churches do not set apart such seasons, why may not a few of the members, who are like-minded in their devotional habits, in their yearnings after a higher tone of spiritual feeling, and their longing for the outpouring of the Spirit, agree together to meet at particular times for special prayer? How blessed an invitation is it to issue from some spiritually-minded Christian to his fellows, "Come let us set apart a season of special prayer for a revival of true piety in our church, in the denomination, and the whole Church of God."

But there is another kind of special services which, for the purpose of conversion, might be resorted to with great advantage, if conducted with propriety: I mean, continuous preaching, carried on for several successive days, and accompanied by earnest prayer on the part of the members of the Church. As already intimated, this plan has been lamentably abused, not only by certain men called "revivalist preachers," whose outrageous rant, "pious frauds," and solemn trickery, have done so much mischief, and have furnished the lukewarm with an apology for formalism; but by others, who have made such services a mere pretence to call attention to a partially deserted place, or to puff an unknown minister into notice, till one almost loathes the very name of "revival meetings." But how different from all this "bellows' blowing," as Mr Jay called it, are the sober and solemn services which have been, and still are, carried on by some ministers, to call by special efforts the attention of the careless to the awful verities of eternal truth. When a minister perceives that little good seems to result from his preaching, that souls are not converted, and that professors are lukewarm and worldly, is there any thing contrary to sobriety, to reason, to revelation, to the laws of propriety, or to the mental economy of man, in determining by a continuous series of services, sustained through the evenings of a whole week, to keep religion before the minds of the people, and rouse their slumbering attention to its high import? Is not this perectly consonant with the strictest decorum, with the most refined spiritual sensibility? Shall science, shall politics, shall literature, have their special services, and not religion? How likely a plan is it to rouse the minds of the careless—to fix the thoughts of the volatile—to decide the choice of the wavering—and to kindle the ardour of the lukewarm, thus to carry on a succession of appeals to them through a whole week? Keep out extravagance, let there be no anxious seat, no vociferation, no extravagant appeals to the passions; but only the vivid, solemn, and faithful exhibition of the truth. As one minister, the pastor, may not have strength enough for such services, another, or more than one, may be called on to assist him. During all this while, much prayer should ascend from the Church for the divine blessing to come down upon such efforts. What can be objected to in such a scheme? Who has ever tried it without a blessed result? What, in fact, were the labours of Whitefield and Wesley, yea, what were the labours of apostles, but such continuous services as these? It is said of the blessed Paul, he disputed, or as it signifies by a better translation, discoursed, *daily* in the school of Tyrannus. . . . . .

On writing for his opinion on this subject to one whom God has honoured and blessed in his efforts, and who is one of the most devout and sober-minded of our brethren, he thus replies to my inquiries: "I think that, considering the state of the churches generally, there is a call for something of this kind. The ministers are unsettled, which they would not be if they were doing good. I am sorry to say also the churches are often dissatisfied with their ministers, an evil which would be obviated were more good accomplished. It appears to me that special efforts, if wisely conducted, would be productive of much benefit; first of all, to the ministers themselves, in teaching them to understand better the nature of the work in which they are engaged. They would be led to know more how to aim at the conversion of sinners in their preaching. Secondly, it would do much good to the churches in arousing them to a better conception of their calling and duty, and they would acquire more of the taste for seeing good done, which would render them discontented with the desolation around them, and constrain them to give themselves more to prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit. When a church has once witnessed a season of revival, it is much more likely to witness the same again and again, than one that knows nothing of it but by hearsay. Thirdly, the world around the church where the special effort is made will often receive an impression, the effects of which are visible for many years. Thoughts are first started in the mind which are not for long after matured into conversion. This I look upon as the greatest of all the benefits derived from special efforts. A leaven is cast into the community, which makes the regular preaching of the gospel afterwards much more efficacious. I am sure this was the case at C——, and I have reason to believe it has been the case at other places also."

This is the testimony of reason and experience, and cannot be gainsaid. Similar testimony is borne by all who have had the courage to institute such services, the fervour necessary for their efficiency, and the discretion requisite to conduct them with propriety.

THE SECRET OF POWERFUL PREACHING.

No sermon preached in New England has acquired greater celebrity than that preached by President Edwards at Enfield, July 8, 1741, from the words, "*Their foot shall slide in due time.*" "When they went into the meeting-house the appearance of the assembly was thoughtless and vain; the people hardly conducted themselves with common decency." But, as the preacher proceeded, it is certain that the audience was so overwhelmed with distress and weeping, that the preacher "was obliged to speak to the people and desire silence that he might be heard;" and a powerful revival followed. And it is said that a minister in the pulpit, in the agitation of his feelings, caught the preacher by the skirt, and cried, "Mr E., Mr E., is not God a God of mercy?" and that hearers were seen unconsciously bracing themselves against the pillars and the sides of the pews, as if they already felt themselves sliding into the bottomless pit. This fact is often cited simply as a proof of President Edwards' peculiar eloquence—the more striking because it was his habit simply to read from his notes without gestures.

But there is another element to be taken into the account in explaining this result. The following quotation will exhibit it. "While the people of the neighbouring towns were in great distress for their souls, the inhabitants of Enfield were very secure, loose, and vain. A lecture had been appointed there; and the neighbouring people were so affected at the thoughtlessness of the inhabitants, and in such fears that God would in his righteous judgment pass them by, as to be prostrate before him a considerable part of the evening previous, supplicating mercy for their souls. When the time appointed for the lecture came, a number of the neighbouring ministers attended, and some from a distance;" a proof of the extent of prayerful interest in behalf of the town. Here, then, we have the secret of the powerful impression of that sermon, in the fact that Christians in the churches around, themselves under the unusual influences of God's Spirit, were *offering their fervent prayers for God's blessing on that sermon.*

Another sermon, the immediate results of which were perhaps more striking than the results of any sermon of modern times, was preached by Mr Livingstone, in Scotland. This, also, is often cited as an illustration of the power of eloquence. But in the old work by Robert Fleming of Rotterdam, entitled, "The Fulfilling of the Scriptures," will be found precisely the same explanation of these extraordinary results:—"I must also mention that solemn communion at the Kirk of Shotts, June 20, 1630, at which time there was so convincing an appearance of God, and down-pouring of the Spirit even in an extraordinary way, that did follow the ordinances; especially that sermon on the Monday, 21st June, with a strange unusual motion on the hearers, who in a great multitude were there convened of divers ranks, that it was known (which I can speak on sure ground) near five hundred had at that time a discernible change wrought on them, of whom most proved lively Christians afterwards. It was the sowing of a seed through Clydesdale, so as many of the most eminent Christians in that country could date either their conversion or some remarkable confirmation in their case from that day. And truly this was the more remarkable, that one after much reluctance, by a special and unexpected providence, was called to preach that sermon on the Monday, which then was not usually practised; and that night before, by most of the Christians there, was spent in prayer; so that the Monday's work as a convincing return of prayer might be discerned." Here then is the secret. "Christians having received on the Sabbath an anointing from on high, spent the night in that wrestling and prevailing prayer which such an anointing alone calls into exercise."

These two extraordinary facts, therefore, are to be cited as examples, not of the power of *eloquence*, but of the power of *prayer*.—*Puritan Recorder*.

THE OLD SLAVE'S PRAYER.

Mr Ravenscross was a slaveholder in Virginia, and reputed a hard master. His poor distressed slaves were in the habit of meeting at night in a distant hut, for the purpose of worshipping God. He was informed of this, and at the same time put on his guard, as it was suspected their motives for meeting were different from what they held out, and that an insurrection might be the consequence. Under this impression he determined to prevent their assembling in future, chastised the promoters of this work, and gave positive orders, under the most serious penalty, that they should never assemble again under any pretence whatever. A short time after he was told they had been seen going in a body into the hut. Much displeased at their disobedience, and resolving that night to put a stop to their proceedings, he approached the hut with all the feelings of an offended master. When he reached the door, it was partly open. He looked in; they were on their knees. He listened; there was a venerable old man, who had been long in his service, pouring out his soul in prayer to God. The first words which caught his ear were, "Merciful God, turn my poor massa's heart: make him merciful, that he may obtain mercy; make him good, that he may inherit the kingdom of heaven." He heard no more, but fainted. Upon coming to himself he wept, went into the sacred hut, knelt by the side of his old slave, and prayed also! From this period, he became a true penitent, studied the Scriptures, took orders, and became a shining light. He preached at the general convention of the Episcopal church, in the city of Philadelphia, before more than two hundred of the clergy, in the year 1820.

SUBMISSION.

When Mr Thomas Goodwin, who died in the prime of life in the year 1658, was on his deathbed, a friend visited him, and recommended submission to the will of God. Goodwin assented to the propriety of the counsel given, and added, "But my desire is to reach further, and not only to submit, which an ordinary Christian may do, but to raise myself to courage and cheerfulness under the rod. Blessed be God, that hitherto I can date his choicest mercies from some great affliction." Have the afflictions of the reader been thus sanctified?

A few days before his death, he overheard the physician expressing his fears that the disease would prove fatal. This led him to a very solemn self-examination. "I did all along in my sickness," said he, "set my heart to labour for a sanctified use of the Lord's hand; but overhearing that, I thought it needful to look most carefully into my heart as to evidences for eternity; and truly, upon a thorough search of my heart, I bless God I find good old evidences though I be but a young man, and they stick very close to me. But one thing troubles and afflicts my spirit very much, that when I grew very serious, being exercised about serious work, the search of my heart for eternity-evidences, I perceived this seriousness of mine was judged by some to be melancholy for fear of death. Now this, indeed, troubles me very much, that any should take me to be such an one who am afraid to die."

Just before his death, he discoursed with great power concerning the sweetness and fulness of Christ. His last words were—"Well, it is a sweet thing when he that speaks of Christ hath Christ dwelling in him at the time when he speaks." Why should not every Christian possess the same clear *eternity-evidences*, and attain the same nearness to Christ?

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

When visiting America, Mr Whitefield often stood on the outside steps of the court-house, in Market Street, at the corner of Second, in Philadelphia, and preached to thousands who crowded the streets below. On one of these occasions, a youth pressed as near to his favourite preacher as possible; and, to testify his respect, held a lantern for his accommodation. Soon after the sermon began, he became so absorbed in the subject, that the lantern fell from his hand, and was dashed to pieces; and that part of the audience in the immediate vicinity of the speaker's station were not a little discomposed by the occurrence.

Some years after, Mr Whitefield, in the course of his fifth visit to America, about the year 1754, on a journey from the southward, called at St George's, in Delaware, where Mr (afterwards Dr) Rodgers (one of the ablest and most spiritual ministers of his day) was then settled in the ministry, and spent some time with him. In the course of this visit, Mr Rodgers, riding one day with his visitor in a close carriage, asked him whether he recollected the occurrence of the little boy who was so much affected with his preaching as to let the lantern fall. Mr Whitefield answered, "Oh, yes! I remember it well; and hath often thought I would give almost any thing in my power to know who that little boy was, and what has become of him." Mr Rodgers replied, with a smile, "I am that little boy." Mr Whitefield, with tears of joy, started from his seat, clasped him in his arms, and with strong emotions remarked, that he was the fourteenth person then in the ministry whom he had discovered in the course of that visit to America, of whose hopeful conversion he had been the instrument.

CITY HEATHEN.

An excellent but somewhat eccentric clergyman, one Sabbath, at the close of the services, gave notice to his congregation that in the course of the week he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. The members of his Church were struck with alarm and sorrow at the sudden and unexpected loss of their beloved pastor, and one of the deacons, in great agitation, exclaimed, "What *shall* we do?" "Oh, brother C——," said the minister, with great apparent ease, "*I don't expect to go out of town!*"

THE BEECHER FAMILY.

The humble, weary, and anxious toils of the nursery, sometimes need glimpses of the future, to impart to them their true dignity and value. Let any mother who feels that she is of small value, and that her duties and cares are of little account, ponder over such incidents as these:—

On the east of Long Island, in one of the most secluded spots in this country, more than thirty years ago, a mother, whose rare intellectual and moral endowments were known to but few, made one day this simple record:—

"This morning I rose very early to pray for my children, and especially that my sons may be ministers and missionaries of Jesus Christ."

A number of years after, a friend who was present, thus describes the mother's dying hour: "Owing to extreme weakness, her mind wandered, and her conversation was broken; but as she entered the valley of the shadow of death, her soul lighted up and gilded its darkness. She made a feeling and most appropriate prayer, and told her husband that her views and anticipations had been such that she could scarcely sustain them, and that if they had been increased, she should have been overwhelmed; that her Saviour had blessed her with constant peace, and that through all her sickness she had never prayed for life. She dedicated her five sons to God as ministers and missionaries of Jesus Christ, and said that her greatest desire was, that her children might be trained up for God.

"She spoke with joy of the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, and of the glorious day now ushering in. She attempted to speak to her children, but was so exhausted, and their cries and sobs were such, that she could say but little. Her husband then offered up a prayer, in which he gave her back to God, and dedicated all they held in common to him. She then fell into a sweet sleep, from which she awoke in heaven."

The prayers of this mother have been answered. All her eight children have been "trained up for God." Her five sons are all "ministers and missionaries of Jesus Christ." And the late Rev. George Beecher was the first of her offspring whom she welcomed to heaven.

PRAYER FOR A MINISTER'S CONVERSION.

The Rev. Solomon Stoddard of Northampton, the predecessor of the far-famed President Edwards, was engaged by his people on an emergency. They soon found themselves disappointed, for he gave no indications of a renewed and serious mind. In this difficulty their resource was prayer. They agreed to set apart a day for special fasting and prayer, in reference to their pastor. Many of the persons meeting for this purpose had necessarily to pass the door of the minister. Mr Stoddard hailed a plain man whom he knew, and addressed him, "What is all this? What is doing to-day?" The reply was, "The people, sir, are meeting to pray for your conversion." It sunk into his heart. He exclaimed to himself, "Then it is time I prayed for myself!" He was not seen that day. He was seeking in solitude what they were asking in company; and "while they were yet speaking," they were heard and answered. The pastor gave unquestionable evidence of the change; he laboured amongst a beloved and devoted people for nearly half a century; and was, for that period, deservedly ranked among the most able and useful of Christian ministers.

HINTS ON SERMON-MAKING.

In one of the lectures addressed to his students on the composition of sermons, Dr Stanford says:—"I cannot deny myself the pleasure of stating, that many years ago I met with a plain yet good old minister, who, in conversation with me on the subject of the composition of a sermon, very pleasantly said, "I know of no better rule than the proportions observable in the structure of the human body. Let your introduction be short, like the head of the man, round, and full of expression. Make up the body of your sermon of the solids of divine truth; but be sure that Christ be the heart, and the Spirit of God like the lungs, to produce respiration. The legs to run after every class of your hearers; and a pair of arms tenderly to embrace them. This may appear to you a little fanciful, but I must confess, however singular the description, yet to my mind it seemed worthy of being remembered."

A UNIVERSALIST MINISTER.

A universalist minister was travelling, and had sent on an intimation that he intended to preach in a certain place. On his arrival, he found a congregation, to whom he proclaimed the doctrine of universal salvation. After the sermon, he informed his hearers that he should be that way on his return, at such a time; and if they desired it, he would then preach again. No one replied till he had twice repeated his statement. At last an old *Friend*, in the back part of the congregation, rose, and said, "If thee hast told the truth this time, we do not *need* thee any more; and if thee hast told us a lie, we do not *want* thee any more"—an answer which, although somewhat grotesque, was yet very much to the purpose.

Fragments.

What is a saint, but a stranger and pilgrim upon earth—a man in a strange country travelling homeward? So David professed himself; and so those worthies who are now at home in heaven professed themselves. A viaticum contents a traveller; he will not encumber himself with superfluous things, which would rather clog and tire, than expedite and help him in his journey.

In company, set a guard upon your tongue; in solitude, upon your heart.

Diogenes used to say, "Other dogs bite their enemies, but I my friends, that I may save them."

Seest thou a man diligent in his business?—he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.

Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so, his pencil took a tint from it. Apply the same rule to bad books and bad company.

What is misfortune? Whatever separates us from God. What a blessing? Every means of approximation to him. No right opinions, clearness of comprehension, or fulness of belief in religious matters, signify any thing to our establishment and conversion, unless they are from God. The crosses and mortifications we meet with from others are a precious means of humbling, instructing, and improving us; we should be undone without them. If God gives internal comfort, it is not that we may live upon it, but to support and animate us to some further end.—*Adam.*

SABBATH MUSINGS.

The Fall of the First Leaf.

BY A COUNTRY MINISTER.

Now the setting sun casts its slanting ray over bare fields and full barn-yards; the embrowning shade is stealing over the woods; the plovers congregate, showing and hiding by turns, in their rapid evolutions, their white breast and back; the partridges emit their harsh sound from the fresh stubble; the shortening day and lengthening nights—all tell that the year is

> "Tending to the darksome hollows,
> Where the frosts of winter lie"

Still, there are days full of enjoyment and sacred to meditation, in which autumn meets the lingering summer—days in which a stray swallow may be seen, and the last butterfly is on the wing. In one of these delightsome days, walking in an alcove of trees, where the broken sunbeams were struggling through the thick branches, and the gnats were besporting themselves during their little hour, and the only sound which broke the stillness was the song of the red-breast, with its sweet cadences and pauses, a gentle rustle was heard amid the foliage—the rustle of a moment—and a beech leaf, undulating for a little in the air, lighted noiselessly on the ground. It was the falling of the first leaf we had observed, and it carried the mind away into many grave reflections.

It told of decay. It resembles the first grey hair, or the first loosening tooth, or the first occasion on which a man is made convincingly to feel that his legs have not the strength which they once knew, or some other of the numberless messengers of ebbing vigour. The prophet Hosea says of Ephraim, "Yea, grey hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knows it not." This is spoken in reproof. For man's wisdom is to know his weakness. The lesson is great gain when we learn practically and personally that our strength is not the strength of stones, nor our bones brass.

> "O, let the soul in slumber break,
> Arouse its senses and awake,
> To see how soon
> Life, with its glories, glides away,
> And the stern footsteps of decay
> Come stealing on!"

My soul, seek thou Job's knowledge: "I know that thou will bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living."

§ 35

This little leaf had served its end in the vegetable economy. It had expanded itself in delicate green from the manifold enwrappings of the bud; it had fluttered joyously in the breeze, it had glanced in the sunshine; along with its fellows it had served to expand the surface of the tree on which it had hung, preparing its juices and ministering to its nourishment; but now the end is gained, nature rids herself of the leaf as superfluous, and it falls, to be for a time the sport and plaything of the winds, and then to rot and decay, and to be trampled under foot. The fall of the leaf is not a single result. It is symptomatic of the fall of all its fellows. The frosts will loosen them, the winds will shake them, and they will drop off in showers, until the forest bereft of its honours become a leafless scene. So falls man. At times singly and silently. Again as with an overflowing flood they are carried away. As in the late mortality, death smites with a fearful force, and multitudes are hurried into an unexpected grave. Let me meditate gratitude for preservation when death's shafts have been flying thick through the land! And yet it is at best only a difference of time; when a few years are over and gone, we all must go the way whence there is no return. "And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all the men of that generation."

Scripture overlooks not the fall of the leaf. Amid confessions of sin are those affecting words placed, "We all do fade as a leaf." They tell of decay and decline not only in the natural, but in the spiritual world. "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousness are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities like the wind have taken us away."

As we tread amid the scattered leaves of autumn, let us humble our proud hearts, for each leaf may be a monitor to us of impressions which have faded, and of resolutions which have failed. If grace is implanted and maintained, it is by the power and repeated renewals of Him who is the author of it, to the glory of whose grace be all the praise. That falling leaf may admonish me of the first step of a declining course which hastens on to more ungodliness, until, one by one, all the symbols and evidences of spirituality disappear, and the poor soul is left all the more hardened and the more hopeless. The latter end of that man is worse than the first.

It is the voice of the Church's lamentation, when driven by God's visitations to the pure and wholesome fountains of true penitence. By these rivers she sits and she weeps; and, sympathizing with decaying nature, she bewails in sorrow her past defections. She reviews the state of religion, and sees much total prayerlessness, and more formal, ineffectual prayer—a withdrawing and a smiting God. Yet embracing in her fellowship "the small remnant" cast down, but not forsaken, she cleaves in faith to her covenant God. "But now, O Lord, thou art *our Father*. Be not wroth very sore, O Lord, neither remember iniquity for ever; behold, see, we beseech thee, we are all *thy people*." In this spirit may the Church at present conduct her inquiries and her exercises regarding the condition of religion in our land.

But what of that land itself? Behold, in every case which emerges fresh instances of growing corruption. Britain, once the fortress of Protestantism, pandering in her legislation to Popish and Socinian influence—her Sabbaths violated—her Government deaf to the voice of God's judgments, and to the remonstrances of the Christian community—obstinately bent on new encroachments—and, as if testifying to every eye the currency of ungodliness, withdrawing from her last coinage all acknowledgements of the Highest.* Where is now the Protestant spirit of the Brunswick race? Sleeps it in the grave of the departed? Is the age of Christian legislation for the present gone? Ye that fear the Lord, and love your country, arise, anoint the shield, and be ye valiant for the truth.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER AND THE UNIFORMITY OF NATURE.

[THE following is a portion of a sermon preached by Dr Chalmers on this subject, during the visitation of cholera in 1832. It furnishes an eloquent and unanswerable reply to the common Infidel objection, that prayer is useless, because in all her operations nature is uniform.]

Every event in nature or history has a cause in some prior event that went before it, and that again in another, and that again in another still higher than itself in this scale of precedency; and so might we climb our ascending way from cause to cause, from consequent to antecedent, till the investigation has been carried upwards, from the farthest possible verge of human discovery. There it is that the domain of observation or of philosophy terminates; but we mistake if we think that there the progression, whose terms or whose footsteps we have traced thus far, also terminates. Beyond this limit we cannot track the pathway of causation, not because the pathway ceases, but because we have lost sight of it, having now retired from view among the depths and mysteries of an unknown region, which we, with our bounded faculties, cannot enter. This may be termed the region of faith—placed as it were above the region of experience. The things which are done in the higher, have an overruling influence, by lines of transmission, on all that happens in the lower, yet without one breach or interruption to the uniformity of visible nature. Whatever is done in the transcendental region—be it by the influence of prayer; by the immediate finger of God; by the ministry of angels; by the spontaneous movements, whether of displeasure or of mercy above, responding to the sins or to the supplicating cries that ascend from earth's inhabitants below—that will pass by a descending influence into the palpable region of sense and observation; yet, from the moment it comes within its limits, will it proceed without the semblance of a miracle, but by the march and the movement of nature's regularity, to its final consummation. God hath in wisdom ordained a regimen of general laws; and, that man might gather from the memory of the past those lessons of observation which serve for the guidance of the future, he hath enacted that all those successions shall be invariable which have their place and their fulfilment within the world of sensible experience. Yet God has not, on that account, made the world independent of himself. He keeps a perpetual hold on all its events and processes notwithstanding. He does not dissever himself, for a single instant, from the government and the guardianship of his own universe; and can still, notwithstanding all we see of nature's rigid uniformity, adapt the forthgoings of his power to all the wants and all the prayers of his dependent family. For this purpose, he does not need to stretch forth his hand on the inferior and the visible links of any progression, so as to shift the known successions of experience; or at all to intermeddle with the lessons and the laws of this great schoolmaster. He may work in secret, and yet perform all his pleasure, not by the achievement of a miracle on nature's open platform, but by the touch of one or other of those master springs which lie within the recesses of her inner laboratory. There, and at his place of supernal command by the fountain heads of influence, he can turn whithersoever he will the machinery of our world, and without the possibility by human eye of detecting the least infringement on any of its processes—at once upholding the regularity of visible nature, and the supremacy of nature's invisible God.

When the sigh of the midnight storm sends fearful agitation into a mother's heart, as she thinks of her sailor boy, now exposed to its fury, on the waters of a distant ocean—these stern disciples of a hard and stern infidelity would, on this notion of a rigid and impracticable constancy in nature, forbid her prayers, holding them to be as impotent and vain, though addressed to the God who has all the elements in his hand, as if lifted up with senseless importunity to the raving elements themselves. Yet nature would strongly prompt the aspiration; and, if there be truth in our argument, there is nothing in the constitution of the universe to forbid its accomplishment. God might answer the prayer, not by unsettling the order of secondary causes—not by reversing any of the wonted successions that are known to take place in the ever-restless, ever-heaving atmosphere—not by sensible miracle among those nearer footsteps which the philosopher has traced; but by the touch of an immediate hand among the deep recesses of materialism, which are beyond the ken of all his instruments. It is thence that the Sovereign of nature might bid the wild uproar of the elements into silence. It is there that the virtue comes out of Him, which passes like a winged messenger from the invisible to the visible; and, at the threshold of separation between these two regions, impresses the direction of the Almighty's will on the remotest cause which science can mount her way to. From this point in the series, the path of descent along the line of nearer and proximate causes may be rigidly invariable; and in respect of the order, the precise undeviating order, wherewith they follow each other, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. The heat, and the vapour, and the atmospherical precipitates, and the consequent moving forces by which either to raise a new tempest or lay an old one—all these may proceed, and without one hair-breadth of deviation, according to the successions of our established philosophy; yet each be but the obedient messenger of that voice, which gave forth its command at the fountain-head of the whole operation; which commissioned the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth, and made lightnings for the rain, and brought the wind out of his treasuries. These are the palpable steps of the process; but an unseen influence, behind the farthest limit of man's boasted discoveries, may have set them agoing. And that influence may have been accorded to prayer—the power that moves Him who moves the universe; and who, without violence to the known regularities of nature, can either send forth the hurricane over the face of the deep, or recall it at His pleasure. Such is the joyful persuasion of faith, and proud philosophy cannot disprove it. A woman's feeble cry may have overruled the elemental war, and hushed into silence this wild frenzy of the winds and the waves, and evoked the gentler breezes from the cave of their slumbers, and wafted the vessel of her dearest hopes, and which held the first and fondest of her earthly treasures, to its desired haven.

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* The florin, which has been issued from the mint lately, has not the usual inscription, "Victoria, by the grace of God Queen," but only "Victoria, Queen."

And so of other prayers. It is not withont instrumentality, but by means of it, that they are answered. The fulfilment is preceded by the accustomed series of causes and effects; and preceded as far upward as the eye of man can trace the pedigree of sensible causation. Were it by a break any where in the traceable part of this series that the prayer was answered, then its fulfilment wauld be miraculous. But without a miracle the prayer is answered as effectually. Thus, for example, is met the cry of a people under famine for a speedy and plenteous harvest—not by the instant appearance of the ripened grain, at the bidding of a voice from heaven—not preternaturally cherished into maturity in the midst of storms, but ushered onwards, by a grateful succession of shower and sunshine, to a prosperous consummation. An abundant harvest is granted to prayer; yet without violence either to the laws of the vegetable physiology, or to any of the known laws by which the alterations of the weather are determined. It must be acknowledged by every philosopher, how soon it is that we arrive in both departments, on the confines of deepest mystery; and, let the constancy of patent and palpable nature be as unaltered and unalterable as it may, God reserves to himself the place of mastery and command, whether among the arcana of vegetation, or the depths of meteorology. He may at once permit a most rigid uniformity to the visible workings of nature's mechanism, while among its invisible, which are also its antecedent workings, he retains that station of pre-eminence and power, whence he brings all things to pass according to his pleasure. It is not by sending bread from the upper storehouses of the firmament that he answers this prayer. It is by sending rain and fruitful seasons. The intermediate machinery of nature is not cast aside, but pressed into the service; and the prayer is answered by a secret touch from the finger of the Almighty, which sets all its parts and all its processes agoing. With the eye of sense, man sees nothing but nature revolving in her wonted cycles, and the months following each other in bright and beautiful succession. In the eye of faith, ay, and of sound philosophy, every year of smiling plenty upon earth, is a year crowned with the goodness of heaven.

But to touch on that which more immediately concerns us, let us now instance prayer for health. We ask, if here philosophy has taken possession of the whole domain, and left no room for the prerogatives and the exercise of faith—no hope for prayer? Has the whole intermediate space between the first cause and the ultimate phenomena been so thoroughly explored, and the rigid uniformity of every footstep in the series been so fixed and ascertained by observation, as to preclude the rationality of prayer, and leave it without a meaning, because without the possibility of a fulfilment? Where is the physician or the physiologist who can tell, that he has made the ascent from one prognostic or one predisposition to another, till he reached even to the primary fountain-head of that influence, which either medicates or distempers the human frame; and found throughout an adamantine chain of necessity, not to be broken by the sufferer's imploring cry? We ask the guardians of our health, how far upon the pathway of causation the discoveries of medical science have carried them; and whether, above and beyond their farthest look into the mysteries of our framework, there are not higher mysteries, where a God may work in secret, and the hand of the Omnipotent be stretched forth to heal or to destroy? It is thence he may answer prayer. It is from this summit of ascendency that he may direct all the processes of the human constitution; yet without violating in any instance the uniformity of the few last and visible footsteps. Because science has traced, and so far determined this uniformity, she has not therefore exiled God from his own universe; she has not forced the Deity to quit his hold of its machinery, or to forego by one iota the most perfect command of all its evolutions. His superintendence is as close and continuous and special, as if all things were done by the visible intervention of his hand. Without superstition, with the fullest recognition of science in all its prerogatives and all its glories, might we feel our immediate dependence on God; and, even in this our philosophic day, and notwithstanding all that philosophy has made known to us, might we still assert and vindicate the higher philosophy of prayer, asking of God, as patriarchs and holy men of old did before us, for safety and sustenance, and health, and all things.

And if ever in the dealings of God with the people of the earth, if ever science had less of the territory, and faith had more of it, it is in that undisclosed mystery which still hangs over us; which now for many months has shed baleful influences on your crowded city; and whereof no man can tell whether, in another day or another hour, it might not descend with fell swoop into the midst of his own family, entering there with rude unceremonious footstep, and hurrying to one of its rapid and inglorious funerals the dearest of the inmates. Never on any other theme did philosophy make more entire demonstration of her own helplessness; and perhaps at the very first footstep of the investigation, or on the question of the proximate cause, the controversy is loudest of all. But however justly of the proximate cause discovery may be made, or however remotely among the anterior causes the investigation might be carried, never will proud philosophy be able to annul the intervention of a God, or purchase to herself the privilege of mocking at the poor man's prayer. Indeed, amid the exuberance and variety of speculation on this unsettled and unknown subject, there was one remote cause assigned for this pestilent visitation, which, so far from shutting out, rather suggests, and that most forcibly, the intervention of a God immediately before it. "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt, and for the bee that is in the land of Assyria: and they shall come, and shall rest all of them in the desolate valleys, and in the holes of the rocks, and upon all thorns, and upon all bushes."—(Isaiah vii. 18, 19.) We hope to have made it plain to you, let this or any other cause be found the true one, that, however high the path of discovery may have been traced, yet higher still there is place for the finger of a God above to regulate all the designs of a special providence, and to move in conformity with all the accepted prayers of his family below. But among the scoffers of our latter day, even in the absence or the want of all discovery, the finger of a God is disowned; and it seems to mark how resolute, and at the same time how hopeless, is the infidelity of modern times, that, just in proportion to our ignorance of all the secondary or the sensible causes, is our haughty refusal of any homage to the first cause. It is passing strange of this disease, that, after having baffled every attempt to find out its dependence on aught that is on earth, the idea of its dependence on the will of heaven should, of all others, have been laughed most impiously to scorn. The voice of derision and defiance was first heard in our high places; and thence it passed, as if by infection, into general society. And so, many have disowned the power and the will of the Deity in this visitation. They most unphilosophically, we think, as well as impiously, have spurned at prayer.

HINTS BY "OLD HUMPHREY."*

I. ON THE VARYING MOODS OF THE MIND.

There is hardly a better way of understanding mankind than that of narrowly examining our own hearts. Whatever we observe in others, we have the germ of it in ourselves. If, therefore, I speak of the varying moods of the mind with which I am familiar, it is most likely that I shall introduce to you some of your old acquaintance.

There is a careless mood—would that I could say with truth I have never known it; a mood in which we are neither melted by God's mercies nor affected by his judgments. Friends are carried to the tomb, Sabbaths pass over us, and time rolls on towards eternity, and still we are at ease. This is a sad state for many reasons, and for this among them, that such a mood of mind calls for trouble. Pilgrims were never intended to walk through the world as smoothly as along a bowling green. "Tremble, ye that are at ease." "Be troubled, ye careless ones." We may put it down as a certainty, that so sure as we are careless and at ease, so sure will trouble come upon us. I had rather not sleep than be unthankful for a good night's rest. I had rather sorrow for sin, than sin without sorrowing.

There is a desponding mood; and I need not ask if you have ever known it, for the proudest spirit, the stoutest heart that is hooped with ribs, at times gives way to despondency. It is not only in the actual condition of his creatures, but also in the moods of their mind, that God puts down the mighty from their seat, and exalts the humble and meek. Before now I have been so shorn of my strength, and left so desolate, that the heavens have been as brass to me, and the earth as iron. I have felt myself to be such a poor, forlorn, good-for-nothing creature, as to think that I should never hold up my head again. In this weak-minded, God-dishonouring spirit, I have written bitter things against myself, magnifying my infirmities, diminishing my mercies, darkening my hopes, and heaping up, instead of clearing away, the brambles in my path. It is hard to fight against, and still harder to conquer this mood; for when it once lays firm hold of us, it drags us down to the very dust. My advice to you is, to wage war against it with all the powers of your mind; set about something that requires energy of action, something that will force your thoughts into another channel; and if, after trying your best to keep clear of the Slough of Despond, you do tumble into it at last, do as Christian of old did; he endeavoured to struggle to that side of the slough that was farthest from his "own house, and next to the wicket gate." That is a precious prayer: "When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I." —(Psa. lxi. 2.)

There is an anxious mood of mind, in which some are too often found, and now and then I have had a touch of it myself. It leads many to overlook their mercies; to be dissatisfied with such things as they have, and to imagine that the very bits and drops which support them are in jeopardy. I have known some, blessed with riches, who have looked forward in this anxious mood to poverty; and some inhabiting goodly mansions, who have trembled lest the workhouse should await them. Is this a suitable return to the Giver of all good for his abundant bounty? Is it not enough to cause him to visit us with the very evil we fear? Like the disciples of old, we stand in need of the rebuke and the encouragement to "consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls!"—(Luke xii. 24.)

There is a proud and ambitious mood, and a bad mood it is. Sometimes—but this is not often the case—I catch myself musing on earthly honours and advantages, forgetting the brief tenure of worldly possessions, and that human life is "even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."—(James iv. 14.)

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* From "Pithy Papers," by Old Humphrey.

When the Greek emperors were crowned, in the midst of all the pomp and splendour of their coronation, they were, on one hand, presented with a vase filled with ashes and dead men's bones, and, on the other, with flax, which was set on fire. Thus were they, by a double emblem, reminded of their mortality and the frailness of their worldly honours. At the present day, when a Pope is crowned, a master of the ceremonies carries a lighted wax taper in one hand, and a basin in the other. In the basin are castles and palaces made of flax; and the master of the ceremonies sets fire to them three times over, repeating each time the words, "Behold, holy father, how the glory of this world passes away!"

Now, though I am not likely to be made a Pope, and still less likely to be crowned a Greek emperor, yet may I get a profitable admonition from the burning flax; for there are other things in the world that may lead away the affections of an old man beside the temporalities of Greece and Rome.

As I said before, it is but seldom that I muse upon earthly honours and advantages, for usually I hold these things as cheap as any of my neighbours; yet, now and then, I have been silly enough to give way to such idle and unprofitable speculations. If in these moments of infirmity I could catch a glance, either of my grey hairs or the furrows on my brow, it might set me musing on other things. How is it with you. Do you find at times creeping over you something like the ambitious spirit of Haman, when he wanted to be clad in goodly garments, and paraded through the city? This ambitious mood, this vain and worldly spirit, is no credit to us. Let us pray against it earnestly, lest God should give us what we desire, and withhold what we need.

There is an humble mood; I do not mean a desponding one, and a sweet mood it is. O that I could rest in it for ever! We need not in this mood be told, for we feel it, that God "giveth grace unto the humble."—(James iv. 6.) I hope, my friends, that you are anxious to possess the grace of humility, looking to Him for it who can alone bestow it. We are never so peaceful, never so happy, never so secure, as when we are humble. We then envy no one, and we hate no one; and, so far from taking credit to ourselves in any thing, our language is, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory."—(Psa. cxv. 1.) In this mood we are feelingly persuaded of our nothingness, and gladly turn to Him who "is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."—(Heb. vii. 25.) Now, I am sadly afraid that this humble mood is not exactly the one in which we are most commonly found; that we cannot always, nor indeed generally, say, "Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty. I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother."—(Psa. cxxxi. 1, 2.)

There is a cheerful and light-hearted mood, not a vain and trifling one; a mood of mind that gilds this world with sunshine, and makes the path to the next appear as straight as an arrow. We feel no heavy burdens; we have no apprehensions of evil, but look on the bright side of every thing. We go out with joy, and are led forth with peace; the mountains and hills appear to break forth into singing, and the trees of the field to clap their hands. The very wilderness is glad, and the desert itself seems to blossom as the rose.

Are you now and then in this delightful mood? If so, be thankful; for it is a choice gift on the part of our heavenly Father. None can reasonably hope to enjoy it long but those who, in passing through this world, have fixed their hope of another on Him "who his own self bore our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness."—(1 Pet. ii. 24.)

There is a grateful mood, such as comes over us on our first walk abroad after sickness. The frame is weak, for it has been shaken; but the heart is grateful and happy. How abundantly, in such a mood as this, does our heavenly Father make amends to us for the pains we have felt, and the weary midnight tossings to and fro we have endured! The fever has left us, the anguish has departed; the pulse, that a few weeks ago was tearing away so fearfully and irregularly, is gently beating, and as true in its time as a chronometer. The air is so pure, the clear sky is so blue, and the trees are so green, though we cannot see them very distinctly for the joyful tears that bedew our eyes, that we are filled with thankfulness and delight. We feel, then, the goodness of God. Do you go with me while I describe this grateful mood of mind? I trust so, for if you have not known it, you are a stranger to one of the most delightful feelings in the human heart.

In such a mood as this, we can bless God for afflicting us, as well as for raising us up from the bed of affliction. We can bless him as heartily for what he has withheld, as for what he has bestowed. The truth is, we can bless God for all things, and desire that all things shall bless and praise his holy name. It is not so much our tongues as our hearts and souls that cry aloud, "Praise ye the Lord. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord."—(Psa. cl. 1, 6.)

II. ON COLLECTIONS IN PLACES OF WORSHIP.

NOTWITHSTANDING the large sums of money which are sometimes collected by Christian congregations, and the instances that occur of individual liberality, there are few occasions on which niggardliness is more generally manifested than in collections for the support of the gospel. Without indulging in uncharitable remarks, common observation is enough to convince us of the fact, that to evade a collection, or to contribute to it the least possible sum that decency will admit, is a common practice among professedly Christian people.

This niggardly acknowledgement, or rather this practical denial, of our attachment to Divine things, is accompanied with so little consciousness of shame, that even disguise, in many cases, is not resorted to: surely this infirmity ought to bring a blush on our cheeks.

When do any of us, in our pleasures, in our journeys, in our visits, in the reception of our friends, or in the purchase of any article of dress, make the same hesitation in the expenditure of a half-crown or a shilling, as we do in the case of a collection? And is, after all, the ever-blessed gospel of truth, with all its consolations for time, and its glorious hopes for eternity, a thing of so little consequence with us as to be weighed in the balances against a shilling? Christians! Christians! let us take the matter more to heart, and not thus acknowledge to ourselves, and proclaim to others, what a trifling value we put upon the gospel.

The celebrated Dr Franklin was once listening to a sermon when he expected there would be a collection. His mind, however, was made up not to give a single farthing. He had in his pocket at the time five pistoles in gold, three or four silver dollars, beside a handful of copper money.

As the minister proceeded in his discourse, the doctor began to relent, and thought to himself that he might as well part with his copper. Soon after this he was so much affected by what fell from the minister's lips, that he considered his copper would be too small an offering; his silver dollars were thus placed in a dangerous position. On went the minister, and in so eloquent and persuasive a manner, that by the time he had finished, the doctor was determined to do all he could for the cause which had been so ably advocated, so he poured into the collector's dish the contents of his pocket, copper money, silver dollars, and golden pistoles altogether.

I cannot tell whether, in the instance I have related, Dr Franklin was moved to act in the way he did because his judgment was convinced, or because his feelings were excited; but this I do know, that both our judgment and our affections, too, ought to prompt us to support the cause of the gospel. Now let me come a little closer to you in my remarks.

Did you never, when preparing to set out for the house of God, in recollecting that a charity sermon, or a collection, was appointed for that day, suddenly feel an unusual desire to be profited by the ministry of some servant of the Most High whom you had never heard, and who preached in a place of worship that you had never before entered?

Did you never actually, on such an occasion, "go farther, and fare worse" than you would have done in hearing your own minister, returning home more than half dissatisfied with yourself for the course you had taken?

Did you never, after putting yourself to much inconvenience to avoid one collection, stumble upon another, giving your money grudgingly, and resolving never again to be caught by a trap of your own baiting?

Did you never, after having made up your mind to give a certain sum, settle down into the prudential belief that half the amount would be more consistent with your circumstances?

Did you never, after having been wrought up to unwonted liberality by the affectionate earnestness and pious fervour of a Christian minister, cool in your resolvings, approaching the plate shorn of your strength, and giving merely as another man?

Did you never give, to secure the good opinion of the plate-holder, what you would not have given to the advocated cause? In one word, have you, or have you not, over and over again, given that gladly to a human being, which you would have given grudgingly to God?

I am ashamed to propose such questions, and perhaps some of you would be equally ashamed honestly to answer them. Away then with all parsimonious pinching and contriving, fumbling and shuffling, grudging and withholding, in the Redeemer's cause. We have been mercifully dealt with: let us thankfully acknowledge that mercy, remembering that "the liberal soul deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand." God has been good to us, let us at least show that we set some value on his gifts; and, as the glorious gospel has been freely given to us, freely let us support it.

THE CHURCH IN DANGER.

BY THE REV. J. A. JAMES.

We were never more in danger of forgetting the importance and necessity of prayer than at the present moment. Our institutions have risen to a magnitude and extension which are grand and imposing; it is an age of great societies, an era of organisation, when there is eminent peril of trusting to the wisdom of committees, and the power of eloquence, of numbers, and of money, instead of the power of prayer. We cannot, I know, do without organisation, and it makes one's heart throb with delight to see to what an extent it is carried. The annual list which is published of our May meetings is one of the greatest wonders of the age, the brightest glories of the Church, and the richest hopes of posterity. That one document appears to my eye as the ruby-tinted clouds of the orient sky, which announce the approach of the millennial orb. But then our glory is our danger; this very organisation may seduce us, and I am afraid *is* seducing us, and has seduced us from our dependence upon God, till organisation is likely to become the image of jealousy, which maketh jealous in the temple of the Lord.

An eloquent speaker once said upon a missionary platform, "Money, money, money, is the life's blood of the missionary cause!" I would substitute another word, and say, "*Prayer, prayer, prayer,* is the life's blood of the missionary cause!" I am no enthusiast; I do not expect our cause to be sustained without money; nor do I expect gold to be rained out of heaven into our coffers. Money we must have in far greater abundance than we now have, and money will come at the bidding of prayer. If we had more fervent, believing supplication, we should have more wealth. The same spirit of sincere and importunate supplication which would bring down the treasures of heavenly grace, would call forth the supplies of earthly means. I repeat, what I think I have said somewhere else, that I could be almost content that for the next year not a word was said about money, and the Church he summoned universally to intense and believing supplication. Ministers of the gospel, lay this matter upon the consciences of your flocks; instruct them in their duty, and urge them to it. Remind them that what we need is not only a giving Church, and a working Church, but a praying Church. Tell them, that praying for the coming down of the Spirit is not to be confined to the Sabbath and the pulpit, nor to the missionary and social prayer meeting, but that it is every man's business at his own family altar, and in his closet. Then, when the whole Church of God, with all its families apart, and every individual member apart, shall be engaged in a spirit of believing and fervent supplication; then may it be expected the Spirit of God will come down in power and glory upon the earth—and not till then, whatever of organisation, of wealth, of eloquence, or of numbers, may be engaged in the cause of Christian missions. Activity and devotion—giving and praying—a conscientious zeal, and a feeling of entire dependence upon God, must be nicely balanced in all we do. The more we give, the more we should pray; and the more we pray, the more we should give. The proportions are often disturbed; *our* danger in this day lies in an excess of activity over the spirit of prayer. Let us restore the balance, and bring on an era which shall be characterised as the praying age of the missionary enterprise.

Our supplications should be the prayers of faith. We ought to know and to feel that the cause of missions is no mere experiment in the spiritual world, no invention of man, no mere tentative scheme—but an attempt, the success of which is guaranteed by all the attributes of the eternal God, and which should therefore be supplicated in the full confidence of assured expectation. And to faith we must add fervour; we must pray for the regeneration of the world, with an intelligent perception of what is included in that wonderous phrase, "a world converted from idolatry to Christ," with a recollection that this is in some sense suspended upon our prayers—and with such an importunity as we might be supposed to employ if the world's salvation depended upon our individual intercession.

But this spirit of prayer is needed by the Church, not only to give power and efficiency to her operations for the conversion of sinners, but for her own internal improvement; to increase, and indeed to indicate, her earnestness for her own salvation. She needs an outpouring of the Spirit upon herself to rouse her from her lukewarmness, and to elevate her to a higher state of purity, fervour, and consistency. She needs revival, and it can be looked for only in answer to the fervent prayer of faith, and in answer to such prayers it may be ever and every where expected. To say nothing of other instances well known, and some of them alluded to in this work, I may refer to the success of that flaming seraph, Mr M'Cheyne, of the Free Church of Scotland, whose early death in the midst of his usefulness, is one of the mysteries of Providence too deep to sound with mortal lines. He thus records in his diary the spirit of prayer which prevailed among his people, "Many prayer-meetings were formed, some of which were strictly private; and others, conducted by persons of some Christian experience, were open to persons under concern, at one another's houses. At the time of my returning from the mission to the Jews, I found *thirty-nine* such meetings, *held weekly*, in connection with the congregation." O that this beautiful instance of co-operation with the minister, by the people, prevailed through all our churches. Look at it, professing Christians—ponder it, church members. The whole Church, or at any rate, its more experienced members, resolving themselves into thirty-nine prayer associations, meeting weekly, fostering new converts, and all this in the absence of the pastor. When shall this pattern be imitated? When shall all our deacons, and leading members, go and do likewise? When shall our churches be made up of praying members, and be full of the spirit of prayer after this fashion? This is the earnestness of a Church—the earnestness of religion—the earnestness of prayer. Revivals will always come where this is found. It is itself a revival.

If there be one thing which is more suited to our condition, and more prompted by our necessities, it is prayer—if there be one duty which is more frequently enjoined by the precepts, or more beautifully enforced by the examples, of Scripture, it is prayer; if there be one practice in which the experience of all good men of every age, every country, and every church, has more entirely agreed, it is prayer—if there be one thing which more decisively marks the spirit of sincere and individual piety, it is prayer; so that it may be safely affirmed, where the spirit of prayer is low in the soul of an individual, a country, an age, or a Church, whatever else there may be, of morality, of ceremony, of liberality, the spirit of religion is low also.

Now it is most seriously to be apprehended, that this deficiency of prayer is the characteristic of our age. It is a preaching age, a speaking age, a hearing age, but not eminently a praying one. Men are too busy to pray. Even the most distinguished Christians are too apt to shorten the seasons of prayer, in order to lengthen those of secular and sacred business. Every thing is against the spirit of prayer, not only in the world, but in the Church. I know very well we cannot expect in such an age as ours, the same spirit of devotion as prevailed in persecuting times, when John Welsh, one of the men of the Covenant, spent whole days praying in the church of Ayr for his parishioners, wrestling alone with God; who used to lay his plaid by his bedside, and to rise often in the middle of the night, wrap himself in his garment, pour out his soul to his Maker, and say, "I wonder how a Christian can lie in bed all night, and not rise to pray." We do not expect even the most holy ministers to speak eight hours a day in prayer, as he did, who had little to do but to suffer, and to pray; but surely we may expect more of the spirit of prayer than we now witness, either in pastors or their flocks.

There is one view of prayer which has not been so much considered as it should be; and that is its reflex power, or in other words, the *moral influence* of prayer upon the individual mind engaged in it. No doubt it is an expressive homage paid to God, and an appointed means of obtaining blessings from above, but it is more, for it is an ordinance of self-edification. The offspring of our desires, it reacts upon its source, making them more strong, more vivid, more solemn, more prolonged, and more definite as their objects; forming them into expressions to God will concentrate the soul in them, and upon their objects. Every sincere act of adoration increases our veneration for the Divine character; every confession of sin deepens our penitence; every petition for a favour cherishes a sense of dependence; every intercession for others expands our philanthropy; and every acknowledgement of a mercy inflames our gratitude. Every good man is therefore the better for his own prayers, which not only obtain other good things, but are good to him themselves. Hence, when an individual can be stirred up to pray more for increased earnestness of religion, his supplication contains both the prayer and its answer, and affords a literal fulfilment of the promise, "Before they call I will answer." Thus a good man never entirely loses his prayers, for if they do no good, and bring no blessing to others, they do to himself. Whenever the Church, therefore, is stirred up to a more intense spirit of prayer for a revival, the revival is begun.

But the benefit does not stop here, for God will answer such supplications, and bestow the gift that is sought. God is ever waiting to be gracious. His language ever is, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it. Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." The promises to this effect are so numerous and so express, that it would seem as if the Church might enjoy any measure of divine power which she had the piety to desire, the faith to ask, or the will to receive. She is invited to launch forth into all the fulness of God, and to replenish herself with the inexhaustible riches of divine grace.

The best way to ascertain how much of the spirit of prayer is wanting, or is possessed, in this day, is for each reader of this volume to ask how it is with *him*. He best knows himself, and his own practice, and he may therefore say, "Suppose my case is not singular, but an average, as there is reason to suppose it is, what is the state of the Christian Church?" And what will that individual find to be the case with himself? How much time in each day does he devote to this most incumbent, most momentous duty, to pray for his conduct in life, his salvation, his family, his Church, the world? How much, as compared with other things? With his relaxation from business, his recreation, the time he gives to the newspaper, or even to absolute vacuity? Is there not a frequent reluctance to the duty? Is it not often performed rather from a haunting sense of duty, and to silence the accusations of conscience, than from any attractions sweet and irresistible, coming over the heart from the throne of grace? Is there not a habit of letting come first to be attended to, any inferior thing that may offer itself, and a disposition to postpone the exercise to a more convenient time, and a more appropriate frame? Is their no habit of "making social or domestic prayer a partial excuse for omitting the private exercise, a kind of acquittance, the share of a social exercise being reckoned enough for the whole tribute of an individual, as if a social tribute were for the purpose of gaining an exemption for each individual." Now, how much prayer, such as really deserves the name, is going up to heaven continually from the Church, and for it? Surely, surely, we need far more, and must have far more, if the Spirit shall come down in plenitude and power, to make us more earnest in religion.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

1. A FEARLESS PREACHER.

When Mr Davies was yet under thirty years of age, he was induced to accompany the Rev. Gilbert Tennant to England, to solicit donations for the college of New Jersey, of which he afterwards became the president.

His fame as a pulpit orator was so great in London, that it reached the ears of King George II., who expressed a strong desire to hear him. This was brought about, and Mr Davies preached before a splendid audience, composed of the royal family and many of the nobility. It is further said, that while Mr Davies was preaching, the king was, at different times, seen speaking to those around him, who were seen also to smile. Mr Davies observed it, and was shocked at what he thought was irreverence in the house of God, utterly inexcusable in one the influence of whose example was so great. After pausing, and looking sternly in that direction several times, the preacher proceeded in his discourse; but the same conduct was still observed. The fearless preacher then exclaimed: "When the lion roars, the beasts of the forest tremble; and when King Jesus speaks, the princes of the earth should keep silence!" The king is said to have given a significant but courteous bow to the preacher, and to have sat very composedly and reverently during the rest of the service.

The king is said to have been enraptured with the preacher's manner and eloquence, and to have been expressing his delight to those around him. He sent for the preacher, who repeated his visit, and received from the king a handsome donation for the college.

2. SUCCESSFUL PREACHERS.

The most eminently useful men have been those of the deepest piety. President Edwards' success may be attributed, in a very eminent degree, to this fact. He writes: "Once, as I rode out into the woods, having alighted from my horse, in a retired place, for divine contemplation and prayer, I had a view, that for me was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God, as Mediator between God and man. The person of the Son of God appeared ineffably excellent —with an excellency great enough to swallow up all thought and conception. This view continued, as near as I can judge, about an hour, and kept me the greater part of the time in a flood of tears, and weeping aloud. I felt an ardency of soul to be, what I know not otherwise how to express, emptied of self, to lie in the dust, and to be full of Christ alone; to love him with a holy and pure love; to trust in him; to live upon him; to serve and follow him; and to be perfectly sanctified and made pure, with a divine and heavenly purity." Such passages as these constantly occur in his moral history.

Who can wonder that such a man was eminently useful as a preacher? When he preached, it was with a heavenly unction and power that subdued a whole assembly. Many aim to be very intellectual, and avoid the manifestation of deep emotion, as if it were allied to weakness—than which nothing can be more untrue. There is in their discourses an affectation of argumentative power. Every thing is viewed by them in the mere light of reason, rather than in the soft and mellow light of fervid and holy feeling. We care not how rigid the preacher's logic; but it must be a logic warmed and vivified by a spirit of deep and earnest piety. The preacher must not be *professionally* pious. He must study the Bible with a constant reference to his own personal wants, and to the sanctification of his own heart.

3. THE INDIAN MOTHER.

Dr Cotton Mather has related a very pleasing incident which occurred in the seventeenth century, in connection with Mr Mayhew.

It appears that soon after he began to preach in Martha's Vineyard, the wife of Pammehannit, a leading man among the Indians, became deeply impressed with the gospel. In the confession she made before her admission into the Church, she stated that long before she heard the gospel, she lost five children in succession while very young, and that when her sixth was born, who was a son, agitated with fear lest she should lose him also, she took him in her arms, and walked into the fields. While there she mused on the insufficiency of all human help, and it was suggested to her mind that there was an almighty God who ought to be prayed to—that he had created all things—and that he who had given life to all was able to preserve the life of her child. With these feelings she cried to God for the life of her child, and the child lived. As soon as this poor woman heard the gospel, it was evident that her mind was fully prepared to receive it. Her son became an eminent Christian, and a laborious minister of an Indian church, consisting of some scores of regenerated souls. He was living when Dr Mather wrote in 1696, faithfully and successfully labouring to extend the gospel among the Indians on the mainland. His name was Japhet.

4. FAST-DAYS.

The Rev. W. Tennent, who, in the last century, was distinguished for great usefulness, was one day passing through a town in the state of New Jersey in which he had never preached, and, stopping at a friend's house to dine, was informed that it was a day of fasting and prayer in the congregation, on account of a very remarkable and severe drought, which threatened the most dangerous consequences to the fruits of the earth. His friend had just returned from church, and the intermission was but half an hour. Mr Tennent was requested to preach, and consented after great hesitation, as he wished to proceed on his journey.

At church the people were surprised to see a preacher, wholly unknown to them, and entirely unexpected, ascend the pulpit. His whole appearance, in his travelling-dress, covered with dust, and exhibiting a long and meagre visage, engaged their attention, and excited their curiosity. On his rising up, instead of beginning to pray, as was the usual practice, he looked around the congregation with a piercing eye and earnest attention; and after a minute's profound silence, he addressed them, with great solemnity, in the following words: "My beloved brethren, I am told that you have come here to-day to fast and pray: a very good work indeed, provided you have come with a sincere desire to glorify God; but if your design is merely to comply with a customary practice, or with the wish of your church officers, you are guilty of the greatest folly imaginable; as you had better have stayed at home, and earned your three shillings and sixpence." (At that time this was the stated price of a day's labour.) "But if your minds are indeed impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and you are really desirous of humbling yourselves before Almighty God, your heavenly Father, come, join with me, and let us pray."

This had an effect so uncommon and extraordinary on the congregation, that the utmost seriousness was manifested. The prayer and the sermon added greatly to the impressions already made, and tended to rouse the attention, influence the mind, command the affections, and increase the emotion which had been so happily produced. Many had reason to bless God for the unexpected visit, and to reckon the day one of the happiest of their lives.

5. AT WORK TO THE LAST.

Such was the perseverance of John Eliot in his great work, that on the day of his death, in his eightieth year, the "Apostle of the Indians" was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside. "Why not rest from your labours now?" said a friend. "Because," said the venerable man, "I have prayed to God to render me useful in my sphere; and now, that I can no longer preach, he leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet."

6. A QUIET REBUKE.

The late Rev. B. Jacobs, of Cambridgeport, could, when necessary, administer reproof very forcibly, though the gentleness of his character was always seen in the manner in which it was done. Some young ladies at his house were one day talking about one of their female friends. As he entered the room, he heard the epithets "odd," "singular," &c., applied. He asked, and was told the name of the young lady in question, and then said, very gravely, "Yes, she is an odd young lady; she is a *very* odd young lady; I consider her extremely singular." He then added very impressively, "She was never heard to speak ill of an absent friend." The rebuke was not forgotten by those who heard it.

7. THE TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.

"A pious young physician," says one, "whose father I knew, and of whose excellent character I had often heard, called on me one day, and after friendly salutations and expressions of Christian affection, said, 'Do you know, sir, how much I am indebted to you for giving me a tract many years ago?' I told him I had no knowledge of ever presenting him with one; but recollecting that his father formerly kept a turnpike gate, and that often, when I stopped to pay my toll, I used to give tracts to the children who were playing about the door, it occurred to me as possible that on some of these occasions he had been among them. 'When I was a boy,' said he, 'you gave me a tract as you were riding by my father's house, and the first words that caught my eye were, 'Stop, poor sinner, stop and think.' I was much affected with the whole hymn beginning with these words, and committed it to memory. Five years ago, while a member of a university, in a time of universal attention to religion, I was present at a meeting for prayer and other devotional exercises, when they commenced singing the hymn, 'Stop, poor sinner, stop and think.' My early impressions were all instantly revived; I saw that I was ruined by sin; that an eternity of woe was before me; and I found no peace till I looked to the Saviour crucified for me, and as I hope, by true repentance and faith in his blood, gave myself to him, to be his for ever.' The youth is now an active, pious, praying physician."

8. THE SINS OF CHRISTIANS.

A CLERGYMAN, in a recent discourse, was speaking of the practice of pointing to the sins and follies of the members of the Churches as an excuse for others, when he thus illustrated the evil of such an argument: "Ah!" said he, "it is the common device of the devil, to blind the eyes of his disciples with the dust shaken from the soiled garments of Christians."

9. MODES OF PREACHING.

A CELEBRATED divine, who was remarkable, in the first period of his ministry, for a boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered, "When I was young, I thought it was the *thunder* that killed the people; but when I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the *lightning*—so I determined in future to thunder less and lighten more."

THE GREAT THING IN SINGING.

BY THE REV. THOMAS BINNEY, LONDON.

THE GREAT THING IS TO BE GOOD. It is the good that worship—the good that sing. "Praise is comely—*for the upright.*" "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, who shall stand in his holy place?" Whose is the privilege "to draw nigh unto Him with psalms, and to come before his presence with singing?" "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness; in whose eyes a vile person is contemned, but who honoureth them that fear the Lord." This is "the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee; who seeketh, and who seeth thy face, O God of Jacob."—(Psa. xxxiii. 1; xv. 1, 2, 4; xxiv. 3–6.) Here is the grand practical lesson from the present topic. To be religious, to have true faith, to be pure in heart and lip and life—*this* is the preparation, the moral pre-requisite, for "the service of song." "To the pure, all things are pure." To the holy in life, the spiritual in character, there might be found a blessing in all praise. Simple forms or elaborate services—airs like the first tones of childhood, or anthems like the pealing thunder of the skies, might alike be used with simplicity and acceptance—might descend upon the heart like "the dew of Hermon," or brace it for moral battle and war. "The service of song" is not for the sinner *living in his sin;* it is not for the unbeliever, the ungodly, the unjust, the proud, the malignant, the selfish, the impure; it is not for the prodigal, while unconverted and far off; the hardened and impenitent, the fettered slave of the world and the flesh, "led captive by the devil at his will." All these, by contrition and tears, by faith in Christ and return to God, may pass through a process that shall capacitate and prepare them for the high service; but sanctified affections and established holiness are the "robe and adorning" of God's priesthood, for the regular discharge of their sacred function. The dead in sin, the sensual and corrupt—"what have *they* to do" to speak God's praise, any more than "to teach his statutes?"—(Psa. l. 16.) The wickedest man may listen to preaching—may be appealed to and addressed, that he may be warned or won; but *some* movement of spiritual life, some spark of "grace in the heart," is necessary to enable any man to sing—to sing as an act of acceptable worship. The sinner may be affected by the praises of the Church—"his heart may smite him" (1 Sam. xxiv. 5), as he attempts to take its language on his lips—so far "singing" may at times impress and arouse the conscience; but *habitual wickedness* and *habitual song in the house of the Lord*, is a monstrous union which, while persisted in, can only harden the human heart and provoke the Divine displeasure. "Will a man mock God?" It is terrible to think that there may be the appearance of this—more terrible, perhaps, to know that it cannot be. "Be not deceived—*God* is not deceived."—(Gal. vi. 7.) The sinner may sing, but it cannot be mistaken for the spontaneous expression of loyalty and love. The idea is fearful of his celebrating perfections which he is for ever turning against himself; mercy, which may change to wrath; patience and forbearance, which he may possibly exhaust; rectitude, that may reject; an almightiness, that may crush him—that he honours in song a Saviour whose salvation he will not accept; joins in services in which he can have no spiritual sympathy; anticipates, in words, the blessedness of a world he will never enter; and describes the approaching advent of a Judge, "who will destroy him with the brightness of his appearance, and blast him with the breath of his mouth."—(2 Thess. ii. 8, and i. 7-9.) I would willingly have been spared this language. To utter it is "the *burden* of the Lord." It is entirely scriptural, however, in thought and phraseology, thus to speak. The sentences are simple terms and touches of New Testament truth. And they bear directly on our present theme; for, far more terrible must be lip service and lifeless song, amid the breathing splendour and in the spiritual services of the Christian church, than in the Jewish temple with its dim light, and dark shadows, and "carnal commandments."—(Heb. ix. 9, 10.) Yet even then, to the formal and faithless worshipper, God's rebuke and complaint are piercing. "I hate, I despise your feast days; I will not smell in your solemn assemblies. Take away from me the noise of your songs, for I will not hear the melody of your viols"—(Amos v. 21, 23.) This language, "and what is like unto it," in the first chapter of Isaiah, is addressed, it is true, to *the very wicked*, who came in hypocrisy before God, and pretended to honour him with sacrifice and song; but it involves a principle applicable to all. The other side of it, the converse to that exhibited by the prophet, might be stated:—*Holy Character*, in its entireness and perfection, will come to its fitting and full utterance in the psalmody of heaven; but the *principle* and *beginnings* of it must exist here, to qualify a man for the psalmody of earth.

Thus every thing illustrates our lesson. *The* *great thing is to be good.* The singer should himself be a true song. His mind and heart, his reason and passions, his inward and outward life, should all be in harmony with each other, and his whole nature should be in harmony with God's. Every day and hour, every act and utterance, allowing for unavoidable human infirmity, should flow onwards and rise up as the verses and words of a Divine psalm. This is the melody that God best loves. The accordant, harmonious movements of the virtuous universe give forth an unintermitted song of infinite grandeur, sweetness, and force, of which God is the sole and ceaseless auditor, and to which he is ever listening, delighted! Let us aspire to bear our part in that glorious anthem. When men are reconciled to God by the faith of Christ—when, sanctified by the Spirit, they "appear before Him in the beauty of holiness," and "walk with Him in peace and equity" (Mal. ii. 6); then are advances made towards the realization of the picture in which the prophet portrays the ultimate and everlasting complacency of God in his Church—a prediction in itself of exquisite beauty, but which invests our present theme with incomparable magnificence. It comes to it as if it were the last hope of the mind labouring for expression to enunciate and embody some boundless thought. In "the service of song" could alone be found what might adequately intimate the exquisiteness and depth of *infinite delight!*—"Sing, O daughter of Zion; be glad and rejoice with all thine heart." "THE LORD THY GOD is in the midst of thee; HE *will rejoice over thee with joy;* HE WILL REST IN HIS LOVE. HE WILL JOY OVER THEE WITH SINGING!"—(1 Zeph. iii. 14, 17.)

WRITTEN AND UNWRITTEN SERMONS.

UNDER the above heading, we find the following remarks in a contemporary:—"We have generally found that those ministers who scold about unwritten sermons, are wholly unable to preach except as they read from their manuscripts; and those who condemn a man as unfit to preach unless he can always do it extemporaneously, are wholly incapable of writing any thing fit to be read. The greatest preachers the Church ever produced both wrote and preached extemporaneously, such as Fénélon and a hundred others. A man who always writes generally becomes a mere reader; whilst the one who always extemporises is apt to become lazy, and trusts to his imagination and the inspiration of the moment and the occasion, which often fail him."

ONE of the confidential elders of an extraordinary preacher, president Davies, once said to him:—"Mr Davies, how is it that you, who are so well informed upon all theological subjects, and can express yourself with so much ease and readiness, should think it necessary to prepare and write your sermons with so much care, and take your notes into the pulpit, and make such constant use of *them?* Why do you not, like many other preachers, oftener preach extempore?" Mr Davies replied, "I always thought it to be a most awful thing to go into the pulpit, and there speak nonsense in the name of God. Besides, when I have an opportunity of preparing, and neglect to do so, I am afraid to look up to God for assistance, for that would be to ask him to countenance my negligence. But when I am evidently called upon to preach, and have had no opportunity to make preparation, I am not afraid to try to preach extempore, and I can with confidence look up to God for assistance."

I RECOLLECT listening, when a boy, to a conversation between two Baptist clergymen; the one an uneducated but valuable extemporaneous speaker; the other an educated man, and a writer of beautiful, clear, and logical sermons, but notorious for the hesitancy which he manifested whenever he attempted to preach "without notes." "How is it, Brother L——," said the latter, "that you, without education, are able to get up, at a moment's warning, and speak so well, while I just as certainly fail as I attempt it?" "Well, Brother S——, I'll tell you. You're just like a rich farmer, who goes into his tool-house to get a hoe, and finds so many there that it takes him half an hour to pick out the best, and as likely as not, after all, goes off in a hurry with a poor one; while I'm just like one of his men who hires out by the day, and comes in the morning to the corn-field, all ready for work, *with his old hoe on his shoulder.*" The thoroughly educated man very often fails as an extemporaneous speaker, from the mere excess of thought and good taste; while a man without education, and sometimes with little brains, "goes off" in a steady stream of words, as if he were a rain-spout in a thunder-storm. "Many a full barrel of cider," once said a witty friend of mine, "runs slower than a nearly empty one, which runs all the faster when so nearly out that it has to be propped up behind."

GOD'S CHOICE OF HIS RODS.

THAT is a striking passage of Jeremiah—true, alas! of very many now:—"I spake unto thee in thy prosperity, and thou saidst, I will not hear." How often is it that a man's ear is obstinate or quite deaf to expostulations, and to the voice even of God himself in his word, and the heart obdurate, till the deaf ear is pierced by the loud voice of Providence, and the hard heart made tender by severe affliction! Prosperity long continued is apt to make such a lethargy steal over the soul, that the still voise of God in calm weather and the cool of the day will not awaken a man; but He must thunder and lighten about his ears in afflictions before the man will even notice that God is speaking to him. While all things go on smoothly with a man in his sins, the threatenings of God's word beat upon him with no more force than stubble or snow against a stone wall. He stands unshaken and unconcerned, presuming that the course of his affairs will go on always as evenly as now, that to-morrow will be as to-day, and much more abundant, until the big hail-storm of sorrow actually falls upon his own head, and he is startled by some dire calamity.

Now the wisdom of God is seen in the choice of his rods, in the divers ways whereby he corrects and makes his children perfect through suffering; for it is far from being one and the same form of trouble that will work upon and purge every sin, and he accordingly disciplines and punishes men, so to speak, in kind. If one's besetting sin is avarice, or a too great fondness for acquisition and the creation of wealth, he tells our riches to take wings and fly away: and our ships are sunk, our houses and stores and factories burned;

our fields are flooded, our farms swept away, our crops rotted in the ground, or blasted in the ear, or mildewed before they are harvested; our speculations turn out poorly; our stocks depreciate; our banks of deposit become bankrupt: and all this in a natural way, and by natural means, without God's at all suspending or working contrary to second causes. Or if our sin be any sensual indulgence, or too great fondness for creature comforts and pleasures, then God often makes that indulgence, like the manna of the greedy Israelites, to breed its own worm, and the quails so fondly lusted after to come out at the nostrils, the stomach to loathe even its natural food, and the appetite and ability of digestion both to fail. Or if the sin that is ensnaring our affections and keeping us at a distance from God be any creature-idolatry, as a wife or a child, then God, as we are strikingly taught in Parnell's *Hermit*,

> "To save the father, takes the son;
> The poor fond father, humbled in the dust,
> Now owns in tears his punishment is just."

Rev. H. T. Cheever.

IS CHRIST ASCENDED.

Is Christ ascended? Then how highly is our nature dignified and honoured! Adam had rendered it more vile than the beasts that perish; but Christ has raised it above the highest angels. After the fall it was thought to be unworthy of the earthly paradise; but in Christ it is exalted at God's right hand, fills the highest and most honourable seat next his throne. Sin had made human nature the derision of devils, but Christ has made it the delight of angels, and the joy and glory of the redeemed for ever. The union of our nature to Christ's divine person gives it a glory infinitely above all conception. The continuance of that union is such an honour done to it, as is far above our highest admiration, and should make us cry out, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him!" Has Christ, then, *ascended*, and do our hearts *descend*? To have our head in heaven, and our hearts in the earth, is a very unbecoming separation. Did Christ leave the world, and shall we cleave faster to it? Did he ascend above it, and are we buried in the cares and pleasures of it? How dishonourable and displeasing to Christ must this be! O then, let the Christians affections be above, where his Saviour is. Is Christ ascended? Then how willingly may the believer leave this world, and follow his Saviour to heaven! While we are present in the body, we are absent from the Lord. How confident and willing, then, may the sincere Christian be, rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord! Heaven has a new attraction in it now; the man, Christ Jesus, is there in all his glory. Christ's ministry in the heavenly temple is infinitely preferable to the ministry and ordinances of the Church on earth. The believer is an infinite gainer by exchanging the sight of Christ through a glass darkly, for a sight of him as he is, and face to face. Christ thought our sight of his heavenly glory worth his praying for, and the Christian should think it worth the dying for. We have been attempting to get a glimpse of this glory through the glass of the gospel, and that is refreshing; but oh! what is it to behold it with open face, when there shall be no vail, either upon the eye or upon the object! To see the glory of the Deity shining through the man Christ Jesus, must be most desirable. How, then, can the Christian refrain from earnestly longing to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better? —*Hurrion.*

TEARS OF JOY.

"Joseph sought where to weep."—Gen. xliii. 30.

To weep! What! When he saw his beloved brother Benjamin, and heard that his aged and affectionate father was alive and well? Yes, the sight of the one, and the news of the other, created such an ecstasy of joy in his heart, as was too great to bear! He sought where to vent it in tears. O! had one followed good Joseph to his chamber, and heard what passed there between God and his soul! Methinks I see the dear man fall prostrate, crying out in a flood of grateful, joyful tears, Oh! what a God do I serve! What amazing scenes of his providence have opened to my view! How has the Lord appeared graciously on my behalf! How strangely has he exalted me in life! And now, to crown all, and complete my happiness, I see my beloved brother, and hear of the welfare of my honoured father. Doubtless, he wept—he prayed—he praised—he rejoiced—he loved—he adored his God, his kind preserver, his bountiful benefactor, his dear Saviour! Methinks one cannot meditate on Joseph's conduct without calling to mind some sweet weeping seasons of spiritual joy our souls have been favoured with, when, in some highly favoured moments, the blessed Spirit has brought some joyful tidings of, and some love tokens from, our once crucified, but ever-living brother in the flesh, Jesus. Oh! then what joy has sprung up in our souls!—too big for utterance—when he has assured us of his love to us—that we shall soon see him as he is, be with him where he is, and eternally enjoy him, and his Father and our Father, in glory! Oh! the rapture of this faith! Then we are ready to fly the world, and all its concerns, and even our brethren in Christ too. We seek to be alone, to pour out our souls, to give vent to our joy in a flood of loving grateful tears. Then, like the disciples on the mount, we cry out, It is good to be here. This is sweet. Methinks my soul is drowned in tears of love! Now, are we not ready to wish, Oh! that it were always thus with me! But neither Joseph, you, nor I, could live under such melting frames—such ecstasy, such rapture. The body could not support them—my weak body could not. Neither would it be good for the soul to be always in them. If so, we should be always favoured with them. This we are fully assured of; for "no good thing will the Lord withhold from them who walk uprightly."—*Mason.*

Fragments.

There is no better evidence against the bulk of any doctrine, than that its tendency is immoral.—*Hodge.*

Let us honour God's truth by believing his word; Christ's blood, by hoping firmly in the Divine mercy; and all the Divine perfections, by loving God with all our hearts, and one another as Christ loved us.—*Fletcher.*

"The sufferings of Christ's soul were the soul of his sufferings."—*Flavel.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

DR ASAHEL GRANT, MISSIONARY TO THE NESTORIANS.

In 1841, there was published in London and New York simultaneously, a work entitled "The Nestorians; or, the Lost Tribes, containing evidence of their identity, &c., by Asahel Grant, M.D." The book was extensively circulated in this country, and excited in the minds of all Christian readers the deepest interest, both in the remarkable people of whose history and present state it treats, and in the author, who had spent several of the best years of his life amongst them as a missionary physician.

Dr Grant returned to Kurdistan immediately after the publication of his book, and continued his useful labours until he was seized with typhus fever, of which he died in April 1844. Both from the contents of his work on the Nestorians, and from the memoir of his life, which has been recently given to the world by the Rev. A. C. Lathorp, it plainly appears that Dr Grant was no ordinary man. He seems to have been a deeply exercised Christian, a most devoted herald of the Cross, and a true model, in all respects, of what a medical missionary ought to be. A brief abstract of Mr Lathorp's memoir will therefore, we trust, be both acceptable and edifying to our readers.

Asahel Grant was born at Paris (now Marshall), in the state of New York, August 19, 1809. His parents were eminently pious, and took great pains to bring up their children in the fear of the Lord. From his childhood, Asahel was remarkable for the sweetness of his disposition, and the tenderness of his conscience. He was a most obedient and affectionate child, and a very loving brother. Having received an ordinary elementary education in the district school, he manifested at ten years of age a most ardent thirst for the acquisition of knowledge of all kinds. He passed many hours in reading while his school-fellows were engaged in their sports. He was wont, in after life, to say that the formation of studious habits at this time was of great use to him.

Asahel's father was a farmer, and it was purposed that the son should be brought up to the same occupation. He had even begun to labour in the fields, when he met with a serious accident, which led to an entire change in his plans for life. It was when he was aoout twelve years of age that he accidentally cut himself very severely on one of his feet with an axe, and lost a large quantity of blood. His life was endangered, and his constitution sustained a severe shock; so that, subsequently, it was considered inexpedient for him to be a farmer.

Doubtless the confinement to the house, necessarily consequent upon this accident, would supply him with a most valuable opportunity for the improvement of his mind; and of this, his previously acquired habits of reading would enable him to take full advantage. But it was not *this* affliction that was the immediate occasion of his passing from darkness to light. With all his amiableness, and all his studiousness, he was not yet "born again."

Asahel now expressed a desire to study for the medical profession, and his father consented to his doing so. But it seems that his preparatory studies were interrupted for some time, by his being obliged to occupy himself, at the age of sixteen, as a teacher in a district school. He ultimately passed through a full course of study at the medical colleges of Fairfield and Pittsfield, and then spent about a year with Dr Douglas, "an eminent surgeon in the city of Utica," by whom he was introduced to the responsibilities of practice.

It was at the age of nineteen, while fully occupied in attendance at college, that he passed through the great change which introduced him into the life and true liberty of the Gospel. Up to this time, although universally recognised as an amiable man, of perfectly correct conduct, he was fond of gaiety, and entered freely into worldly amusements. He was far from that "holiness, without which no man can see the Lord." But after attaining to the peace and joy which are in believing in Christ, he began earnestly to commend the truth to his former associates, and testified to them that he had found a source of happiness far richer than any that this world supplies. He now loved the house of God, and delighted in communion with His people. "The closet and the Bible were especially very precious to him."

Ever aftei this eventful crisis in his history, he manifested great and increasing desires after the enlargement and advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

He now became a member of the congregational church in Clinton; and soon after, while yet in his twentieth year, he married Miss Electa S. Loomis of Torrington, Connecticut, a lady every way fitted to be his companion for life. Indeed it appears that she had previously been instrumental in bringing him to give earnest heed to the concern of his soul.

Having completed his professional studies at the age of twenty-one, Dr Grant commenced practice in Braintrim, Pennsylvania. Here he was blessed with a high degree of domestic felicity, and had every prospect of continued prosperity and comfort. But this happy home he was permitted to enjoy for only three years. Five months after the birth of her second son, Mrs Grant sickened and died, while her husband was prostrated by fever. This first severe affliction was evidently sanctified to his spiritual good. Although he mourned deeply, and with many tears, he was never heard to repine. The peaceable fruits of righteousness, humility, submission, and love, were now more and more shown forth in his walk and conversation. "Then did he consecrate himself anew and more entirely to a life of humble piety, self-denial, and activity, in promoting the cause of Christ in the world."

Dr Grant now left Baintrim, and, after a few weeks' residence with his parents, settled in Utica, where he gradually obtained a full share of good practice, and the confidence and esteem of all classes of the community. During the prevalence of cholera in 1833, he especially distinguished himself by his assiduity in doing good. "His compassion for others, no less than his fortitude and wonderful power of endurance, which seemed never to relax, would sometimes carry him beyond his strength, and perhaps beyond his duty. But he felt, at the time, that he was emphatically called upon to attend the poor, and that no personal sacrifice must be spared in fulfilling his commission."

It was now that Dr Grant's eminent graces were fully brought out, exercised, and doubtless strengthened. He was truly "a living epistle of Christ, known and read of all men." As such, he was highly esteemed by the members of the Church with which he was connected, and in which he was called unanimously to the eldership. The pastor of that church writes thus regarding him: "Though young, he was wise in counsel; and so consistent was his daily walk, so devoted in visiting, so affectionate, yet faithful in giving instruction, advice, and reproof, that he soon secured the entire love and confidence, not only of Christians, but of unbelievers. Dr Grant had a happy talent in conversing on the subject of religion; and his daily life was such as to enforce the truth, and convince all of his sincerity. But the secret of his usefulness in winning souls was, that the Spirit of Christ dwelt in him. We have reason to believe that his body was the temple of the Holy Ghost. Hence the power that sometimes attended his labours. I loved to have him in a meeting of inquiry. He was still and solemn, and exceedingly happy in answering objections, and removing difficulties In this respect but few knew his worth; and in other useful qualities he was not generally known and appreciated as he would have been, had it not been for his retiring, unassuming, and quiet manner." He was seldom absent either from the Sabbath school (in which he became a teacher soon after he settled in Utica), or from the house of God. By some means, he contrived to visit his patients without neglecting his spiritual duties. "The reason was, he acted from principle and by system. His work for the day was all arranged in the morning, and each duty, as it came up, naturally fell into its proper place. Consequently he was never in a hurry, nor was he obliged to neglect one thing to perform another."

In thus endeavouring faithfully to occupy the talents of grace, influence, and circumstances, with which he had been intrusted in a small sphere. Dr Grant was, unwittingly, passing through that preparation which was intended to fit him for entrance upon a great and important field of labour. So that, when the call to arise and go forth came to him, it found him ready. It was on the occasion of an annual meeting of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, being held at Utica in October 1834, that Dr Grant was first led seriously to entertain the idea of devoting himself to missionary work. He then learned that the Board had, for many months previously, sought in vain for a physician to join the Nestorian Mission; and he was constrained to put to himself the question, "Is it my duty to go?" Letters addressed to his mother and sister remain, which prove how deeply exercised his mind was, while deliberating on the important step he was about to take. He thus wrote:—"Dear mother, I do not wish to act under the influence of a misguided zeal. I am sensible of the need of counsel from on high; and I hope you will ask it there for me. Oh! let us be much in prayer. It is the Christian's only safety. God can give us wisdom, and guide us by his Spirit. But let us see to it, that we make our decisions in view of their bearings upon the interests of eternity. I have solemnly vowed, in the presence of men and angels, that I will consecrate myself and all I have to the Lord; and I dare not go from that altar, to stand impeached before an assembled world of having been an unfaithful steward, of having loved the world more than God—more than the souls of my dying fellow men. I trust that while you would look at this subject, and examine it calmly and deliberately, you will throw no obstacles and discouragements in the way of the path of duty. For counsel, I shall ever be grateful; and while God has the first claim upon my affections and my worthless services, I shall never cease to feel my obligations to my parents. I think of them more and more. I pray Heaven to reward them for services which I can never repay." And to his sister, he wrote thus:—"I feel that I need wisdom from on high to decide. My decision should be made in view of eternity. What then is duty? Perhaps you say, it is your duty to take care of the children whom God has committed to your charge. It is equally clear to my own mind, that, unless they can be provided with every reasonable prospect of being trained up for usefulness, I ought not to leave them. But should God enable me to provide a home and facilities for a suitable religious education—in a word, all requisite means to prepare them for usefulness (which should be the grand object in view)--may he not have other work for me to do?" . . . "It is trying, indeed, to think of taking final leave of those friends, around whom the fibres of the heart have clung so closely—but shall we regret it on a dying bed? What though I never more on earth shall meet the warm embrace of father, mother, sister, or brother—what though I suffer fatigue and privation, and all the cruelties of the unfeeling savage, and meet every species of danger, and find a grave amongst strangers? Will our meeting be less happy in the upper world? Oh! will not our notes of praise sound louder and longer, as we bless God that he has permitted us the privilege of suffering for him?"

In a paper written and published two years after he had entered upon his work in Kurdistan, Dr Grant gave the following abstract of the reasoning which led him to decide upon devoting himself to missionary service.

"Am I most *needed* at home, or in foreign lands, to promote the great work of the world's conversion? *Here*, I have many opportunities to relieve a great amount of human suffering, and perhaps to save valuable lives. But, were I gone, other physicians might do it as well. In the missionary field, I may relieve a hundred-fold greater amount of human misery, and perhaps be instrumental in saving the lives of some of our missionaries, which are of inestimable value to the Church and the heathen world—and that, too, when no one else would do it.

"In the practice of my profession here, I have many opportunities for recommending the religion of Jesus, and advancing his cause. But what are these in comparison with those in Mohammedan or heathen lands, where I may be the only spiritual guide to thousands who could never be reached by another missionary?

"If I remain here, and my business continues to prosper, I can give liberally to the support of missions, and may labour for the heathen by proxy. But money will never do the work alone; and *labourers*—especially those from the medical profession—are not to be found in any thing like adequate numbers, while there are millions of wealth in the Church.

"As an office-bearer in a large and influential church, and in various religious and benevolent societies, I have opportunities to exert an important influence; and many of my brethren think I ought not to leave such a field of usefulness for one of uncertainty. But do I not know that those Churches which send forth the most labourers, and do most for the heathen, are most blessed by the Spirit of God? And can I not do most for Christian benevolence at home, by going forth to labour amongst those who are sitting in darkness?

"But there are other ties which cling close around the heart, and entwine with the tenderest feelings of nature; and how shall they be severed? How shall my parents, in their declining years, give the last parting hand to their son? How shall my sisters and brothers say farewell to the companion of their childhood and youth? Nay more, how shall I leave my two little sons in this cold unfriendly world? So far as mere *feeling* is concerned in these questions, although it may penetrate the deepest recesses of the soul, it should never turn the Christian from the path of duty. My parents are not dependent upon me; my becoming a missionary may be the greatest blessing to my brothers and sister; and what can I do for my children, which will not be done if I am gone? The only intrinsic good which can be done for a child, is to prepare him for the greatest usefulness in this world, and the enjoyment of God in heaven. For this, the means and the agents can be provided, and superadded will be a parent's example, to turn their attention to the great work, which it will ever be his most earnest prayer that they may be qualified to enter. If God calls me to leave them for his service, he will take care of them."

After much prayerful deliberation, under the constraining influence of the motives indicated in the sentences quoted above, Dr Grant offered his services to the Board of Missions, and they were accepted of. The ensuing winter, 1834–35, was spent in preparation for his mission. In April 1835, about a month before he left America, he was united in marriage to Miss Judith S. Campbell of New York, a lady who had been trained from her earliest years with a view to being employed in the mission field, and who, from the time of her conversion, had ardently desired to enter upon it. She was eminently well qualified to be the companion of such a man, and to forward the object of his mission.

It becomes the Christian always to recognise and to admire the powerful working of Divine grace, "subduing all things to itself," by which the missionary is enabled to leave all that he holds dear in this world, and cheerfully to go forth even to the end of the earth at the call of his Master. But in Dr Grant's case, there were some specialties which may well claim particular notice, and lead to reflection on the strength of that constraining influence under which he made such sacrifices. When he was led to resolve upon devoting himself to missionary work, Dr Grant was in the enjoyment of a large measure of worldly prosperity and comfort. His cup of social and relative happiness was full; his prospects were bright; his health good; his occupation constant; and he had a heart to enjoy all; especially did he love his parents and his children. "His severest struggle was, in parting with his two interesting little sons." What pangs must have been endured in tearing himself from such objects of affection! They can hardly be conceived of, excepting by those who have been subjected to similar trials. It is said of Dr Grant, that "while his heart bled at every pore, he found consolation in Christ."

After a remarkably quick passage of forty-eight days from Boston, Dr and Mrs Grant landed at Smyrna on 28th June 1835, whence they proceeded immediately to Constantinople, where they remained six weeks, engaged in preparation for their long journey to Kurdistan. Dr Grant received many applications for professional aid while resident in Constantinople, from priests, bankers, and others; and what he saw led him to think that "a good pious physician might do much for the cause of Christ there."

Crossing the Black Sea to Trebizond, our travellers met there with a kind reception from Sir Henry Ellis, British ambassador to Persia, who promised to obtain for them, if necessary, the protection of the Persian government.

They were detained three weeks at Trebizond, whence they journeyed through the mountains of Armenia and along the banks of the Euphrates for seven hundred miles, reaching their destination at Ooroomiah in December 1835.

(*To be continued.*)

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

"Better late than never!" True; but not better *too late* than never. With heaven or hell before a man, it is a fearful risk to tamper with a single hour. *Now* is late enough; next hour may be too late.

Reader, you must have noticed the utter indifference to surrounding objects, ay, even to what in ordinary circumstances would be obstacles, manifested by the man who is pressing earnestly on—on to gratify some absorbing desire, or to relieve some pressing want. When thinking of this, there arises before me a scene witnessed by me last summer, common enough, I daresay, but which interested me because I knew the principal actor therein, and his motives. There is seen leaping from the omnibus flying between Edinburgh and Leith, one fine sunny Saturday afternoon, a passenger, who rushes with almost frantic steps along the shore, and across the drawbridge. Coachman, cad, and fellow-passengers halloo in vain that he is leaving his luggage behind. He hears as he heard them not. He is off to the Hamburgh steamer, and her hour for sailing is long since past. He finds that she has moved, her steam is up—she is getting out of dock. There is little hope for him; boys surround and jeer him; the rough boatmen mark his anxiety, and the passers-by hardly suppress the laugh at his anxious perplexity. But what is all this to him? It affects him not—but, the steamer has got out. To his heels again, the rabble rout following and shouting—yelping curs join in the race; the busy porters lay down their half-lifted load, and, still stooping, look on him with growing wonder. He heeds them not: he makes for the pier; the stately vessel but once comes close to the edge: amidst the shouts of the bellowing crowd, he leaps aboard; safe on the deck, he wipes his streaming brow, and looks joyfully on shore. His luggage! he cares not for that; he is safe on his way to friend and fortune. Delay would have ruined him as it was; he was on the very verge of ruin, and he was very near *too late*. But because he was at last in earnest, and despised all obstructions, he is safe, and what to him are the hootings of a drivelling generation?

If I am bound for heaven, why should any one jeer or flout me, or try to stop me? It is a mad world this that we live in; but in nothing is man's madness more apparent, than his express avowed contempt of those who are bent on attaining eternal happiness. Yes, there is one degree of madness which is even worse. It is that of the poor wretch who will not leave the City of Destruction because the fools that are in it will laugh at him. Oh! is it not a melancholy spectacle to see a miserable soul now cowering under the curse of an angry conscience, and the darkness of God's estrangement, wretched and tempest-tost, seeking rest and finding none, almost persuaded to put on Christ and be safe; and now pushing into rebellion against Heaven because he cannot bear to be laughed at, or looked down on by man, who he knows in his heart of hearts to be vile and worthless? Why, even as to the worldly standard, what is our notion of a man—a real man? It is of one who is in earnest, determined to secure some object worthy of the name of man. Be it learning, or honour, or the regaining of a lost family inheritance, round which his name has been for centuries emblazoned; the world calls him a man who shows that he *will* gain that at which he aims, and at all hazards. What is your approbation or disapprobation to such a one? It is not *that* he is seeking. Let him gain his object, and he can afford to smile at your paltry opposition. And the world honours such a man, for they can appreciate strength of purpose which bears up against obstacles and difficulties.

Poor timid sinner! will you not understand your real interest? If this world is all, then follow the world. Its followers, if in earnest, generally have their reward. In the great majority of cases, let a man set his heart upon the wealth and honour of the world, and with self-denial and self absorption seek then continuously and manfully, and he will get them, and no more. Does not this seem just? If a man laboriously work for a certain object, and gain it, no greater reward seems due to him. He cannot complain that he has been defrauded. And you need not be surprised that, if you sow to the flesh, of the flesh also you will reap corruption. Think for a little. You followed to the grave, last week, the remains of an old companion. You have stood by the bed-side of a dear friend—your mother, perhaps, who bore you, or the father, whose brows were early furrowed by care on your behalf—and you have wept away the dank dew as it rose in drops on the dear forehead which you have oft and fondly and reverently kissed, and you have seen death approach, and lay his hand on his victim's heart, and all was still. You know then that death is really coming. It is no fancy. You have seen it: you know it. Were ten thousand men to preach to you that death is a delusion, you would not believe it. Every man mocks you that either wishes you to disbelieve that you must die, or to laugh at death. This world, then, is not all. You and I must leave it. Then, surely, we should not live as if we were never to go away. If I live in a house of my own, from which I have no intention of removing, I devise a hundred plans, and put myself to great expense, that I may be permanently comfortable. But if I am only to be in my house for a few days, I will not concern myself, or be over anxious, or spend much time on my temporary accommodation. We have agreed that death is real—my death, your death, is real. As sure as I am writing—as sure as you are reading this page—will this hand and that eye wither and dim, death-stricken. Have you made any provision, then? Christ—ever blessed be that name of comfort and hope to a dying world!—Christ has told you that in his Father's house are many mansions; one for you, if you will. Yonder is Calvary—the rich man's grave—the guard of angels—the linen clothes lying—the mount of Christ—the ascending Jesus; through death, glory; through the grave, heaven; through the cross, the crown. Death, then, is very awful—you know that, for you have stood and felt the very breath of his whisper as he summoned hence the friend of your heart;—but he is not terrible. At least he is not terrible to Christ's friends. These he only summons home. Are you one of Christ's friends? Death, then, is not your master, but your servant. True, he comes not at your bidding, for you are yet a minor—you are at school. But he is not the less your servant. He comes, when your Father bids him, to summon you to your home. And there and then his commission as to you ends for ever—over such as you Death has no further power. How comes it that Christ's enemies are so often careless about death? Are you out of Christ? If you were to die now, would you find in your Judge a rejected Saviour? Do you neglect his services? Do you wilfully break his commandments, spurn from you his offers, and laugh to scorn his melting accents of pity and forgiveness? And do you not fear death? Come, and let us reason together. The rich man in the next square, whose smart equipage and countless comforts you used to envy, although you knew that he neither feared God nor honoured his Sabbaths, is dead. That you know, for you saw his funeral pass with the gay chariot empty—its former occupant was in another vehicle. The gay companion, whose song added fresh joy to the cup of drunkenness, who had jests and lewd tales at will, is hushed in endless silence. They, and many more whom you have known regardless of death, are dead. You cannot doubt that death will come to you. Be careless, if carelessness will save you from the fangs of the destroyer. But if not—and do you really think it will?—have mercy on yourself, and enlist under the banner of Him who hath already conquered Death. This is true manliness—the conduct becoming a *man*, an immortal being, to whom death and eternity are realities. It is very just, that for an eternal body, with the same eternal wants and wishes as it has now, you should manfully strive to provide eternal gratification. But, my friend, you know that such a thought is absurd. Funerals, churchyards, cemeteries, cholera returns, that funeral letter on your table asking you to accompany to the grave the remains of the friend with whom, seemingly strong as a giant, you had, no later than last Monday, a laughing chat at the corner of the street—the spectacles of your mother, which you have religiously preserved since you kissed her clay-cold lips—all these, and a thousand more proofs, tell you that it is most egregiously absurd. Be a man then. Is it manly to be laughed out of heaven by a few foolish, weak companions, who will drink your last shilling, or will drink with you their last shilling; and, in selfish brutal debauchery, leave wife and children to cold and wretchedness? Is it manly not to do what is right for eternity, because others round you have no heaven but earth, no God but their belly? Is it manly to give up a richer inheritance than emperor ever owned, to gratify the wishes and to shun the snares of those who offer you nothing in exchange but a gnawing conscience and a death-bed of horror? What think you of this plan? Your associates would have you forsake God's house, violate God's day, join in their wild debauch, or in laughing at holiness. Put the matter to them thus:—I know that I must die. These things you mention will do me no good, but evil, after death. The Great God has offered to save me from all the inconceivable horrors of hell, and to bestow on me the inconceivable glories of heaven. I think it imperative to accept of this offer. It is an offer infinitely gracious and generous; I would be a madman to reject it. You wish me to reject it. I will not. Death is a real thing. I have seen him, and I know he is coming my way sooner or later. You will never persuade me that there is no death. And that being the case, I cannot consent to barter my hopes as a man; a creature capable of immortal happiness and holiness—for the pleasures of the body which belong to beasts, or for the laughter which one touch of cholera cramp could convert into a dismal burst of anguish. I have chosen heaven for my portion—God for my master—Christ for my guide—the Holy Spirit for my teacher. Take you your own way, or better far, come you with me and I will try to show you what is truly good!

Do you not think this true manliness? try it, and see how it will do. But do not delay. I read the other day of a poor girl, a lady's-maid, who had lingered and lingered at a railway station, where the train had stopped for some time. Her mistress was in her place: the train moved on. The unhappy girl grasped at the carriage—it moved on. She made a leap for the guard's truck. He grasped at her in pity and in terror. In vain. She fell beneath the wheels, and remorselessly they crushed her, for she was too late. —*Trop tard!—too late!*—was the cry that re-echoed through the walls of the Assembly of France, when, not long ago, the friends of monarchy there wished to place on the throne a son of Louis Philippe. Oh, beware of being too late for heaven! Next year—next week—next day—next hour—next moment, may be too late. A minute sooner, and that poor girl would have been seated smilingly on her onward journey. An hour sooner, and the Count of Paris might have been king in Paris. But *Too late! Too late!* was the cry. Dreadful thought! You are well now, vigorous, capable of thinking, of helping father or mother, husband, wife, or sister. To-morrow, to-day, thinking of no repentance, no confession, no Saviour, nor forgiveness, may be heard from heaven—when you are struck down in your sins, and mourning friends are groaning around you, and vain prayers are offered on your behalf—the fearful cry, "Too late! too late! He would not hear God's reproof; and now he laughs at his calamity, and mocks when his fear cometh." I would obey the apostle's injunction to exhort one another while it is day, and pray God that the heart of whosoever reads these lines, may be turned by his grace to seek mercy in Christ, while it may be found in *this*, the day of his merciful visitation.

JUST AND UNJUST STEWARDS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS BINNEY, LONDON.*

WHILE ministers and missionaries are the recognised "stewards of the mysteries of God," let it be remembered, that those by whom they are to be sent forth are most emphatically the stewards *of the stewards*. Missionaries have to give the word of life, but the Church has to give the missionary. The one has to sow the seed in the field, but the other has to furnish the field with the sower. The stewardship "of the mysteries" is properly regarded as at once an honourable and awful function. But here is a stewardship intrusted to the people, and one not wanting in responsibility, in solemnity, or grandeur. "IT IS REQUIRED OF STEWARDS THAT A MAN BE FOUND FAITHFUL." Let this principle be honestly applied, as it ought to be, to *the Ministry* and *the Church*, equally and alike. You require fidelity in those you intrust—Christ requires it of *you*. The missionary must speak the mystery of the Gospel "as he ought to speak"—speaking as one "that must give account;" but you have to assist to send and to sustain him as those that "must give an account" too. If ministers are the recognised stewards of God, *you*, remember, are his recognised "priests." God's "clergy," in New Testament language, are the Christian people—*they*, as a whole, are the "lot" of his inheritance. The title and the privileges of the priesthood, we have already shown, belong to the multitude of believers as such. Now, if a man be a priest, he must of necessity have something *to offer*." Of you, then, offerings are required. They are required to consist not merely of inward affections and spiritual acts, but to be the presentation, also, of the substantial sacrifices of pecuniary beneficence. To give property to the cause of God is an oblation with which he is "well pleased." Let every man remember that God constitutes him a steward, and confers a stewardship, by giving him the means of doing something for his service. This may consist of talents or learning, time or influence, wisdom or eloquence, experience or power, fitness for the ministry in our own land and our own age, or for some sphere of missionary labour, or of other natural or gracious accomplishments. But the common and ordinary, the most general, the most diffused and available stewardship, is *the stewardship of money*. The poor and the rich are equally stewards as to the *fact*. The *principle* of stewardship applies to both; they differ as to the extent of their respective responsibility. God will require an "account" from each, because he expects fidelity in both. He will not ask any thing respecting that which a man has *not*, but he will ask, scrupulously and exactly, according to all that every man has. It is especially for the rich to lay this to heart. The pious poor generally give to the limit of their ability. The Lord testified of the poor widow, that it was thus with her; and Paul, of the Macedonians, that it was thus with them. They gave, each of them, according to their power—"*yea, and beyond their power*." It is very difficult for the rich to do this. Some of them hardly could, if they were willing; while the tendency of "large possessions" is said to be to diminish the willingness in something like the proportion in which they increase the sum of power. Be this, however, as it may, it is, without question, *a fearful and solemn thing to be rich*. There is reason to think that the "work of God," in this world of ours—the support of a ministry, and of the missionary movement, of course, as a part of it—was intended to be advanced by the large-heartedness, the copious liberality, the golden gifts and donations of the opulent, far more than has hitherto been seen, or seen, at least, among *us*. There is no proportion between the splendid acts of pecuniary liberality to the cause of religion we any where hear of, and the numbers of its professors that get rich and die rich. This is to be accounted for on many grounds. There is sometimes the want of conjugal piety; husbands and wives are "unequally yoked;" they have not thorough sympathy in the same thing; the cold heart on the one side closes the open hand on the other, or the closed hand that possesses the power, belongs to a heart that withstands and resists the importunities of its fellow; there is exorbitant ambition in pushing children forward in the world, that they may rise in society to an injurious degree higher than their fathers; there is a scale of expenditure insensibly formed, which it is difficult to continue, and mortifying to relinquish; in short, the evil adverted to may be ascribed to many things, all of which resolve themselves, more or less, into the low and torpid state of our religion; into the want of a hearty and an earnest faith in our own professions. But partly, also, the thing is to be attributed to the prevalence of certain modern opinions, and to the *extreme* we have gone to in our teaching and theology. The merit of building and endowing a church was once so extravagantly exalted by the priesthood, that to build a chapel, as a personal act, would appear to be thought of as a mixture almost of sin and singularity! Because sinners are supposed to have died saints, and, in their last hour, to have washed away, by gifts to a monastery, the dark stains of a career of crime—men professing to be saints now have thought they might clutch, and grasp, and keep, living or dying, every thing to themselves. We have spoken and written so much against "good works" as a ground of dependence, and of the danger of trusting to them, especially in the form of pecuniary beneficence, that the people, especially the rich, would seem to have determined to be on the safe side, by having no works of the sort to trust to! I am sure there has been a mistake among us upon this point. *First, supposing a man to be a Christian* by the faith coming to him, "not in word only, but also in power, in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance," then, if he be rich, let him deeply ponder what the Scripture teaches on the stewardship of wealth. Let him read what God, by the pen of the apostle, directly addresses to "rich men;" let him attentively consider not only the faithfulness he expects from them, but the promises he makes to them *on condition of their fidelity*—the benefits and advantages which, *as believers*, they may hope to reap, both here and hereafter, if they give cheerfully, and give much. The New Testament abounds in statements showing, on the one hand, the terribleness to a Christian of his possessing wealth without beneficence; and, on the other, the number of the rewards that accumulate on the rich when he exercises the virtue, *and because he does so*. Being "rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, he lays up for himself a good foundation against the time to come, that he may lay hold on eternal life." The sublime scene of the last judgment, as drawn by the Lord himself, in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, proceeds, from first to last—with respect to the rewarded and the condemned alike—on the requirement of proof, during life, of the action or the absence of a principle of social and pecuniary goodness. Let ministers and people—the intrusted with office and the otherwise endowed—they that are to give account of their teaching, and they that are to be reckoned with for the use they have made of it—they who are called into honourable places, to high service, to beneficent works, and they who are undistinguished and unknown, and who can only aid by their faith and prayers, their "two mites," or the "cup of cold water"—let all and each remember the fact, that they are equally and alike intrusted with "a stewardship;" and "*let them know*" that the letter of the law, already referred to, as well as its spirit, speaks solemnly to every one of them—"IT IS REQUIRED OF STEWARDS THAT A MAN BE FOUND FAITHFUL."

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* From "Four Discourses" by the esteemed author, recently published, and from which also we took the article bearing his name, in our last Number.—ED. C. T.

DO NOT BE HURRIED.

BY REV. DR MALAN, GENEVA.

(Journal of a Swiss Traveller.)

AFTER my dinner, in one of those pretty villages which embellish the mountains of Switzerland, I was slowly rambling along the cottages, now and then stopping to a basket-maker, and looking at his dexterity; or to females twisting the white straws of a hat, and addressing, occasionally, some words of affection and piety, when I passed by the workshop of a smith, who just was forging a piece of iron.

The workman, of a young and attractive appearance, bowed to me; and I felt desirous to ask from him that he would before me solder some steel with iron, and make of it a tool, which I should take with me, and use afterwards, as a remembrance of his kindness.

Immediately, and with some cordial smiling, the young man picked some iron out of a bundle, and choosing also a small bolt of German steel, he prepared them at his forge; and when he saw their welding heat, he united them in one and the same stick; and after two or three heats more, he finished, tempered, and softened the tool, which he presented to me, saying, "You see, sir, that in this work the chiefest thing is not to be hurried."

I had, indeed, paid a great attention to all his successive proceedings, and I had constantly remarked both his diligence and his patience. He recalled therefore to my mind what says the Apostle Paul to his son Timothy: "Consider the husbandman;" and especially these words of St James: "Be patient; as the husbandman, who waiteth until he receive the early and latter rain" (2 Tim. i. 6; James v. 7); and wishing, if God would grant it, to be useful to my kind teacher, and, if I may say so, to solder more and more his soul with the gospel of grace, I told him: So does, indeed, our God work in us. He never is in a hurry, though wonderfully diligent; and, making use of patience with us, he repeats the heatings; for our hearts are very hard and reluctant; and at length he finishes the tool. Do you understand that simile?

Smith, smiling. Oh yes, sir! You speak of the patience of God toward us. . . . . But, allow me to say, that sometimes his work is very, very slow. At least, I feel it for myself.

Traveller. Shall I say to you the cause of it?

Smith. Pray, sir, will it be really profitable to me?

Traveller. The reason of that slackness is not in God's lentitude, but it is entirely in your natural impatience. Do not be hurried in your religion, and be sure that you will see that God is an active operator. It is our own ignorance and feebleness which makes us impatient; then, that impatience, unbelievers; and then, through that unbelief, opposed to God's work in us.

The smith was standing before his anvil, with a mall in his hand; but he laid the hammer ont he anvil, looking to me in silence, and with all the attitude of a deep attention.

Look, said I, to the ways of your performance of this instrument; how you have first chosen and disposed the two metals; then, how you have heated them, first gently, then more highly, then more and more, but always by degrees, till you have seen them both in the proper condition.

Look also at your manner of treating them with your hammer; and how you have beaten them at once in the convenient place, and quickly, though with moderation; so much as to have positively forged them only after their being soldered and melted together. Had you been at first in a hurry, you would have either burned, or rather parched the steel, or too much lessened, and, as it were, meagered the iron, and your work would have been altogether lost.

And suppose now, that the two metals, or one of them only, being sensible, would have said to you, "Make haste, master! Let two or three touches be sufficient. Why so many goings to the fire? Why your cautions? Why your waitings? Haste! Hurry! if you please!" Do you think that you—a master of forge, and knowing, as you do, how to deal with steel and iron—would have listened to such entreaties, and agreed for their satisfaction to alter your successive and prudent proceedings?

The smith was caught by my questions, and when from a simile I passed to the declarations of the Scripture, and especially when I quoted and explained those words of Isaiah: "God doth instruct the plowman to discretion; for he is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working" (xxviii. 23-29), the workman was really moved, and said, "How beautiful is that! How marvellous is the Lord's work! Who does enough think and consider of it?"

You understand therefore, said I, that in the same way, if these metals had resisted to your hand, they would have by their very resistance hindered their formation; so, my friend, it is most likely your want of docility to God's work in your soul, and really your natural, if not self-conceited impatience, which is the only and true cause of that slackness which you may sometimes reproach to God's dealings. Begin, therefore, by believing submissively that God, who has revealed to your soul his eternal love in Jesus, is, in mean time, the all-wise manager of your sanctification; and, so grant him to know how to lead you here by gentle attractions; there, by more impressive efficacies of his Spirit; or now, by the fire of a furnace, as speaks St Peter, when he mentions the trial or essay of our faith; or at other times, by the tempered blows of a light hammer; I mean by corrective circumstances, and always, (mind really this!) yea, always in his merciful plan of preparing your soul for heaven; and when you have humbly agreed with God's wisdom and charity that you will wait for his own season, you will cease altogether from being impatient and in your own hurry; and, as says the Lord Jesus, "You will bring forth your fruit with patience."—(Luke viii. 15.) The smith bowed to me with respectful thanks; and to-day, when I use *his* tool, I remember, for myself before God, that "I must not be hurried."

HEAVEN, THE CONSUMMATION OF A PIOUS LIFE.

HEAVEN is the sum and substance of the Christian's hope. It is the appropriate reward of piety in the future world. It is made sure to every true believer, because the Word of God is pledged to confer it. Taking only this view, the future bears a serene and joyous aspect to the Christian.

But, then, heaven is not a mere sovereign arrangement, it is the natural result of the established laws of holiness. It is not so much the reward as the fruit of piety, the perfect development of what we see here in the incipient stage.

Both Scripture and present experience favour this view of heaven. "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him; *for he shall eat the fruit of his doings.*" There is an inseparable connection between the practice of piety and true happiness—moral goodness and heaven. True religion is its *own* reward; peace, hope, joy, light, prosperity, well-being, are its natural fruits. The Christian, even in this life, carries in his heart the essential elements that make heaven what it is, and the absence of which make hell what it is. These elements need only to be fully matured and developed under genial influences, as they will be in heaven, in order to secure perfect peace and blessedness. So that heaven is more than a *hope*, even in this life; it is a partial *experience* to the good man. We need not wait till after death, to know whether heaven is indeed a reality, and the promises of the gospel are likely to be realized; we may anticipate something of heaven's peace, rest, and glory. Even in this world of sin and corruption, the blessed fruit of righteousness is made to appear to gladden the heart and strengthen the faith. The peace of mind, which at times the holy man enjoys; the calmness of thought, and the serenity of hope which now and then visit him; his submission to God's will, and supreme delight in his law; his grateful relish of prayer and praise; his inward aspirations after complete sanctification; the unspeakable satisfaction which the exercise of love to God and good-will to man gives him; these are the dawn of heaven, the beginning of the end to which the promises point.

Now the end of such a life, reasoning from the nature of things, as well as from the Word of God, will be peace. We need not suppose death to effect any change in the essential elements of character or of being—as we believe it will not—in order to the future blessedness of the believer. The severe moral discipline and training which he is here subjected to as a child of sin and corruption, finally issue in perfect recovery to God. The prevailing feelings and habits of holiness which he has cherished, prepare him for the state and society of angels in glory. That which he now sows in tears, he will hereafter reap in joy. On earth he walks by faith, catching only an occasional glimpse of future joys; but in this way he is preparing for the sight of glories which mortal vision could not endure. Here he works righteousness, and follows after holiness; and hereafter he shall live on the fruit of God's own planting and blessing.

The good man experiences no violent revulsion in the hour of death. Death is no stranger to his thoughts, no enemy to his peace, no spoiler of his hope or treasure. His soul and heaven have long been in sympathy; there has been a peculiar and growing intimacy maintained between them—a sweet mingling and commingling of spiritual feeling and life; and hence he closes his eyes on this earthly scene, and awaits the solemn issue of the future without fear. Death is the end of a sad and weary pilgrimage; every step which he has taken in it since first he knew Christ, has conducted him towards heaven. Every discipline, trial, conflict, service, has assimilated him to heaven. And when he reaches the entrance gate of the celestial city, "its glories," to use the language of the dying Payson, "beam upon him; its breezes fan him; its odours are wafted to him; its sounds strike upon his ear; and its spirit is breathed into his heart." His full soul responds to all he sees and hears, and he longs to pass the gate, and seize an angel's harp, and pour forth that tide of harmony, and rejoicing, and praise which has long been rising within. And now what remains but to lay off this mortality, the body of earthly corruption? His heart is in tune with the angelic choir. Well does he know the song of Moses and the Lamb. His spirit is subdued and chastened. He is meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. One brief conflict—one shout of victory—and his released and glorified spirit basks in the light and partakes of the full glories of heaven.

Not only does the Word of God promise the good man eternal blessedness, but the grace and providence of God are actually *working out* the thing promised in him and for him in this present life. The great law of obedience, which reigns in heaven, and makes it so holy and so happy a place, begins its sway here in the heart of every truly converted man, and scatters its fruits all along the path of his life, and makes his end "peace."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

OUR AND *MY.*

Have you ever thought of the difference between *our* and *my*? Perhaps you are ready to say they are both personal pronouns, of the first person, in the possessive case, and all the difference between them is that *my* is in the singular, and *our* is in the plural number. It seems to me that this is not the whole difference. *Our* implies a partnership, and *my* implies an individual concern. There is a great difference between being able to say, "This is *our* store," and "This is *my* store;" or, "This is *our* steamboat," and "This is *my* steamboat;" or, "This is *our* farm," and "This is *my* farm." *Our* implies that I have only *a share* of the property, but *my* implies that I am the sole proprietor.

Now, because this steamboat is *our's*, and not *mine*, it is allowed to run on the Sabbath, and to supply its passengers with intoxicating drinks, and my conscience is not much troubled about it.

Because the church edifice is *our's*, and not *mine*, it is suffered to get out of order, and dirty, and I am easy about it.

Because the payment of our minister's salary is *our* business and not *mine*, he is often compelled to run in debt, or his family to suffer, while a half year's salary is due him, and I feel perfectly unconcerned about it.

Because the railroads and steamboats are *our's* and not *mine*, their boilers may burst, and their cars be smashed, and hundreds of lives lost, by the carelessness or drunkenness of *our* agents, and no one feel as though he were to blame.

And is it not so, also, in regard to benefaction? If favours are conferred on many others at the same time that they are on me, do I feel under the same obligation that I should if I were alone in receiving the favour? If God supplied me with manna from day to day, while all others were dying with hunger, should I not feel under more obligations to him than I now do, though all my supplies are constantly coming from his hand.

Suppose, in a dark and stormy night, a vessel, containing five hundred souls, is sailing directly towards a reef of rocks, where, if she strikes, every soul must be drowned. A kind man on shore, seeing their danger, suddenly kindles a beacon light, which causes the ship to change her course, and all are saved. Now, while all are glad and thankful that they have escaped impending ruin, does each one feel as grateful to their common benefactor as he would if he were the only one saved by his kindness? Far from it. It is doubtful whether the aggregate amount of gratitude which the whole five hundred, in the above supposed case, would make up, would equal what one individual, rescued alone, would give. The one who receives the favour alone cannot forget his individual obligation, by putting himself with the multitude, and saying, "He was *our* benefactor." But he will *feel* and *say*, "He was *my* benefactor."

I apprehend that this subject has a bearing also on our Divine Benefactor. As Christ is the Saviour of all them that believe, I fear that I do not feel that *personal* obligation to him that I should, if he had died *only for me*. I do not realize my obligations to him as I should in that case. Now I throw myself in with the whole race of Adam, and divide the guilt of sinning with an innumerable multitude, and, of course, I do not feel as guilty as I should if I were the only sinner. And so, in regard to salvation, I put myself with the multitudes who will reap the benefit of Christ's death, and divide the feeling of gratitude with them. I know that I ought to feel as guilty and hell-deserving as though I were the only sinner in the universe, and as though the eyes of all other intelligent beings were turned upon me with abhorrence as an intolerable abomination. And I know that I ought to feel under just as much obligation to our Divine Saviour, as though I were the only one to be benefited by his mission into this world. I ought to realize (and I hope I do) that I am individually *a sinner*, and that Christ has become the *surety and substitute* for me *as an individual sinner*. He has become *my* substitute, as really as though he had not become such for any one else. While he died for *our* sins, he died for *my* sins,

> “'Twere you, *my sins*, my cruel sins,
> His chief tormentors were;
> Each of *my* crimes became a nail,
> And unbelief the spear."

If I realized this, I could exclaim, *My* Saviour! "*My* Lord, and *my* God."—*Ibid.*

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

NEAR the borders of Wales, and in a retired village, a cottage stands on the slope of an extensive eminence, commanding the view of a valley stretching several miles across—a scene singularly picturesque and delightful. It is the dwelling of George C—— and his family; obtaining his and their subsistence as a farmer's labourer. There had been on his part, and that of his wife, no want of industry and frugality; they might have once loved one another and their children to the extent common in their circumstances; but, unhappily, kindness and forbearance, so essential to domestic peace, not to say happiness, were strangers in that abode. Often did George ponder during the day on what he deemed the neglect of his wife. She did not, as he imagined, study his comfort as she ought. He meditated revenge; and if, at night, his pent-up wrath did not burst forth in oaths and curses, he growled at his wife and scowled on his children, till they alike looked for his return with dread, and considered any delay a respite from suffering. Fierce contention soon rose between the husband and the wife. Words like barbed arrows dipped in the poison of slander, constantly wounded each other's hearts. The children grew up, led by what they heard, to consider their father the worst husband, and their mother the worst wife, on the face of the earth; and taught, too, not by precept, but example, to curse, and lie, and swear, they might soon have learned to steal, and have closed their days as well as those of their parents in the deepest misery and shame. There were often, however, seasons of thought; George C—— and his wife saw the evils that had arisen, and others hastening onward; but reason did not arrest the rising and increasing tide.

Near to their cottage lived one who desired the moral improvement of the villagers; his education, station, and means, seemed specially to qualify him for effort; and he pursued his work with patience, energy, and zeal seldom surpassed. This man constantly visited that dwelling; good advice, and lessons in domestic economy, were repeatedly given to its inmates, with every encouragement and inducement he could hold out, but in vain; George C—— remained—notwithstanding all such kind and well-intentioned efforts—the same wretched man; his wife the same unhappy, weeping woman.

Mrs C—— had received, it may be remarked, some religious impressions in early life, and remembering that it was better with her then than now, she was led, in the hope of obtaining some relief, to attend occasionally a cottage, where a home missionary was accustomed to preach. These visits quickly stirred up the enmity of her husband's heart; and he considered that he and his family were neglected still more grievously than before. Every attempt on the part of his wife to justify herself, or to soothe her husband, only increased his high displeasure. She persisted in her course; and he determined imperatively to stop her disregard to his wishes, and disobedience to his will.

At this juncture, the missionary was led to visit weekly the neighbourhood with tracts. Mrs C——, after reading one, begged that she might keep it a little longer; and waiting an opportunity of trying what she could further do with her husband, committed herself to God in prayer. It was not long before she asked him, on an opportunity she deemed favourable, if he would go and hear the missionary. There were but few moments when such a question would have met any other response than a volley of abuse for every thing connected with religion except the Bible, for which George had a traditionary veneration. He now replied: "Well, I don't mind if I do this once." He went, and heard a sermon on the love of Christ, and of his willingness and power to save all that come to him. On his return he was serious, and so soon as his wife found that he was satisfied with what he had heard as true and good, she ventured to put into his hand the secreted tract.

That tract described an ungodly husband inflicting sufferings on his wife for attendance on religious services. As George read, the tears rolled down his cheeks. "What a base fellow I am!" he said, "I see it as I read this; I am just like this man." The sermon had impressed his mind, and the tract was the means, in the hand of God, of opening his heart. "I am a vile sinner, wife," he said, "but let us pray; for from the sermon I have heard, I learn there is mercy for such as me." They who had often cursed each other now prayed together for the first time; though the wife had been accustomed to pray alone for herself and her family. From that night, now two years ago, they have walked together as "fellow heirs of the grace of life." What nature and reason could not effect for years, was speedily accomplished by the power of truth and the grace of the Holy Spirit. The evening's sun set on that cottage a miserable home; the next morning it arose on a family in peace and love. The fruits of that change have been seen and admired by others; and often has the voice of gladness and praise ascended for it before the mercy seat.—*Christian Spectator.*

VALUE OF MISSIONS TO SCIENCE.

BY far the largest portion of men now engaged in spreading the gospel in foreign lands are men of highly cultivated minds. They are men who have gone through the whole circle of the sciences—have made honourable proficiency in them all—have acquired a taste and thirst for knowledge—and are, therefore, prepared to be deeply interested in whatever developments are made before them in those regions of the earth where there high-minded philanthropy has carried them. They are men who regard all the sciences as so many developments of the character of God in his works, and, by the moral harmony of their minds with Him, are deeply interested in whatever can be known of Him in any of the operations of his hands.

What may have been reasonably inferred from the character of these men is realized from the fact, that they are eminently valuable contributors to every department of human science. The greatest living geographer in the world, the distinguished Ritter, of Germany, affirms that he considers a Missionary Journal the best source of geographical knowledge extant for the parts of the world to which it relates. These are men on the spot—are eye-witnesses—are prepared by high mental cultivation, deeply interested in all the facts before them—are shrewd philosophic observers—are lovers of truth and righteousness, and under high moral responsibility for the most rigid veracity.

In regard, especially, to that eminently important department of science, the living languages of the earth, the missionary gentlemen are laying the literary world under the highest obligations. They have reduced to form and system, so that they can be written and printed, many languages which, till they came to the work, had never been brought to such a state. And to these gentlemen, nations not a few, as they rise from spiritual degradation by these men's labours, will be indebted to them for their entire liberation.

The manners and customs, moral and civil aspects, soil and productions, capabilities, &c., of many countries, can be known in no other way than by resorting to those Missionary Journals which contain the accounts of those who are labouring to spread the gospel in those lands.

Those Christian philanthropists, therefore, who are causing the glad sound of the gospel to be heard in the uttermost parts of the earth, are doing also a most important work in widening the sphere of human knowledge, and enriching, by their valuable contributions, every department of human science.

FROM "A BUNDLE OF FRAGMENTS."

When a man sees his mercies come in by the special and assiduous care of God for him, there is a double sweetness in those mercies. The natural sweetness which comes from the creature itself, every one, even the beasts, can taste; but besides that, there is a spiritual sweetness, far exceeding the former, which none but a believer tastes; and much of that comes from the manner in which he receives it, because it comes, be it ever so coarse or little, as a covenant mercy to him. "He hath given bread to them that fear him; he is ever mindful of his covenant." Luther, who made many a meal upon a broiled herring, was wont to say, "Let us be content with coarse fare here. Have we not the bread that came down from heaven? do we not feed with angels?" An instance of the sweetness of such mercies is given us by a worthy divine of our own—Isaac Ambrose. "For my own part," says he, "however the Lord hath seen cause to give me but a poor pittance of outward things, for which I bless his name; yet in the income thereof I have many times observed so much of his peculiar providence, that thereby they have been very much sweetened, and my heart hath been raised to admire his grace."

One morsel of God's provision, especially if it comes unexpected, and upon prayer, when wants are most, will be more sweet to a spiritual relish than all former full enjoyments were.

The heart of a Christian, like the moon, commonly suffers an eclipse when it is at the full, and that by the interposition of the earth.

Is not an ounce of pure gold more valuable than many pounds of gilded brass? What though the dews of Helicon descend not upon my head, if in the mean time the sweet influences of Sion fall upon my heart?

I have often felt an aching head whilst I have read and studied to increase my knowledge; but when did I feel an aching heart for sin?—*Flavel's Husbandry Spiritualized.*

GRACE AND GIFTS.

Sin may dwell with the most excellent natural gifts under the same roof; I mean, in the same heart. A man may have the tongue of an angel, and the heart of a devil. The learned Pharisees were but painted sepulchres. Gifts are but as a fair glove drawn over a foul hand. But grace is incompatible with sin in dominion; it purifies the heart, cleanses the conscience, crucifies the affections and lusts of the flesh: is not content with the concealment, but with the ruin, of corruptions.—*Flavel.*

REASONS FOR BEING HOLY.

A man who has been redeemed by the blood of the Son of God should be pure. He who is an heir of life should be holy. He who is attended by celestial beings, and who is soon—he knows not how soon—to be translated to heaven, should be holy. Are angels my attendants? Then I should walk worthy of my companionship. Am I soon to go and dwell with angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet soon to tread the courts of heaven? Is this tongue soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes of mine soon to look on the throne of eternal glory, and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet and eyes and lips should be pure and holy, and I should be dead to the world, and live for heaven.—*Albert Barnes.*

CHRISTIAN FAMILIES IN HEAVEN.

"To think that, when we leave them, we lose them for ever—that we must remain eternally ignorant whether they that were flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone, partake with us of celestial glory, or are disinherited of their heavenly portion, must shed a dismal gloom over all our present connections. For my own part, this life is such a momentary thing, and all its interests have so shrunk in my estimation, since, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I became attentive to the things of another, that, like a worm in the bud of all my friendships and affections, this very thought would eat out the heart of them all, had I a thousand; and, were their date to terminate with this life, I think I should have no inclination to cultivate and improve such a fugitive business."—*Cowper.*

THE TWO SCHEMES OF SALVATION.

Men differ much about salvation; yet all their plans may be reduced to two. One is by man himself; the other is by God. One is by human works and sufferings; the other is by divine doings and sufferings. One puts down the law; the other puts down the law-breaker. One exalts human merit; the other abases it. The one lowers the standard to its own attainments; the other leaves the standard unimpaired, and seeks to be saved without trampling on law. One quarrels with God and justifies self; the other never ceases to fight against self, and justifies God. The very best offering that the one ever makes is that of Cain; the very least that the other allows is that of Abel. Not light and darkness, nor heaven and hell, are more opposed than these two schemes. One sets aside the other, not in part, but wholly. Salvation is either by works alone, or by grace alone. If any man risks his soul on a contrary belief, he will be lost, yea, he is now lost; and, unless Christ find him, he will soon be irrecoverably lost.

NOVEL-WRITER'S TESTIMONY.

Dr Goldsmith, who had himself written a novel, in writing to his brother respecting the education of his son, uses this strong language: "Above all things, never let your son touch a novel or romance. How delusive, how destructive are those features of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed; to despise the little good that fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general—take the word of a man who has seen the world and studied it more by experience than by precept—take my word for it, I say, that such books teach us very little of the world."

THE WORLD NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

If, in the season of health, we strive to shake the world off, it will most tenaciously cling to us; but when, in the hour of death, we would cling to the world, it will unfeelingly shake us off. Hence, as the separation must some time take place, unless we shake it off now it will shake us off hereafter. Most men, to their cost, wait for the latter alternative; but those who adopt the former, find, to their surprise and joy, that they have removed out of their way one of the chief difficulties of dying. No one ever yet travelled with alacrity to the kingdom of heaven with the world lying heavily on his back or his heart; this incumbrance once laid aside, the journey is performed with comparative ease. This is a thought worth pondering by the pilgrims of earth. They need little baggage for their journey—the less of this kind they have, the better.

A PRACTICAL PREACHER.

A New England clergyman enforcing on his congregation the necessity of practical godliness, and contrasting the early Christians with those of the present generation, very properly remarked, "We have too many resolutions, and too little action. 'The *Acts* of the Apostles,' is the title of one of the books of the New Testament; their *Resolutions* have not reached us."

RICHES WITHOUT CONTENT ARE NO GAIN.

A man diseased in body can have little joy of his wealth, be it ever so much. A golden crown cannot cure the headach, nor a velvet slipper give ease from the gout, nor a purple robe fray away a burning fever. A sick man is alike sick wheresoever you lay him—on a bed of gold, or on a pad of straw; with a silk quilt, or a sorry rag on him. So no more can riches, gold and silver, land and livings, had a man much more than ever any man had, minister unto him much joy, yea, or any true or sound joy at all, where the mind is distracted and discontented. Without contentment there is no profit, no pleasure in any thing.—*Gataker.*

SAFE REASONING.

"If you are not afraid of God, I am afraid of you," said a stranger as he passed a counting-room on the Sabbath and saw it open. The next day he refused to sell his produce to the Sabbath-breaker on any credit whatever. He acted wisely. In three months the Sabbath-breaker was a bankrupt.

THREE THINGS.

Good old Mr Bailey, one of the first divines of New England, says that his earnest desire was to get up his soul to three things—patience under the calamities of life; impatience under the sinful infirmities of life; and earnest longings after a better life.

THE FAMILY OF PRESIDENT EDWARDS.

Few things would tend more to encourage the Christian education of children, especially on the part of pious mothers, than a careful examination of the history of eminent Christian ministers. President Edwards was the only brother of ten sisters, and the son of eminently pious parents. He was the great-great-grandson, on his mother's side, of a minister in London in the days of Queen Elizabeth; and the family of his mother for several generations was equally singular for their devotedness to God. To his mother especially is the Church indebted, under God, for much of the eminence to which this extraordinary man attained.

Fragments.

I always find that when I speak from the inward feelings of my own heart, with respect to the workings of inbred corruption, earnest desire after salvation, a sense of my own nothingness and my Saviour's fulness, the people hear, feel, are edified and strengthened.—*Legh Richmond.*

"In suffering, Christ obeyed; and in obeying, he suffered."—*Owen.*

The best way to do good, is to be good.

Money is not the only thing that is not our own—time and thought, knowledge and power, moral influence and spiritual advantage—all must be answered for—all are God's.—*The Listener.*

THE SNARE BROKEN—THE YOUNG WARNED TO BEWARE OF SATAN'S NET

BY THE REV. J. B. JOHNSTONE, WOLFLEE.

"SEE! yonder is a poor *blackbird* caught in the net," said the gardener, as we went along to pluck some gooseberries. He had spread the net over them to keep the birds off; but they were very tempting, and the blackbird, in its eagerness to taste them, thrust its head through the meshes of the net, not thinking of the danger. Seeing us approach, it tried to fly away, but it could not; its head was caught fast in the net, and it could not get it out. Poor thing! how it fluttered when we drew near. The gardener was a kind-hearted man, and had no wish to put it to death; but we could not have got it out alive without cutting the cords of the net. I held it for a moment in my hand before letting it go. How its heart did beat! It trembled for its life. When I opened my hand, it darted off with a shriek of joy. How happy it would be to feel at liberty amongst the trees of the wood again! This little incident reminds me of many things which I would like to tell you about. I hope the good Lord will lead you to think of them, and make you wise.

I. *The blackbird taking the fruit.* How very tempting did it appear! It longed to have some of the fine ripe gooseberries. It could not keep from them. Can you not think of something the fruit reminds you of? Is it not like those things which God has forbidden? They may be very sweet to our evil hearts; we may long much to enjoy them, but God has said, "Touch not, taste not, handle not." They cannot be really *good* for us, for God would not forbid any thing that is good. It will be *death*, also, to go against His will. Yet how ready are we, like the blackbird, to forget all danger in order to gratify our sinful desires. It was thus *Adam* (Gen. iii. 6) and *Eve* were tempted to eat of the forbidden fruit. It appeared to them "good for food, pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise." They took of it, therefore, and did eat. They thought not of God's warning: "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." And you remember how *Achan* (Joshua vii.) brought trouble upon all God's people, and death upon himself in the same way. When he saw the goodly Babylonish garment, and the 200 shekels of silver and the wedge of gold, he could not refrain from taking them. God's curse was upon them, and it would light upon him; but he did not think of that. They looked so lovely and tempting, that he was blinded. So it was with *Judas* (Matt. xxvi. 14–16); he loved money so much, that he committed the awful sin of betraying the Lord Jesus for thirty pieces of silver. Ah! when you feel tempted to do any thing that is wrong, remember the poor blackbird. Say with *Joseph* (Gen. xxxix. 9), "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

II. *The blackbird caught in the net.* It did not think of the *net*. It saw nothing but the tempting gooseberries, and thrust its head through to have them, without thinking that it would not be able to get it out again. By this folly it nearly lost its life. So it is with us and sin. It is very tempting to our evil hearts; but there is a net spread over it, and we cannot indulge in sin without falling into the net The net is *Satan's*, and he spreads it out to catch unwary souls. He knows they love sin, and therefore he tempts them with it, in order that he may catch them fast in his net. He wants to have them under his power, that he may carry them with him to hell. While he tries to make the sin appear very tempting, very sweet, he seeks to hide the net. They would perhaps take alarm, and fly away, if they saw it. He whispers in their ear that there is no danger; and so he wiles them on. Ah! many a one he thus deceives. Many a one in hell now knows how dreadful it is to fall into Satan's net.

And just as Satan tries to hide the net from their view, so, after they have fallen into it, he seeks for a while to keep them in ignorance o their state. He delights to lead them on, in this *blindfold* way (2 Cor. iv. 3, 4), until he plunges them into the pit of destruction. Many are caught fast by Satan who think themselves quite free. They fancy they are in the way to *heaven*, but they are in the way to *hell*. They laugh and sing, as if all were well with them. Ah! if they but knew where they are going they would weep bitter tears. What is *your* state? Are you in the net, or out of it? You have perhaps never thought of this, and think there is no reason to fear. But tell me one thing—Have you been taken out of the *net*—have you been set free from Satan's power? If not, you are still a fast prisoner; for you have often sinned against God, and taken forbidden fruit. You have been tempted by Satan, and have fallen into his hands. You do not feel this, and laugh at my warning; but try to get away, and you will find whether my words are not true. It was when the blackbird spread its wings to fly, that it found itself caught. As long as "*Christian*"—of whom we read in the "Pilgrim's Progress"—remained unconcerned in the *City of Destruction*, Satan troubled him not. But when, seeing his dreadful danger, he set out for the *Celestial City*, then Satan made him know that he was his. What fearful conflicts Christian had with him! If it had not been for help given him from above, he must have been quite overcome. You may mock at this. But try to get away—seek to flee from the wrath to come—try to come to Christ—seek the one thing needful—and you will see Satan arise and lay his great black hand upon you, and say, in words that make you tremble, that you are his. How dreadful to be under his power! A prisoner in Satan's hands! On the way to the place of woe! At any moment that great roaring lion may pounce upon you, and make your soul his prey. Oh! how you should cry out, like the jailer of Philippi, "What must I do to be saved?"—(Acts xvi. 30.)

III. *The blackbird taken out of the net.* Many poor birds had been caught before, and were put to death. Their happy days of singing came to an end. But the blackbird was set free. The snare was broken, and it escaped. Is there any deliverance for the sinner who has fallen into Satan's snare? Many a one he has led to the place of woe, where there is no hope. But is there no way of getting free from his power? Is there no one to take pity upon the poor prisoner! no one with a strong arm to help? Yes, blessed be God, there is. God so loved the world, that he sent his own Son to save the lost. Moved by pity, Jesus came from heaven to earth, that He might take the prey out of the hand of the mighty. He came to proclaim (Isa. lxi. 1) liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. It was indeed a blessed work he undertook; and with delight He performed it. He had to fight with Satan before He could deliver the poor captives. He fought, and triumphed over him. And now He goes throughout the world offering to set poor prisoners free. Many a one He has delivered. If you were in heaven you would see a blessed sight. You would see, not only the holy angels who were never in Satan's power, but you would also see thousands of those who at one time had been drawn aside by sin—who had been allured by Satan, and caught by him in his snare. You would see *David* the king, who fell into such awful sin—and *Manasseh*, who sacrificed his children, and made Jerusalem swim with innocent blood—and *Peter*, who denied his Lord—and Paul, who persecuted His people—and countless numbers of others, all delivered, and now in glory, holy and happy, singing praises to God and the Lamb. Jesus is still able and willing to save—He loves to deliver sinners out of Satan's hand. Will you not cry to Him to deliver you? Remember what blind *Bartimeus* did.—(Mark x. 46.) He was blind, poor man, and had been so for many a year, and, no doubt, at one time he quite despaired of ever seeing; but he had heard of late of the wonderful works of Jesus of Nazareth—he saw that all things were possible with Him. Hope broke in upon his soul. O how he longed for a meeting with Jesus! One day, as he sat sad in his darkness by the wayside, he heard an unusual stir. He asked the cause. It was Jesus who was near! What deep emotions then filled his bosom! He lifted up his voice and cried, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Will *you* not also cry to Him for mercy? He has often come to deliver you in times past, but you would not believe that you were in danger. O will you not now, whilst He is again near, cry to Him to deliver you from all Satan's deceits and snares? If Jesus makes you free, you shall be free indeed.

IV. *The blackbird's joy when set free.* With what a burst of joy it flew away! How gladly it would fly among the green trees, rejoicing that it was free again! Such is the joy also of him whom Christ sets free. He never forgets that day. Like the *Eunuch* (Acts viii. 27), he goes on his way rejoicing. His heart is brimful with gladness, and well he may be glad What a deliverance it is to him! To be delivered out of Satan's hands—to be pardoned all his many sins—to have God as his friend, and to have his heart filled with His love—to be brought out of a state of misery into one of real happiness—to be delivered from the way that leads to destruction, and to be brough into that which leads unto eternal life—from the prospect of the fire that is unquenchable, to that of the glorious inheritance of the children of God. Is not that truly blessed? How can he help being joyful? He knows now what it is to be truly happy, and feels that he never knew happiness before.

And yet how Satan would have you to believe the contrary, and how your evil heart leads you to receive his lie. You do not like to think of death and judgment to come; of the anger of God lying upon you for your sins. You try to get rid of these thoughts; you shut your eyes that you may not see the awful hell that is before you. You do not wish to come to Christ. You think that if you were to care for your soul, and to come to Him for salvation—if you were to pray and read God's Word—if you were to prepare for death and for meeting God, that your happy days would be at an end, that you could play no more, but would be gloomy and sad. Ah! you are quite wrong. It is Satan who persuades you to think so in order to keep you from Christ. But if you let him deceive you, if you believe him rather than Christ, he will lead you on until you will fall into the great fire of hell. What a shout of joy he will then raise when he sees you lost and undone for ever! Believe him no longer. Cry to the blessed Saviour to deliver you. Cry as *Peter* (Matt. xiv. 30) did when he was sinking in the water: "Lord, save me." You will then feel what a happy thing it is to know Jesus, and to be delivered from the heavy burdens of sin—to have the prospect of everlasting joy instead of everlasting sorrow. You will then be able to say, as *James Laing* said: "I wondered when I heard it said that Christ was sweet; but now I feel him to be *sweet, sweet.*" You will shout and sing then for joy.

Dr Conyers tells us how glad he was when he was delivered by Christ. He had been under much trouble of mind, seeing his lost and miserable state. One day, while walking in his room, thinking of these things, two passages of Scripture came to his mind. The one was Heb. ix. 22, "Without shedding of blood there is no remission;" the other, 1 John i. 7, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The blessed Spirit of God made him so to understand these words, that at once his darkness was dispelled. As a poor lost sinner, he cast all his hopes upon the Lord Jesus; and he was filled with such joy that he could not contain himself. "I went up-stairs, and down again," said he, "backwards and forwards in my room, clapping my hands for joy, and crying out, *I have found Him! I have found Him! I have found Him whom my soul loveth!* And for a little time, as the apostle said, whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell."

Let me speak one word more to you before I close. If the kind hand of Jesus has not set you free, you are still in Satan's net—caught fast there—quite unable to deliver yourself. O dreadful state to be in! Death may come at any moment and take you away; and where, think you, would you go, when death finds you in Satan's hands? Ah! where, but to dwell with him amid everlasting burnings? Why will you die? Cry to Jesus to have mercy upon you. Cry *now;* do not put off for another day or another hour. There is not a moment to be lost.

But if you have been to Jesus for deliverance—if you know the happiness of being set free from Satan and sin—then look well to your goings. You are not out of danger. Satan will often spread his net in your path to catch you again. Keep close to Christ. Ask him to be your keeper—to hold you up, and to keep your feet from every snare. "Watch ye, and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."—(Mark xiv. 38.) "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."—(1 Peter v. 8.)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—DR ASAHEL GRANT.

(*Concluded from* p. 424.)

Dr Grant soon found abundance of occupation, concerning which he wrote as follows within three months after his arrival:—"I usually prescribe for forty or fifty patients in a day, teach my class of Persians, give lessons to my student, and superintend the secular affairs of the mission, and I have little enough time left to learn two difficult languages, besides my other necessary studies and contingent duties; still my health is very good, and I never was more happy." And, under date 11th May 1836, he wrote thus:—"Multitudes of the sick of every description daily crowd our house for medical prescriptions. It is no uncommon thing for patients to come a three, four, or five days' journey to procure relief. It is indeed sufficient to repay one for all the self-denial and suffering incident to a missionary life, to witness the sincere and artless gratitude manifested by these poor people when relieved from suffering." 15th June 1836.—"There is very much that is interesting, and some things discouraging, or rather, that call for strong faith, and should make us feel our own weakness and insufficiency. But we rejoice that He who has called us to labour, has the hearts of all men in his hands, and there is nothing impossible with him. I trust we feel something of the responsibility of our station. Every moment calls for incessant labour, and our duties continue to increase. In a class I instruct in English, Mussulmans and Nestorians study the gospels together; and we render it all into Turkish, which is the universal language here. I talk much more in this language than in English; but it will be a long time yet before I can speak it as well on all subjects. Not a week passes but I operate for cataract, and often several times in a week. I trust that much suffering will be relieved. O that I might be made instrumental in opening the eyes of the spiritually blind! The people are poor and oppressed in the extreme, and this is a great hindrance to our work. People say that they have "to work every moment for their bread, and to pay their taxes. At least, they cannot provide bread and attend to study too. Thus, while they desire instruction, they grow up in ignorance."

Dr Grant had been thus laboriously engaged in his proper work for about nine months when he was seized with fever, from which he had scarcely recovered when he was brought to the gates of death by an attack of Asiatic cholera. This was followed by severe inflammation of the eyes. About the same time, his associates in the mission, Mr and Mrs Perkins, and their family, as well as Mrs Grant, were all prostrated by fever. This accumulation of sore troubles was, indeed, very trying to Dr Grant's faith, as well as to his bodily strength; for while hardly convalescent, the whole charge of the mission devolved upon him for many weeks, but he was graciously carried through all, and in the end was made to feel that it had been good for him to be afflicted.

The following extract from a letter, written soon after this season of trial, proves how Dr Grant was enabled more and more to "set his affections on things above." . . . . . "When will *Christians*, the purchase of a Saviour's blood, learn to lay up their treasures in heaven, and become rich towards God? What a different state of things would be seen! O that we could see as much anxiety to invest funds in Bible, tract, education, and missionary stock, as there is in railroad and bank stock! If Christians could feel the blessedness of living wholly for God, what a different state of things should we see in the Church! I feel more and more satisfied that, before the world is converted, *the Church must come up to a higher and holier standard of consecration to God.* Christians must feel that the great business of life is to be co-workers with Jesus Christ in saving this lost world. Instead of taxing all the energies of their souls and bodies to heap together a little of the glittering dust of earth, their daily inquiry should be, What can I do to honour my Saviour, and save my dying fellow-men from the dreadful thraldom of sin? What can I do to pour the light of the Gospel upon the darkness of heathenism, and fill the earth with the glory of God? These are motives worthy of all the powers of Gabriel, and they should be first in our minds when we lie down and when we rise up. We should feel that our time, our property, our influence, our children, all belong to God. *We are not our own.*"

Although Dr Grant was able to resume all his duties, his health was never perfectly restored after the severe attack of cholera in 1836. He felt that the climate of Ooroomiah did not agree with him, but he was contented to labour on, although often in weakness and in pain. Between 1836 and 1838, he was blessed with a son (baptized by the name of Henry Martyn), and two daughters, twins. In the beginning of 1839, he was again called to mourn as a widower. His excellent wife was cut off by fever. Bitterly did he grieve over this sad bereavement, yet he could sing of mercy, by which he saw his sorrows tempered. "No language," he wrote at this time, "can express the agony of soul that comes over me at times, when I think of my own loss, and the loss which our three motherless babes have sustained in this trying event—doubly trying in this distant land. But I am wonderfully sustained, and have continued reason to bless the Lord for all his mercies, rich and abounding as they are, even in the hour of deepest trial."

Before the end of this year (1839), Dr Grant made an extensive tour through Mesopotamia to Mosul, and thence through Central Kurdistan, where he visited the Nestorians of the mountains, who (although professing Christianity from the time of the apostles) had never before been reached by any missionary of modern times. Amongst these remarkable people he spent six or seven weeks, and collected much of that interesting information which is contained in the book he subsequently published. In the course of this tour Dr Grant encountered many perils; having been once marked for sacrifice by the bloodthirsty Kurds; at other times, forced to take up his quarters in the tents of the wandering Arabs; and then, again, obliged to walk for days through rough mountain passes, sometimes deeply covered with snow, where it was dangerous to ride even on mules. Dr Grant had long regarded the Nestorian mountaineers as having especial claims on the attention of the Christian world. The Mission Board at home sympathised in his views, and instructed him to endeavour to establish a station in the central glens of their almost inaccessible highlands. This was the object of the journey in question. The account of it, contained in the work on "The Nestorians," is extremely interesting, and no less edifying, inasmuch as it is well calculated to remind the reader of the dangers and privations which the herald of the Cross is frequently obliged to undergo in the discharge of the duties of his high calling. One incident of this journey is well worthy of particular notice, as illustrative of the zeal and devotedness, no less than the courage and energy, which were the characteristics of Dr Grant's character. Having gone to Constantinople in the expectation of obtaining there a suitable companion for his proposed mission, he found that no one could be spared from that station at the time. He, thereupon, immediately resolved to proceed *alone* into Mesopotamia and accordingly he set out without delay. Taking ship to Trebizond, he rode thence to Erzerum, a distance of at least two hundred and twenty miles, over a very mountainous road, in less than three days. Of this feat, Dr Grant himself modestly said, " I made what haste I could." Of the dangers which he encountered on this and his other journeys through these elevated regions, some ideas may be formed from the following statement: " On my route to Diarbekir, I found great difficulty in crossing some of the lofty mountains, owing to the great quantity of snow which remained upon their summits (in the end of May), while immense avalanches had formed bridges of snow and ice over some of the foaming torrents which dashed through the narrow ravines. The bridge over the Euphrates at Paloo had been carried away, and I crossed the river on a raft of inflated skins, like those mentioned by Xenophon in his ' Retreat of the Ten Thousand.' "

It was mainly to the good report of Dr Grant's professional skill and benevolent intentions, spread among the mountain tribes by a young man who had been, a short time previously, successfully couched at Ooroomiah by Dr Grant, that he owed his kind reception by a people who had never before seen a foreigner enter their retired glens. The young Nestorian just mentioned had been the *only* individual of the tribe with whom Dr Grant had ever come into contact, and he was one of the first persons he met when he entered the first village he came to. He accosted Dr Grant with a smiling countenance, presented him with a jar of honey, and at once introduced him to the confidence and affections of his people. A few days after this, Dr Grant met with another old patient, who ministered to his necessities in the kindest manner, and led Dr Grant specially to adore the wonderful providence of God. In this instance, the native told Dr Grant that he had applied to him at Ooroomiah two years previously, when he was sick and destitute, and that he had received at his hands both medicine and pecuniary aid. Now he rejoiced to restore double to his benefactor, and proved his gratitude by doing every thing he could to make the doctor's stay in his village happy and comfortable.

One result of Dr Grant's researches amongst the Nestorians, was his being convinced that they are descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. Much of his book, already referred to, is occupied by a statement of the facts and reasonings which led him to this conclusion. His views have drawn forth some able criticism, particularly from his distinguished fellow-countryman, Dr Robinson, who has endeavoured to prove that Dr Grant's data were insufficient. Whether we agree with Dr Grant or not, it must be acknowledged by all that his facts are at once deeply interesting and most important, and must have cost him in collecting them much laborious research.

It is truly painful to reflect that, since Dr Grant's beneficent visit to these highland retreats, their peaceful inhabitants have been called to endure the most fearful sufferings at the hands of their ancient enemies the Kurds. These fierce warriors, along with a party of Turkish soldiers, headed by the Pasha of Mosul, having penetrated into the Nestorian territory, massacred an immense number of men, women, and children, depopulating whole villages, burning churches and castles, and perpetrating extreme cruelties of all kinds. They seemed to have almost extirpated the race. Nevertheless, recent accounts from the American Missionaries at Ooroomiah (see " Free Church Missionary Record " for October 1849), assure us that a faithful remnant is left, and that the good seed of the Word, sown by Dr Grant and others, is bearing abundant fruit. A remarkable revival of religion has lately appeared amongst the Nestorian Christians.

Dr Grant himself had the greatest satisfaction in this journey through Kurdistan. He had the best possible opportunities of putting to the test the advantages of his character and qualifications as a medical missionary; and he felt that these were not insignificant. He was every where received and treated with the greatest kindness, and he found favour with the Kurdish chiefs, who all welcomed him as a benefactor. He thus obtained and availed himself of opportunities of " speaking the truth in love," such as were not likely to have been met with by a missionary not skilled in the healing art.

About the beginning of 1840, Dr Grant obtained leave from the Mission Board to return to America for a season; but before he left the scene of his labours, he was once more called to mourn—his twin daughters died of measles, and were laid in their mother's grave. The bereaved father took his little son, Henry Martyn, in his arms, and set out to revisit his native country. The long journey over hills, and through many glens, to the port of Trebizond, was performed, as formerly, on horseback; the little boy being seated on the pommel of his father's saddle. After a perilous voyage, Boston was reached in safety.

Dr Grant spent the few months of his residence at home, partly in making arrangements for the education of his three sons, partly in conferences with the Mission Board on the subject of his labours, and partly in travelling through the States to communicate information regarding the state of the East, and to stir up the Churches to increased liberality on behalf of missions. His public appeals were characterised by great fervour, and they produced no inconsiderable effect.

He also, at this time, prepared for the press, and superintended the publication of, his valuable work on "The Nestorians."

In the spring of 1841, he left America to return to Persia. On his way, he visited London. He had intended to have crossed the Atlantic in the "President" steam-ship, which was lost on the voyage, but was prevented by "a remarkable interposition of Providence." He reached Mosul on the 25th August, just in time to wait upon the sickbed of his new associate, the Rev. Mr Hinsdale, who subsequently acknowledged that "he could not but feel that the Lord had sent Dr Grant at a most unexpected moment for the preservation of his life."

Amidst labours abundant, and dangers many, not unmixed with severe trials of various kinds, Dr Grant passed the years 1842 and 1843. He made several journeys through various parts of Kurdistan and Mesopotamia, and did much, in every way, for the evangelization of the people, and the establishment of schools. In the course of his fourth visit to the mountains, he traversed their whole extent, going from village to village, from house to house, although hearing every where rumours of coming war. "But," said he, "I have pretty well learned the lesson taught by our blessed Saviour, 'Be ye not troubled.'"

It was in the autumn of 1843, that Dr Grant's labours among the Nestorians were suddenly interrupted by that dreadful onslaught, already referred to, which desolated many a previously happy valley, and drove multitudes of unoffending people into a miserable captivity. Dr Grant was obliged to take refuge in Mosul, whence he wrote thus: "The Nestorians needed humbling, and they may find it good to have been afflicted. 'Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.' 'In their *affliction*, they will seek me early.' Methinks there are rays of light behind the darkness, visible to the eye of faith. Though fully aware of the obstacles in the way, of the many perils that beset my path, I have proposed to the committee to return again to the mountains in the spring, provided that the *Churches*, whose messenger I am, will support me in so doing. But, at the present crisis, I want to know the views and the wishes of those who have sent me forth. For more than four years past, I have exposed myself to dangers in this arduous enterprise, which have subjected me to the charge of temerity, and even of 'courting death at every step.' And should I now go forward to encounter new dangers, perhaps greater than those from which I have escaped, or should I fall by the hand of violence (and who can tell how long that hand may be restrained?) what will be the voice of Christians at home?—that I fall, as a Christian soldier should fall, at the post of duty, or a victim to my own unwarrantable rashness? This is a practical and important inquiry. What shall I do? Hitherto hath the Lord helped me; and I would still trust him to throw over me the shield of his protecting arm, if I can rest assured that Christians at home will entreat the Lord for me."

Here, indeed, is the true spirit of the martyr. How admirable the union of simple trust in God, and great boldness resulting from it, with earnest desire to know what was the path of duty, that he might not "run unsent." Dr Grant's faith seems to have been eminently simple. His obedience, therefore, was that of the good soldier, making him ready to go whithersoever, and to endure whatsoever his Divine captain commanded, without questioning either the fitness of the order, or his own ability to obey. "Here I am, what wouldest thou have me to do?" While he was in the attitude of waiting for indications of what course he ought to pursue for the future, Dr Grant opened his house in Mosul as a place of refuge for the expatriated Nestorians, of whom he had, at one time, upwards of sixty depending upon him for support. To these he ministered both in things spiritual and in things temporal. He comforted them with Gospel truth, opened schools for the children, and attended to the sick and the wounded with the utmost assiduity. He was now advised to return once more, for a season, to America. He himself felt the need of repose, and he was anxious to make new arrangements for the education of his children. Upon the whole, he felt satisfied that it was his duty to revisit his native land, and he began to prepare accordingly. On the 23d March 1844, he wrote to his mother thus: "Should nothing unexpected intervene, the prospect now is, that I may stand once more on the shores of America in the course of the coming fall."

This prospect was not realized. Long ere "the fall," indeed within a month of the time when he so wrote, Dr Grant was numbered with the dead. "His warfare was ended," and he entered into his rest. He died of typhus fever on the 24th April 1844, after an illness of eighteen days.

Dr Grant's fatal sickness was, probably, the effect of his self-denying and most benevolent exertions on behalf of the sick and wounded Nestorians, of whom he had received so many into his own house, after the massacre in the mountains. This was his last work of mercy on behalf of the much-loved objects of his solicitude. He counted not his very life too dear to be sacrificed for their good. Yet he sought not them, but their souls. He desired to win them to Christ by the manifestation of his love, which was so largely shed upon his own heart. One can hardly imagine a nobler moral spectacle than that presented to the imagination, by the few words in Dr Grant's letter which allude to this piece of Christian hospitality. "I have much to do," he said, "in the care of fifty, or more, Nestorians in our mission house." The *care* of upwards of fifty poor people, suddenly driven from their homes at the point of the sword, some of them wounded, many of them sick, all depressed by the feeling of mortification in having been overthrown by an old enemy, who, for the first time, had succeeded in penetrating into their strongholds, was truly a *care* of no ordinary magnitude. But the love of Him who said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden," had constrained the good physician, in whose house they sought refuge, to consider it a privilege to minister to the poor and afflicted; and he received them all gladly. He tenderly bound up their wounds; he supplied them with the necessaries of life; and he whispered to one and all the words of comfort wherewith he himself had been comforted.

Blessed occupation! and blessed gospel which produces such fruits! Never were Dr Grant's Christian graces brought into more vigorous exercise than on this occasion; never did he manifest more of the true excellency of his gifts, or of the importance of his vocation as a medical missionary. How evident is it that his previous reputation and experience as a healer of the sick, gave him, in such circumstances, an especial advantage in his endeavours to lead the minds of his patients to the Fountain of Life, and the source of all healing influence!

How mysterious are the ways of God! It was in the very midst of this labour of love that the servant was called away by his divine Master. It was in the vigour of his manhood, just as he had acquired sufficient acquaintance with the language and habits of the people, to enable him constantly and efficiently to pursue his calling, and just as his true character, as a public benefactor, was fairly established in his adopted country, that he was removed. We are amazed; "reason reels," but faith assures us that all was right, and for the best. Dr Grant lived long enough to do his own work; and, brief as his career was, he has left to us a bright example of zeal and devotedness, and of intelligent consecration of highly cultivated powers of mind to the service of Christ, in a field full of danger and difficulty.

In 1837, two years after he had settled in Kurdistan, Dr Grant wrote an "Appeal to Pious Physicians," on the duty of devoting themselves to missionary work. It was widely circulated in America, but not in Britain. In it Dr Grant expressed his "conviction of the importance of having those in every missionary field who shall be able to heal the sick," as well as "preach the kingdom of God"—some who shall especially exemplify the spirit of Him, "who went about healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people." "That servant of God," he said, "who, by his ability to relieve suffering, has a key to the heart, possesses a talent which is greatly needed in the missionary field." "He has a thousand opportunities to address the conscience and heart when most susceptible of serious impressions, and of recommending the religion of Jesus when no one else could do it." Further, "he may introduce his missionary brethren, enlarging the sphere of their influence."

Then, to illustrate the extent of the field of labour open to the medical missionary, Dr Grant remarks,—"Within a year from my arrival in Ooroomiah, I prescribed for about 10,000 patients, and performed the operation for cataract more than fifty times. If there were no other object than to relieve the sufferings of the sick and dying, feelings of humanity should prompt us to come forward to this interesting work. But when we look forward to the influence which the faithful pious physician may hope to exert, in saving them from the endless pains of the second death, the motive is one of the highest that infinite wisdom could present."

The friends of Christian Missions in Britain are beginning to appreciate the importance of employing medical agents to co-operate with evangelical missionaries. But men of the requisite qualifications are hardly to be met with. Our hopes must be chiefly in the rising generation. And, doubtless, it may be a ground of great satisfaction to Christian parents, that for some young men, who cannot be brought up with a view to the holy ministry, but who are yet desirous to serve the Lord by spreading the gospel, there exists a sphere for the exercise of their talents so full of promise as that presented by missionary medicine.

RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE IN EVERY THING.

All proper acts may be religious. Our whole life may be imbued with the religious spirit, and even those passages in it which seem trivial and insignificant be elevated to the dignity and clothed with the beauty of worship and Divine service, if we but guide ourselves constantly by the maxims of Christianity, and hold steadily in view, as the end of our efforts, the accomplishment of our work on earth as the children of God. That work is, to gain our own spiritual and permanent wellbeing, to bless our families and all the creatures of God associated with us, to do what we can do to bring this fallen and wretched race into the light of the knowledge and holiness of the gospel, and thus to advance God's plans and declare his glory. Now to the accomplishment of this work, which is one work with different departments, it is manifestly not necessary nor proper even, that we labour in one direction only, or in one circle of activity. We must provide for our own subsistence and the subsistence of our families. It is not merely our privilege to do this, but our duty, as creatures of God related to others. We must reserve and accumulate property if we honestly can, in connection with other necessary labours, that we may disburse it again for God's glory and human welfare. This, in its place, is our religious duty; as much so as praising God in the sanctuary, or visiting the sick and the poor, and those who are in prison.

To cultivate and adorn the intellect, and store it with knowledge, to cherish the sensibility, to gain relaxation and refreshment of spirits by innocent amusement, to train the physical system for effort and endurance, to strive diligently with thought and desire in the departments of business, to gain for ourselves influence by professional application—all these are duties we owe to God; all these, if rightly discharged, as unto the Lord and not unto man, will be truly religious acts, the conditions and means of our growth in grace. In their place they are essential to the accomplishment of our whole life-work. If rightly pursued, therefore, our usual employments in life, so far from interfering with and opposing our distinctively religious duties, will fall directly into the same lines. They will themselves become religious, devotional. The saying of the old monks will be realized to us—"Work is worship." We shall find our meanest employment ennobled by its relation to the whole of which it is a part, and to the end to which it contributes. And as the temple is all built for God and consecrated to him—not its arches merely, its spire, its choir, or its pulpit, but its whole structure in all its parts—so will our life be ALL set apart for God's service and worship, and its most common acts will become acts of piety, and its familiar words will be voices of devotion.

FAITH.

It is one excellence of the Gospel, and a distinguishing one, that the spiritual act by which its blessings are brought to the reception of the soul, is in itself simple and obvious, and in its exercise familiar to men. It is an act of faith; and faith—confidence in the truth, or in other beings—is a mental act and state without which human society could not exist a day; which is exemplified constantly, and in all the relations in which men are placed. The wife trusts the husband, and the husband the wife; the child trusts the parent, and the parent confides in the love and the intelligence of the child he has nurtured. Between the members of the same circle in business or in society, of the same literary coterie, of the same party in reform—there must be mutual, reciprocated, undoubting confidence, or there cannot be happiness or peace, or efficient co-operation.

We step into a railroad car, as the train pauses a moment in its headlong rush, and are borne away with more than the swiftness of the bird-flight through forests that, as we pass, seem sweeping backward with furious speed, and by rocks and houses that, to our bewildered vision, seem whirling from their places. One drawbridge out of place, and unobserved, would hurl us to instant and irresistible destruction. A single rail removed from the road by accident or design, or broken upon it and not replaced, unless the eye of the engineer should catch the defect from afar, would tumble the whole vast train into a mass of iron and wood and human bones crushed indistinguishably together. And yet we ride in security, and with justified fearlessness; we ride thus because we trust the skilfulness and fidelity of those who are our guides; or rather we trust the company who employs them, and know that, as responsible men holding responsible trusts, their directions have been given with minute accuracy, and their selection and supervision of their employées has been thorough and careful. We ride without alarm, and we have right to do so because we have faith.

As night is coming on, we pass from the cars to the spacious saloons of the decorated steam-boat, and commence our passage over a sheet of water that may be swept by hurricanes ere morning; that has been the scene of many and terrible wrecks by storm and fire; and yet we sail on in cheerful security. We pass to the luxurious supper; we chat gaily with the friends who gather around us; we quietly lie down to the night's repose; and the beauty and brightness of the gay saloons but harmonise with the gladness and cheerfulness of our thoughts. It is because we trust the persons under whose charge we are. We trust the pilot though we have never seen him, and are confident in his watchfulness and his acquaintance with our course. We trust the whole company with whom we are associated. We trust implicitly the one controlling and master mind which is the eye and brain to this whole body; and we know we are safe—those contingencies excepted which override all human skill—because our captain is wise and kind and brave.

The faith which the gospel requires of us, and which God has established as the condition of his blessings, is directed to other realities than these, and to other beings. It is properly required to be more full and more effective than that we feel toward men; to be separated from all that alloy of heedlessness and thoughtless indifference, which in human affairs is often blended with it; to be separated into the essential clearness and purity which befits its objects, and to be made to act steadily and with absolute power. But still it is generically the same faith, the same act and state of the soul, with which men are elsewhere familiar. We are to *believe* in God, and to believe God; to believe what he says, and because he says it; to *trust* him for his wisdom, goodness, and love; to trust him in regard to his providence, and in regard to his moral government. We are to *confide in* Christ, as his Son, our Teacher, Friend, Saviour, Intercessor. Having this confidence in him, we shall of course have peace in our own souls. His truth, received into the soul in fulness, and simplicity, and vital power, will bless and renew us. We shall have communion with him, and receive of his Spirit. God will accept us as the friends of his Son and the representatives of his spirit, will pardon us for our sin, and receive us into his favour.

The renewal and purification of the heart, the full and glorious enlightenment of the mind, justification before God and his law, the opening of the gates of heaven before the soul, and its final reception among the myriads of the redeemed—all are thus naturally and inevitably conditioned upon the exercise by the soul, toward God and Christ, of the faith it exercises daily and hourly toward fellow-beings on earth. How simple the requirement! How rich God's grace in demanding no more! And how inexcusable and suicidal the neglect to cherish this filial faith!—*Independent.*

DEFINITE AIMS.

MUCH strenuous effort in this world is lost for want of a definite aim. Much eloquent preaching is practically powerless, because not designed to achieve a definite and well-understood purpose. The animating influence of a clearly defined and absorbing object, would give point and power to many a pulpit exhortation which now falls unheeded upon listless ears. The very fact that the preacher knows not which of his efforts is to accomplish the great object for which he preaches, is the highest reason for aiming at success in every effort. As the husbandman is not to withhold his hand morning or evening, because he cannot tell whether this or that seed will prosper, the preacher's ignorance of the future history of each pulpit effort should give each the directness and adaptation needful for effect. With such a distinctly perceived aim, success would often come.

The Christian's is a high calling. The glory of his Redeemer, the good of man, the culture in his own heart of the principles, hopes, and joys of holiness, are his great mission who accepts the conditions of the gospel. How unspeakably it would subserve this great end of the Christian's life, to keep that end vividly before the mind—to make it the direct aim of every day's history. Every day should have its purpose and its plan, the execution or the failure of which should enter into our estimate of the day's results. And if that purpose be the Christian's exalted and impressive one, with what dignity and power would life become invested! How much more rapid would be the advance in the divine life.

An ever-present consciousness of duty gives directness and energy to the mind, and shields the soul from the force of temptations. He who is charged with a responsible trust, or is flying upon a mighty errand, finds no time and feels no desire to dally with the flowers which strew his way. He whose everyday life is penetrated and overawed with the consciousness of a lofty and commanding pursuit, whose heart and mind are ever singing

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,"

will hardly feel the assault which will overthrow an idler. His pre-occupation not only imparts the vigour that can resist the attack, but destroys its force. It multiplies the forces within the garrison, and at the same time weakens the power by which it is threatened.

COMMITTING SCRIPTURE TO MEMORY.

BY THE REV. DR EADIE, GLASGOW.

REFLECT on the advantages of remembering the Bible. No one of you will be disposed to question the profit of recollecting such words of truth, mercy, and power, as are to be found in Scripture. If you forget them, what rule will be your guide, and where will you find a foundation for hope and comfort? You may almost as well have no Bible at all, if, on every occasion when you have shut it, you allow its truths to "slip." But if you have retained its sayings in your memory, the effect on yourselves will be of continued and incalculable good. You may come into scenes of temptation; and then, if you do not "remember the words of the Lord Jesus," you are utterly helpless. The Bible may not be within your reach. To consult its pages may be impossible. But O! if your memory be well stored with divine truth, its directions will guide you, its promises will cheer you, and faith in it will give you the victory.

We propose to you as an example of an active and sanctified memory the Redeemer himself. You know how Satan tempted him in the wilderness. Jesus did not pause to argue or remonstrate. He only quoted Scripture, and he quoted from memory. Once and again, and a third time, was he assaulted, and as often was the tempter defeated by Christ's recollection and use of powerful passages from the Bible. His memory supplied him with those weapons which baffled and put to flight his dark antagonist. Now, it is a remarkable fact, that all our Lord's citations at this period of trial are taken from one book of the Old Testament—the book of Deuteronomy. That treatise is an abridgement of the preceding books, and contains a brief rehearsal of early Jewish history. On this account it must have been a favourite book with the Hebrew youths, one in which they took a deep and constant interest, and which they must have read so eagerly as to remember its leading incidents, its most prominent truths, its most striking lessons. The "child Jesus" may have been early directed to the reading and recollection of this book by his mother. It fed his opening mind and stored his youthful memory; and from such juvenile lessons was he furnished with those quotations, at the recital of which the devil fled abashed. Never lay aside "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." Be ye followers of Christ.

And if, in future years, you should be afflicted and bowed down by disease—your eyes dim—your arm feeble, and your power of attention weak and fickle—of what value to you will not the memory of Scripture be? Its promises will then come up to your heart in refreshing number and variety. You will be satisfied from yourselves, and your memory, so happily occupied in pouring out its consolations, will be within you "a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Happy is he who possesses such a treasure. Youth is the season to acquire it, age is the period to enjoy its sweets.

But, in short, at all times the remembrance of Scripture will be your best companion. The command given by Solomon, exhorting you to early and immediate piety, refers itself chiefly to your memory: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." The sacred injunction to keep the Sabbath throws itself on your memory in similar terms—"Remember the Sabbath-day." When the Psalmist was perplexed by some mysterious events of Providence, he found comfort in the exercise of memory: "I call to remembrance my song in the night." "I will remember the years of the right hand of the

Most High; I will remember the works of the Lord." Such years are described and such works recorded in the Bible. The celebration of the Lord's Supper appeals also to the memory of the friends of Christ,—"Do this in remembrance of me,"—of ME, whose life, actions, sufferings, and death are narrated in the New Testament. And so the remembrance of appropriate portions of Scripture will cherish and strengthen your Christian graces. If any doubts creep over your mind, they will be banished by a recollection of the promises of the covenant. "This," says the prophet, "I recall to mind; therefore I have hope." Should you "be overtaken in a fault," and not confess your sin and mourn over it, memory will summon you to repentance: "And Peter remembered the words of Jesus—and he went out and wept bitterly." Let me intreat you, then, to consider these statements. Implore God so to strengthen and sanctify your memory, as to enable you to bear upon it the truths, precepts, hopes, promises, and examples of his blessed book.—*From "Lectures on the Bible," addressed to the Young.*

GOD IS HERE.

A MINISTER of the gospel was once preaching upon the character of God, showing his holiness and purity. Before him sat a man who long had resisted all the appeals of God's love, and the threatenings of his wrath, and to human view had become hardened in sin. But God sent an arrow to his heart. As the minister proceeded, an expression of thoughtfulness stole over his face, then he turned pale, and at last, unable longer to control his emotions, he exclaimed, "Carry me out, for God is here."

And did you never think, dear reader, that the eye of God was always upon you? Have you ever been able to contrive a way by which you can escape from God? Is He not in all the earth? Is not heaven his presence-chamber? And will not his vengeance pursue the wicked down to hell?

What then will you do? The only thing you can do that will save you from his wrath, is to fly to Christ. This you may do. You may do it now, just where you sit. You may repent and forsake your sins, and believe on the Son of God to your everlasting salvation. This you must do, or your soul will surely perish. Come then as a poor, guilty, lost, helpless sinner, and make an unreserved surrender of yourself to the Lord Jesus Christ. Come now, and just as you are. You can never come with any worthiness or merit of your own. Jesus came to save sinners. Come and trust in Him, and your soul shall live for ever. And the presence of God reconciled through Christ will be the source of all your joys. God is here, and God will be on the judgment-seat. Every eye shall see him *then*. Oh! see him *now*. The only way of peace is to come to Him while he invites us to return and live. Come to-day; wait no longer. God is here, waiting to be gracious.

WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

A FRIENDLY HINT TO SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

LOOK round your class; you may not see in one of those children a trace or shadow of coming disease; all may be life and uncontrollable activity—but you *know* (for such things are but too well known), that to-morrow may find the brightest and liveliest of them all, a silent, lifeless corpse; nay, even to-night the spirit may return to God that gave it. Were a still more fearful visitation to take place, and the work of teaching were suddenly arrested by the hand of death—if yonder healthful, spirited boy, were suddenly struck down before your eyes, passing through the last struggle of departing life amidst his very class-mates, a thrill of startled dread would run through the whole assembly; but none could say such a fearful stroke had never yet been known. Men, women, and children *are* thus cut down at a moment's warning.

Think of this, Teachers! and let the solemn thought have its full weight with you. Think of this! and you will not seize every trifling excuse to be absent from a place where souls may be lost or won. Think of this! and you will not waste your precious time in the Sabbath-school with lessons on natural history or geography, nor look with eager impatience at the clock as it moves towards the hour of closing, and wish for some unseen hand to hurry it in its progress, and set you free. Think of this! and you will not leave a healthy scholar unappealed to, nor a sick one unvisited. Think of this! and go to your work as though you could see yourself and your scholars standing on the very brink of eternity!—*Sabbath School Teacher's Magazine.*

ON HAVING SOMETHING TO DO.

HAVING in times past been so situated as to be at a loss what to do, tired of reading and study, and of my regular and somewhat monotonous work, from which I had for a season been released, I have concluded that there are few conditions in which we suffer more than when we feel or say, "I have nothing to do."

Finding myself at a railway station obliged to wait an hour or two for the cars, no books, papers, nor acquaintances to beguile the time, it has seemed to me that the punishment of "nothing to do" would be greater than I could bear. At such times I have almost envied the horse on the tread-mill turning the circular saw, and the man that fed the saw seemed to me positively happy.

One of the great secrets of happiness, and certainly one great means of freedom from numerous mental ailments, is occupation. I used to look on the labourers in the streets and in the trenches with commiseration, but now I regard every one who is regularly occupied as in many respects a happy man. We sometimes see a company of labourers, say fifteen or twenty labourers, sweeping the streets with their long birch brooms. There is many a gentleman, so called, and lady too, on the side-walks or in the carriage, who, by reason of idleness and "nothing to do," is more to be commiserated than those menial labourers. We see in children who complain that they have "nothing to do," a good picture of the misery resulting from want of occupation. They fret and murmur at every thing; they get into mischief; they give vent to their passions; and many a chastisement has come upon them for misdemeanours committed under the direful influence of "nothing to do." Parents are fortunate who are able to devise regular and useful employment for their children. But parents themselves, and others besides children, need to watch against these moments when they feel listless and are indifferent to every form of occupation. Severe as regular toil may be, on the whole there may be less disquietude of mind in it than in a state of independence. If they who have some measure of mental discipline and intelligence suffer so much from ennui, what a mercy it is that they who could not bear it so well are those who are obliged to labour for their daily bread. It is interesting to see how a kind providence provides labour for all sorts of people.

HEALTH.

Take care of your health! If you are better than a blank in the world, the world will need you long. Perhaps you are a Christian, and say, "*I am not afraid to die.*" But you *should be* afraid to die *prematurely*, as a consequence of your neglect of the laws of health and longevity. You have no more right to neglect the body than you have to neglect the soul. You have the charge of both, and for both you are to give account. If you say, "The cause in which I am engaged is good;" very well, then do not pollute its altar by a human sacrifice. It repudiates all such offerings. If death come in unforeseen, and accidental to devotion to a good work, it is to be received, *welcomed!* But when it comes in at the invitation of a constant, known violation of the laws of life, then, to welcome it, is to welcome the ghastly form of suicide.

HERE A LITTLE, AND THERE A LITTLE.

Impressions are made on children, as on rocks, by a constant dropping of little influences. What can one drop do? You scarcely see it fall; and presently it rolls away, or is evaporated; you cannot, even with a microscope, measure the little indentation it has made. Yet it is the constant repetition of this trifling agency which furrows, and at length hollows out the very granite?

Nothing is little in regard to children. Seize every available opening to instruct and impress them. If you have but a moment, employ it. A sentence is sometimes better than a sermon. One word of Scripture may prove a seed of life.

When your child awakes in the morning, when he is going to school, when he comes to your knee in the evening, when he kisses you on retiring, when he lies down in bed, when he is aroused at midnight—these are moments to be seized for the inculcation of some sacred truth, the formation of some Christian habit. And in this work a short saying is better than a long one.—*Am. Messenger.*

AGUR'S PRAYER.

Does not spiritual experience teach Christians that a mediocrity and competency of the things of this life best fit them for the fruits of obedience, which are the end and excellency of their being? A man may be over-mercied as well as over-afflicted. Thus was it that wise Agur requested of God, "Give me neither poverty nor riches, but feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or, lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."—(Prov. xxx. 6, 9.) Against both he prays equally, not absolutely—that had been his sin: he prays comparatively, and submissively to the will of God. He had rather, if God see it fit, avoid both of these extremes. But what would he have then? Food convenient, or, according to the Hebrew, his prey or statute-bread, which is a metaphor from birds which fly up and down to prey for their young; and what they get they distribute among them: they bring them enough to preserve their lives, but not more than enough, to lie mouldering in the nest. Such a proportion Agur desired; and the reason why he desired it is drawn from the danger of both extremes. He measured, like a wise Christian, the convenience or inconvenience of his estate in the world by its suitableness or unsuitableness to the end of his being—which is the service of his God. He accounted the true excellence of his life to consist in its reference and tendency to the glory of God; and he could not see how a redundancy, or too great a penury, of earthly comforts, could fit him for that; but a middle estate, equally removed from both extremes, best fitted that end. And this was all that good Jacob, who was led by the same Spirit, looked at. "And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and keep me in the way that I go, and give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God."—(Gen. xxviii. 20.)—*Cooper.*

EDUCATION.

Good old Roger Ascham, the instructor of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, says:—"It is a pity, that commonly more care is had, yea, and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in one word, but they do so in deed; for to one they give two hundred pounds, and to the other but two hundred shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should be. For he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horses, but wild and unfortunate children; and therefore in the end they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their child."

A WORD TO BOYS.

Some one has said:—"Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, its oceans, seas, and rivers, with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs, with all its millions of men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the hands of the boys of the present age—boys like you, assembled in school-rooms, or playing without them, on both sides of the Atlantic? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession. The kings, presidents, governors, statesmen, philosophers, ministers, teachers, men of the future, all are boys, whose feet like yours cannot reach the floor, when seated on the benches upon which they are learning to master the monosyllables of their respective languages."

THE EVILS OF PRESUMPTUOUS FAITH.

First, A presumptuous faith is an easy faith; it hath no enemy of Satan, or our own corrupt hearts, to oppose it, and so, like a weed, shoots up and grows rank on a sudden. The devil never hath a sinner surer, than when dreaming in this fool's paradise, and walking in his sleep, amidst his vain fantastical hopes of Christ and salvation. And therefore he is so far from waking him, that he draws the curtains close about him, that no light nor noise in his conscience may break his rest. Did you ever know the thief call him up in the night whom he meant to rob and kill? No, sleep is his advantage. But true faith he is a sworn enemy against; he persecutes it in the very cradle, as Herod did Christ in the manger; he pours a flood of wrath after it as soon as it betrays its own birth, by crying and lamenting after the Lord. If thy faith be legitimate, Naphtali may be its name, and thou mayest say, with great "wrestlings have I wrestled" with Satan and my own base heart, and at last have prevailed. If thou canst find the like strife in thy soul, thou mayest comfort thyself, that it is from two contrary principles, faith and unbelief, which are lusting one against another; and thy unbelief, which is the elder (however now it strives for the mastery), shall serve faith the younger.

Secondly, Presumptuous faith is lame of one hand; it hath a hand to receive pardon and heaven from God, but no hand to give up itself to God: true faith hath the use of both her hands. "My beloved is mine," there the soul takes Christ; "and I am his," there she surrenders herself to the use and service of Christ. Now, didst thou ever pass over thyself freely to Christ? I know none but will profess they do this. But the presumptuous soul, like Ananias, lies to the Holy Ghost, by keeping back part, yea, the chief part of that he promised to lay at Christ's feet. This lust he sends out of the way, when he should deliver it up to justice; and that creature-enjoyment he twines about, and cannot persuade his heart to trust God with the disposure of it, but cries out when the Lord calls for it, Benjamin shall not go; his life is bound up in it, and if God will have it from him he must take it by force, for there is no hope of gaining his consent. If this is the true picture of thy faith, and temper of thy soul, then verily thou blessest thyself in an idol, and mistakest a bold face for a believing heart; but if thou art as willing to be faithful to Christ as to pitch thy faith on Christ; if thou countest it as great a privilege that Christ should have a throne in thy heart and love, as that thou shouldst have a place and room in his mercy; in a word, if thou art plain-hearted, and wouldst not hide a sin, nor lock up a creature-enjoyment from him, but desirest freely to give up thy dearest lust to the gibbet, and thy sweetest enjoyments to stay with, or go from thee, as thy God thinks fit to allow thee, though all this be with much regret and discontent, from a malignant party of the flesh within thee, thou provest thyself a sound believer. And the devil may as well say that himself believeth as thou presumest; if this be to presume, be thou the more presumptuous. Let the devil nickname thee and thy faith as he pleaseth; the rose-water is not the less sweet, because one writes wormwood-water on the glass. The Lord knows who are his, and will own them for his true children, and their graces for the sweet fruits of his Spirit, though a false title be set on them by Satan and the world, yea, sometimes by believers on themselves. The father will not deny his child because he is in a violent fit of fever, talks idle, and denies him to be his father.

Thirdly, The presumptuous faith is a sapless and unsavoury faith. When an unsound heart pretends to greatest faith on Christ, even then it finds little savour, tastes little sweetness in Christ. No, he hath his old tooth in his head, which makes him relish still the gross food of sensual enjoyments above Christ and his spiritual dainties; would he but freely speak what he thinks, he must confess that if he were put to his choice, whether he would sit with Christ and his children, to be entertained with the pleasures that they enjoy from spiritual communion with him in his promises, ordinances, and holy ways; or had rather sit with the servants and have the scraps, while God allows the men of the world their full bags and bellies of carnal treasure; that he would prefer the latter before the former. He brags of his interest in God, but he cares not how little he is in the presence of God in any duty or ordinance; certainly, if he were such a favourite as he speaks, he would be more at court than he is. He hopes to be saved, he saith, but he draws not his wine of joy at his tap; it is not the thoughts of heaven that comfort him, but what he hath in the world, and of the world, these maintain his joy; when the world's vessel is out, and creature-joy spent, alas! the poor wretch can find little relief from, or relish in, his pretended hopes of heaven and interest in Christ, but he is still whining after the other. Whereas true faith alters the very creature's palate; no feast so sweet to the believer as Christ is; let God take all other dishes off the board, and leave but Christ, he counts his feast is not gone, he hath what he likes; but let all else stand, health, estate, friends, and what else the world sets a high value on, if Christ be withdrawn, he soon misseth his dish, and makes his moan, and saith, Alas! who hath taken away my Lord? It is Christ that seasons these and all his enjoyments, and makes them savoury meat to his palate; but without him, they have no more taste than the white of an egg without salt.—*Gurnall.*

THE ROD OF LOVE.

The child which is sick and bruised is most looked after. When a saint lies under the bruising of temptations, Christ prays, and God the Father pities. When Satan puts the soul into a fever, God comes with a cordial; which made Luther say that temptations are Christ's embraces, because he doth then most sweetly manifest himself to the soul.

Fragments.

One of the best sermons I ever heard violated many rules of grammar, rhetoric, and elocution; but it was not its violation of rules that made it excellent. Half its blunders would have wholly destroyed the usefulness of a common discourse.

It suits not well to preach the words of life with the grave-clothes of an unregenerate state upon us. Where it is so, it is sad. It is a dreadful work to be ferrying over others with our own backs to Immanuel's land.—*Boston.*

"Perpetual complaints," to use the simile of an old writer, "are like unto a new cart, which creaks and cries even while it has no burden but its own wheels; whereas that which is long used, and well oiled, goes silently away with a heavy load."

If he shall have judgment without mercy who hath showed no mercy, what shall become of him who delights in malice?

They are too wise who are not content sometimes to wonder.

JOHN JAENIKE, PASTOR AT BERLIN.

BY PROFESSOR G. DE FELICE.

John Jaenike was in some measure the *Oberlin* or the *Felix Neff* of Prussia. He did great things, accomplished vast good, and contributed much to revive religion in a country which seemed sunk in infidelity. If this excellent man has little fame abroad, it is because he sought obscurity as carefully as others run after notoriety. He avoided noise, ostentation, all that could flatter pride. But, despite of his humility, he at last drew general attention in the city of Berlin. His piety was so deep, his charity so ardent, his devotedness to the cause of the Lord so entire, that his adversaries were constrained to do him justice, and to bow before this venerable pastor. The king of Prussia, being informed of all that he did, testified for him particular esteem; and at his death thousands of respectable citizens followed his remains to the churchyard. What is the learning of the scholar, the wisdom of the wise, and the renown of illustrious men, compared with a life full of faith and good works?

The following brief notice gives only a faint idea of this pastor; but it will serve to introduce Jaenike to the knowledge of many. They will be edified I am sure by reading the facts which I shall relate.

John Jaenike (pronounced Ja-ne-ka) was born in Berlin in 1748, in a humble and poor family. His father was a simple weaver. He belonged to the *Bohemian Brethren's* communion, who resemble much the *Moravians*, without being wholly blended with them. They are descendants of the ancient *Hussites*, or disciples of *John Huss*, who, forced by the persecutions of Jesuits and priests to abandon their native soil, sought an asylum in other countries of Germany. Peaceful and industrious men, they have generally been well received in Saxony and Prussia. They have formed in Berlin a small congregation, which has always shown its faith by its good works. Young Jaenike received a pious and careful education. His mother taught him, from his tenderest years, the sweet name of a crucified Saviour. His father performed regularly family worship. Every thing breathed around him the love of God. It would seem, however, that the young man had not then received saving religious impressions. The seed of faith was deposited in his soul, but it did not yet bear fruit. God reserved the germinating of this seed to a suitable time.

At the age of eighteen years John Jaenike left his father's house. He must provide by his own labour for his subsistence, and he went into the province of Silesia to exercise the weaver's trade. He stopt in the small town of Munsterberg, where there was a congregation of Bohemian brethren; and there the Lord converted him to the truth of the gospel.

One day John Jaenike heard the pastor say, at the end of his sermon, "Is there any one among my hearers who fancies he is not a sinner? I ask him to consider whether it is a great sin if, from his youth, he has not loved the Saviour above all things." These words struck the conscience of the young weaver. He left the church with serious thoughts and an anxious heart. He went into a wood near the town, saying to himself, "No, I have not loved my Saviour above all things, and I am a great sinner. I am the more so, because God loaded me in my father's house with the greatest favours." He fell upon his knees; and for the first time in his life he cried to God with a conscience oppressed by the weight of his transgressions. His prayer made in faith was heard. He tasted a peace before unknown, and returned to his lodgings with the delightful feeling of reconciliation with God. From that day he faithfully cherished the love of God till his death, showing thus that it was the work of the Holy Spirit.

Jaenike went to tell the pastor what had passed in his mind. The pastor questioned the young man with fatherly affection, discovered in him good qualities, remarked his taste for study, and, as he united to his pastoral duties the office of school-teacher, he resolved to take him for his associate. Young Jaenike accordingly spent his leisure hours in learning the duties of schoolmaster, passed the necessary examinations in Berlin, and took charge of the children's class of the congregation with the pastor of Munsterberg.

This office satisfied his ambition. He would never have aspired to occupy a higher station, if circumstances had not called him another way. Some difficulties occurring at Munsterberg, Jaenike was constrained to quit his school, and return to his parents in Berlin. He was very sad. In what way could he continue his studies? His parents could not support him at the university. At last, the pastors of the Bohemian brethren, knowing his desire to cultivate his mind, consented to teach him the ancient languages. He made rapid progress, and was appointed some time after teacher in a school at Dresden.

There, a pious physician remarked his Christian deportment; and being persuaded that he would become a useful minister of the gospel, this generous friend, seconded by another Christian, procured for him the means of studying theology at the University of Leipsic. John Jaenike was then twenty-six years old. He was happy in having pious and devoted teachers, who, far from imparting to him *science falsely called*, strengthened him in the way of the Lord. Several universities in Germany were already infected with rationalistic opinions, but that of Leipsic formed an honourable exception.

At the end of three years, Jaenike was admitted to the office of pastor, and at the same time he became acquainted with Spangenberg, a celebrated bishop of the Moravians. He learned, from his instructions and example, to appreciate properly the duties of the holy ministry. Then, in 1799, he received a call as pastor from the Bohemian brethren in Berlin. There he passed the rest of his long life.

All know what was the spiritual state of Berlin, and of a great part of Prussia, at this deplorable period. There was hardly any living faith. A dry and cold rationalism had taken the place of the gospel. Preachers inculcated from the pulpit, not the essential truths of salvation, but dry philosophy. Infidelity, for a long time encouraged by Frederick II., marched with a bold front, turning into ridicule the most sacred truths of Christianity, and uttering blasphemies against God the Saviour. What was become of the Reformation of Luther, in Berlin, at this time? It was a thing of the past. The great Doctor of Wittemberg was regarded as a *credulous* and *superstitious* man by these *new thinkers*; and if a pastor dared, in the midst of this sceptical generation, to preach Jesus Christ crucified, he found himself the butt of bitter sarcasm. These corrupt men said that he was another Epimenides, who had slept for a hundred years, and had come back from the grave to preach obsolete doctrines.

Jaenike was almost the only man in Berlin who had the faith and courage needed to testify for his Saviour. But he did not hesitate; he did not shrink from reproach and insult. Endued with strength from on high, remembering that he who is with God is never confounded, he went forward in his holy mission with unshaken firmness. Not only did he perform regularly service on Sabbath—he held a religious meeting every Monday evening, in which he defended the doctrines of the evangelical Church against the attacks of infidels.

This zeal stirred up against Jaenike the most violent opposition. Scoffers came into the church to make disturbance. They interrupted the preacher, and insulted him to his face, denouncing him as a hypocrite. In short they raised a tumult, so that Jaenike, not being effectually protected by the police, was obliged to give up his Monday meeting. Such is the *tolerance* of sceptics! What they do now in the Canton de Vaud, they did then in Berlin. A poor pastor was not allowed to explain the gospel agreeably to his conscience. He must ask leave of wicked men, and learn from them what he might say from the pulpit!

But the king of Prussia, being informed of these scandals, was indignant, and promised to Jaenike to interfere if he was again insulted. Further, admiring his courage and perseverance, he caused to be built in 1805, at the expense of the public treasury, a large prayer-room, where our preacher soon drew a numerous audience. The rationalists (constant experience shows it) cannot fill their churches, with all their learning and powers of oratory. Sceptics may applaud, but they do not care to go regularly to hear them. The soul needs more substantial food, and the good Jaenike, who was not ambitious to be an eloquent orator, but who simply taught in plain language the doctrines of the gospel, had larger audiences than the most famous preachers of Berlin.

His success raised against him new enemies; and, as the scoffers dared not trouble him in his church, they insulted him in the street. One day, as he passed, Jaenike met four military officers who followed him with scoffs and jeers. Ah! there is Jaenike! Jaenike the bigot, the fanatic! the mad Bohemian! Jaenike, who would convert us all to his superstitions! Instead of complaining, the pastor spoke to them with the utmost meekness, and went away praying for them. Some time after, one of these officers went to ask from this madman spiritual advice. Jaenike received him cordially, explained to him the whole work of Christ for the salvation of sinners, and concluded by praying with him fervently for the Divine blessing on his soul. The young officer retired much affected; and the next Sunday he went to hear the pastor, concealing himself behind a pillar in the building; for he dared not appear openly in a congregation so despised by the world. He soon became, however, one of the most faithful members of his church; and used his influence over his three companions with such effect, that they too sought the peace which made him so happy; and Jaenike had at last the joy to see among the disciples of the Saviour all the four officers who had so grossly insulted him—a new proof that patience and charity are all-powerful to soften the hardest heart.

Jaenike was a *man of prayer*. He passed hours together before the Lord, presenting to him his own wants and the wants of his brethren. Germany was then in a state of war and desolation. Prussia had been invaded by the armies of Napoleon. The pious pastor assembled his flock three times every Sabbath, and almost every day in the week, in order to invoke the blessings of the Most High in behalf of his country. A little after, the Prussians gained the victory of Gross-Beeren; and some officers who had met at a national festival having tried again to turn Jaenike into ridicule, a general said to them sharply: "The man whom you deride has contributed to gain the battle. He has prayed day and night, with his flock, to the God of battles. Who dares still abuse such a man? Is he not worthy, on the contrary, to receive all honour for his piety, his fidelity to the Lord, to the king, and to the country? May God long preserve such a devoted servant."

Jaenike was also *familiar with the Bible*. After having read the Scriptures many times, he re-read them continually with new delight, and discovered in them new treasures. He passed part of his nights in these excellent meditations. During the last year of his life, a pastor of Berlin passing before his house at a late hour, perceived still a light at his window, and wished to see what he was doing. He found him sitting with a Hebrew Bible in his hand, and his face beaming with heavenly joy. "Ah! dear brother," said Jaenike to him, after the first salutations, "what an unfathomable depth each word of the Bible contains! I was just reflecting upon the rich and sublime meaning of the word *Elohim*, and I cannot leave off pondering it. What other occupation should I have—I, a poor and feeble old man—but to converse with my good Saviour, who has borne with me so meekly through all my sinful life, and who pardons me so kindly? I cannot enough read his holy Word; and the more I search it, the greater the treasures I discover. It is only now, when I am come to the close of my life, that I see clearly how ignorant I have been of the profound meaning of the Bible. At every text which relates to my Saviour and to my Supreme Benefactor, my heart prompts me to sing a new *hallelujah* to his honour."

Jaenike was also a *charitable man*. He was not satisfied, as so many are, to give some money to the poor; he added to his alms a *personal* concern—a rarer and more difficult kind of devotedness. When he could do good to an unfortunate or a sick person, morning, evening, or night, he left all and hastened to him. He was often a *nurse* to those who were not with their relatives or friends. He prepared their food, administered to them the remedies prescribed by the physician, and performed the humblest and most painful duties. Amidst these bodily cares, he never forgot the spiritual wants of the wretched. If I did not fear to extend this notice, I could cite some instances of his admirable charity; but the reader can easily imagine them.

What is especially worthy of attention in the life of Jaenike is, that he founded several religious societies, which are yet flourishing. He had but small pecuniary means, and his congregation was not composed of wealthy persons. This pastor seemed, to human view, more incapable than any other of establishing associations which require great expense. But in such works zeal avails more than money, and they who have nothing derive from their confidence in God abundant means of action.

One of the establishments founded by this good man was a *missionary school* or *institute*. In the year 1800, when no one in Berlin thought of pagan nations, he received into his house seven young men, whom he prepared for the missionary work. Some friends said to him, "Where will you find money to defray the expenses of this school?" Jaenike replied simply, "I trust in Him who governs all things; God will provide." In fact, resources were not lacking. He received aid from remote countries, and in moments when it was most needed.

About a hundred young men were taught by Jaenike, and several celebrated missionaries have sprung from his school. I will mention among others, Gutzlaff, who has acquired so great renown by his evangelical labours in China; Rhenius, who was in India the instrument of the great awakening in Tinavelley, where 10,000 idolaters were converted to the Gospel; Nicolayson, companion of the missionary Gobat, in Jerusalem; Albrecht, who carried the good news of salvation to South Africa, and who first dared to penetrate into the country of the formidable chief, surnamed Africaner, to preach to him repentance, &c. Jaenike was not animated by a sectarian spirit. He received pupils from all evangelical communions to right them on the basis of the Bible, and then confided them to Societies of different denominations, who were glad of the privilege of having labourers formed in the Berlin Institute. Jaenike kept up a correspondence with his old pupils, and sent to them in all parts of the world his fatherly advice. It is perhaps proper to remark, that he refused always to publish reports upon his excellent labours. To do all possible good, remaining himself obscure and unknown, was his principle in all his Christian efforts.

Another institution, of which he laid the first stone in 1805, was the *Bible Society*. He corresponded with the friends of the Bible in London, and began to distribute the Scriptures. Afterwards, influential persons showed their sympathy for this work; the kings of Prussia took a lively interest in it; and the great Bible Society of this country distributed the sacred volume by millions of copies. Jaenike was the indefatigable secretary till the close of his life.

We add, that he founded also, in 1811, the first Committee in Berlin for the distribution of *religious tracts*, and that this undertaking has been also as abundantly blessed as the former. All Prussia has been provided by his cares, and by those of his friends, with a vast quantity of useful writings, which have awakened great numbers to faith and piety.

In considering these things, will not the reader be struck with the amount of good which one man can do, when he is faithful to the Lord, and does in his sphere all that the revealed Word commands? Here is an isolated, despised pastor, without worldly influence; he has no money; he is not brilliant or eloquent; he does not figure among the celebrated scholars of Germany—and yet he does more than all others! He founds three great institutions; he evangelizes Prussia; he sends missionaries to the heathen; he is rich in good works! Here is another proof that the power of the gospel resides, not in the glory or wealth of man, but in the blessing of God, who protects always those who wait upon Him. What a precious encouragement for obscure and humble Christians, who say sometimes, "What can I do in my feebleness?" What can you do? Go forward, looking to the Lord, and you shall be strong; yea, blessed, beyond what your imagination can conceive.

About the year 1817, at the third centennial anniversary of the Reformation, a gratifying revival of religion occurred in Berlin, and in other countries of Germany. Several pastors, or doctors of the University, having studied more attentively Luther's writings, were ashamed of their barren rationalism, and returned to the vital doctrines of Christianity. Jaenike took a very important part in this revival. Being frequently consulted by his colleagues in the pastoral office, he communicated to them the results of his long experience; he encouraged them to go forward; he prevented some from rushing into extremes, and was to all a light, a guide, a model. From year to year his faith became more sound and ripe. "He is a singular man," said some one of him in his old age; "he does not speak of any thing but Jesus Christ."

The career of John Jaenike in Berlin, may be compared to that of the venerable Simeon of

Cambridge. Both in the beginning of their ministry were derided, despised, deserted by worldly-wise men. Both persisted in declaring the whole counsel of God, esteeming themselves happy to bear reproach for the cause of Christ. They were alike instruments of great blessings to the city where they resided, and to their whole country. Both also ended by gaining general esteem and respect; they extorted the respect of infidels themselves by the constancy of their faith and love.

Jaenike reached the age of eighty years. He preached as long as he could the Word of eternal life to his flock, and he felt especially strengthened when the day and hour of his ministrations arrived. At length he was obliged to remain sitting while he preached. On the morning of his eightieth birthday, he had still the satisfaction of assembling around him a numerous circle of pious friends, and of preaching from this text, "Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."—(Heb. xii. 2.)

Eight days after he was struck with his last sickness. In the midst of his pains of body, he uttered only words of praise and thanksgiving. "I have with me Jesus, my Saviour," said he; "I have always found him faithful during my life; he will be so at my death. What is the foundation of my peace, and of the hope which sustains me? My own righteousness? No, no; that is *as filthy rags*. I trust only in thy merits and thy sacrifice, O Lord Jesus!"

On Saturday, July 28, 1828, John Jaenike breathed his last. His friends sung a hymn by his bedside. He sang himself with perfect composure these words: 'When I shall quit this world, O Jesus, do not quit me!" Then, full of hope, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and without an effort or a struggle he slept in the Lord.

Twelve missionaries, twelve members of the congregation, and twelve students of the university, bore his mortal remains to the place of burial. An open Bible was held by a missionary before the coffin, and some children, according to a simple German custom, strewed flowers in the path. A modest monument has been erected to him, and his friends have inscribed upon the stone this text of Scripture, "Because I live, ye shall live also."—(John xiv. 19.)

HOW FAR IT IS LAWFUL TO FLEE IN THE TIME OF THE PLAGUE.

BY AN OLD AUTHOR.

May a man, to hide himself from the plague, forsake his place, his calling, and remove himself and his?

Calvin answereth this question in one of his epistles thus:—A question riseth from the stupidity of men without sense of humanity, whether we may not avoid the plague? They would have no man change air, nor avoid contagious and poisoned places, nor delight in any pleasing prospect, &c. But this answer being too short for such as desire to walk by rule, we must consider, First, The persons; Secondly, The reasons; Thirdly, The cautions; Fourthly, The objections.

I. Public persons, whom, by virtue of their special calling, the church, or commonwealth, or the family, cannot want, may not flee, unless they by others may competently supply their own absence.

II. But private persons, whose calling the public may for a time want, may avoid the danger; for, among others, the following reasons,

1. All manifest perils ought to be avoided, if without impiety we can shun them. It is lawful to avoid an arrow coming upon us; and not to avoid it if we can, makes us accessory to our own death. But this is an arrow coming on us, and by good means to be avoided, it cannot be less lawful than to avoid fire, or sword, or poison.

2. God hath given us special commandment for the care and preservation of our own lives, and to use all good means of preservation; and hath sanctified preservatives and physic to this purpose. He that hath charged us with the care of our brethren's lives, much more hath charged us with our own.

3. David used many caves and hiding-places; in a short time he fled from Saul into twelve several hiding-places. To king Achish, to the king of Moab, and to the king of the Philistines, into the cave of Adullam, the grove of Hareth, the desert of Ziph, of Maon, of Engedi, of Paran, &c. Yea, Christ and his disciples fled oftentimes from danger; and why not we till our hour also be come, that in the mean time we may be the more serviceable to God and his Church? Nay, God himself bids Elias go flee and hide himself from persecution by the brook Cherith. He could have kept him safe from Ahab and Jesebel without his fleeing, in the midst of them; but he teacheth us what godly men may do in the like cases.

But this is to avoid the sword of man; but speaketh not of the plague, the hand and sword of God.

What we may pray the removal of, we may lawfully avoid; but David prayed the removal of the plague, 2 Sam. xxiv.; 1 Kings viii. "If thou send a plague and pestilence, and thy people pray in this house, then hear out of heaven," &c. So Aaron prayed, and stood between the living and dead, and the plague ceased.

The fruit of faith is the use of such means as which God hath appointed for the effecting of his own decrees; and the more faith the more use of means—whereof this is one, to depart from the infected place so far as *salva conscientia et charitate* we may. Paul believed none should perish in the ship, according to the word of God; yet must they not be saved unless they abide in the ship, for there must be shipmen to guide and govern the ship to land, as it came to pass.

III. The cautions or conditions in fleeing the plague.

1. See no profaneness be in the flight, or impiety, as if we would or could avoid the hand of God; we must not intend to flee from God, for whither shall we flee from his presence? but first flee unto God. For as we must not neglect the means of our safety; so we must not trust in them, but in God's blessing, who must watch and hide, or else all comes to nought.

2. Before thou avoid the effect of God's anger, see thou avoid the cause of it, and that is thine own sin; else can no dens, castles, or caves hide thee. John Baptist wisheth men, by fleeing the cause, to flee wrath to come; otherwise Amaziah flees to Lachish; but death flees after him, and overtakes him, because he fled not from sin the cause of his misery. For it is not change of place, but of mind; not of bodies, but vices, which is the true refuge and sanctuary. In returning, consider that faith and repentance must be your rest. No, say they, we will flee upon horses. Yea, but your enemies' horses shall be swifter than yours; no flight swift enough to save him that will carry his sins with him. The first step in fleeing, must be to flee thyself.

3. In fleeing from infection, be sure thou be as beneficial absent as present in things spiritual and

temporal. *1st*, Fail not by sound humility and godly sorrow to bewail thy sins, which have provoked the wrath of God, and as well absent as present seek to appease God, and avert his stroke from thyself and others. Even absent thou must put thyself into their misery, as one that hath provoked that displeasure. *2nd*, Omit no duty of charity and beneficence. If thy person be removed, leave thy purse behind thee, and thy best help, as one that knowest thou art not loosed from the common law of neighbourhood, but are charged still to see no needful thing wanting to the poor and needy, whether sick or sound.

4. In fleeing look to thine affections, that no excessive fear of death move thee: for thou must still keep a desire to be dissolved, and stand as Sarah in the door of the tent to entertain that messenger, and be ready for death whensoever the hour is come: nor yet incredulity or weakness of faith force thee. But let faith lead thee forth, and let it be no loser. Noah by faith went into the ark, and stayed, yea, till God led him out.

IV. *The plague is not contagious, nor comes from man, but an immediate hand of God, and so is not to be avoided.*

1. It follows not, because it is the hand of God, that it is not contagious. Was not the leprosy a rod and scourge of God? and yet was it not infectious!

2. It follows not, because it is the hand of God, we must not use lawful means to avoid it: for so is famine, sword, fire, war, the hand of God; and yet who can deny we may use lawful means to avoid them all? Besides, it was the law of God most carefully to avoid the leprosy, and not to come near persons infected; and why not the plague or other contagious diseases? Balaam's ass, seeing the drawn sword of the angel, will shun it.

But none can resist the providence of God. He hath numbered whom he will smite with the plague, and who shall not be touched: and none of them whom he hath appointed to fall shall escape.

1. The providence of God, being the first cause, takes not away the second causes, but establisheth them, because he establisheth and executeth his decrees by means and second causes: and it were a tempting of God to refuse the lawful and allowed means of preserving life, by which God ordinarily saveth whom he will save.

2. God indeed knows how many shall be smitten; and if we knew the secret will of God concerning ourselves, then were our wills to be surrendered to God's will: and a heart affected with God's glory will be readier for death than life, if God reveal to it that to die is better than to live. But not knowing this, we are not loosed from the use of lawful means for the preservation of our lives till we see our hour to be come.

3. God knows and hath decreed how many shall fall by the sword in war, and yet who will say it is unlawful to use weapons to defend ourselves, and fight for our lives? So God knows how many shall fall by famine in time of dearth and scarcity; but is it therefore unlawful to buy food to preserve our lives? Did not he command Jacob to go and buy food in Egypt, whom he could have preserved without means, but would not because means were then, though far off.

But the plague is good to the good, so not to be avoided.

It is not simply good neither. It is not good in itself, nor as a cause, but as an occasion of humility, repentance, fear of God; neither is it so but by the work of the Spirit. But it will not follow that it is not to be avoided; for our sins are occasionally good o humble us, and work in us fear of God, and yet are to be avoided. So all miseries are turned to good to the good, but yet we may lawfully avoid them.

But we have callings in which we must abide, and we have promise of protection while we are in our way, and therefore must not avoid them.

We must abide in our callings unless we be necessarily thrust out; but this is no willing desertion, but a suspending of the exercise of it for a greater and higher reason. For if for some occasions a man may leave his calling many months, as for health, profit, pleasure,—much more to save his life.

2. We have promises to be kept in our way, but promises make not men slothful, nor foolishly rash and temerarious to thrust themselves into probable and certain danger, for that is not our way.

But charity seeks not her own, but God's, the Church's, and our neighbour's; and by our flight or fear our brother may perish, for whom Christ died.

1. Charity seeks not itself wholly or only, but yet destroys not itself. Ordinary charity, in saving himself, seeketh God's glory and the Church's good, and not himself only.

2. Charity so respecteth the sick, as the sound be not neglected; to comfort one, we may not hazard many; nor so look forth as forgetting our own home.

3. Charity seeks the good of several persons, but so as it prefers the safety of the universal. That is inordinate charity, when other good means may be used for the comfort of the afflicted: a man casts himself into manifest danger, and with himself his family if he be private, and the Church and commonwealth if he be public.

This question was excellently beaten out between Zanchius and a godly pastor named Curiensis. This pastor held it unlawful to separate from the infected, or to leave the places infected; and commended M. Bullinger, who being sent for by a woman infected, went to her, and brought home the infection into his family, and presently lost his wife and two daughters. Now M. Zanchie commended the charity of M. Bullinger, but did not altogether approve his act, because the woman might have been otherwise comforted than by his going to her bedside, and sets down some directions after long debating. That good pastor, being too venturous, was taken with the plague; and when he was near death, cried out, *O utinam Zanchii consilium secutus essem!* Would to God I had followed M. Zanchius' counsel!

But it is further asked, is every prudent man hid from the evil, as this text seems to say? Come not all things alike to all men? Doth not judgment begin sometimes at the house of God? and are not the godly wrapped sometimes in the common danger of sword, fire, and plague, and who more afflicted than they?

Godly men suffer evil with wicked men (for Abraham and Jacob are in the famine with the Canaanites. The good Israelites as well as the bad are under the oppressions of the Egyptians. Caleb and Joshua bare the sin of Israel forty years with the murmurers. Elias was afflicted in the hard times procured by Ahab and Jezebel), but are ever hid. For,

1. Distinguish the punishment. Some are revenges; some remedies, exercises of grace, virtue's keepers, as Aquinas calls them. The prudent are ever hid from the former, but it were not good to be free from the latter.

2. Distinguish the persons punished. Some are vessels of wrath, to whom even benefits are plagues; some are vessels of mercy, to whom all evils work to good. These are ever so far hid, as that the Lord never hides his face from them but for a moment, but that to embrace them with everlasting compassion.

3. Distinguish the manner of hiding. The prudent cannot so hide himself as to be free from feeling of trouble. But he is freed so, as that he shall not fall

in them; or, if he fall, God puts under his hand for a seasonable deliverance.

But how are they that are slain with the sword, or die of the plague, delivered?

Many are the troubles of the godly and great; but the Lord delivers them out of all. But deliverance is threefold.

1. Some are delivered temporally, that others may see and praise God's goodness, as Daniel from the den, the three children from fire, Ezechiah from the plague, that fathers might tell their children, &c.

2. Some proportionally. Not by pulling them out of danger, but by pulling out the sting, and whatsoever is hurtful, and arming them with strength, patience, and sufficient grace, that in darkness they see light.

3. Some he delivereth eternally from danger, by suffering them to be overcome, and taken away by sword, plague, &c., and dealeth with his vessels of honour as we with ours, which, when we would scour the brighest, we oil, and soil, and foul them, as if they would never be clean again. And as with his natural Son: he will not remove the cup till he has drunk the last drop. Yet he leaves them not comfortless, but gives them by death freedom and victory over death and deadly things; that when they are slain, they are not overcome, but more than conquerors. And one of these ways the Lord ever hides his children.

THE DEVIL'S SIEVE.

One of the most extraordinary facts revealed in the gospel story is the fall of Peter from his steadfastness. And what makes it still more unaccountable is the fact, that he had been premonished by Christ of what would soon take place.

When the devil gets any one into his *sieve*, he soon sifts him of all virtue, and leaves him a mere mass of refuse. Faith, penitence, prayer, church-going, reading the Scriptures, a tender conscience, the fear of God, horror of gross sins, love of the species, self-respect, character, influence, peace of mind, and hope for the future—all, all escape from the man in this sifting.

What and where is the machinery employed in this fearful process?—what and where is *the Devil's sieve?*

Look at that shop in the corner, furnished with a counter, and a row of bottles filled with liquors—some transparent and others variously coloured, possessing the fearful but common property of inebriation. Those splendid saloons, and the taverns, houses of entertainment, and hotels which are every where seen, both in city and country, possess the same internal arrangements, and keep the same intoxicating beverage on sale. What is the influence of this article upon multitudes of those who buy and use it? Does it not expunge their souls as clean of every trace of conscience as though they had been made without any such thing? After frequenting those places for a while, what becomes of their character, love of home, industry, social attachments, and thrift in business? There comes a man now who was once a wealthy and respectable citizen—yea, a member of the Church and a man of prayer. What has happened to him? He looks filthy, ragged, and downcast. His limbs tremble—his face is bloated—his eyes are inflamed—and he reels to and fro as he goes. What, you ask, has happened to him? Where has he been? He was decoyed by the rum-seller: he first entered the elegant saloon, ornamented with mahogany furniture and painted windows; and he kept descending until he came to be a regular visitor at a miserable groggery in yonder cellar. In other words, *he has been in the Devil's sieve!*

There are various forms and localities of this terrible sieve. Licentiousness is a rock upon which multitudes have made shipwreck of all their hopes, both for this and the coming world. The locations where victims of both sexes are immolated, where they are sifted of their innocence and purity, are numerous, and by no means unfrequented. This great sieve is worked upon a large scale in our great cities, and thousands upon thousands are there deprived of every attribute of individual, social, and domestic excellence, and cast upon the world, "neither fit for the land, nor yet for the dunghill." Let the youth who visit the great cities beware of gins which are secretly laid for their feet—let them avoid *the Devil's sieve.*

There is a prominent and elevated position of this sifting apparatus to which public attention is called, not only by signs and placards, but by nearly all the secular newspapers: we refer to the playhouses, embracing theatres, operas, circuses, &c. This part of the devil's machinery is now characterised by great activity, and the most alarming progress. How many comparatively innocent young persons, and professors of religion of all ages, have here been "sifted as wheat," the light of eternity only will reveal.

There are several less gross and palpable, but not the less insidious and dangerous, modes in which the devil gets the unwary under his power, which at least deserve to be hinted at.

Observe a class of young members of the Church, who were once simple-hearted and zealous Christians, engaged in all the benevolent movements of the Church in their appropriate sphere of action. They were actively engaged in the Sabbath school, the distribution of tracts, sewing associations for the purpose of clothing the naked, or raising funds for the missionary cause. But where are they now, and what is their prevailing tendency? All these objects have become to them uninteresting, and the round of duties which they once pursued with such heart and perseverance has become mere drudgery. Perhaps the cause may be found in their reading—possibly in their associations and amusements.

Novels are a most terrible form of *the Devil's sieve*—working a wider-spread and more certain ruin than perhaps any other. As a relish for "light literature" is contracted, the love of God, and a real Christian sympathy for the souls he has made, depart. Alas! how few come out of this novel-reading process without the loss of all that is really excellent in character and useful to mankind.

Unauthorized pleasures, dancing parties, games of chance, and the like, constitute another class of mischievous agencies which the devil employs for the ruin of the religious enjoyment and usefulness of young members of the Church. But we must not enlarge. Let all beware of the snares of the devil. He "desires to have you, that he may sift you as wheat." Beware of *the Devil's sieve!* Once in it, and you begin to deteriorate—your virtue leaves you at a rapid rate; and the great Sifter will, if possible, hold you fast, and shake you in his sieve until nothing is left of you but "chaff"—and then you will "be *burned with unquenchable fire.*"—*The Christian Advocate and Journal.*

BLESSING.

"And my prayer shall turn into my own bosom."—PSALM xxxv. 13.

WHO ever lost by giving?
The sky pours down its rain,
Refreshing all things living,
While mists rise up again.

Go, rob the sparkling fountain,
And drain its basin dry;
The barren seeming mountain
Will fill its chalice high.

Who ever lost by loving?
Though all our heart we pour,
Still other spirits moving,
To pay our love with more.

And was there ever blessing
That did not turn and rest;
A double power possessing,
The blesser being bless'd?
—*New York Observer.*

ON TIME.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.*

FOR a brief season let us talk together of Time. Few subjects are more important, though hardly any occupy less of our thoughts. We do, now and then, it is true, indulge in an ejaculation, "How time flies!" and sagely advise others to "take time by the forelock," but rarely do we make time the healthy and profitable subject of our meditation.

Were I to content myself with telling you that time is "the measure of duration," and that this measurement is made apparent to us by the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, by the changes of the seasons, and by the returns of day and night, as well as by human contrivances, such as hour-glasses, clocks, and watches,—you would perhaps think, and with great propriety, that I might very safely have given you credit for knowing all this quite as well as myself; but, as I do not mean to content myself with giving you this unnecessary information, I feel that I have some claim on your regard.

It is much better to improve time than to be able to define it; and if I can impress your minds with the value of time, I may do something towards the attainment of this desirable object. Listen, then, to the words of Old Humphrey.

Time—silent, stealthy, and unstaying Time—with sinewy frame and capacious wings—watched his hour-glass. The elements were around him; war was at work; plague, pestilence, and famine pursued their course; disease was slaying his thousands, and intemperance his ten thousands; but Time regarded them not. He only regarded his hour-glass, and the sands ran on.

Time—rigid, pitiless, and implacable Time—as he moved on, held in his hand his scythe, which he seemed to have newly sharpened. The captive, who longed for liberty; and the swain and maiden betrothed in marriage; and the fundholder, who looked onwards to his dividends, urged him to increase his speed; but he would not. Others there were whose plans were not matured, whose money was not ready for the day of payment, and whose lives were nearly spent, who begged hard of Time, yea, besought him with tears for some delay; but he deigned not to notice them; his keen grey eye rested on his hour-glass, and the sands ran on.

Time—aged, hard, and inaccessible Time—reclines on a sofa at the end of a ball-room, where Beauty leads the dance. Pleasure and joy live in her smile; the glance of her eye is felt from afar, and a thoughtless crowd flutter around to pay her homage. She is tastefully and splendidly arrayed; for riches are hers, and power, and this is a season of revelry and delight. Alas! even now her cheek is pale; the diamonds in her eyes are dim. A mortal stroke, to which all are liable, has suddenly palsied her frame; she is hurrying to eternity. A moment she revives. Time, she is faintly shrieking thy name! she has a neglected Bible to read; neglected poor relations to relieve; and she has to prepare for her latter end. Hark! she is raving for thee. Time seems not to hear; for, as she is carried away, he leisurely adjusts his hour-glass, and the sands run on.

Time—selfish, severe, and immovable Time—sat at his ease in a chamber, while a miser grappled with Death, whose summons to quit the world he declared himself willing to obey; but not then. The conflict was desperate; and almost had Death overpowered him, when the miser, as his last resource, turned to bribe Time to assist him. He offered him silver and gold; hundreds, nay thousands, for another year—ay, for another hour. Fool that he was, to suppose that golden and silver dust would be taken in payment for the sands of life. Time gave no answer to his appeal, but occupied himself with his hour-glass, and the sands ran on.

Time—rigorous, ruthless, and resistless Time—lingered in the precincts of a palace. A mighty monarch was drawing near his latter end, and an important document affecting a kingdom's welfare was being drawn up for the royal signature; dominion hung on a spider's thread. The order of peaceful succession, and the anarchy of a contested throne, were suspended in the balance. Among men, "where the word of a king is, there is power."

"But wealth and power, and courts and kings,
With Time are very trifling things;
No more they are, nor will they be,
Than bubbles on the boundless sea."

The expiring monarch, the princes of his court, and his physicians, were urgent and importunate with Time, for an hour was worth a diadem; but Time was deaf to their entreaties; he was busy with his hour-glass, and the sands ran on.

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* From "*Half Hours* by Old Humphrey."

Time—austere, callous, and insensible Time—had seated himself at night on the stump of an old tree, near a cottage. Alice was sober, honest, industrious, and cleanly; but, oh! it is fearful to be every thing for this world, and nothing for another. Alice had found no time for prayer, no time to read her Bible; and, when she wanted it, it was not to be had. A fire broke out; the flames caught Alice in her bed, and she was burned, dreadfully burned, before she was rescued. Then it was, when eternity appeared in view, that she entreated Time to let her read and pray; but princes and peasants, courts and cottages, are alike with Time. Alice's entreaties were disregarded; Time shifted his hour-glass, and the sands ran on.

Time — hoary-headed, obdurate, and relentless Time—walked on the billowy beach. A vessel was about to sail to a distant land, having on board a broken-hearted father, whose abandoned son had forced him by his profligacy from the land of his birth. That son, repentant and reformed, was flying to throw himself at his father's feet, that he might bathe them with penitent tears. In another hour he would have arrived, and sorrow would have been turned into joy. Did Time grant him the space he required —only one little hour? Not he. The son came, but the father was gone for ever. Time heeded them not; he heeded his hour-glass only, and the sands ran on.

Time—remorseless, inflexible, and flinty-hearted Time—stood on a scaffold. The rope was around a culprit's neck, but as yet the cap was not pulled over his face. The wretched man strained his eyes toward the distant road, for he expected a reprieve. As he gazed with agony, the clammy sweat hung about his brow, for in his excited imagination he saw at a distance a horseman urging on his flying steed, waving a handkerchief—the symbol of pardon —and flying as a saving angel to his rescue. He turned to Time, with all the fearful energy of one grappling for life. He begged, he prayed, he raved for a few minutes' delay—in vain! The cap was pulled over his distorted face; Time only looked on his hour-glass, and the sands ran on.

Time—stern, unsparing, and inexorable Time—leaned against a bed-post in a sick chamber. A backsliding reprobate had sinned away his season of grace; his mortal hour was come. The pangs of remorse were tearing him; the horrors of despair were gathering around him. He cried aloud that a space might be allowed him for repentance; a year, a month, a day, an hour, nay, only a quiet minute to put up one prayer—one cry for mercy—one breath to——. Sin chuckled at the frightful scene, and Death smiled in derision, as Time, iron-hearted Time, turned his hour-glass, and the sands ran on.

And will Time tarry for neither youth, beauty, nor riches? Will he neither stand still for princes and peasants, nor allow a moment's respite to the dying reprobate? How, then, reader, canst thou expect him to deal more tenderly with thee? Trust him not, but improve thy flying moments with all thy power, so shalt thou survive the tyranny of Time. Turn thee from Time to the Eternal; for with the Lord "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."—(2 Pet. iii. 8.) Seek the mercy of Christ, like the dying thief on the cross; for the only opportunity may be the present. Adore his name, implore his grace, believe his gospel, obey his word, give him thy heart, and then—

Though Time, exhausted Time, shall die—
An old, forgotten story,
Yet shalt thou live and reign on high,
In everlasting glory.

THE DIFFICULTY OF SALVATION.

"If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"—1 PETER iv. 18.

THE apostle here speaketh, not of the uncertainty, but of the difficulty of salvation. If it be so hard for them to be saved that have passed the pikes, shot the gulf, and travelled a considerable part of their way heavenward; how hard will it be for them who are not yet set out, that have not hitherto taken one step in the way to life!

The sleepy world dream indeed that men may go to heaven without so much ado—they look upon outward decency as sanctity, worldly sighs to be godly sorrow; and if they can but spare a little time now and then from the world and the flesh to mumble over a few night petitions, they hope with the help of these to get to heaven. Or if before their death they get a little warning, so that they can but cry, Lord! have mercy on us—or tell their neighbours that they are sorry for their sins, or get a minister to pray with them—then all must be well, and that when they die, they must as sure go to God and Christ as they lived to the flesh and the devil. But stay a little. Christ never would have commanded men to strive, as in an agony, to enter in at the strait gate, to work out their salvation with fear and trembling, to labour for the food that endureth to everlasting life, if it had been such an easy thing to have reached heaven. Things of such excellency are not obtained with such facility. They must travel far, dig deep, work hard, that will get at the golden mines. The way to hell lieth downhill, but it is hard to go uphill to Mount Zion.

Friend, I write not these things to discourage, but to quicken thee to industry in that which is of such unspeakable concern to thy soul. And if thou dost take but a brief view of what things are wrought in a man when he comes to be saved, and how little he doth contribute to them, nay, how opposite he is to them, thou mayest perceive that salvation is not easy.

Thy mind must be enlightened to see both sin and the Saviour. Now, is it easy to open the eyes of the blind? When Jesus gave sight to one that was born blind, the Jews themselves could not but acknowledge him a worker of miracles. What then will the scattering the mists of ignorance, and dispersing the clouds of darkness, which gather and thicken about our understandings by nature, speak the Sun of Righteousness to be? Thy heart also must be thoroughly humbled; stone must be turned into flesh. And oh! it is not easy to melt such hard metal, when thy heart naturally is like clay, hardened both by the sunshine of mercies and the fire of judgments, so that no change of weather can make that stone to weep.—(Ezek. xxxvi. 26.)

Besides, the strongholds of sin must be cast down; thy old friends must be deserted, and persecuted with implacable hatred, as irreconcilable enemies; those beloved lusts which are as thy right hand, and have such large room in thy heart, must be cut off and parted from thee. Thy fondest sin—the Isaac of thy corruption, which is the child of thy warmest affection, in which thou hast taken such great delight, and from which thou hast promised thyself such large returns of profit, pleasure, or preferment, must be laid on the altar, and have the sacrificing knife thrust into the heart of it, and its blood poured out before the Lord. Now, is not this an hard saying? —who can hear it? Is it not a hard lesson?—who can learn it? Dives and his dishes—Balaam and his wages—Herod and his Herodias—the young man and his great means, are not easily separated. In works of art it is hard to build, easy to destroy. In the works of nature, a tree which has been many years growing may be cut down in an hour. But in the works of sin it is otherwise; man's weakness may easily build them up, but God's power only can throw them down.

Again, all thy earthly comforts, whether friends, relations, name, estate, limbs, life, must be laid at the feet of Christ, hated for his sake, and parted with at his call and command, and that for the hope of such things as thou never sawest, nor art ever likely to see while thou livest. Is not this hard—to forego an estate in hand for something only in hope—to throw away present possessions, and follow Christ, thou knowest not whither, to receive an inheritance thou knowest not when!

And as thy sins and thy soul must be parted asunder, so thy Saviour and thy soul must be joined together; faith must accompany repentance, thy own righteousness must be accounted as dross, the weight of thy soul and the burden of thy sins must be laid on the naked cross of Jesus Christ. Now, for thee, who art by nature so extremely in love with thyself, to loathe thyself; and for thee, notwithstanding thy discouragements from the numbers and nature of thy sins, the threatenings and curses of the law, the wrath and righteousness of God, to cling about and hang upon the Lord Jesus, and resolve, though he kill thee, yet thou wilt trust in him—surely this is not easy.

Farther, and finally, all the commands of God must be heartily embraced, some whereof are as contrary to flesh and blood as fire is to water. Self, which is thy great idol, must be denied; the world, with all its pomp and pride, in comparison with Christ, refused; principalities and powers encountered and foiled, thine enemies loved, godliness owned, though much disgraced by others, truth followed close, though it threaten to dash out thy teeth with its heels, a buffeted Christ with his cross preferred before weighty crowns; things which reason cannot comprehend, believed, and which none ever obtained, laboured for. Friend, are these easy things? What thinkest thou? Add to all this, not only of thy weakness and inability to do these things, but also thy wickedness and contrariety to them. Thou art not only deprived of good, but all over depraved with evil. The imaginations of thy heart are evil, only evil, and that continually. "The hearts of the sons of men are fully set in them to do evil." —(Eccles. viii. 11.) Observe how full that text is. Man is resolved to have his own way, though he have wrath, and death, and hell into the bargain! If thou wert only empty of God and grace, the work were more easy; but thou art an enemy to grace and godliness; thy carnal mind is—not an enemy, for such a one may be reconciled—but it is in the abstract enmity against God. Now, be thine own judge, is it easy to cure a malady like this? And is not that man worse than mad who either delayeth or dallieth about his salvation, upon the supposition that he can do it easily enough hereafter, when all this that I have written must be wrought in him ere he attain to salvation, and when he is not empty of, or an enemy to, but even enmity against, it all.—*Swinnock.*

JOY.

Never doth a soul know what solid joy is till it gives itself up to the Author of its being, and feels itself become a hallowed and devoted thing, and can say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his: I am content to be any thing for him, and care not for myself but that I may serve him." A person moulded into this temper would find pleasure in all the dispensations of Providence. Temporal enjoyments would have another relish when he should taste the Divine goodness in them, and consider them as tokens of love sent by his dearest Lord and Master; and chastisements would hereby lose their sting. The rod as well as the staff would comfort him: he would snatch a kiss from the hand that was smiting him, and gather sweetness from that severity.—*Scougal.*

KINDNESS IN THE FAMILY.

If a man has the soul of benevolence in him, where should he more show it than at *home;* to whom should he more develop it than to the wife of his bosom, and the "olive plants" around his table?

We never could have any fellowship with that sort of piety which fails to make home sweet and happy. It never could gain our confidence. In a very practical and pertinent sense, real charity always "*begins at home.*" There it does its first works, and some of its best.

There is a sort of piety, so called, which promises well in the distance, and has the best name farthest from home. A worse testimony than this for its genuineness need not be sought.

God made the family; every element of beauty and fitness of order and sweetness, blending in its constitution, combine to evince his handiwork. He made it to be the nursery of the Church—the school of morals—the home of happiness and of piety. Let no Christian think that his home responsibilities are met, unless the family of which he forms a part bears this image, and answers these divinely-conceived ends.

MISSIONARY SACRIFICES.

When the Rev. Mr V——, of the Church Missionary Society, received his instructions before the Committee at the Church Missionary House, he manifested such a lively disposition, and expressed himself in so impressive and affecting a manner, that a gentleman present followed him out of the room, feeling desirous to obtain some information from him respecting his family. He asked, "Have you a father living?" Mr V—— replied, "I have." "Is your mother also alive?" He answered, "Yes." "Have you any brothers and sisters?" The answer was, "There are ten of us in the family." The next question was a very natural one: —"Did they give you up willingly?" Mr V—— replied, he trusted that he could say they did, adding, "On the morning that I left home, we all met round the domestic altar. My father, in prayer, commended me to the guidance, and keeping, and blessing of our covenant God; and, when we arose from our knees, I believe that one sentiment pervaded every breast. I believe that one and all could say, 'We love you, our son, our brother, most tenderly; but we all love Jesus Christ far more, and are very thankful that one of our number is called to the high privilege of making known his unsearchable riches to the heathen.'"

When the Rev. Mr W——, of the same Society, had fully determined to go forth as a missionary, he could not make up his mind to tell his aged father of what he was going to do, as he knew it would cost him so much to part with him. He did tell his sister, and he met with this reply: "My dear brother, I have often prayed the Lord of the harvest to raise up labourers, and to send them forth into his harvest; but I have never prayed, I never *can* pray, that he may send you."

A short time before his departure, he put into the hand of the same friend to whom he had mentioned the words of his beloved sister, a letter, which he had just received from his father, in answer to the one in which he had made known to him, for the first time, his intention of going as a missionary to India. In the beginning of the letter were very strong expressions of affection, on the part of the father for his son, and then went on to say in these simple and touching terms, "If the Lord has need of you among the heathen, I dare not oppose your going forth among them, for I know what he has done for me. He gave his adorable Son, not merely to live for me, but to die, as an atonement for my sin." And he bade his son go forth, with a father's blessing on his head; declaring that, as long as he lived, he would not fail to supplicate the God of all grace to be with his child, and to prosper the work of his hands.

A day or two before he sailed, in a letter dated Deal, we have this description of his departure from his father's house:—"Painful, most painful, it was, to tear myself away from my much-loved and very precious home. I could not bear the pain of leave-taking; so, rising early, I secretly withdrew." Through a half-open door, at the early dawn, the son stood gazing upon his aged father as he slept, and then quitted the house, undiscovered, as he trusted, by any member of his beloved family. But a faithful servant girl, who had been, as he says, in "happy days gone by, a pupil in my Sunday school (and God had blessed my counsels to her), saw me, and she, poor girl, hung upon me like a sister, and would not be pacified without sobbing out her tender farewell. As to myself," he added, "my nerves, which have sometimes been braced up to immovable firmness, utterly gave way, and I wept as I had never wept before. But I have not lost my best friend. Our Master, faithful and true, who suffers me to draw nigh to him, apportions my strength to my day, and will not leave me nor forsake me, as I trust, till he has made me more than a conqueror through himself who loveth me."

This devoted missionary never returned to his native land and to his happy home. His mortal remains lie buried beneath the burning sands of India. He died of jungle fever after ten days of severe suffering. The enemy of souls strove hard to shake his faith, but, for some hours previous to his departure, he was permitted to enjoy the sweetest peace of mind; and in the firm faith and hope of everlasting life, through the sole merits of his Redeemer, he entered into his rest.

SABBATH OR SUNDAY?

WHY call the first day of the week *Sunday*? Little causes often produce great effects. The reasons why it *is* so called, are good reasons why it should *not* be. Why does one denomination call it *First* day, and never *Sabbath*? Is it not because they esteem *every day alike*? and avoid the term *Sabbath*, because there is a sacredness attached to the very name as used in the Bible? And is it not much for the same reason that another denomination are particular to call it the *Lord's day*, as some of them have said they will do any thing on *that* day which was lawful to do on *any* day? Others are as particular to call it *Sunday*: Not because it is the heathen name of the day on which they worshipped the sun; nor because they find it in the *Bible*; nor do I think that *all* who call it so, mean by it to do away the sacredness which is ever associated with the Scripture term *Sabbath*. But many are so attached to the term *Sunday*, that they make it ring in the ear full often. I think I have counted the word *eighteen* times in about one column in the newspapers, joined with *school*. I hope "*The Sunday School Union*" will, as the Society has been requested, and may easily do, change the term for "*Sabbath* School Union." My reasons are,

1. The term *Sabbath* is the term *the Lord has chosen*, and repeated scores of times, for the name of the day which he has commanded us to keep *holy*. Why depart from the word which the *Lord* has chosen? Did he not appoint the right word? and had he not a good reason for it?

2. The term *Sabbath* is *significant*. It means *rest*; and when applied to the day the Lord calls his own, it signifies *holy* rest; and no other terms in use is so significant of the design and spirit of the command. And no reader of the Bible can see or hear the word *Sabbath*, and avoid the impression of something *holy, sacred, reverential;* and are, in some degree, made involuntarily to stand in awe, lest they incur the displeasure of the Lawgiver.

Hence, 3. The *disuse* of it, and the substitution of any other term by which to designate the day, tends to do away the sacredness, awe, and reverence attached to the term. It will be "as when one letteth out water;" it will wear a deeper channel. Infidelity and irreligion make advances by little and little; and no doubt the disuse of that sacred term has contributed something towards such unfavourable results. Why do Papists prefix *saint*, i. e. *holy*, to almost every thing peculiar to their system? Do they not know that terms of such significance will induce respect, awe, and reverence, in the minds of the people, and that *without* such sacred terms much of that reverence and awe would be done away, and that words of different and especially opposite import would render them ridiculous? And why do they affix the most *opprobrious terms to Protestants*, if not to bring a scandal upon their character? I know that *words* are *little things*; but often mean a *great deal*, and as often have *great effects*.

Let the *sacred*, the *significant* term *Sabbath*, which *God* has given to his day, be brought back, be spoken and written always, with all its sacred associations, as in past ages, and it will result only in good.—*Pastor*.

THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG—ITS LESSON OF IMMORTALITY.

There are some lessons peculiar to itself, connected probably with every death. As it differs from other instances of the same class in respect of the sickness by which it has been preceded, or of the age and the circumstances of the person who has been its subject, or of the quality and relations of the life it has closed, or of the spiritual experiences which have directly attended it—so it teaches a lesson peculiar to itself. There is no other so many-voiced teacher on the earth as death. And there is no other who speaks so impartially to every class among men.

The death of the young has always *this* lesson, for every heart—the reality of the future, and its superiority to the present. The seemingly gradual and progressive extinction of a life that has been protracted through many years, does not suggest this so forcibly.

But when the *young* die—the little child that has just learned to prattle of God, to nestle into its mother's bosom and ask her about heaven; the active and thoughtful lad, or the sprightly girl; especially the youth or the maiden who is just entering on the activities of life and its intelligent enjoyment, and who has been fitted by assiduous culture of all native advantages for a long and beautiful course of beneficent Christian exertion—when such die, it is *impossible* not to feel that the life has not ended. It has passed from our sight; but we *know* it is not closed. It is a conviction which forces itself upon us—a conviction which argument is powerless to resist and is not needed to impress, a conviction before which infidelity must be dumb—that the course commenced continues still; that the spirit, so vital and full of force, has not at all been extinguished; that the life which had but just unfolded its blossoms and struck its roots into the ground of being, is springing under other skies into a nobler and more symmetric growth; that the star which for a moment came radiantly to view, and then swept out from the reach of our eye, is still pursuing through other realms its luminous way. Not to feel this, would be practically to deny either the wisdom or the goodness of the Creator and Sovereign. It *will* be felt, after the first great agony is over, by every thoughtful and pious heart which trusts in God and opens itself to his teachings. And the conviction of it will come to such a heart with messages of peace. It will bring heaven and Christ, and the myriads of the angels, nearer the thoughts. It will seem to ally the little family group with the great company of spirits. There will be heard a sweet celestial voice in the solitude of the soul—a voice only the sweeter, because recalling one that is to be heard on earth never again until the resurrection—singing faintly, but clearly from afar—" Dead, but through Christ alive again! " " Not lost, but gone before! "

There is almost no other event that jars so harshly at first upon our finest sensibilities, that comes against the soul with so violent a shock, as the death of a child or of a beautiful youth. But there is almost none either which, rightly considered, will open before the thoughts such a wealth of promise; such an assurance of immortality.—*Independent.*

HARVEST HYMN.

God of the year! with songs of praise,
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for Thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness;—
In early spring-time thou didst fling
O'er earth its robes of blossoming—
And its sweet treasures, day by day,
Rose quick'ning in Thy blessed ray.

And now they whiten hill and vale,
And hang from every vine and tree,
Whose pensile branches bending low,
Seem bow'd in thankfulness to Thee—
The earth, with all its purple isles,
Is answering to Thy genial smiles,
And gales of perfume breathe along,
And lift to Thee their voiceless song.

God of the seasons! Thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with showers,
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles,
To crown the sweet autumnal hours:
Praise, praise to Thee! Our hearts expand
To view the blessings of thy hand,
And on the incense-breath of love
Go off to their bright home above.

—*Mrs Sigourney.*

A NEW CHURCH.

[The Rev. Dr Archibald Alexander of Princeton, in recently addressing the inhabitants of Southwark, Philadelphia, at the laying of the corner-stone of a Presbyterian church, improved the occasion as follows:—]

" It is, as it were, bringing God to dwell among you and to bless you. We all know that Jehovah dwelleth not in temples made with hands. And as Solomon said in his prayer at the dedication of the temple, 'But will God, indeed, dwell on the earth? Behold the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded.' God is not confined to any place; no, not even to the highest heavens; yet he does condescend to take up his abode in particular places. For after Solomon had ended his prayer, the glory of the Lord filled the house, and resided there in the inmost, or Most Holy Place; which glorious presence, or indwelling, the Jews called Schechina. This was a miraculous manifestation, and we look for nothing of the kind now; but there *is* a presence or *indwelling*, a *spiritual* Schechina, which is still more glorious and more beneficial; and that is in his Church in all ages: 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name,' says Christ, 'there am I in the midst of them.' Certainly then, where a Church of true believers meet for his worship, there is He—their Head. The most important society in the world is the Church, and it is a high privilege to have a branch of it established in our midst, to which we and our children can have free access. For wherever there is a Church of Christ, there Christ will be present; and he never comes to any place without bringing a blessing with Him: 'In all places where I record my name, I will come unto them, and I will bless them.' This is a promise of a general nature, not confined to any one time or dispensation. Wherever then, a Church is organized, and a house of prayer erected, there the name of God is recorded, and his promise is sure. He will come and bless the people who assemble there for his word. No greater blessing has God given to men than the glorious gospel of his grace. Wherever it comes, it sheds light on all around. It holds forth Christ, who is the Sun of Righteousness, the light of the world. The beams of divine truth, when they shine into any place, disperse the mists of ignorance, error, and prejudice; and if the natural light is sweet and pleasant to our eyes, how much more the light of divine truth? How happy are they who know the Lord, and are illumined with the rays of spiritual light?

"The gospel is, moreover, a healing medicine for the diseased souls of men. It is an effectual remedy for maladies incurable by any other means. It is the balm of Gilead, and Christ is the great Physician, who has procured the remedy, and knows how to apply it. Suppose your families were down with some fatal disease, which baffled all the skill of physicians, and one should come among you who possessed a sovereign remedy, which no other knew or could administer—how would the dwelling of such a physician be surrounded? and from morning to evening applications would throng around him. Well, spiritual health is more important than bodily; and men are all deeply diseased with the mortal leprosy of sin, though many are insensible of their miserable condition. How desirable to have a dispensary in your midst, where all may come and be gratuitously supplied with medicine, which will heal their souls! Such a dispensary will be a gospel Church in the midst of you."

FOR MINISTERS.

UNITING A DIVIDED CONGREGATION.

In former years, we knew a minister of the gospel, now entered upon his rest, who was amiable, devout, and eminently prudent. He received a call by a bare majority to a congregation that had been split into parties by a previous feud, and contrary to the advice of some, who predicted an unhappy result, he accepted it, and directed his steps to his future field of labour. He proceeded in his appropriate work as if all were his friends; he visited all; bore all the rebuffs he met with in the truest Christian spirit, and by persevering in this course, and letting his light shine, he won the hearts of his bitterest opponents, healed all difficulties, and eventually had the pleasure of seeing himself surrounded by a people who had but one heart and mind, who loved him while he lived, and made great lamentations over his premature death.

We have heard of another who accepted a call under very similar circumstances, but not with similar qualifications. He listened to all the idle gossip that was afloat, thus permitting the people to keep alive the exacerbation of existings feeling by perpetually talking of their mutual wrongs; his partisanship was sought by both parties, and by imprudent concessions he gave to each ground for believing that he had special sympathy for them, until at length he was trusted by neither. He had tried the plan of worldly policy, instead of that of the watchful, devout, diligent, and prudent minister of the gospel; and when asked by a friend, some time after his settlement, if he had succeeded in uniting his people, he promptly answered, Yes—I have succeeded in uniting them to a man against me! In introducing men into the ministry, any evidence of habitual imprudence in a candidate should be as serious a bar as want of intelligence and want of piety.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

A Swiss boy of remarkable promise was refused by his father the necessary aid for prosecuting studies for which he had a strong predilection. The good pastor of the parish in this emergency came forward and furnished the necessary means; the boy was sent to the university, and in the course of time rose to the highest eminence among scientific men. His name has no superior in his department.

Many years had passed away, and the Swiss boy thus befriended was now, with place and pay equal to the distinction which his studies had won, a resident of the American continent. He lived solitarily, amid plenty. But reverses had come upon his ancient friend, the benefactor of his youth. Religious persecution had visited his native Canton de Vaud, and the Swiss pastor, now an old man, had been driven from his flock, without home or the means to procure one. The scholar lost no time in transmitting to the venerable man an invitation to share with him his purse and table; the invitation was accepted, and, added to the pleasure of having given to the world a man of science, the Swiss pastor had the happiness of proving in his own experience the truth of that Divine promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it."

HOW TO RUIN A SON.

1. Let him have his own way.
2. Allow him free use of money.
3. Suffer him to roam where he pleases on the Sabbath.
4. Give him full access to wicked companions.
5. Call him to no account of his evenings.
6. Furnish him with no stated employment.

Pursue *either* of these ways, and you will experience a most marvellous deliverance, or will have to mourn over a debased and ruined child. Thousands have realized the sad result, and have gone sorrowing to the grave.

Fragments.

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances; Religion is above all circumstances, and will lift him up above them.

A mother should desire to give her children a superabundance of enthusiasm, to the end that, after they have lost all they are sure to lose in mixing with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through great actions. A cloak should be of three pile, to keep its gloss in wear.

The ancients dreaded death: the Christian can only fear dying.

To those whose god is honour, disgrace alone is sin.

The intellect of the wise is like glass: it admits the light of heaven, and reflects it.

A CALL TO PRAYER.

[We commend the following Paper, proposing union in prayer among all Churches from the 23d to the 31st December inclusive, to the attention of our readers. It has been already extensively circulated, and the season will doubtless be very generally observed.]

"What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God."—JONAH i. 6.

It is proposed that the saints of God in all lands and Churches should unite in prayer.* The Lord has affixed a special promise to *agreement* in prayer, even among two of his children, and it is on this sure promise that the present agreement is founded.

The proposers connect no virtue with this agreement beyond what that promise gives; but they think that such a promise does warrant their agreement during a specific period, and that such an agreement is one of the best methods of calling attention to that promise, as well as of acting upon it.

Many things call for such an agreement or union among the people of God. Chiefly the following:—

1. *The state of our own Nation.* It is casting off the fear of God, and disowning the name of Christ. It is blotting out the difference between truth and error, light and darkness. It is placing Antichrist on a level with Christ. It is cherishing Popery. It is rushing headlong into infidelity. It is despising the Divine laws. It is spurning God's Sabbaths. It is rushing into crime of every name—lust, murder, perjury, sedition, hatred, strife, and all shapes of evil. It laughs at God's judgments. It refuses to humble itself under his heavy rod. . . . . .

2. *The state of the Churches.* Life is low in all of them. The pulse beats feebly, as if vitality were nearly gone. Spirituality is at ebb amongst us. We pray little, we praise little, we confess little, we walk with God but distantly and tamely, if at all; we are shrivelled and worn out, ready to faint, unfit to do great things for God. Love has grown cold. Unity is broken up. Old wounds are not healed, and new wounds are inflicted. The ministry has little power. Saints are not built up, and sinners are not converted. Sabbaths are unrelished, sanctuaries are unprized, the communion of saints is not enjoyed, the worship of God has become vapid, the lives of saints are barren. . . . . . . Sectarianism, politics, worldliness, selfishness, censoriousness, are too visible among us. "Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain that are ready to die; for I have not found thy works perfect before God."

3. *The state of the World.* It is ripening for the fire of judgment. Ungodliness is written over it all. Its kingdoms overflow with crime. Antediluvian wickedness is rife amongst us. Vileness, worse than Sodom's, is familiar over Europe. Atheism defies the God of heaven. Blasphemy utters its scoffs. Philosophic pride pours out its great swelling words of vanity. Cruel despotism on the one hand, that hates liberty and light, and would turn every kingdom into a dungeon; and on the other, wild lawlessness, that mocks authority and speaks evil of dignities, and proclaims the sovereignty of the people—are the two sad extremes that meet our eye in glancing over the stormy breadth of the continental sea. It is in the midst of this rude turbulence of evil and wretchedness that the voice comes forth—the voice of untiring love—"Fear God and give Him glory, for the hour of his judgment is come."

Let us arise, then, and call upon our God, for the time is short.

Church of God! To thy knees! Cry aloud—rest not—sleep not. Up and plead—"How long, O Lord!" Awake from thy long sleep—be in earnest.

Saints of the Most High! Unite for prayer. Let no differences or suspicions hinder such a union. In such an agreement let all divisions be forgotten. Do not grudge the time. It is well spent, though it were many days longer. Meet together: stir up each other. Linger not, for the night has begun to fall.

HINTS FOR HELPING TO SPEND THE PROPOSED TIME PROFITABLY.

It would be well that we began the season with solemn humiliation, spending the allotted hours of the *first day* in confession of sin. Texts such as the following may be helpful :—

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* It is expected that at least an hour, morning and evening, should be spent in prayer. Eight o'clock has, in former years, been the hour agreed upon. There should also be *public* meetings for prayer.

Sins of our nature. Ps. li. 5.
Sins of our lives. Ps. xiv.; Eph. ii.
Sins of our thoughts. Gen. vi. 5 ; Jer. iv. 14.
Sins of our words. Isa. vi. 5 ; Matt. xii. 34–37.
Sins of our duties. Mal. i. 6–14.
Unbelief. Luke xxiv. 25 ; Heb. iii. 12–19.
Hardness of heart. Ezek. iii. 7.
Stubbornness. Isa. xlviii. 4 ; Zech. vii. 12.
Rebellion. Deut. xxxi. 27 ; Ezek. ii. 3–7.
Hypocrisy. Isa. xxix. 13 ; 1 Peter ii. 1.
Self-pleasing. Rom. xiv. 7; xv. 3.
Ambition. Jer. xlv. 5 ; Dan. v. 20.
Self-seeking. 1 Cor. x. 33 ; Phil. ii. 29.
Flesh-pleasing. Rom. xiii. 14 ; Col. iii. 5.
Worldliness. James iv. 4; 1 John ii. 15–17.
Prayerlessness. Job. xv. 4 ; Hosea vii. 14.
Instability. Hosea vi. 4 ; Matt. xiii. 5–20.
Formality. 2 Tim. iii. 5 ; Rev. iii. 1.
Ignorance. Hosea ii. 6–8 ; John xiv. 9.
Self-righteousness. Job. xii. 2 ; Jer. vii. 4.
Double-mindedness. Luke xi. 34–36 ; James i. 8.
Slight views of sin. Jer. xxx. 12–15.
Indifference to the evil of sin. Jer. xliv. 4.
To the state of God's Church. Esther iii. 15 ; iv. 14 ; Amos vi. 6.
Unwatchfulness. Luke xxi. 36 ; 1 Pet. iv. 7.
Anxiety about the things of earth. Luke xii. 22–34 ; Phil. iv. 6.
Unconcern for souls. Jer. viii. 21 ; xiii. 17.
Unthankfulness. 1 Thess. v. 18 ; Heb. xiii. 15.
Sloth. Prov. xxvi. 13–16 ; Heb. vi. 12.
Pride. Prov. xvi. 5 ; Zeph. iii. 11 ; Phil. ii. 3.
Neglect of God's praises. Ps. cxlvi. 2.
Inconsistencies. Exod. xxiii. 13 ; Deut. iv. 9, 10.
Backslidings. 2 Chron. xxx. 6–9 ; Jer. ii. 5–31.
Slighting Christ. John v. 40 ; Heb. x. 29.
Grieving the Spirit. Isa. lxiii. 10 ; Eph. iv. 30.
Lying to the Spirit. Ps. lxxviii. 36; Acts v. 3–9.
Resisting Him. Acts vii. 51; 1 Thess. v. 19.
Undervaluing his gifts. Acts viii. 19–22.
Remissness in duties. Rom. xii. 1–12.
Under these sins seek humbling. Ezek. xvi. 63.
Cleansing. Ezek. xxxvi. 25–32; 1 John ii. 1, 2.
Complete forgiveness. Ps. xxxii.; Jer l. 20.
Restoration to favour. Micah viii. 18–20; Zeph. iii. 14–20.

The *second and third days* might be spent in laying the state of the nation before God, in some such way as the following :—

Our sins as a nation. Jer. iii. 25; Dan. ix. 8; Amos ix. 5–10.
Ungodliness. Ps. xxxvi. 1–4; Mal. i. 6–10.
Unthankfulness. Dan. v. 22, 23; Rom. i. 21.
Not giving heed to God's dealings. 1 Sam. xii. 6–25; Jer. xi. 7–10.
Contempt of Christ and his Gospel. Matt. xxiii. 37; Luke x. 13.
Licentiousness. Jer. v. 7–9; Hos. iv. 1, 2.
Lawlessness. Ps. xii. 4.
Selfishness. 1 Cor. x. 24; Phil. ii. 4.
Luxury. Isa. iii. 16–26; Rev. xviii. 7–14.
Wantonness. Ezek. xiii. 17–21; James v. 5.
Pride. Ps. x. 4–11; Jer. i. 29–32.
Covetousness. Micah vi. 10–13; Amos ii. 6–8
Oppression. Eccles. iv. 1; Heb. i. 2–4.
Sins like Sodom and Gomorrah. Isa. i. 9, 10 Jude 7.
Like Tyre, and Sidon, and Capernaum. Mat xi. 20–24.
Like Israel. Lev. xxvi. 14–39; Isa. v. 1–24.
Sins of rulers. Micah iii. 1–4; Zeph. iii. 1–3.
Sins of ministers. Micah iii. 5–7; Zeph. iii. 4
Of parents. 1 Sam. iii. 13; Eph. vi. 4.
Of masters. Job xxxi. 13–15; Jer. xxii. 13–17
Of servants. Titus ii. 9, 10 ; 1 Peter ii. 18, 19
Of the rich. Amos viii. 4–10; James v. 1–6.
Of the poor. Prov. xxx. 9; Jer. v. 3, 4.
Prayer for a blessing on the land. Zeph. iii. 14–20.
On its rulers. Num. xi. 16–25; 1 Kings iii. 5–15.
Its ministers. Exod. iv. 10–17; Deut. xxxiv. 9.
On the faithful. Jer. xv. 19–21; 2 Peter i. 16
On the unfaithful. Ezek. xiii. 2–16; Mic. iii. 11.
On God's people. Phil. i. 9–11; Heb. xiii. 20, 21.
On the unconverted. Zech. xii. 10–14; 1 Tim ii. 1–4.
Schools. Exod. xiii. 8–16; Deut. xxxi. 12, 13.
Sabbath schools. Deut. vi. 6, 7; Ps. lxxviii. 2–8.
Revivals in every part. 2 Chron. xv. 1–15, Ps. lxxxv. 1–9.
In our large towns. 2 Chron. xxx. 13–27; Acts viii. 8.
Deliverance from covetousness. Eccles. v. 10–16; Heb. xiii. 5, 6.
From Sabbath-breaking. Exod. xvi. 23–30; Isa. lviii. 13, 14.
From its ungodliness. Josh. xxiv. 14–27; Judg. x. 10–16.
Its merchandise sanctified. Isa. xxiii. 18; Zech. xiv. 20, 21.
Overthrow of Popery. Col. ii. 18–23; Rev. xviii. 1–24.
Of Socialism and Infidelity. 2 Pet. ii. 10–22; Jude 8–19.
Prayer for a spirit of repentance. Lev. xxvi. 40–45; Ezek. xviii. 30–32; Jonah iii. 1–10.
Of reformation. Judges x. 10–16; 2 Chron. xxxiv. 3–33.

The *fourth and fifth days* might be given to the consideration of the condition of the Churches—the state of religion in them, and in all our congregations, as well as in our own persons.

Confession and humiliation. Ps. lxxix.; Ezek. xx. 43.
Unthankfulness for privileges. Ps. cvi. 6, 7; Jer. ii. 5–7.
Not broken for sin. Jer. vi. 15; Hos. vii. 14.
Not heedful of God's dealings. Ps. lxxviii. 17–32.
Not improving chastisements. Amos iv. 6–12; Rev. ix. 20, 21.

Nor mercies. Ezra ix. 8–11; Jer. ii. 31.
Slighting Christ. Isa. liii. 1–3; Matt. xxii. 1-5.
Vexing the Spirit. Isa. lxiii. 10; Acts vii. 51.
Neglecting the great salvation. Hos. viii. 12; Acts xiii. 46.
Our unbelief. Ps. lxxviii. 22; Matt. xiii. 58.
Coldness. Matt. xxiv. 12; Rev. ii. 4.
Lukewarmness. 2 Tim. iii. 5; Rev. iii. 15, 16.
Slow progress. 2 Tim. iii. 7; Heb. v. 12–14.
Unteachableness. Ps. lxxviii. 8; Heb. v. 11.
Rebelliousness. Deut. xxxi. 27; Dan. ix. 5, 6.
Hardness of heart. Mark xvi. 14–16; Acts xix. 9.
Disobedience. Judges ii. 1–5; Dan. ix. 10.
Pride. Neh. ix. 16; Hos. v. 5, vii. 10.
Irreverence. Mal. i. 6, iii. 13.
Worldliness. Amos vi. 3-5; 2 Tim. iv. 10.
Inconsistencies. Rom. ii. 24; James iii. 8–13.
Disunion. 1 Cor. i. 10-13; James iii. 14–18.
Conformity to the world. Luke xxi. 34; Heb. xi. 24–26.
Indifference to sin. Jer. ii. 35; 1 John i. 8–10.
Want of love to the saints. Phil. ii. 20; 1 John iii. 16, 17.
Want of pity for souls. Jer. ix. 1; Luke xix. 41, 42.
Selfishness. Matt. xvi. 24, 25; Rom. xv. 1–3.
Indolence. Ezek. xvi. 49; Heb. vi. 12.
Want of zeal. Judges v. 23; Neh. iii. 5.
Unfruitfulness. Isa. v. 1-7; Hos. x. 1.
Forgetfulness of God. Deut. xxxii. 18; Jer. ii. 31, 32.
Backsliding. Judges ii. 19; Ezek. xx. 7–13.
Following strange doctrines. Deut. xii. 30; 2 Tim. iii. 6, iv. 3.
Unconcern about God's glory. Amos vi. 6; Phil. ii. 21.
Indifference to the coming of the kingdom. 2 Sam. vii. 1, 2; Hag. i. 4.
Grudging our substance to Christ. 2 Cor. ix. 6, 7; Hag. i. 3–9.
Disobedience. Deut. ix. 6–27; Isa. xxx. 15.
Indecision. 1 Kings xviii. 21; Matt. vi. 24.
Wearying God. Isa. vii. 13; xliii. 24; Mal. ii. 17.
Thanksgiving for mercies. Exod. xv. 1–21; 1 Sam. ii. 1–10.
For souls saved. Matt. xi. 25; 1 Thess. ii. 13; iii. 9.
For God's presence in the sanctuary. Ps. lxiii. 1–3; lxv. 1–4.
For spiritual gifts. Rom. xv. 14; 1 Cor. i. 4–7.
For past times of reviving. Ezra ix. 8, 9; Ps. cxv. 12.
Plead for the Spirit. Song iv. 16; Joel ii. 21–27.
For pardon. Ps. lxxix. 8, 9; Jer. xxxi. 33.
For God's return to us. Ps. lxxx. 14; Isa. lxiii. 15–19.
For cleansing. Ezek. xxxvi. 25–31; Zech. xiii. 1.
The turning away of God's anger. Isa. xl. 1, 2; liv. 7, 8.
The light of his countenance. Num. vi. 23–27; Isa. lx. 19, 20.
The healing of our hurt. Jer. xxx. 17; xxxiii. 6.
Life and warmth. Hosea xiv. 5–7; Rev. iii. 2, 3.
Zeal and self-denial. Eccles. ix. 10; 2 Cor. xi. 23–28.
Unity, love, and peace. Rom. xv. 5, 6; Phil. ii. 1–5.
Humility. Isa. lvii. 15; Luke xxii. 24–27.
Heavenly-mindedness. Ps. cxxxi.; Col. iii. 1, 2.
Prayerfulness. Luke vi. 12; Col. iv. 2.
Repentance. Judges x. 10-16; 2 Cor. vii. 9–11.
Circumspection. Eph. v 15; Col. iv. 5.
Preservation from backsliding. 1 Kings viii. 58; Jer. xxxii. 40.
Liberality. Matt. x. 8; 2 Cor viii. 1–15; ix. 5–15.
Brotherly kindness. John xiii. 34, 35; 1 Cor. xiii.
Counsel and guidance. Ps. xxv. 4–9; Jer. xlii. 2, 3.
God's presence. Lev. xxvi. 11–13; xxix. 42–45.
A revival. Ps. xc. 13–17; Zech. x. 1.
Christ in the midst of us. Song v. 1; Rev. i. 13.
Removal of hindrances. Joshua vii. 1–26; 1 Sam. vii. 3.
Kept from foxes and wolves. Song ii. 15; Acts xx. 29.
For the minister. Jer. xxxi. 14; Rom. xv. 30.
God's people. Isa. lxvi. 5; Heb. xiii. 20, 21.
The unconverted. Isa. lviii. 1; Acts xvii. 30; Rom. ii. 3–9.
Parents, teachers, children. Isa. liv. 13; Jer. xxxii. 39.
Enlargement of our borders. 1 Chron. iv. 10; Ps. lxxi. 21.

The *sixth day* might be occupied with prayer, in reference to the state of the world—its sin, its wretchedness, its ungodliness, its infidelity, its superstition, its idolatry, its misgovernment, its disorder, and its need of deliverance. Prayer also should be made for its kings and kingdoms; for all its nations, for the rulers and the ruled; for the speedy fulfilment of God's purposes concerning it.

Confession of the world's sins. Gen. iv. 9; Hag. i. 2–11.
Prayer for the Spirit. Isa. xxxi. 15; lii. 10.
For the preaching of the Gospel. Isa. lv. 10, 11; Matt. ix. 36, 37.
Ingathering of the remnant of Israel. Jer. li. 50; Rom. xi. 5.
The Gentile election. Acts xv. 14; Rom. xi. 11–24.
All missionaries. Acts iv. 29, 30; Eph. vi. 19.
The coming of the Lord. Ps. xiv. 7; Rev. xxii. 20.
The downfall of Antichrist. Isa. xi. 4; 2 Thess. ii. 8.
Ruin of Israel's enemies. Ezek. xxxviii. 8–23; Zech. xiv. 3.
Destruction of idolatry. Isa. ii. 18–22; Hab ii. 18–20.

Full inbringing of Israel. Isa. xi. 11; Rom. xi. 26.
Binding of Satan. Isa. xxiv. 22; Rev. xx. 1-3.
Conversion of the world. Isa. xlix. 6; Ezek. xxxix. 21.
Renovation of the earth. Isa. xxxv.; Rom. viii. 19-23.
Restitution of all things. Acts iii. 21; Rev. xxi. 5.
Reign of the Saints. Rev. v. 10; xx. 4.

The *seventh day* might be given to prayer for all ministers and missionaries throughout the world, that they may be men such as were in apostolic times, and that their labours may be blest as in these early days.

Confession of their sins. Jer. xxiii.; Ezek. xxxiv.
Prayer for them. Rom. xv. 30; Col. iv. 3.
That they may be filled with the Spirit. Acts ii. 1-4; iv. 31.
Taught by God. Exod. iv. 10-15; 1 Cor. ii. 13.
Men of prayer. Jer. x. 21; Acts vi. 4.
Love. 2 Cor. xii. 14, 15; Gal. iv. 19.
Knowledge. Jer. iii. 15; Ezra viii. 18.
Boldness. Ezek. iii. 8, 9; Matt. x. 26-33.
Utterance. Ezek. xxix. 21; Eph. vi. 19.
Self-denial. 2 Cor. xi. 23-28; Phil. ii. 20, 21.
Holiness. Mal. ii. 6; 1 Tim. vi. 11.
Steadfastness. Jer. xxvi. 12-15; 2 Tim. iv. 1-5.
Devotedness. Neh. vi. 3; 1 Tim. iv. 15, 16.
Watchfulness. Ezek. iii. 17-21; Acts xx. 31; 2 Tim. iv. 5.
Faithfulness. Prov. xiii. 17; 1 Cor. iv. 2.
Diligence. 2 Chron. xxix. 11; Acts v. 42.
Gifts. Micah iii. 8; 1 Cor. xii. 28-31.
Not men-pleasers. Ezek. ii. 6, 7; 1 Thess. ii. 4, 5.
Not covetous. Isa. lvi. 11; Jer. vi. 13.
Not discouraged. Acts xx. 24; 2 Cor. iv. 1-16.
Conscientious. Acts xxiv. 16; 2 Thess. iii. 7-12.
That they may have love to Christ. John xxi. 15-17; Acts. xxi. 13.
Love to souls. 2 Cor. ii. 4; Gal. iv. 19.
That their preaching may be blessed. Jer. xxiii. 22; 1 Thess. i. 5
Their walk and conversation. Mal. ii. 6; 1 Thess. ii. 10.
Their visiting. 2 Chron. xvii. 9, 10; Acts xx. 20.
Their discipline. 1 Cor. v. 3-7; 2 Cor. ii. 1-7.
For the raising up of faithful ones. 1 Sam. ii. 35; Ps. lxviii. 11.
The conversion of unconverted ones. Jer. vi. 13-16; Rev. iii. 1-3.
That God may not visit the land for their sins. Lam. iv. 13-19.
That they may fulfil their ministry. Acts xx. 24.
That God would stand by them. Jer. xx. 11.
To beware of false teachers. Jer. xxiii. 16, 17.

The *eighth day* might be given to prayer for the Holy Spirit, that He would not be grieved away, but would put forth his power, making the Church of God all that it ought to be on earth, and adding daily unto it.

Confession for having grieved Him. Eph. iv. 30.
For having resisted Him. Acts vii. 51; 1 Thess. v. 19.
For having grieved Him away from our land, our church, our congregation, our prayer-meetings, church-courts, classes, Sabbath-schools, families, our own souls. Neh. ix. 20-26; Ps. lxxviii. 40-42; Is. lxiii. 10-14.
Prayer for His outpouring on the Church. Acts iv. 31.
On the land. Ps. lxxxv.; Isa. xxxii. 15.
On ministers. Num. xi. 17, 25, 29; Isa. lxi. 1.
On missionaries. John xx. 21, 22; Acts i. 8.
On all classes of men. Joel ii. 28; Acts ii. 17, 18.
On the unconverted. Prov. i. 23; Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27.
On the young. Ps. cxliv. 12; Isa. xliv. 3.
On the old. Acts ii. 17; Titus ii. 2, 3.
As the Spirit of conviction. John xvi. 8-11; Acts ii. 37.
Of life. John vii. 37-39.
Of conversion. John iii. 5-7; Titus iii. 5, 6.
Of humiliation. Zech. xii. 10; Acts v. 31.
Of prayer. Rom. viii. 26; Jude 20.
Of liberty. 2 Cor. iii. 17; Gal. v. 18.
Of love. 2 Tim. i. 7; 1 Peter i. 22.
Of wisdom. 1 Cor. ii. 12, 13; 1 John ii. 20-27.
Of holiness. 2 Thess. ii. 13; 1 Peter i. 2-12.
Of understanding in the Scriptures. John xiv. 26.
Of understanding of the preached word. 1 Thess. i. 5.
Of joy and peace. Rom. xiv. 17; xv. 13.
Of comfort. John xiv. 16; Acts ix. 31.
Of adoption. Rom. viii. 14-17; Gal. iv. 6, 7, 31.
As the author of spiritual gifts. Ps. lxviii. 18; 1 Cor. xii. 4. 13.
Of all graces. Isa. xi, 2; Gal. v. 22-25.

The *ninth day* might be spent in thanksgiving as well as prayer—thanksgiving for past mercies, thanksgiving for all the love wherewith we have been loved.

Thanks for the Father's love. Eph. i. 3; 1 John iii. 1.
For the gift of his Son. 2 Cor. ix. 15.
For the Holy Spirit. Neh. ix. 19, 20; Acts xi. 16-18.
For saving us. Ps. lxxxvi. 12, 13; 1 Tim. i. 12-14.
For pardon and acceptance. Eph. i. 6; Rev. v. 9, 10.
For eternal life. 2 Thess. ii. 13.
For holiness. Rom. vi. 17; Jude 24.
For peace and comfort. 2 Cor. i. 3-6; 2 Thess. ii. 16, 17.
For hearing prayer. Ps. xxxiv. 1-6; cxvi. 1-7.
For the hope of the inheritance. Col. i. 12-14; 1 Peter i. 3-5.
For his goodness to our land. Ps. cxxxv.; cxlvii. 1-7.

Thanks for the revivals of late years. Isa. lxi. 10; 1 Thess. ii. 13.

For the promises to Israel. Isa. xxxiii. 20–24; lx.

For his promises to the Gentiles. Is. lxii. 2; Acts xi. 18.

For the Lord's coming. Isa. xxvi. 8, 9; Rev. xi. 17; xxii. 20.

For this Prayer Union. 2 Chron. v. 11–14; xxx. 25.

For all his mercies. 1 Sam. xii. 7; Ps. cxlv.

Intermixed with all of these subjects, there may be prayer for things, or places, or persons, pertaining to each of us individually, so that, while we are interceding with God for the world and the Churches, we may make special mention of our own land, our own city, or town, or village, or congregation, or friends. Let nothing be forgotten; but all things in which we are interested every where, be remembered before the Lord. Who knows how much of blessing He may yet have in store for us! Who knows but *He* may yet turn from his anger and deal bountifully with us, healing our backslidings, and making all his goodness to pass before us? for He is merciful and gracious, long-suffering and slow to wrath, and it repenteth him of the evil.

THE THEATRE.

BY WILLIAM SYMINGTON, D.D., GLASGOW.

THEATRICAL entertainments are confessedly among the pleasures to which youth are addicted. They are favourites, we believe, in particular with young men. This amusement consists in acting characters, accompanied with scenic representations. Its existence can be traced to the earliest periods of Grecian and Roman history. It is still sought after in modern times. Though not so common in Britain as on the continent, there is after all scarce a city or town of any size in our country which has not one or more theatres; and even places of inferior size receive occasional visits from strolling parties. This kind of amusement is countenanced by persons of all ranks, from titled wealth and royalty itself down to the very lowest of the populace; and the matter of the entertainment is skilfully regulated to suit the taste of all classes, from the rulers of the land to the apprentices of the workshop. We speak not of what the stage is capable of being *made*, but of what it *is*, and what it always *has been*. We may fairly be excused from spending time in discussing the merits of a *beau ideal*, which, however much talked of, has never yet been realised—a pure stage. We address ourselves to matters of fact. We take things as we find them, and ask leave to apply our tests.

Of the dramas that are commonly acted, some of course are better, and others worse. But we speak on good information when we say, that they are all more or less profane, impure, and defective in the morality they teach. Is not the name of God frequently invoked in a light and irreverent manner? Are not prayers sometimes offered up in a way calculated to burlesque this holy ordinance? Are not licentious characters introduced, base maxims sported, *double-entendres* spoken, and wanton, immodest gestures unblushingly obtruded, and even loudly applauded? While vice is palliated, are not the honest virtues of life often held up to ridicule? Are not false principles of honour commended? Is not the mind familiarized to scenes of guilt, and horror, and pollution? And is not a spurious sensibility for scenes of fictitious misery engendered, which is only fitted to create a distaste for what, after them, is likely to be regarded as the dull monotony of common life? Do not the most profligate of both sexes frequent the theatre, as affording a favourable opportunity for following after their base and wicked practices? Is it not a fact that every attempt to shut out certain characters, in the view of realizing the idea of a pure stage, has involved those who have made it in such pecuniary loss as to compel them to return to the former method of loose and indiscriminate admission? A pretty strong proof this of the low standard of morals which exist among those who frequent such places of amusement. We say nothing of the character of the great majority of actors, further than that it is not certainly calculated to give us the highest idea of the moral influence of the profession they have seen meet to adopt. And the exceptions taken to the plays themselves, apply, be it observed, to the very best that are produced,—to those of the far-famed "Bard of Avon" himself, and even to some that have come from the pen of men invested with the sacred office. All this is quite notorious, and defies contradiction.

How, then, can this amusement stand the test of Christian consistency? Surely, for those who profess to be born from above, to be under the influence of the holy, self-denying, ennobling principles of the gospel of the Son of God, to be living above the world, and journeying heavenward,—for such to take pleasure in witnessing the profane, impious, immoral, childish scenes which enter so largely into this species of public entertainment, is altogether out of character. How can any man, not lost to all sense of decorum and propriety, ever allow himself to be one day at church, and another at the theatre; one day mingling with the worshippers of a holy God, and another with such abandoned characters as frequent these haunts of dissipation; to-day, it may be, uniting in the celebration of the most sacred rites of religion, to-morrow listening to some licentious comedy, or profane and ribaldrous farce! The law of Christian consistency must sit light indeed on the consciences of those who can give themselves up to such grotesque alternations. Why, virtuous Pagans themselves might read such a lesson. It would be no difficult matter to gather from the writings of heathen philosophers, testimonies against the stage which might put to the blush the lax morality of professing Christians. Mr James of Birmingham tells us, that a catalogue of authorities against the stage was made in the time of Charles II., which "contains every name of eminence in the heathen and Christian worlds; which comprehends the united testimony of the Jewish and Christian Churches; the deliberate acts of fifty-four ancient and modern, general, national, and provisional councils and synods, both of the eastern and western Churches; the condemnatory sentence of seventy-one ancient fathers, and one hundred and fifty modern authors, Popish and Protestant; the hostile endeavours of philosophers, and even poets, with the legislative enactments of a great number of Pagan and Christian states, nations, magistrates, emperors, and princes. Now must not this," adds Mr James, "be regarded in the light of a very strong presumptive evidence of the immoral tendency of the stage? Does it not approach, as near as can be, to the general opinion of the whole moral world?"

The test of *utility* will be found to be as fatal to the practice of play-going as that of consistency. Even on the score of bodily and mental recreation, little, we presume, can be said in its behalf. When the late hours to which the amusement is protracted, the vitiated atmosphere that must be inhaled, and the exciting nature of the performances themselves, are taken into the account, it seems more calculated to exhaust than to recreate. On the higher ground of *moral* good, it is less likely still to stand the test. We urge the criterion of Solomon, and demand an answer to the question, "What doeth it?" What *has* it done, what *can* it ever do, for man's best, his eternal interests? What can it do for its votaries in the way of preparing them for sickness, for death, or for judgment? Who, on a bed of languishing, would ever think of finding consolation for his conscience-stricken soul, by reflecting on the entertainments of the theatre? Who does not shudder at the thought of being summoned out of the world from the midst of such scenes? We hear much, it is true, of the theatre as a school of morality; but who would choose to be called to the bar of the righteous Judge of all, with no other preparation than the morality that had been acquired in this school? A school of morality, forsooth! How comes it, pray, to exert so little influence on the teachers, and to attract towards it persons whose moral character is at the lowest point in the scale? Truly the morality cannot be of the most refined quality which is acquired where the scenes, the company, the music, the sentiments, the performances, are all more or less of a voluptuous character. "Blessed are the *pure* in heart;" and if you would seek to attain to this blessedness, my young friends, let me beseech you to shun the fascinations of the theatre.

We need not spend much time in applying the other tests. The amusement in question is not the less indefensible when tried by the value of time, and conformity to the example of Christ. Such as contract a fondness for the theatre, give evidence of their being but little alive to the weight of the apostolical admonition, "But this I say, brethren, the time is short." And there are few, we presume, even of those who are most addicted to this species of entertainment, who would not feel shocked at the bare supposition of the Redeemer having spent his time thus. If every one must perceive the outrageous incongruity of supposing it consistent with the dignified and holy character of the Saviour to have frequented the theatre (the very statement of the supposition is felt to border on profanity), they who feel themselves bound to be not of the world, even as *he* was not of the world, will pause before they venture on any such indulgence. Indeed, when the moral dangers with which this species of entertainment is surrounded, are duly weighed; when the company with which it brings the young into contact, the scenes with which it tends to familiarize its votaries, and the nature and tendency of the moral principles it inculcates, are seriously considered; and when the dire experience of thousands, who have traced their ruin to their having formed an unhappy attachment to this species of entertainment, is taken into the account; is it going too far to say, that there is one short word of three letters, employed to designate a portion of its accommodation, that may be viewed as not inaptly descriptive of the whole? or that the satirist exceeded the bounds of truth, when he spoke of the inscription on one entrance as applicable to the entertainment as a whole—*the way to the Pit!* Tell me not of those who have indulged in this amusement, and yet have escaped its demoralizing tendency. What of that? Because some constitutions resist the plague, is the plague innocuous, and ought all men recklessly to expose themselves to its virulent influence? Young men, if you have any respect for consistency of Christian character, if you have any desire for the enjoyment of spiritual good, if you have any regard for the value of time, if you would aim at being conformed to Him who was not of this world, you will never cross the threshold of a theatre.

THE SNARES OF YOUTH.

BY THE REV. JAMES HARPER, D.D., LEITH.*

It is in the practical study of religion that men, whether in youth or in age, find their security against the assaults of temptation. Hence the importance of commending the subject to the young when their characters are forming, and when, through inexperience, their dangers are peculiarly great. Were your attention fixed on the truths, and duties, and sanctions, and hopes of religion, how strong should you be when evil influences assail you! Conversant with the grandeur of eternal prospects, with the "things lovely" which the gospel unfolds, with the value of the immortal soul, and all the solemn verities of Divine revelation, false appearances, though fair, would not impose on you; fleeting pleasures would not enslave you. Your language to the tempter would be, Let no man trouble me; wist ye not that I am about my soul's business? I have a joy of which no intermeddling shall deprive me. "Depart from me, bloody men!"

What need of such influences to brace the character of youth for the conflict with evil in which all must be engaged? Without the aids of religious principle, how soon and how fatally does the young man fall a prey to the arts of the destroyer! It is when the word of God abides in him he overcomes the world and the wicked one. It is here he finds his armour and his strength against sin in its most voluptuous enticements, and against the "foolish jesting" of the scorner, who would mock him from the sobriety of his way. If there be among you any mistaken youth who has already entered on a course of forbidden pleasure, O that he would take warning and beware! Yet a little while, and you may become so enslaved to vice that ordinary means of reformation shall prove not even a check on your headlong career. Accustomed to the reproofs of conscience, you will at length be able to repress or to disregard them; your resolutions to amend will grow weaker day by day; remonstrance will fall powerless on your ear, or excite but a transient compunction; and what shall the end of these things be? Alas! there is not a broken-down debauchee at the corner of the streets, with haggard visage and shivering limbs, but may be taken as a type of what you shall become if your present course continue till its fruits be accomplished. There they stand like beacons, warning you of the shoals and breakers on which multitudes cast away their hope; like death's heads, staring on you with unutterable mementoes of the wreck and debasement of a profligate's destiny. It was the custom of an ancient people on occasions of festivity to place the bodies of their deceased friends within view as a check on the excesses of the table. But have not you an admonition more truly appalling in the horrors of the living mummy, whose sunken eye and livid features speak to you as from the grave's mouth of the rake's progress, the ravages of vice, the sepulchral dregs of a life of dissipation?

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* Forming part of an admirable lecture by the author, in "Lectures to Young Men on their Educational, Moral, and Religious Improvement," delivered in Glasgow, by ministers of various denominations, and published by Mr Collins.

I am here reminded of a narrative which I lately had from a valued friend, a citizen of London, which I am sure I shall be excused for introducing, illustrative as it is of the snares that beset the path of the young, and showing how soon the fairest prospects may be turned into blighted hopes and ruined character.

Somewhere about twenty years ago, six lads, my informant one of the number, natives of one of the northern counties of England, mutual acquaintances, and similarly educated, went to London about the same time, to be employed in different branches of business. Of moral habits, and accustomed to the observances of religion, they were for a considerable time attentive to the duties in which they had been trained; kept the Sabbath with at least external decency, and were regular in their attendance on the public services of the day. By and by a change for the worse appeared. With one exception, the history of the young friends was similar; in their degeneracy they kept pace, and the end of all was miserable. The temptations of the metropolis allured them from regularity of church attendance into recreation, company, excursions of pleasure on the Lord's day; led them into expensive entertainments, debt, fraud, loss of business, loss of character, loss of friends, and the end was remorse, disease, death.

One of the five went to the metropolis beloved for his gentle generous spirit, was remarked by his associates for his religious impressions, and during a length of time was exemplary for his attention to the duties of the Sabbath. Jaunting on the Lord's day was the first decided step of defection, soon followed by gaming and every evil work; next came bankruptcy and total destitution; his life was last of all led in the streets; shunned by his former companions, he grew as callous as he was degraded, and at length sought and found an asylum in a London workhouse, where he died from exhaustion and disease two days after his admission.

Another, of whose seriousness of character, as favourable, if not higher hopes were at first entertained, fell before the same temptations; married, lived expensively, ran into debt; under the pressure of his difficulties robbed a generous master; fled to America, where he gave himself up to brutal intemperance, and soon died the victim of wretchedness and vice.

A third, losing character and subsistence by a similar course, poisoned himself in despair.

The fourth was a young man of high talents and cultivated mind, a solicitor by profession, with very flattering prospects. Sabbath-breaking, gaming, intemperance, with their usual train of bankruptcy and beggary, marked its course. He died of want, and his famished corpse was found in the night on the steps of a house in Islington.

The history of the fifth is a repetition of this tragic tale. Sabbath profanation was followed by dissipated habits. He committed the crime of seduction; fled with his victim; exhausted his means of living. Having reached a town in the north of Scotland, he drank to excess to drown his misery, and went and shot himself in his bed.

"And here," said the narrator, "am I, of the six alone remaining, to tell the story of their fall."

Let me add, that he ascribed his preservation under God, to the alarm which smote him when his early associates first proposed to him to pass part of their Sundays in pleasure, and to the reverence which he sedulously cultivated for the Lord's day and the public ordinances of religion.

Looking round on this large assemblage of well-behaved, as I trust, and hopeful young men, my bowels yearn for them when I think of the six youths once hopeful as they, and of the thrilling lesson which their history affords of the snares and dangers of juvenile temptation. Take warning, my young friends, from the miserable fate of the *five*, and learn from the example of the *one* who held fast his integrity, to dread the beginnings of an evil course, to break off from immoral companions, and studiously to preserve like him, as one of the main safeguards of character, an habitual reverence for the day and for the house of God.

Walk in Wisdom's paths. Give the ardour of your minds and the best of your days to religion, the noblest study. At no time of your life is piety more pleasing. Never can the offering of yourselves be more acceptable to God. "Those that seek me early shall find me." "Them that honour me, I will honour; and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

SIR ANDREW AGNEW, BART.*

The family of Agnew of Lochnaw, terms of French and of Celtic extraction, indicating the history, usual in our land, of foreign blood supplanting the original race, is of great antiquity, being understood to have come over with William in the tenth century, bearing the name of Agneau though not appearing in his list of barons. After remaining for a time in England, the family settled in Ireland, in the county of Antrim, where as Lords Agnew, Lords of Larne, it long held large possessions. A son removing into Scotland, was, in the reign of David II., nominated to the keeping of the Castle of Lochnaw in Wigtonshire, whereof he was in due time appointed Heritable Constable and Sheriff, dignities abolished with the other heritable jurisdictions after the Rebellion 1745, but clothed with properties which still belong to the family.

While thus historically and traditionally connected with these distant periods, the oldest charter remaining in the possession of the family is one granted by James I. on the 1st February 1430. From James

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* Abridged from "Memoir of Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart., by James Bridges, Esq., (a private reprint from Monthly Tract Series, October and November 1849.) Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter.

VI. they received the honour of knighthood; and by Charles I. they were created baronets of Nova Scotia in 1629.

It is pleasant, in reviewing the religious history of any servant of God, to trace the appearances of a similar character in the line of his ancestry; and accordingly in the present instance,—from the fact of the Baronet of the day having been constituted by Cromwell sheriff of Galloway; of another appearing in Middleton's list of the year 1662 with a fine of £600 attached to his name, a list composed, according to Wodrow, of persons, "generally speaking, of the best morals and most shining piety in the places where they lived, and chargeable with nothing but being Presbyterians;" of a third refusing the test oath under James, and ejected by the Privy Council from his office, and supplanted in it by Graham of Claverhouse, for the countenance which he gave to field conventicles, but restored at the Revolution, and appearing as a member of Convention under William; as well as a fourth, described by Sir Walter Scott as "famous in Scottish tradition, and a soldier brave to the last degree," who, in a critical moment, defended the Protestant cause at the seige of Blair Castle by Lord George Murray, and who, to his last days, maintained the worship of God in his family,—it is satisfactory to be able to infer, that as Timothy could look with comfort, in his Christian career, to those who had gone before him, so Sir Andrew Agnew was only true to hereditary character, when he boldly and indomitably contended for the honour of God on many a well-fought Sabbath field.

The hero of Blair, old General Sir Andrew Agnew, who fought under the Earl of Stair at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and died in the year 1771, was succeeded by his fifth son, Sir Stair, whose oldest son Andrew, a captain in the army, married, during his father's lifetime, the Honourable Martha De Courcy, eldest daughter of John, 26th Lord Kingsale, Premier Baron of Ireland. The marriage took place on the 21st May 1792, and was prematurely dissolved by the death of Captain Agnew, on the 1st September following, during a temporary stay at Lochnaw Castle.

The late Sir Andrew Agnew was the fruit of this marriage. He was born at Kingsale on the 21st March 1793; and to his upbringing the widowed mother devoted herself with tender solicitude, remaining at Kingsale, where, with the exception of a short season in the south of England, he received the rudiments of his education. It embraced all the departments of knowledge usual at the period, and he gave himself to it with that conscientious application which was characteristic of his ever upright character. Living in Ireland amidst the services of the Church of England, young Mr Agnew was bred a member of that Church; and to it he continued to the end of his life much attached, though in the maturity of his age he became a joined member of the Church of Scotland, and followed it at the Disruption into the Free Church. Thus, he used to say, "The Church of England was my mother Church; the Church of Scotland the Church of my fathers."

On the death of his grandfather, which took place in 1809, he removed with his mother to Scotland, and resided very much during the winter in Edinburgh, and summer at Lochnaw. He ever maintained an honourable and strictly moral character; but still yielded to the ways of the world in its frivolous pleasures. The levities, however, of fashionable life did not sit easily upon him. Young as he was, he felt a thirst for that graver knowledge, which, now comparatively common, was then less highly prized among our aristocratical youth. He accordingly placed himself, for a time, under tuition at Oxford.

In due time leaving Oxford, he returned to Scotland, and again found himself in Edinburgh; occasionally also visiting Cheltenham, London, and Bath, with his mother. It may be believed that at this time he was in some hazard, considering the circles in which he was a welcome guest, in regard to that great connection in life which ever exercises so much influence on a man's futurity. But it pleased God to direct him, in the choice of a wife, to one who, bred in the school of Christ by a godly mother, and herself a subject of divine grace, had the comfort to witness his gradual progress upward from mere worldly uprightness and amiability, to that union with Christ, fruitful in humility, self-denial, and self-devotedness, which have placed him high in the list of the worthies of the Cross and of Scotland. This lady, now his mourning widow, but not sorrowing as others which have no hope, was Madeline, tenth daughter of Sir David Carnegie of Southesk, Baronet, heir of the forfeited honours of the Earldom of Southesk, and of Agnes Murray Elliot, a descendant of the family of Minto, now Lady Carnegie, who still survives, showing forth in a green old age that most beautiful variety of the Christian character—the Christian Lady. No doubt, in all ranks there is to be found that "Christian aristocracy," which, resting on the gracious affections and heavenly bearing of the renewed heart, is traceable no less in the cottage than in the palace—no less among peasants than among princes—nay, in regard to which it may be said, that, whilst it more commonly appears among the poor than among the rich, nevertheless, as if in recompense for the fearful sentence upon the "many wise, many mighty, many noble," wherever it pleases God that ANY of this high class do become subjects of Divine grace, the combination of worldly nobility of character with Christian purity does impress a double glory on those who, in the economy of grace and of providence, are thus distinguished.

It must be unnecessary to say that the marriage of Sir Andrew Agnew to Miss Carnegie was a happy one. Always a man of honour and amiability, when he came to unite with his lady in the knowledge of God, there did not fail to be that love and reverence which are prescribed in that best of "Manuals of Married Life," the twelve last verses of the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, as the sure secret of domestic peace. They lived variously at Lochnaw, Edinburgh, and London.

The history of Sir Andrew's call from darkness to light during this period was interesting. It was gradual, though marked by strong and decided feelings, as first the understanding and then the heart became enlightened. It was hastened by an evangelical sermon in the winter of 1818 from the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel, the effects of which at first were delight with the interesting doctrines propounded, but afterwards a shrinking back from the serious consequences to which they led. Though himself singularly upright, pure-minded, and opposed to vice, and though affectionate and amiable in so remarkable a degree by his nature, that it might truly be said of him, he appeared to man's eye "not far from the kingdom of heaven;" yet in his then unrenewed state, the holiness and separation from the world required by the Bible did certainly give offence. The charge of utter sinfulness before God appeared exaggerated if not groundless, and he would not hear the preacher again who had brought these things to his ears. For a time even the very subject was interdicted, and deep doubt rested on its future course. Still, however, even then, while turning from the truth as presented by man, he felt drawn towards the truth as declared in the Scripture; and when he found the same things presented in the Bible he did not gainsay them. During the autumn, attracted by Dr Chalmers' "Astronomical Discourses," prejudice gave way, and he yielded up his mind to the glorious plan of salvation as both worthy of God and adapted to the state of man.

About this time he dwelt much on the words, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;" not merciful, but in Christ Jesus just, to forgive us our sins. He was thus led to read part of Dr Chalmers' "Evidences of the truth of the Christian Religion;" and his mind once opened, he now went on at an accelerated pace. He was much taken with pithy sentences like that of Luther, "Works justify not, but the justified work." Like many others, he had in the days of his ignorance felt a disgust at tracts, and frequently spoke against them. But "The Dairyman's Daughter," by Legh Richmond, which he was induced to peruse, led him to say, that if all tracts were like that, he for one would object no more; and erelong he followed in the way of the numberless others, who, commencing with a jealousy of tracts, and an enmity to Foreign missions (the usual phase of an undecided transition state), end by disseminating the one and zealously promoting the other.

In 1818, an Auxiliary Bible Society being established at Stranraer, the town adjoining Lochnaw, Sir Andrew accepted the presidency; and from his connection with that society he often said he had derived spiritual benefit in many ways. In 1820 and the following year he contemplated a scheme for a new church in his parish, in connection with the Establishment, which did not then succeed. He now also made a public profession of the doctrines called Evangelical or Methodistical, or by whatever similar name, which he had formerly opposed, though he did not yet altogether see the necessity of entire separation from the world; insomuch that in the year 1822 he was present at a ball in honour of George IV., at Edinburgh. But there he found that, all unknown to himself, a change had taken place which destroyed his relish for worldly pleasures, and taught him that he no longer was at home in the ball-room. He, indeed, made no ostentatious profession, and then and ever retained sentiments of kindly forbearance and sorrow in regard to all who, thinking as he had once done, still remained in their primitive state.

It was in the year 1828, that, attracted by the fame of Dr M'Crie's "Life of Knox," and his review of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of my Landlord," he went, during a casual visit to Lady Carnegie at Edinburgh, to hear that eminent preacher. The text was, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." The young Baronet, startled at first by the preacher's "extreme views," became gradually impressed; and at length departed with the conviction, which gathered strength as he grew in the divine life, that the Sabbath was part and parcel of the moral law of the Decalogue, and of like obligation with its other precepts: that the fourth was "no new commandment, but an old commandment which they had from the beginning;" and that the Sabbath was an institute ancient as paradise, and dating, like marriage, from before the fall,—thoroughly adapted to the necessities of man's constitution, moral, mental, and physical, and powerfully operative on the character of nations, and the standing of the Church. There was, he found, a divine breadth in the character of the institution, and a profound philosophy involved in its effects, of which he had no previous idea; and as it is recorded of John Bunyan, that a sermon on the sanctification of the Sabbath was the means of his conversion, so of Sir Andrew Agnew it is certain that, by a like instrumentality, he first gained that light which reflected a lustre on his whole future career, and pre-eminently marked him out, in process of time, as the hero of the Sabbath. The character of the Covenanters and of the noble principles for which they fought and died, not counting their lives dear unto themselves, he was then also led to admire; and in his own sphere, in his earnest contendings for the day of holy rest, he came to imitate those devoted servants of God to the end of his life, ever regarding them as having been raised up to testify for the truth through good report and through bad report—not daunted by disappointments nor frightened by fears—not ruffled by railing or ridicule, or moved by hatred, violence, or persecution; but careful only to maintain their testimony as witnesses for God in an evil world.

In the year 1829 he was appointed vice-lieutenant of Wigtonshire. In August 1830, on the accession of William IV. to the throne, he stood for the county, and was returned to Parliament.

The year 1831 was distinguished in Parliament by the number of petitions that came up from all quarters of the country, and from religionists of all communions, established and unestablished, on the subject of the Sabbath. The general interest thus manifested was in a great measure imputable, under God, to the efforts of the Lord's Day Society of England, an institution which arose at this time, and has ever since exercised a large and salutary influence on the Sabbath question. An early step on its part was to establish a connection with Parliament, through an influential member who might choose to be officially connected with the society; and after unsuccessful efforts in different quarters, Mr Joseph Wilson of Clapham Park, its excellent secretary, was directed to Sir Andrew, who, with some hesitation, assented to their application. He soon became the established—as to his dying hour he continued to be—public friend and defender of the Sabbath

The first great result was the appointment, in the year 1832, of a select committee "to inquire into the laws and practices relating to the observance of the Lord's Day, and to report their observations thereupon to the House," of which Sir Andrew Agnew was named chairman. He instantly, with his characteristically quiet determination, set it in action, and by the month of August produced a report to the House, extending to 306 pages, which embraced a vast variety of information in regard to both law and practice on the subject of the Sabbath. Its effect was shown in the following year by the influx of petitions (1601, containing 261,709 names), and by the introduction of an English bill "to promote the better observance of the Lord's day," the peculiarity and principle of which—never afterwards swerved from—was that of declaring all work to be unlawful according to the commandment, and of rendering all permissions to work the exception.

That it was no easy matter to carry with his parliamentary friends the advocacy of such a measure, may be readily believed. Parliament at this time was in a sort of transition state between infidelity and the acknowledgement of God; and it was no easy thing, as excellent Captain J. E Gordon had found it, either to quote Scripture or to legislate on its principles. "I distinctly remember," says Sir George Sinclair, "in the year when he first brought in the bill, being present, with eight or ten other friends of the cause, at a meeting which he convened in Manchester Buildings, where he lived, and in which several of us proposed to him various modifications of the measure which he was about to introduce, with a view to neutralise opposition and secure support, upon which Sir Andrew spoke nearly as follows:—'My dear friends, on any other subject there is not one amongst you to whose opinions I should not feel disposed to bow with deference; but you must allow me to observe, that my attention has been engaged in this cause to a far greater extent than yours, who have all been laudably occupied in considering other important measures, of which I know comparatively little; and as I have zealously and prayerfully occupied myself, I might almost say exclusively, with this question, and consulted many of the holiest men in Britain, I may perhaps be allowed, without vanity or undue self-preference, to say, that I have made myself more fully master of it than most others. I must therefore candidly tell you, that I am resolved not to compromise, in any respect, the great principle for which I contend. I cannot consult expediency, or be influenced by any hope of obviating opposition; and if I can get one member to second the motion for the introduction of the bill as it stands, believing as I do that its provisions are in strict accordance with the Word of God, I would rather be the author of such a bill, and see it rejected, than substitute a less scriptural one, if I were sure of its being carried.' " Let it be added, that on the close of these words, one honourable member, when a slight pause took place, came forward and said, " If no one else will, I will second the motion." That one was Mr J. P. Plumptre, member for East Kent.

The bill was thrown out, but persevered in, the friends of the cause being encouraged, in 1834, by petitions from 1076 different quarters, bearing 204,413 names, as well as by a sort of by-play—not of their getting up—of bills brought in, particularly by Mr Petre and Mr Poulter, for a more " rational " law on the subject, either framed on the principle of concession, or directed merely against individual desecrations, which these honourable gentlemen were led in some quarters to believe would obtain support. All such measures were cordially aided, as steps in advance, by Sir Andrew Agnew. But they failed, to the surprise, not of him, but of their authors; one of whom, after finding himself deserted by expected friends, crossed the House, and said to him, " Well, I do believe you are right after all. A bill out and out is just as likely to be carried by these fellows as a modified one."

" The world " was generally outraged; and the press teemed with ridicule and abuse, the literature of the days of Hudibras being ransacked to revive buried scandals on Sabbath and Sabbath-mongers. " I was the song of the drunkard," was painfully realised in Sir Andrew Agnew's experience at this time, and at first he felt this much. But what he felt most keenly, as he used to say, was the quiet and gentlemanlike contempt seen in the looks and bearing of his fellow-members in the House, who did not always restrain themselves from even words of derision. All this, however, through divine grace, he thoroughly overcame, and without injury to his mild and placid temper. " Here," said he to a friend, " is the last new ballad just sung under my windows: send it down to the north." Of the members too, themselves, it must be confessed, that there is no society in the world where so just and candid a judgment is, in due time, formed regarding any member as in the honourable House. Educated gentlemen, cast together night after night for six months in the year, they speedily come to know one another in the friction of committees and gossip of the kitchen and smoking-room, no less than by their public exhibitions; and no sincere, honest man need fear the final judgment of his compeers upon him—if he will only keep his temper—whatever opinions he may hold. And so Sir Andrew liberally experienced. In the expressive words of one who witnessed the whole affair, " You would often see him, before or after a debate, in earnest discourse with a fiery opponent, trying to win him over. You know well his acceptability with every member. However he might have been opposed, all liked him—all liked the gentleman." But Sir Andrew had a higher support than this, within the House. A " prayer union " of members then existed, small indeed in number, but select in character, composed of that class whose " effectual fervent prayer availeth much." A few gentleman agreed at this time to meet every evening about nine, when the debate generally languishes, in the apartment of one of their number, for the purpose of scripture-reading and prayer. On this meeting Sir Andrew Agnew was a steady attender. It would be interesting to name the other members; but with those in life this might be regarded as an undue liberty. It shall only be mentioned, that the gentleman whose rooms were consecrated to this good object was Mr Andrew Johnston, then member for St Andrews, and that among those who have since gone to their rest, were Sir Fowell Buxton, The Chisholm, Sir John Dunlop, and Mr J. H. Balfour, member for Orkney,

In every way thus the good cause progressed. The bill was, year after year, reproduced; but if it came the length of a second reading, it was at that stage thrown out. At length, however, in 1837, on Wednesday the 7th of June, the second reading was carried by a majority of 110 to 66, and the House thereby, for the first time, affirmed the great principle of the bill.

Now, however, the cause was doomed to a severe check. The death of King William brought the Parliament to an end, and to the new Parliament Sir Andrew Agnew was not returned. He again stood for the county, but lost his election. Entering Parliament in 1830, and quitting it in 1837, he had fulfilled his week of years there; and, obedient to the voice of God, he returned with alacrity into private, at least unparliamentary, life, indulging in the hope that the Lord's Day Bill might fall into other hands. His chief regret was the loss of his franking privilege —the " clipping of his wings " as he termed it—whereby he was disabled from stimulating the country by his correspondence. It must be needless to add, that by no man was Mr Rowland Hill's penny postage system more heartily welcomed than by Sir Andrew Agnew in his efforts for moral good, to which that noble scheme was ever regarded by him as mightily subservient.

In his parliamentary hopes for his bill he was disappointed. It is very grievous to think, that while several individuals in Parliament have from time to time made a sort of galvanic effort in the way of Sabbath legislation, it has neither been prosecuted with life nor based on the high principle of Scripture; for while there are men in Parliament who know the whole counsel of God and know the truth, there has been among them a certain feebleness in action, and want of that firm and systematic persistence in the advocacy of the whole truth, which characterised and rendered powerful the policy of Sir Andrew Agnew, and without which parliamentary effort may be all very amiable and praiseworthy, but must be fruitless of general good and ineffective on the country.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANIES BY ARCHDEACON HARE.

TRUE modesty does not consist in an ignorance of our merits, but in a due estimate of them. Modesty, then, is only another name for self-knowledge; that is, for the absence of ignorance on the one subject which we ought to understand the best, as well from its vast importance to us, as from our continual opportunities of studying it. And yet it is a virtue.

Leaves are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable: they even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing, He has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the lightsomeness without.

Christian prudence passes for a want of worldly courage; just as Christian courage is taken for a want of worldly prudence. But the two qualities are easily reconciled. When we have outward circumstances to contend with, what need we fear, God being with us? When we have sin and temptation to contend with, what should we not fear? God leaving our defence to our own hearts, which at the first attack surrender to the enemy, and go over at the first solicitation.

Light will blind a man sooner than darkness. Are we then to pray that we may be left in darkness? O no! but beware, ye who walk in light, lest ye turn your light into a curse.

Excessive indulgence to others, especially to children, is in fact only self-indulgence under an *alias*.

The great cry with every body is, *Get on! get on!* just as if the world were travelling post. How astonished people will be, when they arrive in heaven, to find the angels, who are so much wiser, laying no schemes to be made archangels!

Unitarianism has no root in the permanent principles of human nature. In fact it is a religion of accidents, depending for its reception on a particular turn of thought, a particular state of knowledge, and a particular situation in society. This alone is a sufficient disproof of it.

What a proof it is that the carnal heart is enmity, to find that almost all our prejudices are against others! so much so indeed, that this has become an integral part of the word—Whatever is to a man's prejudice, is to his hurt. Nay, I have sometimes found it hard to convince a person, that it is possible to have a prejudice in favour of another. It is only Christian love that can believe all things, and hope all things, even of our fellow-creatures.

Friendship closes its eyes rather than see the moon eclipsed; while malice denies that it is ever at the full.

Men of the world hold that it is impossible to do a disinterested action except from an interested motive, for the sake of admiration, if for no grosser, more tangible gain. Doubtless they are also convinced, that, when the sun is showering light from the sky, he is only standing there to be stared at.

When will talkers refrain from evil speaking? when listeners refrain from evil hearing. At present there are many so credulous of evil, they will receive suspicions and impressions against persons whom they don't know, from a person whom they do know in authority to be good for nothing.

I was surprised just now to see a cobweb round a knocker; for it was not on the gate of heaven.

Surely half the world must be blind; they can see nothing unless it glitters.

There are persons who would have us love, or rather obey God, chiefly because He outbids the devil.

SILENT REPROOF.

Some years ago I was going down the James river in a steamboat, in company with several clergymen whose eyes may alight on these lines. There was also with us a judge of one of the Virginia courts, much celebrated for his eccentricity and his genius. In the course of conversation, mention was made of the Rev. John H. Rice, then lately deceased. The attention of the judge was awakened, and he related the following anecdote:—

"I was crossing the James river at Osborn's in company with Dr Rice. When we reached the further side it became necessary for us to be carried ashore on the shoulders of the black ferrymen. One of these, not sufficiently careful, let my cloak drag in the water, upon which I visited him with a sudden oath. Dr Rice, who was immediately before me, and had just landed on the bank, drew up his tall figure, and turned his large speaking eye upon me, with an expression of mingled surprise and sorrow. Perceiving that he was a clergyman, I instantly begged his pardon, though he had not uttered a syllable. 'Your offence is not against me,' said he. The implication was obvious and affecting, and I shall never lose the remembrance of it as long as I live."—*Am. Messenger.*

THE PEACHES.

A few days ago, as a train of cars was passing the town where I live, a little boy, carrying a basket of peaches for sale, was thrown on the track, and the entire train passed over his body.

As a lady was mentioning some of the horrid details of the occurrence, her child standing at her side made only this exclamation:—"Mother! *what became of the peaches?*"

I felt some revulsion at this apparent want of feeling in the little girl, and was disposed to reprove her for the moral defect exhibited in her remark; but, upon further reflection, thought I might first take a beam out of mine own eye.

For how often have I read of the carnage of war, and have hurried—sometimes exultingly—over the account of slaughtered and suffering thousands, to see on which side the victory resulted! What was this but forgetting the miseries of my fellow creatures, to ask about the *peaches?*

How often, on hearing the death of a man of property, has my first question been—not what was his hope? or how is his afflicted family? but how much did he leave, and to whom? Was not this as inconsistent with true humanity as the little girl's first thought about the *peaches?*

When I heard of the famine in Ireland, and immediately said to myself, "Now my crop will bring me fifty-fold more than I thought," and forgot to sympathise with the starving until I had run up the figures of my unexpected gain—alas! what better was I than the thoughtless child who forgot the bereaved parents in her thought for the *peaches?*

And when I remember how I gave myself to the business of the world, exposed my own life by land and sea, and filled my mind with no cares but for gain, and left my soul to itself—what an infinitely greater infatuation was this blindness and insensibility than what I was too ready to reprove in the little child's indifference to every other effect of the accident than the loss of the *peaches!*

So when I loved the world for its mere enjoyments of sense—when I stopped not to ask whom I was injuring by my example—when I cared not for the damage I was doing to my own health—nor how I mangled the feelings of those whose happiness should have been among my very first thoughts—verily I showed more callousness than when the child thought later of the boy that was crushed than of the *peaches* he lost!

And now when, as a Christian, I am calculating how little I can give, without discredit, to send the gospel abroad and build up its institutions at home; when I put my money, or time, or convenience first in my consideration, and overlook the moral, intellectual, and spiritual desolation of my fellow creatures, or let this in as an after-thought to shame me into the courage to do a little—am not I a model of inhumanity in comparison with the inexperienced child who only disregarded a *dead* lad when she asked about his *basket of peaches?*

A FUNERAL.

Last week the writer was called to attend the funeral of a young man, a stranger, who had sunk rapidly under an acute disease. His parents had come with all expedition from the interior of New Hampshire, in answer to a summons from his sick-bed; but they arrived only in time to see him die. He did not recognise them, he could not speak to them. According to his known wishes, they made arrangements for the burial of their son at Greenwood. How sad was that funeral! The minister who officiated was a stranger, the pall-bearers were strangers, the little company were strangers, and yet some were already dear to the parents because they had known the son.

The young man had not made a profession of religion, yet there were some reasons for hope in his death. His parents having gathered together his little effects, went mourning to their home—the home of his childhood, on the border of the beautiful Winnipisiogee.

What an interest have Christian parents in the country, in the moral and religious welfare of cities! Their sons come here to find employment, to meet temptation, perhaps to fall, perhaps to die. Will not Christians in the country then, pray for our city, that it may be blessed continually with the presence of the Holy Spirit? Will they not also commend their sons who come hither to the care of some church, or minister, or Christian friend, so that when sorrow comes, they may not be among strangers?—*Independent.*

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

It was a saying of John Selden, that "the doctrine of transubstantiation is just like rhetoric transformed into logic." How absolutely true the saying is, no reflective mind will need to be reminded. Volumes of ecclesiastical history are compressed into its compass; and through it, as through a glass, we may trace clearly that melancholy progress by which the spiritual aspiration, the vital memory—that at the first had made the room of the Supper a presence-chamber of the Saviour, had filled it with the glory of his ascension and mediation, and had transformed the mute elements into the almost animate witnesses to his passion and cross—became congealed and stiffened into the icy superstition, before which a perishing wafer was transmuted into a god!

THE ANNUAL RESURRECTION.

As the day dies into the night, so doth the summer into the winter. The sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground. The earth is covered with snow or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive, and grow, and flourish. This is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is, notwithstanding, cast upon the earth, and buried in the ground, with a design that it may corrupt, and, being corrupted, may revive and multiply. Our bodies are fed with this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by a succession of resurrections. Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, are preserved by perishing, and revive by dying. And can we think that man, the lord of all these things, which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death, and is never to live again? Is it imaginable that God should thus restore all things to man, and not restore man to himself? If there were no other considerations but those of the principles of human nature, of the liberty and remunerability of human actions, and of natural revolutions and resurrections of other creatures, it were abundantly sufficient to render the resurrection of our bodies highly probable.—*Bishop Pearson.*

LIVING ON THE PROMISE.

The worthy Mr Lawrence, Mr Henry's intimate friend, when he was turned out of Baschurch, if he would have consulted with flesh and blood, having, as was said of one of the martyrs, eleven good arguments against suffering, viz., a wife and ten children, was asked how he meant to maintain them all?—cheerfully replied, "They must all live on the 6th of Matthew, 'Take no thought for your life.'" &c. Mr Henry has noted concerning him in his Diary, some time after he was turned out, "That he bore witness to the love and care of our heavenly Father providing for him, and his present condition, beyond expectation. One observation Mr Henry made not long before he died, 'That, though many of the ejected ministers were brought low, had many children, were greatly harassed by persecution, and their friends generally poor and unable to support them, yet, in all his acquaintance, he never knew, nor could remember to have heard of, any Nonconformist minister in prison for debt."—*Philip Henry's Life.*—*English Puritan Divines.*

PRAY, AND THEN PREACH.

Go from your knees to the chapel. Get a renewal of your commission every time you go to preach, in a renewed sense of the favour of God. Carry your authority to declare the gospel of Christ, not in your hand, but in your heart.—*Dr A. Clarke.*

THE RANSOMED MULTITUDE BEFORE THE THRONE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ANDERSON, MISSIONARY TO CALABAR.

> "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—(Rev. vii. 14.)

What a dreary, dark, and desolate world would this be were it not for the Bible! But for this precious book, we would be sinning without pardon, suffering without comfort, and dying without hope! But, blessed be God, "life and immortality have been brought to light by the gospel."

Beams of light—soul-reviving light—have shone from afar, from beyond sun, moon, and stars. That light dispels the gloom which overshadows death and the grave. Reflected from the volume of revelation into the believer's soul, it enlivens and cheers him through many a trying scene in life, illumines "death's dark vale," and introduces him at length to the regions of endless day.

The thrilling passage (verses 9-17) of which our text forms a part, opens to us the celestial gates, and calls on us to contemplate the glories of the New Jerusalem. It invites us to ascend Mount Pisgah, and take a survey of the land—the goodly land—which lieth beyond Jordan. It presents to our view the blessed and glorious company of ransomed men, and women, and children, who have exchanged the perils of the wilderness for the enjoyments of paradise—the perils of the deep for the haven of endless rest—the toils of the battle-field for crowns of victory—the fatigues of pilgrimage for the joys of an everlasting home.

How refreshing to the exile of Patmos must have been this "beatific vision!" His enemies could prevent him from preaching, but they could not hinder him from praying and praising; they might deprive him of intercourse with his fellow-servants who were still in the body, but they could not intercept his communion with angels or with his glorified Master; they might cut him off from external fellowship with the Church below, but they could not interrupt his intercourse with the Church above.

Let us for a little withdraw from earth's cares, and toils, and tribulations, and raise our contemplations to "Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem," and "the spirits of just men made perfect." O that we may catch at least a glimpse of what the beloved disciple beheld, and be comforted, and refreshed, and edified by the delightful words which he heard!

The blessed and glorious company of "the redeemed from among men," cannot be contemplated by us save with feelings of intense interest. For what were they once? Just what we are now—beings possessed of like passions, and feelings, and infirmities with ourselves. And are they not what we, through grace, expect erelong to be? Yea, are there not individuals in that assembly who, when on earth, were well known to us? Are there not in that blessed throng parents who taught us in our early years the way to immortality? Ministers who have proclaimed to us words of eternal life, under whose fervid eloquence our hearts have often burned within us? Brothers and sisters who have prayed with us "around our parent knee?" Children who were the light, and joy, and hope of their parents' hearts? Friends dear to us as our own souls, with whom we have often taken sweet counsel and gone to the house of God? Aged disciple! by how many *human* ties is your heart bound to heaven? What believer who reads these pages but feels his affections ofttimes withdrawn from earthly objects, and attracted to friends and kindred in the skies?

In contemplating the ransomed multitude before the throne on high, our text invites us to consider their former state, their present condition, and the means by which they attained it.

Let us then consider—

I. Their Former State.—It was one of Tribulation, Pollution, and Danger.

1. *Of Tribulation.*—"These are they who came out of great tribulation." Some of them are from the lowest depths of *poverty*. Many a desolate widow—many a lonely orphan—many a pitiable Bartimeus—who had scarcely where to lay their heads, whose tattered garments were the sport of every breeze, who had difficulty in procuring food sufficient to keep body and soul together, and who endured hardships and privations unknown to all but themselves—are there. All is changed with them now. Many of that glorious company experienced

great tribulation on the bed of *affliction*. They were "made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights" were appointed them. They could adopt Job's touching language, "When I lie down I say, When shall I rise and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day. My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust; my skin is broken and become loathsome. When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions, so that my soul chooseth strangling and death rather than my life. I loathe it; I would not live alway." Now, at length, "they rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness." Many of that happy band have come out of "great tribulation," caused by *persecution*. From the days of "righteous Abel," down to those of "Zacharias, son of Barachias, who was slain between the temple and the altar;" and from the days of Stephen, down to that in which Antipas proved himself to be Christ's "faithful martyr,"—multitudes suffered much for the cause of truth and the sake of Jesus. Some of them "were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection; and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and in goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented: (of whom the world was not worthy.) They wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." And a goodly company have received the crown of martyrdom since the volume of revelation was completed. Need we more than refer to the Waldenses on the European continent, the Puritans of England, and the Scottish Covenanters? The glens and mountains of beloved Scotland can testify of the cruelty of persecution's sword. Not a few of our countrymen lived, and prayed, and walked with God "unknown,

Till persecution dragg'd them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven."

Many of them were often in great tribulation, occasioned by the wickedness of those around them. Their righteous souls were grieved from day to day; rivers of waters ran from their eyes; they sighed and cried on account of the perversity and depravity of the multitude. Many of them "were all their lifetime subject to bondage through fear of death." "They died a thousand deaths in fearing one." While here, their language often was that of David, "O my God! my soul is cast down within me. Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me."

It is through much tribulation that the children enter the kingdom.

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reach'd that bless'd abode
Who found not thorns and briers on the road."

Their former state was one,

2. *Of Pollution*.—We are told that they have "washed their robes." Had there been no defilement, there would have been no need of any "washing." But they, like others, were defiled by sin, original and actual. Many of them were deeply sunk in the mire of moral pollution. Behold in that white-robed company the once bloody Manasseh, the once blaspheming, persecuting, and injurious Saul of Tarsus, and many from luxurious Corinth, once the vilest of the vile.—(1 Cor. vi. 9–11.) But all of them were "under sin," and none were more ready to acknowledge and deplore it. There is not one of them, save those who died in infancy, who did not often lie low before God, acknowledging "sinful dust and ashes" to be his appropriate title. All have said, "Unclean! unclean! behold we are vile; what shall we answer Thee? We are altogether as an unclean thing, and all our righteousness is as filthy rags." All have presented the prayer, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

Their former state was one,

3. *Of Danger*.—Had there been simple pollution, *water* might have effected their purification; but the pollution was that of *guilt*, and a state of guilt is always a state of danger. Nothing save blood, blood most precious, could rescue them from endless ruin. Before they fled to Christ, the avenger pursued them. They were "children of wrath, even as others," exposed to eternal death till they fled for refuge to the hope set before them in the gospel. Under an overwhelming sense of their danger, the earnest cry of each was, "Lord save me, I perish!"

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide—
O receive my soul at last!"

And the prayer was graciously answered, else we had not been called to contemplate the blessedness and glory of,

II. Their Present Condition.—It is one of Purity, Joy, and Honour.

1. *Of Purity.*—"They have washed their robes and made them white," pure, and spotless. Being made perfect in holiness, they no longer groan, being burdened. Job needs no more to say, "Behold I am vile; I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." No more does Isaiah exclaim, "Woe is me! for I am undone; for I am a man of unclean lips, and dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." Paul no more cries out in bitterness of soul, "I see a law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" All sin and imperfection are for ever done away; not even a sinful thought intrudes on their holy minds. They are spotless as the angels of God. Washed from guilt by Christ's blood, and from sin by Christ's Spirit, they have been presented *faultless* before the throne; they worship God uninterruptedly in "the beauty of holiness." God beholds them well pleased; and even his eye, pure and all-seeing though it be, beholds in them neither "spot, nor wrinkle, nor any such thing." Each one loves the Lord his God "with all his heart, and soul, and strength, and mind," and all around him as he loves himself.

The white robes indicate their purity, and they also show their present condition to be one,

2. *Of Joy.*—They wear no *black*, no sackcloth now. The days of their mourning are ended. This world has been truly as well as beautifully called "a vale of tears." While sojourning here, we have often to drop the tear of penitence, of sorrow, of sympathy; but the members of the Church above have no sins or failings to deplore, no afflictive dispensations of Providence to mourn, no call to *suffering* sympathy. In their experience has been fulfilled, in all its extent, the glorious promise, "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." "There is no night there" of sin, sorrow, suffering, or death. Jeremiah has forgot his plaintive strains now. The pious captives who sat in tears "by Babel's streams" no longer ask—

"O how the Lord's song shall we sing
Within a foreign land?"

Bartimeus is the poor blind beggar no more. The poor widow is no longer crushed to the dust under the iron hand of poverty. The orphan child is no longer homeless or friendless. There is nothing in that happy land to distress or annoy. Pinching penury is unknown; every want is abundantly supplied. There is no disease yonder. No inhabitant of that blessed country ever says, "I am sick." No one is under bondage through fear of death there. There is no death of friends there. Martha and Mary go to no brother's grave to weep. They sing not the sweetly-touching, soothing funeral hymn, whose strains are so familiar to us here—

"Take comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep," &c.

In that bright world is no cruel enemy, no deceitful tempter, no faithless friend. No aching head yonder, no tearful eye, no heavy heart. "The former things have passed away." They sing, as it were, a new song before the throne—a song which none can sing save the redeemed from among men.

The celebrated Ralph Erskine thus sweetly sings in his "Believer's Soliloquy"—

"'Bless'd are the dead: Yea,' saith the word,
That die in Christ the living Lord;'
And on the other side of death
Thus joyful spend their praising breath—

"Death from all death hath set us free,
And will our gain for ever be;
Death loosed the massy chains of woe,
To let the mournful captives go.

"Earth was to us a seat of war;
On thrones of triumph now we are;
We long'd to see our Jesus dear
And sought Him there, but find Him here.

"This—this does heaven enough afford,
We are for ever with the Lord;
We ask no more, for all is given,
His presence is the heart of heaven."

The good man adds—

"As thus I laid my listening ear
Close at the door of heaven to hear—
And then the sacred page did view,
Which told me all I heard was true,

"Yet show'd me that the heavenly song
Surpasses every mortal tongue,
In such unutterable strains
As none in fettering flesh attains:—

"Then said I, 'O to mount away,
And leave this clog of heavy clay!
Ye wings of time, more swiftly fly,
That I may join those songs on high!'"

Their present condition is also one,

3. *Of Honour.*—Where are they? "Before the throne" of the King Eternal, Immortal,

and Invisible. And they are not paying a mere passing visit to court; for what is their posture? They "*stand*" before the throne. They enjoy intimate and uninterrupted fellowship with God as their God. Is it deemed honourable to have intercourse with the potentates of earth? How much greater is the honour of communion with Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords! This blessed multitude have "palms in their hands." This denotes them to be victors. Over sin, Satan, and the world, they have been made more than conquerors through Him that loved them. Having been triumphant, they have received the fulfilment of the great and precious promises made in chapters 2 and 3 "to him that overcometh." They "eat of the tree of life," and of "the hidden manna." Each has received "the white stone" and "the new name." They have been made "pillars in the temple of God, and shall go no more out." They have received "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away"—a crown unfading—a kingdom eternal. But on such a subject where shall we stop? "Eye hath not seen;" but the ear can hear more than the eye can see, yet "ear hath not heard;" but the imagination can conceive more than eye can see or ear can hear, yet "it hath not entered into the heart of man" fully to apprehend "the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

It was said by one of God's excellent ones, "There will be three wonders in heaven. One is, I shall see many there whom I did not expect to see." That is a cheering thought. Another wonder will be, "That many whom I expected to see there, shall not be there." That is a solemn consideration. But the greatest wonder of all will be, "To see *myself* there." Yes, that will be the greatest wonder of all, to see ourselves there. We can scarcely realize it. Shall these feet of ours stand on the everlasting hills? Shall these very eyes behold the King in his beauty, and all the glories of thy land, O Immanuel? Shall these very ears hear the Saviour's own voice, and listen to the melodies of saint and angel choirs? Shall these very hands hold the palm of victory and the harp of praise? Shall these heads wear crowns of endless glory—these tongues take part in the symphonies of heaven? O the wonders of that love, which warrants us to indulge such anticipations!

To crown all, the blessedness of that happy company is *eternal*. "Thou *hast shown* them the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for *evermore*." The sweetest season of enjoyment while here, soon terminates. The most thrilling sermon is soon brought to a conclusion. The most heavenly communion Sabbath soon passes away.

"Delightful hour, how soon will night
Cast her dark shadows o'er thy reign?
And morrow's quick returning light
Shall call us to the world again.
Yet at the last shall dawn a day—
A sun that never sets shall rise;
Night shall not veil his ceaseless ray—
The heavenly Sabbath never dies."

We are loath to bid farewell to this blessed company. John Bunyan gives an exquisite description of the admission of Christian and Hopeful to its fellowship. After relating how they crossed the river and reached the Celestial Gate, he says, "Now, I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo! as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of our Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, 'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.'

"Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

"There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord,' and after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

Where is the reader of these pages who does not wish to be among them?

(*To be continued.*)

FAMILY PORTRAITURE.

[AMONG the portraits presented in Legh Richmond's *Domestic Portraiture*, is that of his second son Wilberforce, who died before he arrived at the age of manhood. We present a few extracts. The narrative is given by his sister.]

WHY FRIENDS CAN BE LEFT WITHOUT REGRET.

Wilberforce sat silent for some time, then looked up and said, "Come and sit close to me. Let me lean on you." Then, putting his arms round me, he exclaimed, "God bless you, my dear!" He was agitated, and ceased speaking. Presently he said: "I must leave you—we shall walk no further through this world together—but I hope we shall meet in heaven. Let us now talk of heaven. Do not weep for me, dear F——, do not weep, for I am very happy; but think of me, and let the thought make you press forward. I never knew happiness till I knew Christ as a Saviour." He then exhorted and encouraged me to study the Bible with perseverance. "Read the Bible—read the Bible! Let no religious book take its place; through all my perplexities and distresses, I never read any other book, and I never felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study, and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and all my acquaintance with the experience and realities of religion, have been derived from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible." He then spoke of his regret at parting with us. "Nothing convinces me more of the reality of the change within me, than the feelings with which I can contemplate a separation from my family. I now feel so weaned from the earth, my affections so much in heaven, that I can leave you all without a regret. Yet I do not love you less, but God more."

FEAR OF DEATH TAKEN AWAY.

I had marked the depression of his spirit when the symptoms of his disease appeared more unfavourable, and I asked him if he had any fear of death now. He answered me with great firmness, "No, not any. I have unshaken confidence in Jesus as a Saviour. He has taken away the sting of death, and for his sake the Father will receive me as his child." I replied, "You had, dear Willy, great doubts of your salvation, and many fears of death during some periods of your illness." "Oh yes! indeed I had! I have been on the verge of despair, and have known its agonies. My pain of body was at times very great, but nothing in comparison with the agony of my spirit. I struggled on in darkness and in silence. It was known only to myself and God; but I was supported and carried through all, and now I would encourage you, my dearest sister, by telling you what succeeded in my case. I will tell you just what I did. After a season of much doubt and terror, during which I felt as if all was delusion, and I should be cast into hell, I determined to go at once boldly to God in the name of Christ, and plead the promises which were then before me in the Bible. I fell down upon my knees—I groaned—I wept—I prayed most fervently. I said, Here I am, Lord, a poor perishing sinner—my sins are heavy and alarming—I cannot bear them myself—I feel my body decaying—I must soon die, and I dare not appear before Thee, the pure God, as I now am. I read of a Saviour thou hast provided for sinners, and I come to him to be saved from eternal death. I come to the cross of Christ—I cling to it as my only hope. If thou, O Christ! wilt not save me, no one else can, and I must perish. Lord, save me—Jesus, have mercy on me! I persevered thus again and again—I kept on praying in this way—I took nothing with me but a broken heart and a contrite spirit; and I said, 'Lord, I will not go except thou bless me!' I know I prayed sincerely, and I was heard and answered. I found that promise true, 'Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out.' God was good to me. My soul required severe discipline, but he comforted me in his own time. I found Christ able and willing to do all I required—I was enabled to receive him as my complete salvation, and I sometimes had such peace in believing on him—such hours of unspeakable happiness—that the remembrance of it makes up for all this suffering. I never again lost my hope with Christ, though for the moment my disease overpowered me and clouded the past. Now I tell you all this for your encouragement and direction. Seek as I did, and you will find the same pardon for sin, the same peace in death."

DYING ADVICE TO A GAY SISTER.

He was earnest beyond his strength in conversing with her. He put very plain and close questions, saying, "I must be answered—I must speak plainly—I am afraid, my beloved sister, you do not think enough about religion. I do not see decided proofs of real conversion in you. I have not a *sure* hope that, if you die as you now are, I shall meet you in heaven. Oh! H——, it is my last request—with my dying breath I am entreating you to seek the salvation of your soul. Suppose you were in my place—in this chair instead of me—waiting for death day by day; could you meet it as I do? Oh do, my dear sister! do think of death while you are in health! If I had not sought Christ before I was brought so low, I should have no strength or sense to seek him now. I went to Jesus as a poor weak sinner, and found sweet rest, and I am happy now amidst all this suffering." He spoke in a very affectionate manner of the subject nearest her heart. "Your merry peal will soon succeed my death-knell. Take care that the good seed is not choked by the pleasures of life! Seek first the kingdom of God. Remember, H——, *you have to die.* Oh! I cannot leave you in peace unless I have a good hope that I shall meet you in heaven. If I thought there was one amongst you—oh! I cannot bear that thought!" He continued, "H——, there is nothing so opposed to religion, to the mind of Christ, as levity and trifling. It will keep you back more than any thing. Take my solemn warning—I speak from my own experience—you will never be a consistent Christian, and you will never grow in grace, if you indulge in *habitual* trifling conversation. It is not like the mind of Christ. Your temper is very playful and volatile, and Satan may use it as a snare to injure your soul. *Piety and levity cannot long dwell in the same heart.* One will destroy the other."

PARTING WORDS WITH HIS LITTLE SISTER.

He spoke very touchingly to his youngest sister, who was then a little child. "Would you like to meet poor Willy in heaven, dear C——? Then you must love God. Pray to God to make you love him, and to make you a good child. Will you promise me one thing, my dear C——, that you will never go out of your room in the morning till you have read a few verses in the Bible, and prayed to God? If you do not pray to God, you will not meet poor Willy in heaven. I will give you a verse to think of when I am dead, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Say that verse to yourself every night when you lie down."

LOOK FOR A PEACEFUL SPOT.

BY REV. CÆSAR MALAN, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

ON the bright lake of Thun, at the entrance to the Oberland of Berne, is a pretty large steamer crossing twice in a day from Thun to Neuhauss. That passage, habitually performed within one hour, is certainly one of the finest scenes of Switzerland. The boat, gliding upon the pure water of the greatest reservoir of the Aar, goes along a shore beautifully diversified by rich fields, old manors, wealthy villages, or bold and picturesque ranges of hills and rocks; and runs opposite the extensive and imposing panorama of the Stockhorn, the Niesen, the Blumisalp, the Yungfrau, and all the other needles of the Alps of Berne.

Visitors and tourists are therefore flocking to that privileged land, and one may suppose how many questions are made to, and answered by, the polite and copiously informed captain of the "Niesen steamer."

It was a mild evening, and the boat had just turned its fore-deck to the west, returning for the second time to Thun, when a young traveller came and sat by my elbow, on the forepart of the ship, and began immediately an interesting account of his just performed excursion among the highest hills of the country.

As I was not a stranger to their names and beauties, I could fully understand and partake the vivid admiration of the young narrator, in whom I discerned a mind cultivated, and also an affectionate heart.

Then I told him: "Sir, you had a great advantage above me in your visiting those places and addressing their inhabitants; for, as being a foreigner, of course altogether ignorant of their spiritual position, you could always suppose that their souls were in harmony with their beautiful residence, and therefore enjoy, without any secret sadness, both their meeting and the sight of their abode. For instance, look, sir, at that pretty hamlet, so nicely situated above those rocks, and by that little wood. Is not that scenery the very image of a quiet, retired, and peaceful spot; and could we not suppose that the two or three families who live there, being as they are separated from a busy world, and sufficiently surrounded with the comforts of a rural life, enjoy the rest of this earth, and have all opportunity to possess and value the rest of God?"

"So it is, indeed, sir," said the young man, and very sensibly, "and I would really admit that it is so for the modest tenants of those cottages."

Traveller. And yet, I must tell you, that yesterday morning I was told by a sure informer, that one of the three fathers of a family of that very hamlet has been just led to Berne in irons as being convicted of theft. And so in this very hour, that apparently so peaceful spot is as much troubled as a roaring sea.

Young man. That makes me sorry indeed, and draws a veil upon splendid nature. And do you know, sir, what could induce the happy mountaineer to part so sadly with his peace?

Traveller. I know not the particulars of that gloomy business; but, sir, this I know, that the most quiet place is never a peaceful spot if the "Prince of peace" is not obeyed there; and most likely such was the case in that lonely hamlet.

Young man. Ah! sir, that makes me to understand the remark of an old guide whom I took yesterday from Grindenwald to Meyringen. You know perfectly the road; you remember, therefore, that above the green plain which borders the Reichenbach's-water, near the Resenlane, there is a pretty farm or cottage, backed by a dark forest of fir-trees. When we were passing, on that spot there was before the house a family of peasants, the father, the mother, and perhaps five children, all busy in cutting out those pretty works of white-wood which are the industry of those mountains. Nothing appeared so quiet as that family, and I could not but remark it and say, "Indeed, here is peace and rest!" "Ah! sir," said my guide, "seek for another peaceful spot! Peace was still here some months ago, but I fear it is now gone." "How is that?" said I. "Ah!" answered the guide, "because the old father Niklaus, whom I knew very well, has died; and has left a sad blank!" "I understand," I replied: "they are mourning for his loss!" "Ah! sir," said the old man, "that is not the worst; and for it, also, peace should not have gone. But I will tell you that old Niklaus . . . . ah! he was indeed as a saint! . . . . was reading the Bible to the whole family every evening once at least, and more than three times on the Sunday. And now I know it is finished. The book of God remains shut and silent. Now, sir, I speak the truth, and believe me, where there is no reading of the Bible there is no peace."

Traveller. Beautiful indeed! And pray, sir, what did you answer to the guide?

Young man. I must confess that I did not answer; but your observation has recalled the fact to my remembrance.

I took down immediately in my pocket-book the answer of the old guide, and I said solemnly to the young man, "Sir, do not forget that saying, it is worthy of consideration; and I feel quite persuaded that if the poor man whom they have taken up to prison the day before yesterday, had been also a reader of the Book of God to his family, his hamlet had never seen the shameful circumstance which now and for a long while is troubling it."

The young man answered nothing; he rose, walked among the passengers, and when the steamer stopped at Thun, he bowed to me from a distance and pursued his way. Ah! may the Lord teach him, that indeed there is no real peace where is no love to the Bible!

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ECHO.

True faith, producing love to God and man,
Say, Echo, is not this the Gospel plan?
The Gospel plan.

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?
Both friend and foe.

But if a brother hates and treats me ill,
Must I return him good, and love him still?
Love him still.

If he my failings watches to reveal,
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?
As carefully conceal.

But if my name and character he blast,
And cruel malice, too, a long time last;
And if I sorrow and affliction know
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?
Still love and bless.

Whatever usage ill I may receive,
Must I be patient still, and still forgive?
Be patient still, and still forgive.

Why, Echo, how is this? thou'rt sure a dove;
Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love?
Nothing else but love.

Amen! with all my heart, then be it so;
'Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know:
And now to practise I'll directly go.
Directly go.

Things being so, whoever me reject,
My gracious God me surely will protect.
Surely will protect.

Henceforth I'll roll on him my every care,
And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer.
Embrace in prayer.

But after all those duties I have done,
Must I, in point of merit, then disown,
And trust for heaven through Jesus' blood alone?
Through Jesus' blood alone.

Echo, enough! thy counsels to mine ear,
Are sweeter than to flowers the dewdrop tear;
Thy wise instructive lessons please me well;
I'll go and practise them. Farewell, farewell.
Practise them. Farewell, farewell.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

SIR ANDREW AGNEW, BART.

(*Concluded from* p. 466.)

In the new sphere of action into which Sir Andrew was now cast, it need hardly be said that he leadingly devoted himself, as before, to the Sabbath, and became a centre of influence wherever he pitched his tent. Among the objects of a different kind which attracted his attention, it may be mentioned that in 1837 he was instrumental, along with General M'Douall and Colonel Vans Agnew, in erecting a church in connection with the Establishment, and afterwards another in connection with the Free Church, near Stranraer, ably ministered in by the Rev. Robert Donald; and in 1838, finding that Dr Chalmers had some idea of doing for Scotland what Dr Duff had done for India, and going over the country, "from parish to parish," in behalf of his Church-extension Scheme, Sir Andrew put in his claim for the south of Scotland, and accompanied him every where while establishing associations. Thus began an intimacy with that great man, which never ended but with life. In the same year, going with his family to Edinburgh, he began his labours there by forming young men's associations all over the town for the defence of the Sabbath; and in 1839 a large Sabbath meeeting was held, attended by persons of all denominations, including a goodly band of "District visitors," a sort of "Moral Police," which afforded a hopeful sign of the increased attention now drawn to the cause. This movement led to the establishment also of a "Lord's Day Society for Scotland" in Edinburgh, which prospered for a time under his management, but fell into decay on his removal. At this period, while labouring in like manner for the suppression of post-office traffic, he prevailed on all the banking establishments in Edinburgh but one to cease from receiving their letters on the Lord's day. He also succeeded in shutting the leading churchyards of Edinburgh against Sabbath funerals.

In 1841, his own zeal and that of all the friends of the Sabbath over the land was aroused by a new and alarming event, which spread general dismay among the religious classes at large, viz., the attempt to introduce Sunday coaching into Scotland, by running railway passenger-trains on the Lord's day. In this work Sir Andrew took a leading part. Among other means, a Sabbath Railway Association was formed in Edinburgh, with large help from Glasgow, and, under the able secretaryship of Mr W. G. Cassels, it speedily shook all Scotland with its agitations. Petitions poured in to the offending Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Company, where the evil was first perpetrated; and a "declaration" or pledge, not to use the railway while any other practicable conveyance was attainable, was signed by more than a hundred thousand persons, and observed for years by multitudes.

The railway company addressed was deaf to remonstrance. The evil was established on one important line, and was likely to spread as new lines were opened. The efforts of the pulpit and of the press also were redoubled; but while these served gradually to indoctrinate the land, the iniquity was being firmly established, the country was being familiarised with it, and it became of importance, not only to meet it by the general pressure of religious principle, but to encounter it within the walls of the offending companies, in the hope of prevailing on them, through moral suasion, to return to right dealing. For this end, Sir Andrew Agnew adopted the scheme suggested to him by a friend, of purchasing as much railway stock as gave a voice at the half-yearly meetings, and there maintaining the cause of truth and godliness.

Into the detailed history of the struggle which ensued, it would exceed the limits of this memoir to enter, but the narrative would abound with points of interest; and in particular, the history of the scheme of purchasing railway stock, and using the standing thus acquired in the companies for bringing them to right acting, as well as that of the overthrow of the desecration in the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, would present numerous interesting instances of the superintending power of the Lord of the Sabbath in all efforts, however hopeless to sense, made for its protection.

The principles on which the whole agitation was conducted were these:—

First of all, the strength of the position, the foundation on which he rested, the star which was his guide, the stay in defeat, the hope in adversity, the confidence in weakness, the power that made invincible, was the Word of God: "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." The divine authority and perpetual obligation of the Fourth Commandment of the Moral Law was his creed and test of the true Sabbatarian.

2. The Sabbath contended for was one natural day in seven, every single portion of which is as sacred as every other portion; and no distinction of canonical and uncanonical, or of morning and evening hours

was held as existing, or to be listened to. All the day is the "Lord's day."

3. Works of necessity and mercy are not exceptions to the Sabbath rule; they are authoritatively sanctioned by the Lord of the Sabbath. But the necessity must be real, and the mercy unquestionable; the one not such as prudent foresight or patient waiting would supersede, nor the other mere trifling or mawkishness.

4. Such being the doctrinal test of the Sabbatarian, Sir Andrew had a practical test, viz., the repudiation of all systematic Sabbath railway traffic, whether morning or evening, and whether for man or mail. He hated post-office traffic equally with railway traffic. He rejected the morning and evening scheme both on principle and on policy—on principle, because all portions of the day are equally holy; and on policy, because the iniquity, once insinuated into a portion of the day, will diffuse itself over the whole; and the public, once swallowing the little bait, and committing the little sin, will become familiarised with the whole evil, and soon have neither moral principle nor courage left to oppose its out-and-out establishment. In regard, again, to the mail train, he considered it as equally bad, or rather as worse than the other—the combination of both which it implies being just a double iniquity, with this aggravation, that the post-office work is a national offence, sending worldliness, in all the infinite varieties of correspondence, into houses and families, which, but for it, might have enjoyed the blessing of one day's repose in seven from the destructive tear and wear of life.

5. It followed as a portion of his principle, that the Sabbatarian never yields—no, not by a hair's-breadth. The command is exceeding broad, and no apparent good is a real good which involves the slightest concession. The absolute purity of the principle is the talisman of success, never to be tarnished without ruin.

6. It farther followed, in his own memorable words, "That we have nothing to do with success; that is in better hands than ours. We have only to do with means." In consequence, he never troubled himself with the anxious inquiries of the timid—"What chance is there? Have we got any more votes? Is it worth while to try? Is it not hopeless?" &c. &c. Contending for the command and honour of God, these things affected him practically in no way; they generally were the snare of the half-and-halfers alone. No doubt he counted his numbers, glad of their increase; but the less carefulness about these things, and the more confidence in the impregnability of the principle there was, the better, he thought, for the cause, and the better for the man.

7. Decided firmness thus being of unspeakable value in this work, he took care that it should ever be tempered with courtesy. "Remember, gentlemen," he used to say, "these men are just as well entitled to hold their opinions as we are to hold ours. To be sure you know [smiling] they are wrong and we are right; but they must be met fairly and respectfully. Who knows but they may come round?" Things did indeed now and then occur to stir up his indignation, but few and far between were the ruffings of his benign heart.

But it is necessary to refrain from amplification on this topic; and so by way of summary it may be stated, that the struggle, beginning under the auspices of Sir Andrew in the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Company, was continued, and was successful. It spread, as new Scottish lines opened, into the North British—the Caledonian—the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee—and the Central. It crossed the border, and is now maintained as an English question in the Newcastle and Carlisle line, in the North-Western, and in the Eastern Union.

The labour of this agitation was enormous; and of the whole it may with truth be said, that Sir Andrew Agnew was the spring and centre, and that in it he died; for, commencing the struggle in 1842, and renewing it every successive half-year afterwards, he left off only at the meeting of the Scottish Central Railway Company, on the 27th of February 1849, in the business of which he took an active part, and two days after which he lay down on that bed whence he never was to rise but as a sinking invalid. He had served his week of years in Parliament; he had served his week of years in the railway companies; and at their close he died.

It is mournful to think that his last public struggle witnessed the defeat of his principles on an important railway. Lord Duncan had taken the place of the Marquis of Breadalbane in the Scottish Central Company; and to its disastrous meeting on 27th February at Perth, which established the desecration there, Sir Andrew had proceeded after attending the Caledonian Railway meeting at Edinburgh on the 26th. Returning to Edinburgh on the 28th, he passed the day in preparations for a journey to Glasgow on the following morning, to be present at the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway meeting, appointed for the 1st of March. But to that meeting he was destined not to go; for, on that evening, he was disabled by illness. So that it may literally be said, that the very last effort of his active life, just as, it will by and by appear, the very last effort of his deathbed, was devoted to the cause of the Sabbath.

From the commencement he regarded his disease as a serious thing; and on the 2d of March, when laid low, he said that "his work was done; that he was laid aside as an instrument, but that God's ways were inscrutable, and he would raise up others in his stead." He felt that his labours must close. "His will *must* be best: His will be done," he often said. His labours in the Sabbath cause left him little time for quiet thought. Now he talked with great earnestness of his purpose to withdraw from incessant toil, and give himself in quietness to the promotion of God's glory and his own eternal interests, that his last years might be his best years—a design in which his honoured lady both encouraged him and delighted herself. Much hope was accordingly indulged regarding their approaching summer at Larbrax, his seashore cottage near Lochnaw, and the soul exercise and preparation of which it was to be the scene. But this was not to be. His case was one of severe scarlet fever, which subsided towards the end of March so decidedly, that he appeared to be in course of gradual recovery.

But, alas! he relapsed. On the 10th of April, after partaking of a slight repast, he fell into a genial sleep. From this he was awakened by a call with a paper for signature, being a requisition to the Lord Provost for a public meeting to petition against Mr Locke's Anti-Sabbath bill, then pending in Parliament. Lady Agnew was watching when the servant entered and told the message. An answer was cautiously given that Sir Andrew was asleep: but the movement awoke him, and asking what it was, he raised himself hurriedly, called for pen and ink, read the paper, and appended his signature to it most deliberately, bidding Lady Agnew look how firm and good it was. Alas! it was the last word he was ever to write, and God willed that he should give it to the cause for which he had lived. The act was immediately followed with an oppression on the breathing, and pain in the breast; and he said that the signing had so flurried him that he could not settle to sleep, adding that he had been in a most refreshing slumber when he was aroused to do it. He asked for a cup of tea; but feeling worse, his medical attendant was called in. He was watched uninterruptedly during the night, the breathing still continuing loud and oppressive. The unfavourable symptoms proceeded, and increased. "Oh," he said, "if I could but get a little rest! Should it please God to take me away now, O that he would first give me a little rest, in order that I might be able to talk to you! Let us pray for it." Prayer was accordingly made by his devoted wife. But the unfavourable symptoms still continuing, Dr Alison was called in aid of Dr Henderson; and their assiduous attentions, with the further help of Dr George Bell, ministered to his relief all that earthly kindness and skill could accomplish. He was cupped, though at the expense of considerable personal suffering, in consequence of his debilitated state. At the close of the operation he most courteously thanked the cupper, as he passed his bed to go; telling the doctor with a smile, that there was a superstition in Ireland, that whoever was bled for the first time was certain to recover. "Now," he added, "I never was bled before." All said, "Please God, may this be your case, Sir Andrew!"

No substantial relief coming, he said, "You see this baffles the skill of the doctors and all their medicines; I throw myself entirely on the mighty power of God:" and certain it is, that from that time he seemed perfectly calm and resigned to whatever might be the will of God, remaining thenceforth in a most peaceful and heavenly frame of mind. When distressed with difficult breathing, Lady Agnew often said to him, "But your mind is in peace!" "O yes! in perfect peace." "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee," was said by her. He responded warmly, and joined in blessing God for it. Alluding on another occasion to his never having had a refreshing sleep or rest since he signed the Sabbath paper, he said to her, "It is a mystery to me what could have given way when I signed that petition. It seemed to me as if something had given way about my heart. I have never felt right since. You tell me," he added, "that I am ingenious in finding out things to blame myself for. Could it be that God was displeased with me for signing that paper? Was it presumptuous in me to touch the cause of the Sabbath, who allowed a hot bath to be got ready for me last Sabbath evening?" "It was absolutely necessary," said Lady Agnew. "Yes," he said; "but my judgment was against it, and yet I yielded." "You could not have done otherwise, nor could we," it was answered, "after what the doctors said of its necessity." "Well," he said, "no blessing went with it; no good was got from it. Oh, doctors should be careful as to what they call works of necessity on the Sabbath-day! Without God's blessing, nothing can do any good; and missing a day would seldom do any harm. You will say so to them, will you?"

About noon, Dr Candlish came to see him, prayed fervently at his bedside, and rising up repeated some texts—"This is a faithful saying," &c.; "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Sir Andrew shook hands affectionately with him; and on his leaving, desired that the texts might be repeated again to him, saying he had not heard them distinctly, though he had heard every word of the prayer. Having heard that the Rev. Mr Drummond at his Wednesday lecture had prayed fervently for him, he said, "My friends are too kind, too anxious about me, but it only humbles me to hear of it." "No wonder," said his affectionate wife, "they were anxious; knowing the work you have given yourself to, and what you have done." "Oh! do not flatter me," said he most touchingly; "do not flatter your old man! It is dangerous to speak of what we have done." "Yes," said she, "as a ground of justification it is dangerous, and I thank God you are on safer ground; but it is matter of thanksgiving to have been allowed to work for God as his instrument." "Oh!" he said, "the instrument is nothing; God is all in all; and He will raise up other instruments doubtless, now that I am laid aside."

Dr Bell sat up with him this night, and prayed, and read to him the 103d Psalm, a great favourite, being the last reading of the Bible he heard. When it was proposed that the Doctor should remain all night beside him, he said, "Is it not very selfish in me, Doctor, to allow you to be disturbed thus on my account?" thanking him courteously at the same time. In the morning, again thanking him, he pressed him to take something before he went. "Some chicken tea," said he, forgetting how early it was. The Doctor said he would on his return; and then Sir Andrew gave most particular directions to have it all ready for him, repeatedly asking if this was attended to; for he ever thought more of others than of himself. When asked if the noise of his breathing was not oppressive, he said, "No, I do not hear it; I have no pain whatever." It also was observed, that whenever verses were repeated from the Bible, but more especially when prayer was made, the attention he gave to hear seemed to cause the noise of the breathing to cease. Lady Agnew therefore prayed the more constantly, and he would join, and every now and then add words to hers. On one occasion he said, "O may we and all our dear children, all bearing our name, all belonging to us, all our race, meet us at the right hand! O may not one be missing! May they all be there!" She continued in the same strain, as he stopped for breath; and then he slowly and emphatically concluded, "Yes, may we all be found there in that day when He maketh up his jewels. Goodness and mercy have indeed followed me all the days of my life." "And," added Lady Agnew, "you can say, 'I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.'" About three, Mr Drummond called, and prayed with him. Thereafter the disease progressed with much rapidity. He had short and affecting interviews with his children, to whom he spoke in few but kind and gracious words. "Do you suffer, dearest?" was her often-repeated question to him. "Not at all," was the answer; he the last time adding, "It is quite marvellous; I have no suffering." Nature, however, was now fast giving way. On the afternoon of Thursday the 12th, Lady Agnew, observing the change, desired the servant to keep near, so that she might call if help were wanted; and she continuing in fervent and devoted prayer, and he remaining all the while quite sensible, and appearing peculiarly to recognise the voice of prayer and unite in it, at length, between six and seven, he bent forward, and with one long sigh, laid his head back on the pillow which her arm supported, and rendered up his soul to God,

The voice of the public speedily called for a public funeral to one who had served it so well. "It took place," eloquently said Mr Hugh Miller in a contemporary print, "on the morning of Thursday the 19th; and, with the exception of that of Chalmers—which has never had any parallel in Scotland, and never again may—it was one of the most remarkable ever witnessed in this city. The streets, for a distance of at least two miles, were thickly lined with spectators; and the procession, which was of such imposing length that there were few points from which it could be viewed as a whole, was composed of the most respectable citizens of Edinburgh—members of all the evangelical churches—who had taken this way of testifying their regard for the remains and the memory of a man who had stamped his name upon a great religious movement, unsurpassed in importance in the history of the Christian Church in Scotland. The morning, though the day darkened and roughened as it wore later, was clear and fine, and the sun shone brightly on the burying-ground, as the long array of the funeral entered, and defiled along the walks. It was an imposing spectacle. The surrounding eminences thickly streaked with snow—the sward still crisp with the morning frost—the distant city, enveloped in the calm, in its pale mantle of smoke—the trees still leafless and hoar—and vegetation every where blanched, repressed by the chills of the ungenial spring—bore all a lighter and fainter tint than that which they usually wear, and imparted to the general groundwork of the landscape a dim and neutral tone, like that of an unfinished drawing. And on this blanched ground the numerous figures in black, which thronged the wide area of the cemetery, stood out in striking relief, like the shaded outlines of the limner on his tablets of paley grey. The long overhanging range of vaults was crowded with spectators: the place, too, in which the grave was opened was peculiarly suggestive; for the massive tomb of Chalmers, inscribed with true taste, as if in illustration of the striking sentiment of the poet, with but the name of the illustrious dead, rose immediately over it. All served to show that the deceased, whose obsequies so many had assembled to honour, had been no common man, and had accomplished no common work."

He lies buried within the Grange Cemetery, on the north side; and measures are in progress for the erection, by public subscription, of an appropriate monument over his remains, though, to use the words again of the talented writer who has afforded us so picturesque a view of his funeral, "the best monument to the memory of Sir Andrew Agnew that his friends could possibly erect, would be the triumph on a national basis of those sacred priciples to the assertion of which his life was devoted."

Dr Candlish, in preaching his funeral sermon, says, with glowing eloquence, "Thus has gone to his long home one of Scotland's best aristocracy, in whom has been ennobled, through the record of it in God's book above, and in the grateful hearts of God's people and their seed for generations here below, a name already by ancestry illustrious. Of this man let it be allowed us to observe, that if a single eye, a simple aim, a sincere heart, be rare and precious blessings in this world of falsehood, selfishness, and strife, there is a loss mourned this day that cannot be soon repaired. No man of merely one idea was the standard-bearer who has now fallen: his eye ranged over the whole field of the Lord's battle, and his ready affections went forth towards all who in any righteous cause were glorifying God or periling themselves. But a man of one idea he emphatically was in the grasp he ever held fast of the banner given him to unfurl, and the tenacity with which he refused ever to relax his hold for any other consideration whatever, whether of policy, or piety, or peace. Nor was his firmness marred by any vehemence of passion, or surly obstinacy of dogged selfishness and pride. Never was man of milder temper, more amiable manners, less irritating to enemies, more generously kind to friends, more uniformly courteous to all. None saw him ruffled, impatient, angry, resentful, yet none ever saw him yield; for he knew his own mind, or rather the mind of his God, and like a rock he stood amid whatever storms raged around him as calm and cool, yet as unmoved. What services he has been enabled to render by raising the tone of Sabbath observance in the Church, securing attention to this neglected duty in high places, and stemming the tide of ungodly profanity setting in over the land, and how these services are connected with the channel through which grace reached his soul in the voice of the preacher, and what is the reward of glory hereafter to be bestowed on him by the Lord of the Sabbath, the great day will reveal. Let it only be remenbered now, that for peace or hope he leaned not in life or in death on any of those services for which Christian men justly honoured him. He owned himself saved by grace alone, and through grace alone looked for glory. Of him, and such as he, it may be said,—They are gone. They rest from much weary, thankless toil. They are with Christ in glory, hidden till the resurrection morn. But then it will be found that of all they ever did and suffered for Christ, however it might seem at the time toil and suffering thrown away, nothing has been lost."

Of any connection with such a man let it finally be said, in well-known words, "It is one of those things for which I shall have to answer at the bar of God. It makes life less sweet, and death less bitter."

> "I bless thee for the quiet rest thy servant taketh now,
> I bless thee for his blessedness, and for his crowned brow;
> For every weary step he trod in faithful following thee,
> And for the good fight foughten well, and closed right valiantly."

OLD CHAIRS AT INTEREST.

Nobody in all the neighbourhood interested me like Mr ——; I love to think of the dear old gentleman. How pleasant was it to run into his bright little parlour, and sit by his side, hearing him talk or talking to him, reading to him or hearing him read, asking questions or listening to stories of old times when he was a boy. Though his frame bore the frosts and infirmities of threescore years and ten, they had not chilled his heart; it was still young and fresh, and brimful of kindness. It also held his purse-strings, so that from the little parlour streamed substantial blessings, as well as hearty love; and it happened that I had occasion to know how often they found their way to the humble lodging of a poor widow and her daughter.

These were the relics of a past generation, and they seemed to be almost strangers amidst the new one which had sprung up around them. They had, in a measure, outlived their connections, their property, their early friendships; and the poor make no new friends. Few cared for them, and they cared for few. The only light that warmed or cheered them was the setting sun of days gone by. But if this warmed them, it could not feed or shelter them, or hinder the embarrassments of poverty, had not the old man's purse come to their aid; and so steadily did he eke out the scanty income of the widow, that I sometimes thought he was like to make her believe that her last days were her best days. I used often to wonder why he was so thoughtful of her wants; others were not; and what claim had she upon him.

One evening, in speaking of his early struggles, he said, "When Mary and I were married, we were young and foolish, for we had nothing to be married with; but Mary was delicate, and I thought I could take care of her best. I knew I had a stout arm and a brave heart to depend upon. We rented a chamber, and went to housekeeping. We got together a little furniture—a table, bedstead, and dishes—but our money failed us before we bought the chairs. I told Mary she must turn up the tub, for I could not run in debt. No, no. It was not long before our rich neighbour, Mrs M——, found us out, and kindly enough she supplied our necessities; half a dozen chairs were added to our stock. They were old ones to be sure, but answered just as well for us. I shall never forget the new face those chairs put upon our snug quarters—they never looked just right before. The tables are turned with Mrs M—— and me now; she has become a poor widow, but she shall never want while I have any thing, never!" cried the old man with a beaming face—"I don't forget those old chairs."

Ah! now the secret was out. It was *the interest of the old chairs* which maintained the poor widow. She was living upon an income drawn from the interest and compound interest of a little friendly act done fifty years before, and it sufficed for herself and daughter.

How beautiful is it to see how God blesses the operation of his great moral law, "Love thy neighbour!"—*American Messenger.*

"EPHRAIM IS A CAKE NOT TURNED."

The cake here referred to is a cake baked upon the coals.—(Hosea vii. 8; compare 1 Kings xix. 6.) It is "not turned," and therefore burnt on the one side, and raw on the other. Let us apply the figure—

1. *To the men whose consciences are like a cake not turned.* On some points they are scrupulous enough, perhaps over-scrupulous; and on other points they are altogether unscrupulous. The evil is greatly aggravated when their conscientiousness runs on matters comparatively small, and leaves out of view the weightier matters of the law; or when it relates mainly to the sins of other people, and very little to their own personal sins. We have known men too conscientious to commune with the Church to which they belonged, because of alleged misconduct on the part of that Church, or of this or that member in it; but who, in such main matters as the government of their tongues, the religious education of their children, the sanctification of the Sabbath, kindness and liberality to the poor, forgiveness of enemies, communion with God in secret prayer, and tender concern for the salvation of men's souls, seemed to be strangely insensible. Surely their religion was "a cake not turned."

2. *To the men whose zeal is a cake not turned*—to-day burning with much smoke and a crackling noise, like thorns under a pot; to-morrow extinct. Like a comet that comes dashing in from the depths of space past the steady evening star, and displaying a prodigious length of tail as if he would put her to shame by his superior brilliancy; so these Christians now and then blaze forth with a transcendent glow of zeal, and are ready at such times to rebuke their brethren of more even piety for their tardiness and languor. But anon, they are off again where they were before, in the regions of coldness and death. The religion of these men, too, is "a cake not turned."

3. *To the men who carry their religion only to certain places*—say to the prayer-meeting, the lecture-room, or the communion service; but are not careful to maintain a godly walk in the family, the neighbourhood, the shop, the store, the study, or wherever God appoints their daily station. All will agree, that the religion of such men is "a cake not turned." —*Ohio Observer.*

THE BLESSED LOT.

An old author says, "The blessed lot is not to live joyously in the world, undisturbed by sorrow or suffering, having our good things in this life, or left to our ways. It is to live low (well is it for us if it be of our own accord, yet anyhow to live low) under his cross. Though for a time it lay heavily upon us, it is not so heavy as sin. Though it wound us, it is the wounds of a friend. Though its nails pierce us, they are but to let forth the disease which would consume us. Though it bow us to the earth, it places us not so deep as we deserve to be. It casts us down only, that when we have learnt to lie there in silence and humiliation, He may raise us up."

A VISION OF THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

(*From a Foreign Publication.*)

Amidst the musings natural to the last night of the year, I retired to my bed meditating on the mortality of man, and repeating to myself the words of the prophet, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness of man as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

I have no recollection of intervening thought, until I found myself far distant from my place of rest, standing at the great gateway of the park of our commercial metropolis. A peculiar and death-like silence reigned through the extensive avenue, of which I commanded the entire view—a portentous sign of silence in all its tributary streets. There was no rattling of carriages; no hurrying or jostling of the crowd; no intermingling of voices; no hum of distant business, though the sun had just passed the meridian, and was pouring his full and unclouded light upon all the haunts and ways of men. I saw only the public and private buildings which human art had reared, as if to mock the frailty of the hands which built them; the trees stripped of their summer foliage, and the withered grass, nature's yearly lesson of mortality to living men; and a mysterious preparation of hearses and mourning carriages, as far as the eye could reach, as though the city were sitting in silent waiting for a universal funeral.

I did not muse long upon the scene before me, when a general knell struck upon my ear from every dome in the city; speaking in deep and varied tones the general calamity, and leaving minutes of silence more death-like than before, the mournful, meditative silence of 150,000 souls.

What, thought I, can be the meaning of this awful silence—this pause of motion and business—this mysterious preparation—this universal knell? Has some fearful pestilence made havoc of the people, some angel of destruction smitten the first-born, and changed the joyous city into a scene of mourning and woe? While I was musing, fixed in astonishment, the whole city, as by one consent, seemed to be put in motion. The narrow houses of the dead, apparently innumerable, were brought out from the abodes of the living; I could hear the sounds of universal weeping and lamentation, and felt unutterable sympathy in the public agony. Immediately the death march commenced to the different cemeteries of various processions, passing in different directions without disorder or confusion, moving slowly to the general chime of tolling bells.

I attempted to hasten away from the scene which filled me with horror; but I could not escape. Wherever I went, *the funeral was there;* in every avenue, in every street, the same death-like order and stillness, and weeds of mourning and tolling bells, the same flow of a smitten people to their graves—to which abodes of silence the living were every where consigning their dead, as it seemed to me, past numbering.

I would have asked the meaning of a scene of woe so peculiar; but I could not ask to be told a story which I saw written in lines of anguish upon the face of the living. I hastened away, that I might find a place of quiet thought in the winter loneliness of that beautiful promenade, skirted with water on the west and south, wont of a summer's evening to be thronged by cheerful groups of young and gay in innocent recreation. *But the funeral was there.* The clear and transparent waters, gilded with the sun now hastening to set, showed not their ordinary display of craft of all sorts sporting by wind and steam as if to decorate a holiday. The shipping moored at the wharfs, or anchored in the stream, showed no other signs of living beings but colours at half-mast; save here and there scattered sail and steam boats covered with coffins, and dismally decorated with palls, and filled with mourners, apparently carrying their bewailing friends to be buried among grandsires, and parents, and kindred who were gone before; save here and there also a few vessels of larger size, from distant voyages with dead on board, now disembarking; how differently from their hopes when they went merrily to sea!

I felt that there was no escape from the horrors by which I was surrounded; no avoiding this awful funeral, this universal knell, still sounding in softened and distant tones upon my ears; and I sat myself down to give vent to my sorrows in a flood of tears.

As I was weeping, I felt a gentle touch upon my shoulder, such as a kind friend might have given who had become an accidental spectator of my grief. I turned, and saw a face so lovely, so benignant, as seemed to be more than human—a countenance which could never have been ruffled with anger, or radiant with pride; surely, I thought, a ministering spirit, some holy angel, come to unfold the mystery before me, to soothe the anguish of my heart, and to aid me in learning some lesson of salvation.

"What you have seen to-day," said he, "you may be surprised to know is nothing new. All that is uncommon in the scene before you is, that, by my aid, the funerals of three hundred and sixty-five days have been clustered before your imagination into one. All that you have seen has passed before the people unnoticed and forgotten. The knell you have heard was the knell of five thousand, the victims of death's daily and common work. No other evil has befallen the city than its usual mortality of one hundred a week. No fearful pestilence, no overwhelming calamity has filled the city with mourning, or caused the universal knell. Health and prosperity have cheered the past year. The thousands whose obsequies have passed in vision before you, have met their death by the common varieties of human calamity and disease. When the sun cast the shadows last as you now see them, the greater part were in health, and had no reason to expect themselves to be the victims of death. Rapid fevers, and fluxes, and lingering consumptions, have wasted and destroyed multitudes of the strong, active, and blooming, who have gone to their graves, instead of the infirm and aged, whom they were expecting to follow. Some fell down dead suddenly amidst their walks, or conversation, or daily toil, or were blasted by lightning or steam. Some alone, and without forewarning, breathed away their lives amidst the quiet slumbers of the night, and heard not the lingering morning call, as it fell again and again upon their dead ear, nor the cry of astonishment and woe which burst from their friends at the sight of their lifeless corpses.

"Some, as they died, no matter where or how, were met by the angels. No shock came so suddenly, no blast so terribly, as to elude the care of those ministering spirits who have daily, nightly, charge of redeemed souls. Even in the storm and tempest, in darkness and alone, the charged angels covered them with their shields, until they were fitted for their upward flight, then speeded and aided them to the regions of purity and love."

I was waiting in anxiety approaching to agony to hear my heavenly guide speak of those unused to prayer, who had never accepted the offered covenant of their Maker, nor welcomed the Spirit sent down by their exalted Saviour; but the foreboding awoke me. As I awoke, I found myself saying, "The living, the living, he shall praise thee." "Whatsoever my hand findeth to do, I will do it with my might; for I am hastening to the grave." I will be "stedfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as I know that my labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."

ONE DAY BEFORE DEATH.

RABBI ELIEZER said, "Turn to God one day before death." His disciples said, "How can a man know the day of his death?" He answered them, "Therefore turn to God to-day. Perhaps you may die tomorrow; thus every day will be employed in turning."

FRAGMENTS FROM REV. MATTHEW HENRY.

THE sight of sin either makes a man sad or guilty. If we see it, and are not sorrowful, we are sinful.

They do not truly nor acceptably repent or reform, who only part with the sins they loose by, but continue their affection to the sins they get by.

God sometimes permits his people, by their own improvidence, to bring themselves into distress, that the wisdom, power, and goodness of his providence may be glorified in their relief.

It would often be bad with us, if God did not take more care of us, both for soul and body, than we do ourselves.

Elijah, by prayer, obtained water from the clouds, but Elisha fetches it, nobody knows whence.—(2 Kings iii. 17.) God is not tied to second causes. As God gives *freely* to the unworthy, so he gives RICHLY, like himself, more than we ask or think.

The way to increase what we have is to use it; to him that so hath, shall be given. It is not hoarding the talents, but trading with them, that doubles them.

We are never straitened in God, in his power and bounty, and the riches of his grace; all our straitness is in ourselves. It is *our faith* that fails—not his promise. He gives above what we ask; whatever are our necessities, there is enough in God to supply every want.

It is a fundamental law of the religion of Christ, that we pay every just debt, though we leave ever so little for ourselves; and this not of *constraint*, but willingly, and without grudging; not only for wrath (to avoid being sued), but also for conscience' sake. They that are honest, cannot eat their daily bread with pleasure unless it be their own.

THE RANSOMED MULTITUDE BEFORE THE THRONE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ANDERSON.

(*Concluded from* p. 472.)

This leads us to consider :—

III. The means by which they attained their present condition. They attained it by blood—by the blood of Christ—by their application to the blood of Christ.

1. *By blood.*—Once, they were guilty and condemned. They had broken the law, which is holy, just, and good. That law demanded their lives; for thus it is written, "The soul that sinneth shall die." "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." Heaven's justice was thus in arms against them. "Die *man*, or justice must." Without shedding of blood there can be no remission of sins—no friendly approach to God by any child of Adam.

They attained their present condition,

2. *By the blood of Christ.*—No ordinary blood could wash away sin. The sacrifices and offerings enjoined by the law of Moses, were but types and shadows of the true sacrifices. They were just so many pictorial illustrations of the one offering by which the Lamb of God was to take away the sin of the world.

> "Not all the blood of beasts
> On Jewish altars slain,
> Could give the guilty conscience peace,
> Or wash away the stain."

Nothing less than the blood of God's own Son could atone for the sins of the meanest or the holiest man who ever lived. Many in that blessed company resisted unto blood striving against sin—willingly laid down their lives for the sake of Christ. But their own sufferings and death could not save them. While here, each one was ready to say,

> "Not in mine innocence I trust,
> I bow before thee in the dust,
> And through my Saviour's blood alone
> I look for mercy at Thy throne."

And now they ascribe all the glory of their salvation to the Lamb who was slain. In this are not we ready to join them?

> "Worthy the Lamb that died, *they* cry,
> To be exalted thus;
> Worthy the Lamb, let *us* reply,
> For he was slain for us."

They attained their present condition,

3. *By their application to the blood of Christ.*—As in Egypt, on that memorable night when the destroying angel was to pass through the land to destroy the first-born in every house, the blood of the Passover lamb was not only to be *shed*, but sprinkled on the lintels and door-posts of the houses of the children of Israel; so must the precious blood of Christ be applied to lost men, and by lost men, that they may be saved. There is but one way of making application to the blood of Christ, and that is by faith. We must renounce all righteousness of our own, come to Jesus, accept of the blessings which, having purchased for us by His blood, he is freely offering to us in his word, and make his finished work the only ground of our dependence before God. We must, like a servant of Christ in Edinburgh when dying, "take all our good deeds and bad deeds, throw them into one heap, and flee from both to Christ, and in him shall we find rest." It was thus that those now in heaven "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;" and "therefore" it is that they are now before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple. Feeling their guilt and danger, they fled to him for refuge, accepted of him as their saviour, prophet, priest, and king, and now they behold his face in righteousness, and are satisfied with his likeness.

In conclusion—This subject presents us with encouragement to rely on Christ as *our* Saviour, with the best ground of comfort in regard to departed Christian friends, and with a stimulus to exertion.

1. *Encouragement to rely on Christ as our Saviour.*—Who is there who wishes not to get to heaven? The writer wishes to get there, and he feels certain that every reader cherishes a similar desire. There is but one method of getting there. Jesus Christ is *the* way. We must come to him, or perish! What are his own words? "He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." But all who hear the gospel have every encouragement to come to him, and to commit into his hands their eternal interests. Sinner, come to him, and come now. How he loves you! He beseeches you to come to him that you may have life. Does Satan tell you that he is either unable or unwilling to save you—

that you are too vile to be saved? Believe him not; he was a liar at the beginning, and he is so still. You are welcome to the Saviour, though you were a thousand times worse than you are. He is "MIGHTY TO SAVE." "His blood cleanseth from all sin." Look up to the "great multitude" which we have been contemplating, and take courage. Looking at Manasseh, at Saul of Tarsus, at the woman who was a sinner, at poor Joseph, at blaspheming Covey; looking at John Bunyan, John Newton, and a multitude of others—say, why should you be awanting when the company of the ransomed shall be complete? Is the mercy, is the power that rescued them not sufficient for you? You can go and sing, if you will—

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And thus may *I*, though vile as he,
Wash all *my* sins away."

2. *The best ground of comfort in regard to departed Christian friends.*—They are not dead—they have but fallen asleep. It is sometimes soothing to gaze on the countenance of a departed friend, and to see it at length placid (though pallid), after having been long distorted by anguish. Soothing, too, to stand by the grave of the toilworn pilgrim, and to reflect that *he sleeps now*—his wearied frame is now at rest. But is it sweeter to be able to say, while contemplating the company of those who have gone to glory, "My father—mother—sister—brother—partner—child—friend—is among them!" "They are not lost, but gone before."

It is recorded of the late excellent Dr Lawson of Selkirk, that on one occasion, when called on to attend the funeral of a brother in the ministry, "he went into the death-chamber and looked earnestly at the corpse; and when it was necessary to retire, he lifted up his arm to brush away the tears, and saying, 'I will see him again,' turned about and went away." And in reference to all our Christian friends who have fallen asleep we can say, We shall see them again; we shall hear them again; we shall hold fellowship with them again.

"A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more."

3. *A stimulus to exertion.*—We are still in the wilderness—in an enemy's country. Our hearts are often dejected—our limbs weary. But let us take courage from the contemplation of the hosts of the ransomed above. What were they once? Men and women—frail, erring, and mortal like ourselves. And as they once were what we are now, are not they now what we expect erelong to be? The grace that was sufficient for them is surely sufficient for us. "Seeing we are compassed about with such a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." Contemplation of privilege and prospect so high and glorious will be lost on us, if not followed by increased exertion in working out our own salvation, and in striving to bless and save others. Let the invitation of every believer to every unrenewed soul around him be, "Come with us and we will do you good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning his people." It will add to our felicity in the world of glory, if we are the honoured instruments of taking others along with us. In the fifteenth chapter of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, we see what should be the effects of glory anticipated. The apostle having brought before the minds of the Corinthian believers the final victory over death and the grave, thus concludes:—"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labours shall not be in vain in the Lord."

Were any of our departed friends, or ministers, or missionaries at this moment permitted to address us, what would be their language? Would it not be similar to that of the apostle? "Be not slothful, but followers of us, as we were of Christ. Spend and be spent for our blessed Master. You will never regret having laboured or suffered too much for Him. None of us do so. If there be a feeling of regret in our assembly, it is caused by the consideration that we did so little for Him and for a perishing world while we were yet with you. Watch—pray—labour—fight. Yet a little while, and our bliss shall be all your own. Sinner! strive to enter in at the strait gate; eternal bliss is worth every effort you can make. We wish you to be partakers of our glory. 'Yet there is room.' Wash your robes where we washed ours; and join us in ascribing 'blessing, and honour, and glory, and power to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb.'"

To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

THE POSTERITY OF ABRAHAM.

The families of Ishmael and Isaac have their millions of sons still living. Ishmael still holds his primitive and secure home in the Arabian peninsula. Though other nations have often planted their tents on his borders, and gone into the midst of his land, he still has, along with the posterity of Joctan, his genuine Arabian sons, who are wild like him, who live just as he lived, and who glory in their circumcision, independence, and patriarchal descent. And as to the other branch of the great family, the posterity of Isaac, the most proper inquiry is, *Where are they not?* Here they are, in thousands, among us. There they are, all over the world—known by their looks,—still preserving many customs which no foreign people would ever willingly and presumptuously have taken upon themselves. These two families of brethren recognise each other. The rabbis call the Arabic language the language of Kedar, and the empire of the Caliphs goes among them by the name of the kingdom of Ishmael.

These are two lines of descent from one patriarch, of wonderful length, and most wonderfully preserved. And when we come to examine closely the facts in the history and present position of these two nations, we find ground for increasing wonder. We will arrange our thoughts under the two simple and novel inquiries, How are the two families alike? and how are they unlike?

Ishmael and Isaac resemble each other in the following points:—

1. In a numerous posterity and mighty influence.

The prophecy before the birth of Ishmael, that he should become a great nation, has been literally fulfilled. The Arabs stand forth in history, wild, isolated, terrible, and unconquerable. They have never suffered long under the arm of foreign oppression. The family of Isaac now numbers probably more than six millions. These two families have been transcendently great in influence among the nations of the earth. Mohammed produced a register of his descent from Ishmael; and his family, to this day, boast of the same descent. Ishmael, through his son Mohammed, gives this day to more than one hundred millions of mankind their religion; and Isaac, through his seed, gives the profession of faith to more than two hundred millions.

2. In their Unitarianism.

The leading doctrine of the Koran is Unitarianism in opposition to the Trinity. It asserts and repeats that God is one, and cannot have any son. It warns the reader, for the sake of his soul, not to think that God can have a son. The Mohammedans consider themselves especially designated in providence to be the witnesses for the unity of God. They are preeminently wise in this point, and wisdom would die with them. Mohammed, as the faithful prophet of God, brought the heavy charge against the Jews, that they had made Ezra a son of God, and protested against the Trinitarian blasphemy of the Christians. The Jews are equally proud of their supposed position as witnesses for the unity of God. They teach their children, as soon as they can, to repeat several times every day in Hebrew the assertion of the unity of God. The child opens his eyes in the morning to speak out the unity of God, and the last thing he says as he closes his eyes at night is the same unity. This is a coincidence between the Jews and Arabs worthy of special notice.

3. In their abhorrence of idolatry.

The repugnance of the Jews to idolatry ever since the captivity in Babylon, and the same feeling among the Mohammedans, are matters of universal notoriety.

4. In their attachment to a religion of stated ceremony.

Mohammed received fifty daily prayers for the faithful from the Almighty; but his remonstrance, in consideration of human weakness, reduced the fifty to five, and these must have their place in the course of every day, without any surrender to necessity, or business, or pleasure. Ablutions are also a matter of particular enactment. Every year has its month for fasting. Benevolence has its well-defined measures. The law is very particular and imperative in all matters of food and drink. Pork and wine are entirely excluded from the supports and refreshments of life. Circumcision is one of the immemorial sacred rites. The other branch of the Abrahamic family have, with similar formality, their three daily prayers, their annual fasts and feasts, their laws in food and drink, and their many other corresponding ceremonies.

5. In their striving for justification from the law.

The Mohammedan, equally with the Jew, expects his happiness after death to be the corresponding reward of his obedience here. Each holds his law to be the tree of life. The one, as well as the other, has no sympathy with the Christian doctrine, that we are justified and saved in the name and by the imputed righteousness of a divine representative. Neither recognises any ground for the hope of justification, except the ground which our own deserving furnishes, or the ground which it is hoped justice will give over to divine mercy. If the Apostle Paul was correct in representing the Jews as in bondage to Mount Sinai in Arabia, he might have represented the Arabs themselves as in like bondage to their own mountain.

6. In intercessions for their suffering dead.

Mohammed has promised that all his disciples, through his intercession and their faith, shall be delivered from eternal pain; and the Jews have their special prayers and intercessions for their relatives who have lately died.

7. In the nature of their hopes of future happiness.

The Arabs look forward before them, with an almost realizing faith and transporting rapture, to the objects and enjoyments of paradise, the groves, fountains, and rivers, "the pearls, diamonds, robes of silk, palaces of marble, dishes of gold, rich wines, and numerous attendants." The Jews, with equal enthusiasm, look forward to their expected King and General, their triumph over the infidels, their new temple and golden altar, their restored Jerusalem with its fountains and cisterns of sacred water, their hills crowned with vineyards, their land flowing with milk and honey, and their universally acknowledged preeminence in the earth. There is indeed this difference, that the Jews locate their Messianic golden age on this side of the grave, though some of them are in doubt whether the grave lies on the other side or not; while the Arabs despise the enjoyments of this life, and see beyond the grave the realities on which they rest their highest hopes.

8. In the early reception and rejection of Christianity.

There is some evidence that Christianity was first planted in Arabia by apostolic labourers. Origen, the great Alexandrian pastor, took a special interest, in the third century, in the Christian communities in Arabia; but almost every trace of Christianity in Arabia eventually disappeared. All are acquainted with the abundant evidence, that tens of thousands of Jews once embraced Christianity; but Palestine has, in this particular, a history very similar to that of Arabia. The Mohammedans in foreign countries are often seen putting their fingers in their ears, and running away when they hear the Christian missionary speak of the divine Redeemer; and the Jew has a strong sympathy with this Mohammedan aversion.

9. In being marked out with special favour in ancient Hebrew prophecy.

The spirit of prophecy had its rich blessing for Ishmael. "Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that Kedar doth inhabit: let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains."—(Isa. xlii. 11.) Prophecy also looked forward with special favour on the dispersed family of Isaac. "And yet for all that, when they be in the land of their enemies, I will not cast them away, neither will I abhor them, to destroy them utterly, and to break my covenant with them."—(Lev. xxvi. 44.)

According to our arrangement, we now mark some points in which Ishmael and Isaac are unlike. The following are the leading points:—

1. Ishmael and Isaac disagree, as Isaac alone inherited the Abrahamic promise.

Both were to become great nations, but Ishmael was excluded from the special promise. It was in the seed of Isaac that all the nations of the world were to be blessed. This is the clearly marked difference in prophecy, acknowledged by both Jews and Christians. Is there now a corresponding difference in history? Will the intelligent Jew look us in the face, and contradict us, when we add that, according to the best authority which we have, Ishmael has but given the world Mohammed, while Isaac has given the world the Saviour? Will he reflect further on what we mean when we remind him of this?

2. Ishmael and Isaac disagree, as Ishmael still holds his land.

Ishmael does not give that history of dispossessions, and captivities, and dispersions, which Isaac gives.

3. Ishmael and Isaac disagree, as Ishmael has successfully propagated the religion of Arabia by the sword.

The Arabs once marched forth from their deserts to teach the world by their preaching, and especially by their swords, the unity of God; and they did so effectually, and established one of the greatest empires that has ever existed, extending from the confines of China to the Atlantic. Wherever they carried their arms, they impressed a sincere and lasting conviction of the unity of God, and of the duties of circumcision, prayer, fasting, and alms. We need not except Syria and Jerusalem itself. The cherished hopes of Israel can scarcely place on the head of their own Messiah the glory of a more effectual teaching of the unity of God, or of more extensive and wonderful conquests. How remarkable the fact, on the contrary, that the God of providence has frowned on every attempt of the posterity of Isaac to propagate their religion by the sword! When they attempted to do so under the Emperor Hadrian, 580,000 Jews were, according to the tradition, the offering on the altar of their folly. The Koran enjoins and commends the use of the sword in the propagation of the faith. The New Testament lays it aside. These wonderful facts in providence appear clearly to teach, that God has appointed Isaac to work by some other instrumentality than that of the sword for the spiritual welfare of mankind. And he may well rejoice in this peculiarity in his appointment.

To Christians it appears very clear, that if, according to the present views of the Jews, the posterity of Isaac were destined to convert the world to Unitarianism, and thus become a blessing to all the families of the earth, Ishmael has thus far imparted the blessing to mankind infinitely more than Isaac: Mecca and Medina rather than Jerusalem and Samaria.

We might trace out many other lines of agreement and variation in the two branches of the Abrahamic family. It is pleasant to hope that the hand of time will trace a more interesting parallel in a simultaneous, general, and true conversion to Christianity.—*New York Observer.*

THE RATIONALIST PASTOR, HIS SERVANT, AND THE DYING VILLAGER.

BY THE REV. N. ROUSSEL.

The best generalization, frequently, does not as well characterise a class of men or a nation as some simple anecdote. For this reason, desiring to acquaint you with our Rationalist Protestant pastors, I give you the following anecdote. M. Darval, for the last thirty years, was the pastor of a church on the summit of the Cevennes; but though for so long a period performing the duties of his office, yet his functions were always distasteful. To tell the truth, in entering upon the ecclesiastical state he had no other object than to secure for himself an honourable position in the world—to gain a quiet livelihood, and, perhaps, to form a more fortunate union than his social position would otherwise have led him to hope for. Whatever his original intention might have been, he fulfilled his task with a certain regularity, as well as with a marked repugnance, on each Sabbath; he preached his sermons, which, from their frequent repetition, his flock knew by heart; he baptized the children, catechized the youth, married the young people, accompanied the dead to their resting-place; but all this like a tired workman, who is anxious to finish his task. Not that M. Darval was insensible to the pleasure of doing good, or too indolent to perform his duties; but he would have preferred to do good in some other way. He was not completely incredulous; for he sincerely admired the life of Jesus Christ, and sincerely preached the morality of the gospel. But whenever he came to doctrinal points, to practical religion, to worship, or prayer, his ministry oppressed him; and, in submitting to discharge these duties, he felt as if performing a painful duty. He would have liked to confine his preaching to the recommending of charity; his pastoral cares to temporal services, such as the distribution of alms, a loan, advice even in agriculture or in household affairs. All beyond this pained him; and as he dared not acknowledge his feelings to any one, the pastoral burden weighed doubly upon him when it was necessary to preach the passover on Good Friday, to administer the communion, to console the afflicted, to visit the sick, and to prepare the poor dying ones for leaving the world. But that which was the most repugnant to his feelings was, to visit the sick and dying. Near a bed of suffering he knew not what to say. He usually read a portion of Scripture, made a prayer (always the same for thirty years), and then departed as quickly as he came slowly. Whenever one of his parishioners fell seriously ill, and particularly if the illness lasted for any length of time, he was very much annoyed. Rather than visit a sick room, M. Darval, though by no means an unfeeling man, was almost tempted to wish they might meet with a sudden death. But, thanks to God, sudden deaths are rare, and the precursors of departure from life usually precede it a sufficient length of time to give opportunity for some preparation. Such being the case, M. Darval had but to submit; but still he sought to avoid these tasks. Whenever he would put off a visit to the sick, a journey, business, however unimportant, a slight indisposition, was sufficient to hinder his going out, and he felt relieved —almost happy! In case these resources failed him, he would go out to walk, or would shut himself up in his chamber, and would not reply to the knock at the door, so as to produce the impression that he was not in, and of course could not go out.

Yet, I repeat it, M. Darval was a good son, a charitable man, a perfectly honest man; but what of all this? He did not love to visit the sick. I believe he charged this to the account of his extreme sensibility, which would not permit him to witness the sufferings of others without suffering himself. Imagine, then, the feeling of our poor pastor, when one day he saw in the distance coming straight towards his dwelling, a poor woman whose husband was very ill. His instinct, or rather his constant fear, told him that she came to seek him. Without hesitation, he ran on tiptoe to the door of his room and locked himself in. There, secure against further interruption, he took a book and seated himself noiselessly in his arm-chair by the hearth. A knock is heard at the street door, the servant runs and opens it, receives the message, and ascends to her master, whom she believed to be in the house; but, alas! the door is shut. She knocks, no one replies; she calls, no answer; she calls and knocks at the same time. Finally, she descends, and tells the poor woman that her master is not at home, but that she will send him as soon as he returns. The woman departs, and M. Darval breathes more freely. But now, how shall he leave the chamber without being seen by the servant? M. Darval keeps silent and motionless, seeking for some expedient, which unfortunately he cannot find. An hour passes, and the poor woman returns and says that her husband is dying. The servant searches again for her master in the garden, in all parts of the house, and finally knocks at her master's door. Ashamed at not having answered the first summons, and not knowing how to explain his refusal to open the door, M. Darval keeps more quiet than ever; and again the servant is obliged to descend and say, "He is not at home." "But wait," says she to the woman, "I will give you my Bible, and you can read a chapter from the Bible to the sick man, which will do him good. I recommend to you the twelfth chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews."

"Alas!" replies the poor woman, "I do not know how to read."

"You can make your little boy read."

"But he is at school."

"Ah! then, wait a moment, I will go myself;" so saying, the servant takes off her kitchen apron, puts on her bonnet, shuts the door, and follows the desolate woman.

Undoubtedly this was not the first time that the good Jeannette had gone to read a chapter to a sick afflicted neighbour; but on this occasion she went, as it were, in her master's place, and this circumstance seemed to impart more importance to her new mission. While on her way she collected her thoughts, put up a prayer to God, and came in a suitable frame of mind to the consolation of the dying man. She took her place at the foot of the bed, explained the motive of her visit, read the chapter which she had pointed out, and after some kinds words, directed by a simple faith and a feeling heart, proposed to pray. The two women knelt, the dying man uncovered his head and clasped his hands, and the three with one accord joined in asking for the restoration of the sick man to health if possible, but in any event for his salvation through Jesus Christ. The prayer was fervent, their hearts were in unison, tears flowed freely, and the sick man felt solaced. But, alas! his hour had come, and a few moments later he expired, trusting in the mercy of God.

Jeannette returned to the house, whose door she had left closed, and from whence her master had not come forth. As he descended to the kitchen to seek for an egress from the house, which would permit him to escape so that he could come in again as if returning from abroad, Jeannette opened the door and stumbled upon him, cane in hand, and hat on head.

"You have returned then," said Jeannette, "how did you get in?"

"I have not been out."

"Why, I sought every where for you?"

"You must have searched slightly, for I was—I was—I was in my chamber." M. Darval thought to ease his conscience by telling this half-truth.

"But I knocked and cried ten times at your door; why did you not answer me?"

"I was engaged."

"But you should have replied to me."

Jeannette suspected the true reason, for her master added nothing in his justification; besides, she had more than once observed his repugnance to visiting the sick.

"And where do you come from?" said the pastor, very glad to turn the conversation.

"I come from visiting a poor sick man, who will suffer no more."

"He is cured then?"

"No; he is dead."

"Ah!" exclaimed M. Darval, as if relieved from a burden, and drawing a chair towards the kitchen-fire, as if he would seat himself, and doubtless to have a pretext for chatting, "the poor Martin is dead then?"

"Yes; and died very happy."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir."

"But what did you go there for?"

"It is true, sir, it was not perhaps my place; but as I sought for you so long, and could not find you, I thought I had better go myself; and I asure you that at this time I am not sorry."

"How then?"

"I have been so happy!"

"What! happy near a dying person!"

"Yes; near a dying one whom I have been able to comfort."

"Indeed! Tell me, then, how is this: what have you done?"

"At first I took my Bible."

"Well, and what then?"

"Then I read in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews; you know, sir, there where these consoling words are found, 'whom God loveth he chasteneth.'"

"Yes, yes, I know; and what then?"

"Then I made some remarks upon them, addressed to the sick man himself."

"Indeed; what did you say?"

"I told him that God is a good father, who does not make us suffer for his own pleasure, but for our good. I told him that suffering was the best means of bringing sinners to repentance; and that this was the reason why God made our bodies to suffer, that our souls might be saved. I told him that Jesus, who was so good, so just, so holy, suffered much more than we; and that, if we trusted in him, he would forgive our sins. Finally, I told this poor sick man, that I felt myself very guilty before God; but that, since I had prayed to him from the depths of my soul, I heard from within a voice which assured me that God had given me grace, and that now I am his child, that I have peace in my heart, and I am sure that God will receive me in heaven, and that beforehand I taste the joys of salvation. Then this poor man wished to pray, but as he was too feeble to speak, I prayed for him."

"What! you prayed aloud!"

"Yes."

"Before every body?"

"Yes."

"Are you not mistaken?"

"How mistaken?"

"Why, were you not afraid to repeat the prayer before others?"

"But, sir, I did not repeat a prayer; I said quite simply what I thought. Is not this what you do when you go to visit the sick?"

"Oh, no! I recite my prayer."

"How your prayer?"

"That I have learned in the liturgy."

"Ah!" exclaimed Jeannette astonished, and fearful of having failed in some customary usages; "but," continued she, "what do you tell the sick man, after you have recited the prayer from the liturgy?"

"I seek to reassure him concerning his malady; I give him hope that he will soon recover; and I endeavour to persuade him that he will not die."

"As for me, I did quite the contrary. I told him frankly what I thought; that he was very sick, and was about to die."

"Awkwardly spoken; it was the way to frighten him, and hasten his death."

"I believed it was the way to make him attentive, and to lead him to think seriously of the salvation of his soul."

"And did you succeed?"

"Yes, sir, for he wept; and, after hearing the Bible read, he said to me: 'Since I am to die, who knows where I am going?'"

"Poor Jeannette! you must have been very much embarrassed to demonstrate to him the immortality of the soul! What reasoning did you use?"

"I did not reason at all."

"Then you proved nothing."

"I did not know how to do that; but I told him these words of Jesus: 'I am the resurrection and the life.'"

"But this does not prove"—

The pastor dared not finish the sentence. He had said to himself a hundred times, that to quote the Bible proved nothing; at the same time, he had often noticed that the authority of the Scriptures produced more effect than an argument. He wished to know what had been the result in this instance.

"What reply did the sick man make?"

"He answered me thus: 'I know very well that I shall rise from the dead; but it is this that makes me afraid, for where shall I go after my resurrection?'"

"To heaven, you of course replied?" said the pastor.

"No; I said to hell!"

"Why to hell?"

"Because his fears convinced me that he was a sinner, and that he was not forgiven."

"Undoubtedly he was a sinner; but father Durant was an honest man, and if he did not go straight to heaven, nobody would enter there. But what said he to thy threat?"

"At first he said nothing; then he turned his eyes toward me, and said: 'You are right, Jeannette, for I am very guilty before God; I have scarcely ever prayed, have never gone to church, have not read the Bible; but, on the contrary, have more than once'— Sobs hindered his utterance. Poor father Durant!"

"But do you not see that you frightened him, when, if you had told him that he would go to heaven, you would have comforted him?"

"Yes, sir; but I should have deceived him."

"At all events you would have softened his dying hour."

"But at the risk of his eternal salvation."

"You added to the tortures of his poor body."

"It was to save his soul."

"You believe you have saved his soul by telling him of hell?"

"But, sir, it was not I who said this; it is the Bible which says, 'The wages of sin is death;' and in another place, 'These shall go into everlasting damnation.'"

"Why, then, if this was true of father Durant, did you frighten him beforehand?"

"To make him feel the danger of his soul, to lead him to salvation, to repentance for his sins, and faith in Jesus Christ. After much weeping for his faults, and after my reading in the Bible those threatening words against sinners, I read him those words of consolation for believers; this, for example, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life.' And these, 'There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who believe in Jesus Christ.' Is not this what I should have said?"

"Yes, yes," replied the pastor, more embarrassed than convinced, "it was all right; it is always sad to see a man die. A visit to a sick person makes me sick myself; it affects me; it makes me sad, especially when I leave him as unhappy as at my arrival."

"Oh," rejoined Jeannette, "that was not the case with father Durant. When he understood that his sins were all pardoned if he trusted in Jesus Christ; when he truly believed that Jesus died on the cross for sinners, oh, then he felt quite differently; he listened attentively, he asked me many questions, to which I always replied from the Bible. Gradually his countenance brightened; he wept no more; at times there was even a smile on his lips. I was sustained—encouraged. I sought in the Word of God for other clear, strong promises to the sinner who repents and believes in the Saviour. These promises fell upon his heart like fresh water upon a thirsty tongue. He listened eagerly, and never seemed ready to say, 'It is enough.' It was evident to me that the Holy Spirit operated upon this man, and opened his heart, as was Lydia's. At length, when he fully understood this salvation, freely offered in the gospel to those who trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, he repeated the words he had heard me read, the words of St Paul, 'I know in whom I have believed;' and these, 'Now I am ready to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.' His body grew weaker and weaker; and yet his countenance was more composed—more calm. In looking at him, one was convinced that his soul was also calm."

"This is astonishing," said the pastor. "I have never seen the like."

"When he could not speak," added Jeannette, "I asked him to reply by signs to my last questions, 'Do you still fear God and the judgment?' He raised his hand. 'Do you believe in Jesus? Are you happy?' He could only raise his eyes to heaven; then his eyelids fell, and he drew his last breath."

Jeannette was silent.

"This is wonderful," said the pastor to himself; "who would have believed it? This servant—this doctrine! Oh, if I could believe it! May God help my unbelief!"

Jeannette resumed her culinary labours. M. Darval ascended to his room, but instead of locking the door he left it wide open, and placed himself by the window, as if waiting for another invitation to visit the dying.

But, alas! this was but a desire. His conscience told him that he needed to study for himself the truths of the gospel which he would teach to others. His second impulse was to draw his Bible from the bookcase—to wipe off the dust, and to seat himself by the hearth, to meditate on its contents. He closed the door again; not now to escape duty, but to kneel in prayer.

THE MILLENNIUM.

BY S. H. COX, D.D., BROOKLYN.

Whatever the millennium may be in future history, we now view it as a predicted state of piety for long enduring ages; in which the truth of Christ and the grace of Christ shall predominate among all the nations of living men, making them Christians; restoring them to goodness and to God, as his worshippers and his children; pacificating all the world; banishing irreligion and false religion, superstition, bigotry, fanaticism, heresy, false philosophy, infidelity, ignorance, indolence, oppression, persecution, and every false way, with mainly every wrong practice, from the world. *Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up.* This consummation must occur in this world, since in that better country, to which we go, there is no such plant.

> "Then violence shall never lift the sword,
> Nor cunning justify the proud man's wrong.
> Leaving the poor no remedy but tears.
> Then he that fills an office, shall esteem
> The occasion it presents of doing good
> More than the perquisite: then law shall speak
> Seldom, and never but as wisdom prompts
> And equity; not jealous more to guard
> A worthless form than to decide aright;
> Then fashion shall not sanctify abuse,
> Nor smooth good-breeding, supplemental grace,
> With lean performance ape the work of love."

What a blessed tranformation of society will be every where effected by the preponderating righteousness of those happy times! *Righteousness exalteth a nation*, as nothing without it can. In every department of human interest, social and individual, what a reformation, what a melioration, what a metamorphasis; truly *a new creation* of sentiment, and character, and action! Think of those monster evils that continue for chiliads of time to haunt and mar our social welfare; and which law, and police, and jails, and gibbets, and military power, and worldly education, and worldly legislation, can never coerce or cure—they will all disappear and vanish from our view. Nothing is wanting but sincere and enlightened faith in the gospel of Christ, among all nations, to introduce the millennium and regenerate the world. The spirit of love to God will diffuse that of love to man; the very way for the development of true piety. Hence each will feel an interest in the weal of every other member of the species. The colour of the skin will not then be the criterion of duties or of rights. Education will be honest, and Christian, and universal, in the main. Mind will be every where informed, developed, invigorated, and matured. The only monarchy on earth will be properly the theocracy of God our Saviour; and under him, like Israel before a king was given them in anger, every state will be a commonwealth of Christians. Laws shall be few, reasonable, useful, and well-administered. Wars shall cease; slavery be no more; no duelling, no gambling, no infernal profaneness, no lewd pleasures, no intemperance, no idleness, no calumnious assassination of character, no corrupt merchandising of commerce, no sectarianism—CHRISTIAN will be all, the brotherhood of human nature will be restored, and physical comforts, it is supposed, will abound. The age of man will be lengthened; disease will be lessened; the productions of the earth will be abundant; marriage will be honoured universally as the institution of God; the population of the world will be tenfold, and earth itself will reflect the countenance of heaven. The Lord's day will be every where honoured and obeyed. It will be richly enjoyed, appreciated, and blessed. What Christians will those ages produce, when men shall show themselves Christians, and Christians shall show themselves men! How omnipotent will be the truth; no madness left on earth to doubt it! Children will be generally converted early, will grow in grace as they grow in years; and rare will be the mother, the sin of whose son, and perhaps his violent death, will break her heart! What a procession of glorified millions, in those ages, shall crowd the brightened way to the open portals of the realms of glory! What a colony of multitudes, countless and beatified, will earth remit to heaven, fixing there at last the grand majority of the species, the glorious *peculium* and the proper premium of the Son of God!

Theology will be improved—that is, the truth of revelation, in itself unchangeable, will be more simply and fully studied, more perfectly understood, with more purity inculcated, and with more wisdom used and applied. No impious hypocrite will ever attempt to supersede the truth, or alter it, or modify its heaven-descended unity, or dare to prostitute it as the mere medium of his own vapid self-glory. No elaborate simpleton will ever aim at originality for its own sake, or make it an end instead of a means, in appearing as the exponent, or the advocate, or the oracle of the truth, vaunting himself to be somebody; and none will be so squalid as to make a party, or even desire *the pre-eminence* among his peers; humility, that signal of wisdom, will then predominate, qualify all, and making demonstration in all of *simplicity and godly sincerity, not fleshly wisdom, by the grace of God* characterising his ministers and all their works. There will be then no heresy-hunter, no heresy-finder, and no heresy-maker, to disturb the faith of saints, and mar the devout peace of the Churches of God.

> “ O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true !
> Scenes of accomplish'd bliss ! which who can see,
> Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
> His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy ? ’ ”

NOT QUITE READY TO LIVE.

A FEW gentlemen in the village of A—— formed the plan of erecting an academy, that they might secure, in connection with home influences, superior advantages for the education of their children. Immediate efforts were made to raise the necessary funds. Several applications were made to Mr B——, who parried them with more or less courtesy, in proportion to the character and standing of the applicants. It was at length proposed that the pastor should call upon him in relation to the object in view.

The pastor was extremely reluctant to turn aside from the appropriate duties of his calling; but it seemed necessary to secure the co-operation of Mr B——, in order to accomplish an enterprise so well adapted to promote the intellectual and moral interest of the community. Moreover, Mr B—— had a large family of promising children, in whom the pastor felt the deepest interest. But for the benefits likely to accrue to them, Mr S—— could not have prevailed upon himself to attempt to induce Mr B—— to furnish a portion of the funds necessary to the existence of the projected institution.

He called upon him, and set forth the educational wants of the community, and dwelt upon the advantages which his own family would reap by having adequate means of instruction brought to their door.

“I know,” said Mr B——, “that education is a very important thing. I mean to give my children the advantages of it; but I am not in circumstances to do it now. There are many things which I intend to do for them, which I am not able to do at present. The fact is, I am not quite ready to live. When I get out of debt, and have built a new house, I shall be able to do more for my children; and then, if there is need of it, I will give something for an academy.”

Mr L—— judged it unwise to press the matter further. In fact, his attention was almost turned from it, by the strange expression that had fallen from Mr B——'s lips, *I am not quite ready to live.* Still less, thought the man of God, are you ready to die. He made the remark the occasion of a solemn and affectionate appeal relating to his eternal interest. He listened with respectful attention, for he reverenced the consistent and faithful minister. His reply was, “When one gets into the world a certain depth, he is sometimes obliged to get in deeper before he can get out. I will attend to the subject as soon as I can get the pressure of care a little off my hands.”

Mr L—— bade him a good-morning with a sad heart. He had known him for many years. He once numbered him among his hopeful ones. Mr B—— was then ready for conversation on serious subjects, and the pungent appeal from the pulpit brought the tear to his eye. But increasing prosperity hardened his heart. Serious themes became unwelcome. He could hear unmoved the most earnest exhibitions of divine truth.

The solicitude of Mr L—— led him to renew his call at an early day. He found Mr B—— slightly indisposed. The indisposition was made an excuse for declining to converse on the topic of personal religion. A few days later, Mr L—— called again. Mr B—— was then really ill, and somewhat alarmed. He seemed willing to listen to the pastor's remarks upon religious topics, and said, “When I get well, I will talk over this matter with you at length, and, if my business will in any way allow it, I will attend to its claims without further delay.”

“I am afraid,” said Mr L—— with tears in his eyes, “that God will visit with his judgment such a cool postponement of his claims to those of worldly business.”

The remark made a deep impression upon Mr B——, whose illness continued to increase till his condition became extremely perilous. Then he sent for the pastor, begged for his prayers, and at intervals of partial relief from pain, was eager to converse with him respecting the long-neglected interests of the soul. “I am afraid,” said he, “that it is all over with me; that it is too late for me to repent, even if I could give my thoughts to the subject. When my pains are upon me, I can think of nothing else. I was once very near becoming a Christian; but I have been going farther and farther away ever since. Do you remember the conversation you had with me in the lecture-room after the people had gone home—It was ten years ago?”

“I do.”

“I was on the point of making up my mind to do nothing else till I had become a Christian. There was only one or two small things in the way, and I might have overcome them. Oh! that I had done so. I have not had a happy day since. I have all the while been getting ready to live, and now, I am afraid, I must die without being prepared.”

The recurrence of a season of pain put an end to the conversation. Despair seemed wellnigh to have seized his victim. The pastor verily believed that he should be called to preach another funeral sermon for one who had no hope in his death.

But it was ordered otherwise. Contrary to all expectation, Mr B—— began to mend. In a few weeks he was able to walk forth and behold once more the handiwork of God.

Mr L—— did not neglect him during the progress of his recovery. He laboured to present the truth to his mind; though, it must be confessed, with the expectation that returning health would bring with it returning forgetfulness of God.

For once, he was happily disappointed. His heart bounded with joy, as he one day called and found Mr B—— sitting by the fireside with the open Bible before him. "I have made up my mind," said he solemnly, "to seek first the kingdom of God. I shall give no more attention to business than is absolutely necessary, till the great question for eternity is settled."

Mr L—— was too deeply affected to make any reply. "I have looked death in the face. I know what it is to be near the judgment with sin unpardoned. No rational man, who has been delivered from those circumstances, will voluntarily allow himself to be placed in them again. God has raised me up from the grave, and the remainder of my life shall be given to him."

Mr L—— now proceeded to question his parishioner with a view to learning the precise state of his soul. He found that he had passed many hours in reflection during the progress of his recovery, and that the purpose he had expressed was no sudden impulse. In fact, he had made no inconsiderable progress towards the kingdom of God.

He now submitted himself in earnest to his pastor's directions, which consisted simply of references to the Word of God. Erelong the conviction was formed in his soul that his sins were pardoned, and that grace would be given him to enable him to persevere unto the end.

"Now," thought Mr L——, "he is quite ready to live, and ready to die, when his appointed time shall come."

Reader, are you ready either to live or die, as God may ordain? Oh! remember, that if not *ready* to *die*, you are not *worthy* to *live*, and beware of the sudden visitation of God.

AFRICA.

WHAT a wonderful continent it is, this rounded, smooth-shored Africa, known from the earliest dawn of time, yet so unknown; the granary of nations, yet sterile and fruitless as the sea; swarming with life, yet dazzling the eyes of Moon men with its vast tract of glittering sand. North America, first seen but the other day, has been probed from end to end—its gallant and respective Philips, Tecumsehs, and Montezumas, have been bridled and broken by the white man; but Africa has sent no Cortez, or even a De Soto or La Salle, "wringing favour from fate," as Santa Ana has it. Some solitary Mungo Park, or faithful Lander, or persevering Burckhardt, alone has tried to read the secret of the mother of civilisation, the greyhaired African.

If we seek a land of romance and mystery, what quarter of the globe compares with that which holds the pyramids; the giant Theban temples, one roof of which clusters a modern village; the solemn hewn mountain cliff of a Sphinx; the ruins of Carthage; the Nile with its hidden sources; the Niger with its unknown outlet; the heaven-bearing Atlas; the dimly seen Mountains of the Moon?

There, reader, the slave rose romantically to be the ruler of millions: there Moses, floating in his cradle, is saved by a king's daughter, and, like the hero of some earlier chivalry, breaks the bonds of his people, and founds a new and mighty nation. There was the home of Dido, of Hannibal, the scene of Scipio's triumphs and Jugurtha's crimes; there lived Tertullian, Athanasius, and Augustine; the romance of the Moors dwelt there; the last breath of the sainted Louis of France was drawn there.

Africa is the home of the leviathan, the behemoth, the unicorn, the giraffe, the slight antelope, scarce bigger than a cat, the earth-shaking elephant, the unaccountable lion, the all-conquering buffalo. It is the home, too, of the mysterious negro races, yet lying dormant in the germ, destined perhaps to rule this earth when our proud Anglo-Saxon blood is as corrupt as that of the descendants of Homer and Pericles.

The past, present, and future of Africa, are alike wrapped in mystery. Who can tell us of the childhood of dark-browed Egypt, square-shouldered and energetic? Carthage, the England of the old world's rulers, has not even a romancing Livy, still less an unwearied Niebuhr, to explain her rise and untangle the mysteries of her constitution. Of all the vast interior, the Abysmintas and Sondons, what do we know more than the Punic merchants, who, like us, dealt there, taking slaves, ivory, and gold?

And what can we hope hereafter to see in those immense, unknown lands? God has enabled the European to drive the North American, step by step, toward extinction, and has given a great continent the full developments and trial of whatever permanent power the Caucasian race possesses; but Africa he has preserved—for what? For future contest? For an imported foreign civilisation, to be entered through Liberias and Cape Colonies? France and Britain are watching each other now along those burning sands, as they once watched by the icy rocks of Canada and Acadia; is it to end in the same subjection of the aboriginal owners to one or both of these land pirates? Or does the dark race in all its varieties possess a capacity for understanding and living out the deep meaning of the world's ruler, Christianity, as the offspring of the followers of Odin never did, and never can understand and act it?

If the old Egyptian Sesostris had paused amidst his conquering rock-hewing to contemplate the illiterate wanderers of Greece, to whom Cadmus was just striving to make known the letters of Phœnicia, would not Plato and Aristotle have seemed as impossible to him as the existence in Africa of a higher Christianity than has yet been seen, seems to us? Would the present position of the Teutonic race have appeared equally incredible to the founder of the Parthenon, the loungers in the gardens of the Academy?—*Foreign Review.*

WHY WE SEE DARKLY.

I REMEMBER that on my return to France, in a vessel which had been on a voyage to India, as soon as the sailors had perfectly distinguished the land of their native country, they became in a great measure incapable of attending to the duties of the ship. Some looked at it wistfully, without the power of minding any thing else; others dressed themselves in their best clothes, as if they were going to disembark; some talked to themselves, and others wept.

As we approached, the disorder of their minds increased. As they had been absent several years, there was no end to the admiration of the hills, the foliage of the trees, and even the rocks which skirted the shore, covered with weeds and mosses. The church spires of the villages where they were born, which they distinguished at a distance up the country, and which they named one after another, filled them with transports of delight.

But when the vessel entered the port, and when they saw on the quays their fathers, their mothers, their wives, their children, and their friends, stretching out their arms with tears of joy, and calling them by their names, it was no longer possible to retain a man on board; they all sprang on shore, and it became necessary, according to the custom of the port, to employ another set of mariners to bring the vessel to her mooring.

What, then, would be the case were we indulged with a sensible display of that heavenly country, inhabited by those who are dearest to us, and who are worthy of our most sublime affections? The laborious and vain cares of this life would from that moment come to an end. Its duties would be forsaken, and all our powers and feelings would be lost in perpetual rapture. It is wisdom, therefore, that a veil is spread over the glories of futurity. Let us enjoy the hope that the happy land awaits us, and in the mean time let us fulfil with cheerfulness and patience, what belongs to our present condition.—*St Pierre.*

THE SABBATH SLIGHTED, THE NATION'S RUIN.

Even could we for a season prosper without the Sabbath, is it possible to shake off our allegiance to God, or to evade the retributions of his righteous providence? Who wields the orb of day? Who guides the seasons? Who sends adversity and measures out prosperity? Have we so soon forgotten the weakness of our infancy, and our cries to God when men rose up against us? Have we reached an eminence from which God cannot thrust us down? Can we dispense with his protection, and set at nought his institutions, and run successively the race of an irreligious prosperity? Be not deceived. What fleets and armies could not do, the hand of suicide may accomplish, emancipated from divine restraint. Proud and fearless of Heaven as we may be, in one hour destruction may come. The decree is universal, "*The nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish.*" And God has not departed from the helm of universal government, or put beyond his power the instruments of punishment. In our country's bosom lie the materials of ruin, which wait only the divine permission to burst into terrific eruption, scattering far and wide the fragments of our greatness.

Give up the Sabbath; blot out that orb of day; suspend its blessed attraction; and the reign of chaos and old night would return. The waves of our unquiet sea, high as our mountains, would roll and dash, from south to north, and from north to south, shipwrecking the hopes of patriots and the world.

Who, then, is the patriot that would thrust our ship from her peaceful moorings in a starless night, upon such an ocean of storms, without rudder, or anchor, or compass, or chart? The elements around us may remain, and our great rivers and mountains. Our miserable descendants also may multiply, and vegetate, and rot in moral darkness and putrefaction. But the American character, and our glorious institutions, will go down into the same grave that entombs the Sabbath, and our epitaph will stand forth a warning to the world—*Thus ended the nation that despised the Lord, and gloried in wisdom, wealth, and power.*—*Dr Lyman Beecher.*

KEEPING A JOURNAL.

Lamartine, in his "Confidence," gives the following account of his mother's journal:—

"My mother had the habit—contracted at an early period, in the somewhat Roman education which she had received at St Cloud—of placing an interval of meditation between the day and slumber, as sages seek to place one between life and death. When every one had retired to rest in her house; when her children were slumbering in their little beds around her own; when nought was to be heard but their regular breathing in the chamber, the noise of the wind against the window-shutters, the barking of the dog in the yard, she would gently open the door of a closet that was filled with books, educational, devotional, historical; she would seat herself in front of a small writing-desk, made of rosewood, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, whose different compartments had the shape of clusters of orange flowers, and remove from a drawer several sheets of paper, bound together in gray pasteboard, like account-books. She would write on those sheets for an hour or two, without once raising her head, and without allowing the pen once to tarry in suspense above the paper, to await the descent of a word in its proper place. That was the domestic history of the day, the annals of the hour, the fleeting remembrance of things and feelings, seized in its flight, and stopped in its course ere night had lent it wings; the happy or sorrowful dates; the family events; the fall of the sand of time arrested in the hour-glass; the outpourings of anxiety and melancholy; the outbursts of gratitude and delight; the prayers to God, yet warm, which had gushed from the heart; all the feeling notes of a nature that lives, loves, enjoys, suffers, blesses, invokes, adores—in a word, a written soul!

"These notes, thus thrown upon paper at the close of each day, like drops of her existence, increased at last, and formed, at her death, an immense and precious reservoir of remembrances for her children. There are twenty-two volumes of them. I have them always within my reach; and when I wish again to find, again to see, again to hear, my mother's soul, I open one of them, and that soul appears to me.

"Now, thou knowest how hereditary habits are. Alas! why are not virtues also hereditary? . . . . . This habit of my mother became mine at an early period. When I left college, she showed me those pages, and said to me:—

"'Follow my example: give a mirror to thy life. Grant an hour to the registering of thy feelings, and to the silent examination of thy conscience. It is good, during the day, before the commission of this or that act, to think:—It will make me blush before myself to-night, as I write it down. It is also grateful to fasten on the joys which escape us, or the tears that fall from our eyes; to find them, some years after, on these pages, and to say to ourself:—This, then, is what made me happy! This, then, is what made me weep! It teaches us the mutability of feelings and things; it makes us prize pleasures and sorrows, not according to their value at the moment, which deceives us, but according to the value of eternity, which alone deceives us not!'"

LAYING UP FOR CHILDREN.

"For the children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children."—PAUL.

YES—this is the natural order. As a general rule, parents are under much better advantages to lay up for their children, than children for parents. In passing down the stream of time, legacies accrue to a much greater number of persons who will live to enjoy them, than if they were to flow in the opposite direction.

Yes—but suppose the parents are poor. Suppose it is as much, and more, than they can do, to feed, and clothe, and educate their children? This is no uncommon case, and God requires of parents "according to what they have, and not according to what they have not."

Yes—parents ought to lay up for their children, but *how much?* As much as they *can?* There is such a thing as leaving children too much property more than they need—more than it is safe for them to inherit;—enough to injure, to ruin them. This cannot be the duty of any parent, however much he may possess. To hold that he is bound to leave his children rich, independent, because he is able to do it, is nearly equivalent to saying, that he is bound, in his last will and testament, to inflict upon them a far greater injury than if he were to cut them off without a shilling.

Where a father has a family of children, and has property over and above what is necessary to educate them well, and give them a start in life, the question is how much do they need—how much, how many hundred or thousand pounds is it best they should receive? It may be difficult, sometimes, for the wisest and most conscientious parent to answer the question definitely. I suppose it is. But it is entirely safe to say, that children ought never to receive so much from their parents, or in the settlement of their parents' estates, as to take away all the incentives to industry and frugality. When a son is brought up to expect, because his father is rich, that he shall have enough to maintain him in style without any earnings of his own, and still more, when at an early day he comes into possession of an estate, which he thinks abundantly sufficient to support him as a gentleman of fortune, the chances are more than ten to one—I mean what I say, more than *ten* to one—that his money will do him infinitely more harm than good. If he does not become a spendthrift, and squander it all, the fearful probability is, that it will cut him off from "the inheritance of the saints in light." It will be a miracle, almost, if he does not say, "Soul take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry, for thou hast much good laid up for many years."

Perhaps there is no mistake which rich men of the world, and even Christian men of the same class, oftener fall into, than laying up too much for their children. Having ample means, they want, if possible, to guard against all contingencies. They want to feel sure, when they die, that their children will never come to want; and so they leave them more than enough to support them handsomely, whether they do any thing for themselves or not.

Now, if this were right in itself, if it was acting the part of a good steward, it would show, it *does* show a great want of that worldly wisdom, for which they are so distinguished. With few exceptions, these men have made their own fortunes; and all experience proves, that the heirs of the rich have no advantage, in the long run, over the children of the poor, who are brought up in virtuous and industrious habits. Any patrimony, however large, may be squandered in a generation or two; there is every reason to expect it will be, when wealthy fathers attempt, as it were, to take their children out of the hand of Providence, and make them independent. The Lord is a jealous God. While he takes care of the fatherless, who are left with him, and who trust in his promise that they "shall not want any good thing," he frowns upon those who withhold from him what he has put into their hands to do good with, that they may hoard it up for their children. A little to encourage and aid them, when they begin in the world, is better than great riches.

Nor need any man of substance at this day be at a loss how to dispose of his money, if he does not bequeath it to his children. Whatever the amount may be, over and above what they really need, the Lord has treasuries enough, into which he may cast it, with every prospect of its doing good to the bodies and souls of those who are ready to perish. The only question will be, how to distribute it where it is wanted most. And here, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask it of God, who giveth unto all men liberally, and upbraideth not."

I will only add, that in saying the children ought not to lay up for the parents, the apostle could not have intended to take away from children in prosperous circumstances the privilege of providing for poor parents by will or otherwise: for he says in another place, "But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel;" including, I doubt not, his poor parents if they have need, as well as his children.

THE PRAYING SAILOR BOY.

THE Cornelia was a good ship (said one of the West India chaplains of the 'Seamen's Friend Society'), but at one time we feared that she was on her last voyage. We were but a few days out from the harbour, when a severe storm of five days' continuance overtook us.

I must tell you of a feat performed by a sailor boy at the height of the storm. He was literally a boy, and far better fitted for thumbing Webster's Spelling-Book than furling a sail in a storm. But his mother was a widow, and where could the boy earn a living for himself and mother better than at sea? The ship was rolling fearfully. Some of the rigging got foul at the mainmast head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and rectify it. It was a perilous job. I was standing near the mate, and heard him order that boy to do it! He lifted his cap and glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling wrathful seas, and at the steady determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated in silence a moment, then rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the forecastle. Perhaps he was gone two minutes, when he returned, laid his hands on the ratlines, and went up with a will. My eyes followed him till my head was dizzy, when I turned and remonstrated with the mate for sending the boy aloft. He could not come down alive! Why did you send him? "I did it," replied the mate, "to save his life. We've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy. See how he holds like a squirrel. He is more careful; he'll come down safe, I hope."

Again I looked till tears dimmed my eyes, and I was compelled to turn away, expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes he came down, and straightening himself up with the conscious pride of having performed a manly act, he walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

In the course of the day, I took occasion to speak to him, and asked him why he hesitated when ordered aloft? "I went sir," said the boy, "to pray." "Do you pray?" "Yes, sir; I thought that I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God." "Where did you learn to pray?" "At home: my mother wanted me to go to the Sabbath-school, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me; and I do." "What was that you had in your jacket?" "My Testament, which my teacher gave me. I thought if I did perish I would have the Word of God close to my heart."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE MINISTER.

A pious English clergyman, calling one day, in the course of his pastoral visits, at the house of a friend, affectionately noticed a child in the room, a little girl about six years old. Among other things, he asked her if she knew that she had a bad heart, and opening the Bible, pointed to the passage where the Lord promises, "I will put a new spirit within you, and I will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." He then entreated her to plead this promise in prayer, and she would find the Almighty faithful to his engagement.

Many years after, a lady, at the age of twenty-three, came to him to propose herself for communion with the Church, and how inexpressible was his delight, when he found that she was the very person with whom, when she was a child, he had so faithfully conversed on the subject of religion, and that the conversation was blessed, and made the means of her conversion to God. Taking her Bible, she had retired as he advised, pleaded the promise, wept, prayed, and the Lord heard her, and answered her prayer. He gave her what she most anxiously desired, a *new heart.*

Let all ministers learn from this, the importance of being faithful to children. Let no child ask, "Why don't the minister speak to *me?*"—*S. S. Messenger.*

"NOT MY WILL BUT THINE BE DONE."

In the cares, and troubles, and disappointments of life, let this prayer be ours. Have we been rich and now are poor? Have our dearest friends been taken from us? Are we so bowed down by disease that life is a burden to us? Have we daily petty trials that provoke us; and are we fretting and murmuring at our lot in life? Let us then think of the prayer of our Saviour, and against whom we are complaining, and the petition, "Not my will but thine be done" will comfort us. And as we pray so must we act with a spirit of faith fully in our hearts, with a perfect trust in God that his will is ever best; and the more we make his will ours, the better shall we see that all things are ordered right.

GOOD RULES.

The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters:—

1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others.
2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.
3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.
4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others.
5. Always to believe, that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—*Simeon.*

THE GOSPEL SHALL TRIUMPH.

Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
And Ethiopian stranger
His glory come and see.
With anthems of devotion
Ships of the isles shall meet,
And pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet:
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as an eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wings can soar.

Fragments.

Guard, if it be possible, your friends from injuring you, lest they, by so doing, become your bitterest enemies, never forgiving the wrongs they have themselves inflicted.

A feeble reed becomes in the hand of Omnipotence *a rod of iron*, with which the mountains may be threshed, or the nations dashed in pieces.—*Anon.*

The promise of God is but *the birth of purpose* of God.—*Trail.*

He who does not *foresee* death, cannot be *provided* for it.—*Whitefoot.*

Take God into thy counsel. Heaven overlooks hell. God, at any time, can tell thee what plots are hatching there against thee.—*Gurnal.*

A minister, by preaching twenty years with the tongue of an angel, shall not edify his *hearers* so much as he shall corrupt his seers by one material slip in his conduct.—*Skelton.*

THE CONSUMMATION OF A LIFE OF SIN.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

It is as unnatural as it is unscriptural, to expect that a life of sin will be followed by a happy death and a blessed eternity. The principle is plainly recognised in the Scriptures, that what a man sows that shall he reap; that the main punishment of the wicked hereafter, will consist in "the reward of their hands being given them." Hell is not so much an arbitrary punishment, as the natural fruit and inevitable consequence of a life of sin. The nature of sin, and its effects on men in this life, reveal a hell in the clearest manner, and render the future punishment of the wicked certain. Is it not a notorious fact that wicked men live without true happiness and in actual misery, and die without hope, and in fear and terrible apprehension of future evil? The experience of the wicked is uniform here; one universal law prevails; it all flows in the same channel, and conducts irresistibly to one terrible conclusion.

True, some wicked men have tried to brave the terrors of death, and hide their fears in the final hour; to play the buffoon with affected levity, and give to infidelity and sin the testimony of a peaceful and happy death; but they have always signally failed, and the attempt has proved vain and pitiful. "Sin, when it is finished," has brought forth death, even in their case, by a law which no philosophy, or infidelity, or levity, or imbruted wickedness could set aside. The living and the dying experience of the wicked points as unmistakeably and directly to hell, as do the threatenings of the Bible; and all the forces which the wicked invoke, and cherish, and apply to their thoughts, desires, habits, actions, character, experience, in this world, lead thitherward by a law of absolute necessity and terrible energy. The Bible runs but one line of future destiny, and that is "the great gulf fixed," alike in the decree of sovereignty and the nature of things—on the one side is heaven, and on the other hell; and the entire experience of this world runs in the direct line of its teachings.

And if sin is found to be so powerful an element of misery and despair in this world, where there is so much to restrain its outgoings and counteract its effects, what must it prove to be in the future world, where all restraint will be removed, and the sinner be wholly given up to its dominion? If sin inflicts so much evil and wrath on the ungodly in this short life of probation, and kindles on his dying experience the flames of so hot a hell, what a terrible visitation of almighty ruin will it draw upon him in the world of retribution? Death will not alter the nature of sin, nor the laws by which it acts on man; nor will it effect any change either on the character or in the elements of the mental and moral being. What a man was in the whole current of his thoughts, desires, feelings, habits, experience, *before* death, he will be *after* death. The man who, up to the moment of death, has cherished towards God no other feeling than that of enmity; who has loved and practised sin with all greediness; has habitually hated and neglected every Christian duty; in whose heart there is not one feeling, desire, aim, grace, akin to heaven; but whose entire life, and character, and habitudes of feeling, identify him with sin and hell,—will preserve his moral identity perfect the other side the grave. Death will only separate for a season the soul from the body, and change his circumstances and relations; but the substance, the vital principle of being, that which we call character—all that holds any relation to the law of right and wrong—all that is matter of reward and punishment, or that pertains to the nature of the immortal spirit—will be untouched by that mysterious agent we call death. The awful words of Scripture are, "Woe unto the wicked, it shall be ill with him; *for the reward of his hands shall be given him.*" His eternal punishment shall flow in the line of his transgression, and be the fruit of it. No violence shall be done unto him; there shall be no extraordinary interpositions; no forcing him to ruin, nor forcing into his cup the elements that are to embitter his eternity. He shall pursue his own chosen ways; go on to practise sin, and sow the seeds of all evil, and enthrone the tyranny of passion, and God will leave him to his sins, and they shall be his hell. He will withdraw all the restraints of his grace and the barriers of his mercy, and give him over to himself as his worst enemy and tormentor. And now will go forward to a terrible consummation what is here begun. As he has sown corruption, he shall reap death. As he has filled his cup with enmity and wrath, he shall drink it. As he delighted only in evil, and returned only evil for good, evil and only evil shall be his portion to all eternity. As he has worked hard at sin, he shall receive its full wages, which is death. As he has treasured up in his bosom elements of ruin and wrath, no hand shall hold him back from utter and everlasting destruction.

It matters little whether a man believe in a hell of material fire or not. There is foreshadowed in what we see and know of the nature and effects of sin, as an element of misery, a hell of more intense suffering than material fire or judgments can possibly create—a state of moral depravation—of spiritual abandonment and suffering—having its foundation in the constitution of one's own being, and fed and fanned by every element of thought, and feeling, and experience that goes to make up that being, as endless as the laws which govern it. Just finish the work which sin here begins; let the tide of enmity, impurity, evil desire, evil thinking, evil indulgence, rise and swell till it reaches the grave; then let all restraint, all motives to good, all holy associations, all mercy and grace, all barriers to evil, be swept away for ever, and the soul be thrown back upon itself, and its deathless energies left to play in the open field of its own ruin; every sin a serpent; every habit a tyrant; every indulgence a burning thirst; the memory an upbraider; conscience a whip of scorpions; thought a frightful ghost of the murdered past; the future crowding its images of all that is gloomy and fearful on the mind; and you have the most awful idea of hell which it is possible for the mind of man to realize.

Hell is moral aberration from God, just as heaven is moral approximation to God; at every step the lost recede from God, their horror and misery must be augmented, and the possibility of return diminished; just as at every step the saint approximates to God, his joy and peace and happiness must be increased. And therefore the sentence pronounced upon the ungodly is merely, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still:" and the sentence pronounced upon the righteous is, "He that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he which is holy, let him be holy still." Hell is just the impress of a centrifugal power on man's soul, that carries him farther and farther from God and from happiness; and heaven is a centripetal power imparted to man's soul, that draws him nearer and nearer to God and to joy.

THE GREAT WORK, AND THE WAY TO DO IT.

BY H. P. TAPPAN, D.D.

OUR attention has recently been called to a great Peace Convention, which held its sitting in Paris. At the very time when the French army was crushing the liberties of Rome, and the combined armies of Austria and Russia were treading the Hungarians into the dust, this Convention was in session. Men of different nations, of different sects, of different professions, of every variety of talent, were there. Even M. Victor Hugo, and M. Coquerel, and the Archbishop of Paris, were there;—the first fresh from his work *Le Rhin*, in which he had advocated the extension of the French territories to their natural boundaries by the power of the sword; the second fresh from his defence of the suppression of Roman liberty by warlike intervention; the third even then contemplating with complacency the work which was going on in the Eternal City. M. Victor Hugo made a beautiful and eloquent speech. Many beautiful and eloquent speeches were made. It was resolved, without a dissenting voice, that war was an enormous evil; that nations, like individuals, ought to settle their disputes deliberately, rationally, and justly, before a properly-constituted tribunal. The great idea of a Congress of Nations was advocated and unanimously approved. And then the Convention separated.

It is a pleasant thing to sentimentalize. Universal love, universal peace, universal brotherhood!—glorious themes are these for orators and poets. But have we got any nearer to the grand achievement? Peace Conventions are certainly harmless things; they may even do good, as all rational discussion and all dissemination of fine sentiments do good. But is the city of Paris any the less eager for revolution, any the less ready to send out its thousands on the old mission of war and bloodshed. Kings, and priests, and statesmen, can sentimentalize, too, in private; but they will still find strong necessities for going on with their wonted work.

Suppose we could get so far as to establish a Congress of Nations, have we any reason to believe that its adjudications would be submitted to by any discontented party, when the first opportunity for evasion should offer? Would not this Congress require armies to enforce its decisions? And might there not arise out of the conflicts of interest and opinion, attendant upon all deliberations, occasions for a general war under the very decisions of such a body? Can we put an end to war until we have removed its causes? While the people remain ignorant, irreligious and corrupt—while evil governments exist and despots rule—how can there be peace? You may cry Peace, peace, and yet there will be no peace.

The abolition of the slave trade by the decrees of great nations was a noble work. But has the slave trade ceased? Is it not at this day carried on as extensively as ever, and under forms still more barbaric and atrocious? Will the slave trade ever be really abolished, while Africa remains so benighted and degraded as to make sale of her own children to the black ships which hover about her coasts, and which the naval power even of England cannot drive away? Will it ever cease while there are men who will sell, and men who will buy, and nations who will legalize slave labour.

The temperance reformation is a great cause. The benevolent associations which have sprung up under its wing have rescued many individuals, diffused much light, and introduced important social changes. But see we not, notwithstanding, how brisk the manufacture and trade in alcoholic drinks still continues, and how vast and wide-spread is still the consumption? Men will never become really temperate, until they have become disciplined by religion to restrain their appetites. While cupidity exists, there will be manufacturers and sellers; and, while men remain the slaves of passion, there will be consumers; and, while revenues are to be realised, governments will legalise the manufacture and the traffic. The great ideas of *righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come*, must ever be associated.

What an enormous and loathsome evil in our world is licentiousness! What dens of pollution exist in all great cities! How many tens of thousands of wretched beings, whom parental love once fondly greeted with the appellation of *daughter*, are now the willing, resigned, hopeless victims of sin! How will you put an end to this evil? An evil which all know to exist, and yet few dare name, or raise a hand to alleviate. As long as these vast multitudes of mankind are the servants of sin, will they not yield their members as instruments of unrighteousness?

The litigations in the courts of law attest the dishonesty of men. The prisons and the gibbets are mournful evidence of the prevalence of crime. But the most improved systems of jurisprudence, and the multiplication of lawyers and judges, have not done away the occasions of litigation, because they have not made men less selfish or more honest. Nor have prisons, with all the modern improvements for the purposes of humane discipline, nor the utmost terrors of capital punishment, extinguished the audacity and violence of crime. Prisons and gibbets lay hold upon crime in its ripeness, its indurated habits, and its overt acts. How will you abolish the necessity of punishment, before you have removed the causes of incipient and progressive demoralization?

Political economy has toiled to determine the relations of production, distribution, and consumption, the rates of wages and the ratios of population; and yet there are multitudes of labourers without work, multitudes of labourers upon inadequate wages, and multitudes dying from starvation. Even war, pestilence, and famine, do not keep the ratio of the population low enough for the supply in the old civilised nations. Political economy cannot make the labouring classes industrious, careful, and virtuous, nor the capitalists just and benevolent, nor human governments the benign organs of diffusing happiness. The evils which exist do not flow from errors in science, but from moral obliquity. If men were virtuous, there would be a universal productive industry, there would be a merciful and equable distribution, there would be enlightened, unexpensive, fostering governments. Enthrone in the human heart one sentiment, *Do unto thy neighbour as thou wouldst have thy neighbour do unto thee*, and you might afford to lay aside your political economics.

In matters of religion, too, we have always had a great noise about doctrines (and doctrines are all-important) and heresies, about church polities, dignitaries, and institutions. In truth, there have been popes, bishops, clerical and lay orders, cathedrals, schools of theology, books, discourses and controversies, in long succession and thick array. And yet how large a majority of the race is in midnight heathen darkness! how large a majority of nominally Christian nations and people are in error, superstition, and irreligion! and how few, comparatively, are following in the footsteps of Him *who went about doing good!* What can all outward parade of official dignitaries, thousands of cathedrals filled with music and ceremony, creeds and confessions, majestic councils, learned theologians, and all the stateliness and grandeur of ancient institutions, and the imposing stability of custom—what can they all do, if individual men do not become converted, and become like little children at the feet of Christ?

Now, while it is the farthest from our thoughts to disparage any philanthropic associations, or any form and degree of philanthropic action—while we acknowledge their value, and bid them God-speed in their best efforts for alleviating the ills of humanity and promoting public and private virtue; still, in view of the present condition of mankind, presenting evils awful and portentous, are we not compelled to fall back upon a power more mighty and divine? Is it not time to get at some better methods of reaching the great evils which afflict the world? How shall we effectually do away war, and slavery, and intemperance, and licentiousness, and crime, and shut up our prisons, and pull down our gibbets, and awaken a universal industry, and fill the world with plenty, and reform human governments, and put a stop to errors in religion, and give religion full power and opportunity to make men good and happy? If it be possible, let us concentrate our attention upon some one grand point of duty and action. Let us inquire for *the great work, and the way to do it.*

When Jesus Christ and his apostles were in the world, the same forms of evil prevailed which now prevail. What course did they pursue? They did not attack the *objective forms* of evil, but the *subjective principles*. The various institutions which had grown out of, and represented and fostered evil, they did not directly assail; but they aimed with their moral forces at the human heart itself—the very seat and fountain of evil. By regenerating individuals who compose society, they aimed to regenerate society. They confined themselves to one great work, namely, the conversion of men from sin to holiness; and the way they did this work was simply the preaching of Christ, and him crucified. To the Greeks, with their philosophies, it was foolishness; to the Jews, with their prejudices, it was a stumbling-block; but to those who believed, it was the wisdom of God and the power of God to their salvation. Make men good, make men holy—that is, make men Christians as the apostles understood the word—and you correct all the evils of our world. Then will war, and slavery, and intemperance, and licentiousness, and litigation, and crime, and idleness, and poverty, and tyranny, and the convulsions of nations, and bigotry and persecution, and all heresy and irreligion, come to an end. They will come to an end just as far as you do this, and no farther.

It is a very curious fact, that all the grand and distinguished movements of philanthropy have aimed at the *objective forms*, the outgrowths of evil; while the labours which alone could reach the *principle* of evil, which alone could lay the axe at the root of the tree, have been consigned to the obscure and the lonely. Conventions of the noble, and wise, and great, will meet in the capital of Europe to discuss the question of universal peace; but who of that splendid assembly proposes the preaching of the gospel, *Peace on earth and good-will among men*, as the only effectual remedy of war, because in this way men are converted to Christ? Statesmen and noble orators have moved council-chambers and shook parliaments on the subject of abolishing the slave trade; but who of them proposed that the gospel should be planted in Africa as the only effectual and final abolition? There were a few missionaries then preaching there, but the statesmen and orators did not think of them; they thought only of the power of England.

Systems of ethics have been written as remedies for vice; laws have been enacted against dishonesty and crime; schemes of economics have been proposed to fill the world with plenty; institutions have been organized to build churches and maintain the services and ceremonies of religion. In all these works and movements there can be a display of learning and dignity, and an exertion of power; and so human nature gratifies itself. The conversion of individual men—of poor, wretched men, found in the highways and hedges—has not been talked of by these learned and great philanthropists. The great work of Christianity has been treated as a nullity—a fanaticism; and humble ministers and missionaries, and lowly souls in private life, have been left alone in the sublime but despised work. And even true-hearted and earnest philanthropists have been guilty of a shortsightedness in measuring one form of evil, and labouring at that exclusively, as if its extinction would be the regeneration of the world.

The world is like a great field covered with thistles, brambles, and thorns. The labourers go into this field. Some do nothing but cut down the thistles, and they only make room for the brambles and thorns. Others cut down only the brambles, and they make room for the thorns and thistles. And so with the others. The thistles, brambles, and thorns continue to grow and overspread the field.

Others, again, erect splendid palaces and temples in the midst of the desert, where they collect specimens of art, deliver discourses upon agriculture and all the forms of human industry, and offer thanksgivings to Heaven with eloquence and music for the rain and the sunshine. But all around the desert remains unchanged, and the thistles, brambles, and thorns crowd upon the thresholds, and thrust themselves into the doors and windows.

Now, in different parts of the desert there are green and beautiful spots, where another class of labourers are at work. These have dug out the thistles, brambles, and thorns by the roots. Their work has been slow and toilsome, but it has been effectual. They have made these spots in the desert to bear all kinds of grains and fruits. They are gradually and surely pressing upon the desert, and widening their smiling and happy domains. Here are no palaces, no eloquent schemes, no one-sided labourers. Here is the simple but divine industry which takes out every evil thing by the roots, produces abundance, and makes happy homes. If all who are now in the palaces and temples, and all who are ineffectually cutting down what is above the ground, would only unite in the work of digging up the soil, then the whole scene would bud and blossom as the rose.

The conversion of human souls from sin to holiness, is the digging up of the roots of all evil. The dissemination and preaching of the gospel is the efficient instrumentality. In no other way can we make a happy world. Come, then, let us go to work.

CHRISTANITY AND SCIENCE

BY JOHN ROBSON, D.D., GLASGOW.

I PROCEED to remark, that Christianity, so far from being unfavourable to science, has conferred on it the most distinguished aid. This remark might be illustrated at great length. I must content myself, however, with a few general observations. It requires comparatively little acquaintance with the subject, to be convinced that in history, in chronology, in jurisprudence, and in the amelioration of morals, the assistance which science derives from Christianity is of the most valuable description. In freeing the mind from those superstitions in which it is prone to indulge, in preventing it from foolishly attributing events to mere imaginary causes, in stimulating to activity and inquiry, it does much to forward the interests of sound philosophical research, and to keep men from resting in vague and unsatisfactory conjecture. On the nature of the Divine Being—of the soul, and of all orders of intelligences—on the great plan of the Divine administration, in its causes and its results—on the creation and destinies of the universe—it throws a flood of light. The simple fact, that those countries where the influence of Christianity is most powerfully felt, are the very countries where science has erected, and is erecting, her most splendid trophies, demonstrates that there exists no repellent principle between them—that, on the contrary, the cordial belief of the one is not adverse, but propitious to the prosecution of the other, and the fullest submission of the mind to both, a spectacle by no means rare.

While revelation thus lavishes its favours on science, science in its turn illustrates and confirms revelation. Seeming facts have, indeed, at times been promulgated, which appeared to contradict and bring discredit on its statements; but further research on the part of scientific men exposed their fallacy, and confirmed the Scriptures. For example, the accuracy of the Mosaic chronology has more than once been impugned. Towards the close of the last century, the astronomical tables of the Indians formed the topic of protracted discussion. These tables professed to record observations conducted during millions of years. Attempts were made to verify this remote chronology, and to show that there was internal proof that the observations must have been actually made at the time specified. This theory was adopted by several philosophers in this country and on the continent; it was advocated by some of the leading journals; and infidelity seemed to have gained a victory. Its triumph, however, was short. By Bentley, Delambre, La Place, and others, these tables, to which the Brahmans had assigned so high an antiquity, were subjected to a more rigid and scientific scrutiny. The result was an unanswerable proof that they had been fabricated only a few centuries before. Again, when the celebrated zodiac of Dendara was brought from Egypt to Paris, Dupuis and his disciples expected to derive from it an argument in support of their sceptical reveries on the "origin of religions," and of a pretended civilisation, which they maintained had existed in Egypt long before the times of either Moses or the deluge. The calculations by which they attempted to prop their fallacious theories were investigated by men distinguished in the scientific world, and proved to be erroneous. Still the adversaries of revelation were unwilling to acknowledge defeat, and persisted in ascribing to this zodiac an antiquity of more than six thousand years. Quite recently, however, Champollion, in his researches among the mysterious paintings and hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, found, on the very temple from which it was taken, two inscriptions, one of them in Greek, containing the names of Ptolemy and Cleopatra and the Roman emperors, by whom it had been built about the commencement of the Christian era. Thus the truth of the Mosaic narrative, instead of being subverted, was confirmed, and its opponents covered with confusion.

The inquiries of the learned into Egyptian documents and monumental inscriptions have thrown light on sacred history, and furnished independent evidence of its accuracy. The sojourn of the Israelites, their state of slavery, the occupations at which they were compelled to labour, as well as the period of their abode, are all recorded in the documents to which I have referred. Had Voltaire been now alive, he would not have ventured to put the sneering question how, and on what materials, the Hebrew lawgiver would write the Pentateuch; for it is proved that papyrus was in common use for writing in his time. Nor would he have tauntingly asked how, after an interval of a thousand years, Hilkiah could find in the temple of Jerusalem the autograph of the law; for writings and contracts on papyrus, as old as the times of the Pharaohs, still exist, and are still legible. Nor would he have incredulously inquired, how so many objects of art for the tabernacle, and the sacred vestments and vessels, could be wrought in the desert; for the arts then flourished in Egypt, and there Moses had acquired a knowledge of them. Nor would he have insinuated against Ezra the charge of having forged the sacred books which he collected; for the written and monumental history of Egypt so coincides with these books, in dates and facts, as to demonstrate that they could not be the work of imposture. The remark respecting this celebrated infidel, made by Benjamin Constant, an eminent French philosopher, who had abandoned infidel opinions in consequence of the numberless difficulties which the facts of science oppose to scepticism, is very pungent: "He who would be gay with Voltaire, at the expense of Ezekiel and Genesis, must unite two things which will make his gaiety sufficiently melancholy—ignorance the most profound, and frivolity the most deplorable."—*Lectures to Young Men.*

MEMORIES OF HOME.

Nothing can humanity worse spare than pleasing and gracious memories of home. So fervently does humanity cling to what nature owes it, that those who have no home will make one for themselves in vision. Those who have an evil one will soften down its many vices, and out of the scantiest affections bring forth rays of the heart to brighten their retrospect. It is the miracle of the five loaves performed spiritually for the soul, lest the instincts of our humanity should faint and perish by the way. The visitings of early home thoughts are the last to quit us. Feeble age has them, when it has nothing else in memory; and when all the furniture which imagination has put together has gone to pieces and to dust, these, not constructed, but planted—planted down in the living soil of primal consciousness—flourish to the last; when the treasures which experience has been many years collecting a few months may seem to take away, some diamonds are left behind, which even the thief, Time, has spared—reminiscences that glimmer through bare and blank obscurity from the crevices of youth. As every thing human has an element of good in it, that which is good in a vicious home is what the past gives back to feeling; it is also that which is good in an evil man that the remembrance of a virtuous home acts on. There is no mist of guilt so thick that it can always exclude the light of such remembrance—no tempest of passion so furious as always to silence its voices. During a lull in the hurricane of revelry, the peal of the Sabbath-bell may come along the track of wasted years, and, though loaded heavily, will be not unkindly in its tones. Through the reekings of luxury, faces that beamed on the prodigal in youth may seem to start in trouble from the tomb, and though marred with grief, though pallid with affliction, turn mildly towards him, not in anger, but in sorrow. Amidst the chorus of bacchanals and the refrains of lewdness, the satiated libertine may fancy, at moments, that he hears the calls of loved ones gone to heaven, startling him from the trance of death. Under the loud carousals that rage above the brain, deep down and lonely in his heart, there may come to him, too, the whisper of parental exhortation, the murmur of household prayer, and the music of domestic hymns. The very criminal in his cell will often have these visitations—ministers to exhort, not enemies to accuse—angels to beseech, not demons to scoff. The sentenced culprit, during even his last night on earth, must sleep, and perchance may dream, and seldom will that dream be all in the present and in prison; not all of it, if any, will be of chains and blood, of shapeless terrors and palefaced avengers, of the scaffold and the shroud. Far other things will often be in the dream. He once was honest, and spent his childhood, it may be, in a rustic home, and grew to youth amidst laborious men and with simple nature. Out of imagery thus derived will his dream be formed. In such dreams will be the green field and wooded lane; the boat sleeping on the stream; the rock mirrored in the lake; the shadow, watched expectingly from the school-room window, as it shortens to the noontide hour. Then there will be parents, blessed in their unbroken circle: there will be young companions laughing in their play; there will be bright harvest evenings after days of healthful toil; there will be family greetings, thanksgiving feasts; there will be the grasp of friendship, there will be the kiss of love. The dream will not be entirely, if at all, a dream of crime, disgrace, and death; it will be one that reproduces, on the brink of eternity, the freshness of emotion, hope, and desire with which existence on earth began. Parents—since the memories of home are so lasting and powerful, see that ye baptize them in the name of the Saviour.—*Giles.*

THE SUPPLIANT.

"O Lord, hear our prayers, and let our cry come unto Thee."

All night the lonely suppliant pray'd,
All night his earnest crying made,
Till, standing by his side at morn,
The tempter said, in bitter scorn,
"O peace! what profit do you gain
From empty words and babblings vain?
Come, Lord,—O come! you cry alway,
You pour your heart out night and day;
Yet still no murmur of reply—
No voice that answers, Here am I."
Then sank that stricken heart in dust,
That word had wither'd all its trust;
No strength retain'd it now to pray,
While Faith and Hope had fled away:
And ill that mourner now had fared
Thus by the tempter's art ensnared,
But that at length beside his bed
His sorrowing angel stood and said,
"Doth it repent thee of thy love,
That never now is heard above
Thy prayer; that now not any more
It knocks at heaven's gate, as before?"

"I am cast out,—I find no place,
No hearing at the throne of grace.
Come, Lord—O come! I cry alway,
I pour my heart out night and day,
Yet never until now have won
The answer,—'Here am I, my son.'"

"O dull of heart! inclosed doth lie,
In each 'Come Lord,' an 'Here am I.'
Thy love, thy longing are not thine—
Reflections of a love Divine:
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from heaven.
Whom God rejects, they are not so;
Strong bands are round them in their woe;
Their hearts are bound with bands of brass,
That sigh or crying cannot pass.
All treasures did the Lord impart
To Pharaoh, save a contrite heart;
All other gifts unto his foes
He freely gives, nor grudging knows;
But Love's sweet smart, and costly pain,
A treasure for his friends remain."

—*Trench.*

INFLUENCE OF MISSIONS UPON THE LITERATURE OF HEATHEN COUNTRIES.

1. Missions have furnished benighted nations with a *written language.* It is needless to state how fettered and cramped must be the mind; how feeble its own progress; how faint its influence over other minds; and how little can be done in any way toward intellectual elevation without a written language. Its communication to a benighted people is the night and morning star of hope concerning their advancement. What was not the value to the philosophy, eloquence, and every form of intellectual improvement of Greece, of the visit of that Phœnician traveller who gave her an alphabet. Was it not the starting-point of all her intellectual greatness? And what have not modern missionaries done for modern uncivilized nations, by giving them a written language? No words can tell the value of the gift. The givers have set in motion the waters that shall pour floods of inestimably precious blessings upon such nations. "When letters were invented," says a Chinese writer, "the heavens, the earth, and the gods were agitated. The inhabitants of Hades wept at night, and the skies, as an expression of joy, rained down ripe grain."

2. Next look at the *school system* which missions always introduce into heathen lands. "We must begin with the young," has been the motto. There had been next to nothing known of care for the intellectual culture of the young. But the powerful agency of schools is one of the first things to be set in motion by the missionary. "He extends his influence through all the future relations of his pupils, and in this way affects the literary interests of the people as truly as their moral and social interests. There is an intimate connection between the literature of a nation and the early education of its youth." The schools, established at first by the missionaries, created after a while the necessity, and opened the way for higher seminaries of learning; so that now, connected with all the older missions, are institutions furnishing facilities for entering the higher walks of science, and occupying a position similar to the colleges of our own country.

3. With the written language has of course gone the *Press.* What barriers to intellectual improvement it has broken down! When we can say of any pagan land, "The Press is at work there," what an agency of mental improvement we are permitted to announce! What a lever is here to overturn those colossal superstitions which have crushed for thousands of generations the human intellect; and what a kind hand is here to lead the down-trodden captive forth into glorious freedom!

It may be added, that several pagan nations are now indebted for every thing they have in the shape of literature to those who have carried them the gospel. All the works of education, and science, and history, &c., have been put in their possession by this agency. The school-books and various scientific treatises, which are promoting the cultivation of the intellect in our own land, have been translated into those languages, which the missionaries themselves have reduced to the written state, and are now aiding mental improvement among the millions of benighted nations.

If missions had done nothing more than to cast off the burdens which have crushed the human intellect in pagan lands, and raise it to high and noble aspirations, they would have done a work of incalulable value to those countries.

OLD SABBATH SCHOLARS.

BY REV. DR. MORISON, LONDON.*

Our Sabbath school system will never be perfected in its economical arrangements, until there shall be found, in every congregation, a select circle of philanthropic persons, whose distinct duty it shall be to trace the steps of the interesting young people constantly issuing from our Sabbath schools, many of whom, it is to be feared, become the prey of temptation the moment they pass from under the eye of their devoted teachers.

Very painful facts have convinced me of the imperative necessity of some such method as the one suggested, to provide, in some measure, against those fearful depravations of character which it has fallen to my lot to witness among young men and women, who once sat as children upon the forms of our Sabbath schools.

Some years since I was called, as a Christian minister, to visit a poor dying girl in the immediate vicinity of my own residence. As I entered the wretched apartment, in which she lay on a pallet of straw, she burst forth into an agony of tears, which completely choked utterance, and which issued in a deep faint, from which she did not recover for some minutes. As soon as consciousness was restored, I gently intimated to the dying creature that there must be some cause of agitation which it would be well for her to disclose. Laying her hand upon a little volume which lay on her pillow, and which proved to be Legh Richmond's tracts, "There, Sir," said she, "is a reward-book which I received from your hand, at the anniversary of your Sabbath school five years ago; but, O Sir! what would I give to recover the innocence and peace I then enjoyed?" The fact was, she had fallen a prey to the arts of the seducer, and had proceeded from bad to worse, till then prostrate in body and mind she was on the brink of an eternal world full of anguish and despair. "Oh!" said she "I left the school in a fit of pride, because my teacher very properly complained of my dress as unsuitable to my station. This, alas! Sir, was the commencement of my ruin. I fell out of acquaintance with the good, and became intimate with a wicked young man, above my rank in life, who first flattered my vanity and then destroyed my peace; and here I am in this miserable abode, the victim of my own folly and crime, without one friend to care for me whether I live or die. O Sir! is there any hope for one so guilty as I am?" I did not fail, with due discrimination, to lay open to the view of this unhappy wanderer the fountain of Divine mercy, and to point her to the exhaustless compassion of Him who "is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by Him." After three days and nights of extreme bodily suffering, born with exemplary submission, she died, expressing a humble but earnest reliance on the merits of Him who alone is able to save. Never was confession of sin more unreserved, nor the sense of unworthiness more oppressive. She looked through her tears to the cross, and was doubtless received by Him who casts off none who come unto Him.

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*From an interesting little work by the respected author, entitled, "A voice to the Churches on the present condition of those who have been pupils in our Sunday Schools," &c.

But there was one request which she made to me which I can never forget. In describing and condemning the feelings of pride which led her to leave her Sabbath school, she said, with tears in her eyes, "O Sir! if you should ever hear of any other thoughtless creature like myself, in your Sunday school, tempted to leave it for some imagined offence, pray, do ask some kind lady to visit the unhappy offender, and persuade her to return to the forsaken path of duty. I *do* think, if this had been done in my case, before my virtuous principles were destroyed, I should have gone back to my school, and then, Sir, you would never, perhaps, have heard the sad details with which I have made you acquainted."

A narrative such as this, illustrates, in very striking terms, the snares which are spread in the path of our Sabbath scholars on their quitting school. In too many instances they are conscious of few other restraints upon sinful habit except those of the Sabbath school; and, when they are removed, the current of temptation sets in upon them, and they are borne along with a resistless and destructive force.

Now, to ward off such results, and to preserve and perpetuate the benefits accruing from institutions which are the glory of the age in which we live, it becoms an imperative duty, on the part of the Churches, to provide the best means they possibly can, to surround and protect those who have been in our schools at the moment when they are most exposed.

"CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME."

There are many proverbs, sayings, and traditions in the world, some of which are very good, and some might be bettered, or might better not be used. The one above designated is of long standing. Whether it originated with Nabal, or is of still more remote antiquity, the writer, who is no very great antiquarian, cannot tell. At all events, it has become so venerable as to have secured a regular standing amongst the convenient sayings of men of a certain class, and seems to be of about as good authority, with them, as words of Holy Writ. Indeed, I am inclined to the opinion that some of them have quoted it so frequently, and with so much complacency and confidence, that they have come to believe that it is somewhere in the Bible, though exactly where they do not just now remember.

When our Lord was on the earth, at a certain time there came to him certain Scribes and Pharisees, saying, "Why do thy disciples transgress the tradition of the elders? for they wash not their hands when they eat bread." In reply to this, the Saviour said, "Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your tradition? For God commanded, saying, Honour thy father and mother; and, He that curseth father or mother, let him die the death. But ye say, Whosoever shall say to his father or his mother, It is a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me; and honour not his father or his mother, he shall be free. Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition." Have some of the careful ones of the present day inverted the tradition, and, instead of saying, "It is a gift to the *Lord*," say, "It is a gift to my *children*?" If called on for a subscription to any work of religious benevolence, they have great fears of being worse than an infidel, and they must provide first for their own household. They are solicited to contribute liberally to send the gospel to the heathen. And they stare at you, to see whether you are in your right mind. "Send the gospel to the heathen! well, if that is not the poetry of philanthropy, sure enough! Haven't we heathen enough at home? I think we have no religion to send off. We need a great deal more than we have. Charity begins at home." Well, you say, Give me something for the cause of *Home* missions. "Home missions, home missions! nothing but beg, beg, beg. I have to give as much as I can afford to support our own minister, and my opinion is, that charity begins at home." Well, neighbour, I have come in good time. Our minister's stipend is behind, and though I do not think it quite scriptural, or becoming, to speak of the scanty support which we have promised to give him as a charity, we shall be very glad of your help in paying what has been due to him for several months, and what his family very much need. "Family! family! I wonder if I have not a family too. I have to work and save to support my own household. I am not required to take the bread out of my children's mouths to support other folk's families. I must take care of my own. Charity begins at home."

This charity has been at home a long time. I wonder if she will ever get ready to go abroad, and look after the poor and perishing for whom the Lord of glory laid down his life. She cannot be very nearly related to the charity of whom the apostle declared that she "seeketh not her own." I fear we have not done with those who make the Word of God of none effect by their traditions.

LOVE KEEPING THE WATCH.

Far on yon heath, so lone and wild,
A mother sits to watch her child,
Delighted with its heedless play,
Yet fearful of its going astray.

God watches both; O mother! pray,
That when these little feet shall stray
O'er paths of life more lone and wild,
God still may watch thy heedless child.

Pray, little one, that God may bless
Thy mother for her tenderness,
And watch her from his throne above
With all her own unwearied love.

—*Hinds.*

OBJECTIONS TO PRAYER.

[In a recent Number we presented our readers with a noble passage on this subject, taken from Dr Chalmers' sermons. As the objections in question seem to be received with favour in some quarters from which better things might have been expected, we think it right to insert, as follows, an additional argument on the subject from the pen of an able and accomplished writer, Dr W. L. Alexander. It is contained in a sermon recently published by him, the whole of which will repay perusal.—*Ed. C. T.*]

An objection has been urged against prayer, drawn from the immutability of God and the stability of the order of nature. This objection properly resolves itself into two distinct arguments, which it may be of advantage to consider separately.

The former may be stated thus: God is immutable. Now, He either intends that what you ask in prayer shall happen, or He does not. If He does, then you will get it without asking for it; if he does not, your asking for it will never procure it, as no reasons you can assign, no entreaties you can urge, can ever effect any change on the absolutely Immutable.

At first sight, there appears in this objection no small force. It seems to reduce the efficacy of prayer to a metaphysical impossibility. But when objections of this kind are urged against practical conclusions, which we know by satisfactory evidence to be just, they afford only a sort of intellectual paradox; we feel at once that there must lurk a sophism in the reasoning somewhere; and, even when we cannot detect the sophistry, we allow the reasoning to have little or no influence on our conduct. So the clever sophist of old demonstrated that bodies cannot move, and that by a process which has never yet, I believe, been satisfactorily refuted; yet who ever believed him? who ever accepted his conclusion as actually true? Not even himself! It is much the same with such an objection as that above stated against prayer. It may afford a puzzle for metaphysical wits; but plain people, even though they cannot refute it, will go on without being in the least influenced by it. A metaphysical ingenuity is impotent when brought to bear against a practical conviction.

But the sophism in this objection we may more than suspect; it may, I think, be very clearly pointed out. Observe, in the *first place*, that this objection proceeds on the assumption that immutability in God is the *same* thing as immutability in man; that is, that the Divine Being resolves *beforehand* on some course to be pursued, and will not allow himself to be moved from that by any thing that may subsequently occur. Now, a little reflection will suffice to show, that all such representations of Deity are purely tropical; they have no absolute reality. With God there is nothing *before*, nothing *after*. To Him, nothing *occurs*. He occupies an eternal present. It is plain, therefore, that to reason in regard to Him as if He were subjected to the law of events, must infallibly land us in error. It is plain also, that as we can never comprehend how God fills eternity, it is absurd in us to attempt to determine, by a logical process, the relation in which events, as they occur to us, stand to Him. The whole subject is wrapped in impenetrable night, and we only prove our own impotence when we attempt to meddle with it.

Secondly. Even if we impute to God immutability in the human sense of that term, we must presume that in making up His mind (so to speak) to any given course, He has taken into view *all* the circumstances affecting that course. But if he has estimated *all*, contingent as well as necessary, then He has estimated the prayers we offer among the rest. It follows, that these prayers form as essential a condition of the Divine immutability as any other of the occurrences relating to the course in question. If God, having foreseen them, has taken them into account (I speak after the manner of men), then, supposing them not to be offered, it is manifest that part of the terms of the Divine calculation would fall to the ground, and that, consequently, He would have to *change* His plan; just as a general changes his plan of battle when he finds that he has calculated on certain things taking place which do not take place. Even then, if we regard God's immutability as the same thing with human immutability, we must see that our prayers, instead of coming into collision with it, are essential to it.

Thirdly. All that we really know about the immutability of God is, that what He promises to us He will assuredly do, saving the conditions under which He has promised it. Now, if God has specially promised a blessing on condition we pray for it, it is manifest that the direct effect of a belief in his immutability will be to lead us to offer prayer for that blessing if we desire it; as was strikingly exemplified in the case of Daniel, who, when he understood—by studying the Divine declarations by Jeremiah concerning the duration of the Babylonish captivity—that the deliverance of his people was certain, and that the time for it was drawing nigh, was, by this very assurance, moved to earnest prayer and supplication, that what was thus determined might take place. In this there is something quite natural. What the pious mind most desires is, that the will of God should be done; and what, therefore, such an one will be most emboldened to ask of God, is that what he knows God has purposed may come to pass. But if this hold true where God has specifically promised any thing in answer to prayer, there is no reason why it should not hold equally true where a promise of a general kind has been given to this effect. Now God *has*, in general, promised that true prayer offered to Him for the blessings of which we stand in need shall be effectual. It follows that, seeing He is immutable, we have in this the best security and the greatest encouragement to make our requests known unto Him.

The doctrine of the Divine immutability, therefore, instead of presenting a difficulty in the way of the man who would call upon God in the day of trouble, is, when rightly considered, one of the greatest inducements he can have to betake himself to this resource.

The other form in which this objection is put forth is of a more atheistical cast. It founds not on the immutability of God, but on the stability of nature. The order of nature, we are told, is fixed; all things obey certain laws, and happen in obedience to settled and unalterable arrangements; and consequently, to expect the Divine Being to interpose, so as to prevent the regular sequence of events, is unreasonable and absurd.

When presented in this form, it will be seen that the objection is one not merely against prayer as a means of securing the aids of Omnipotence, but against many other things, which those adducing it are not in all cases prepared to renounce.

It holds, for instance, as much against prayer as an instrument for the procuring of reflex results, as an instrument for the procuring of direct results. The established course of nature embraces *all* results not supernatural, and if its uniformity place a bar in the way of using prayer for the securing of one class of effects, it places the same bar in the way of using prayer for the securing of every other class of effects. On this hypothesis, then, prayer should never be offered at all.

Again, this objection goes to set aside a special providence in the affairs of mankind. For if the uniformity of nature forbid the supposition of God's acting so as to procure an answer to prayer, it equally forbids our supposing that He will act so as to secure any other result. If there be no absurdity in supposing that He sends affliction on a man, notwithstanding the uniformity of nature, in order to produce a particular effect on that man's mind—say to induce him to pray—where is the absurdity of supposing that He may interpose to remove that affliction, so as to grant an answer to the prayer which the afflicted sufferer utters? or, if the latter be impossible because of the uniformity of nature, is not the former equally so? If we admit this objection, then we must settle down into the gloomy belief that we inhabit a forsaken and fatherless world, where all things happen in virtue of an unalterable sequence, and in which, though a terrible agony between good and evil is going on, there is not a single interposition on the part of the Lord of all to make the evil succumb to the good, or to bring good to his intelligent and moral creatures out of the evil through which they have to struggle.

It appears further, that this objection, if valid, would go to supersede our calling in the aid of our fellow-men in the time of trouble; for if it be absurd to ask God to deliver us from some evil that has befallen us, is it not still more so to call in the aid of a mere creature like ourselves? Or, if the latter be wise and lawful, surely the former is much more so, seeing, in the one case, we ask help of one who is, perhaps, but a little wiser than ourselves, whilst in the other we invoke the aid of One whose resources are infinite, and whose skill and power are immeasurable.

To this it may probably be replied, that when we ask a fellow-creature to help us, we only ask him to use means in the order of nature for our relief; whereas, when we ask God to help us, we ask Him to use supernatural means. To this I reply, that the assumption here made is not admitted. When we speak of God as acting in answer to prayer, we do not speak of Him as violating the order of nature, or even as superseding it; we do not even assert of Him, that He acts, in any way, without means. We simply apply to Him as a Being to whom every thing is known, and who, if He pleases, can bring the most recondite agencies of nature to bear upon our case, so as to remove our calamity by purely natural means. In a case of sickness, for instance, we ask the aid of the physician and the aid of God; but we do not in the former case ask the use of means, and in the latter the working of a miracle. The only difference between the two is, that in the one case the being whom we ask to use the means on our behalf is a frail creature like ourselves, with whom only a few things are possible; in the other, it is the infinitely wise and potent God, with whom nothing is impossible.

And here lies the fallacy of this objection. It *assumes, that the things seen, and felt, and known by us, are the whole of nature.* It assumes that no agency can influence man but what is cognizable by his senses, and that no means are in operation around us but such as man can apprehend and use. Now this is plainly a very huge assumption. On what is it based? By what arguments is it defended? Is not all sound philosophy against it? Are there not certain agencies *actually known to us*, of immense power, but over the action of which we have no control? What right, then, has an objector to assume that the Divine Being, to whom all agencies are perfectly known, and by whom they are perfectly controlled, may not, in answer to prayer, set some of those which lie beyond our knowledge into operation, so as to secure the result prayed for? In reply to this objection, then, I would say briefly,—

1. That there are many, and, for aught we know, there may be multitudinous agencies in nature, over which we have no control, but which are all under the control of God; and that, consequently, to ask Him to use such of these as may be suitable for our help, is not more absurd than is our asking a fellow-man to use such means as he can manage for our benefit. Suppose, for instance, that it were certainly proved that that mysterious disease which is now carrying off so many of our countrymen to the grave, derives its virulence from a particular state of the atmosphere in reference to electricity, would it be more absurd to ask God to restore the right electrical condition of the atmosphere so as to remove the disease, than to ask a skilful physicist to subject us to the curative influence of an electric current, in those cases where experience may have shown this to be useful?

2. It is accordant with the soundest philosophy to believe that God may exert his agency in the direction of events. In this assertion there is nothing contradictory—nothing incompatible with right views of the Divine character—nothing inconsistent with the most enlightened belief in the uniformity of nature. Here let me cite the words of a distinguished philosopher, remarkable for his acuteness, but not particularly known for his attachment to evangelical religion. "Our experience," says he, "of the order of events, may be sufficient to render less probable the Divine interpositions supposed; but it certainly is not sufficient to disprove what might or might not be, while all which we know of the order of nature had continued exactly the same. That the supposed agency of Deity is not made visible to us by extraordinary appearances, ... is no proof that the Divine interposition is falsely supposed . . . . . Ignorant as we are of the many bearings of events upon each other, it appears to me that we are not entitled, in sound philosophy, to affirm of any sequence, in which antecedent and consequent are not exactly known to us in their fixed mutual relation, that the Deity has *not* operated in this particular case." It is not, then, unphilosophical to believe that God may act in the affairs of men without our perceiving *how* he acts. But if so, is it wrong or absurd to *ask* Him so to act?

3. In the case of prayer for the removal of calamity, the objection before us seems peculiarly out of place. Calamity—evil in any of its forms—is no part of the order of nature. The order of nature is the system of wise and kind adaptations which God has instituted for man's welfare. With this, evil has, for wise and good purposes, been suffered to interfere; but evil forms no part of the arrangement. It is an intruder and a disturber, and its removal is a restoration of nature to her normal state. When, therefore, we pray to God to remove evil from us, we simply ask him, as the great Governor of all, to take away something which has come between us and his good arrangements for us. This is no more asking Him to set aside the order of nature for us, than our petitioning our sovereign to drive an invading army from our shores, would be asking her to set aside the British constitution. We simply pray that something not belonging to that order may be removed from it, that we may again experience and enjoy its beneficent uniformity.

By the devout author of the 93d Psalm, the providential government of God and the stability of nature, instead of being facts mutually incompatible, were regarded as being in perfect harmony, and as forming together the great comfort of God's people under calamity. When the floods lifted up their voice and their waves, the pious psalmist was consoled and sustained by knowing that Jehovah is mightier than they—that he reigneth clothed in majesty and girdled with strength—and that the world also is established so that it cannot be moved. The reign of God and the stability of his world, are the two great pillars of the confidence of the believer in reference to earthly affairs; and on both of them he may lean, when, in obedience to the Divine command, he calls upon God in the day of trouble.

LOWLINESS.

While the man of the world is aiming at something great, and crying, O that I were higher! the true Christian, with grace in his heart, cries, O to be lower, lower, lower! Give me humility, O Lord! When shall I be lower? Lowliness of mind is not a flower that grows wild in the fields of nature, but requires to be planted by the finger of God: and God is always willing to put a finger to this work. It is a most excellent disposition; it makes a worm stand higher than an angel. All experience has proved it safer and better to be humble with one talent, than lifted up with ten. It is one of those lessons a man sits down and learns at the feet of Jesus Christ. It is one of those parts of practice which enlists the sympathy of angels, and calls down the care and condescension of Jehovah himself; for "He giveth grace to the humble." Palaces and thrones have no attractions for Him, so he passes them by; but "to this man will I look, who is poor, and of a contrite heart." It is a preparative for receiving grace, and the effect of grace received; from both which considerations, the more a man has of it the better. It not only fits a man for the grace of God, but puts him in possession of a God of grace; and he who seeks earnestly the best gifts will find this to be one of them. Let us not be satisfied with a small degree of this lowliness, but strive after it, make it an object, "so run as to obtain" it; and remember that he who is contented with grace enough to get to heaven, and desires no more, may be very sure that he has none at all.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE SWORD AND THE BIBLE.

By a volume recently published in London, entitled "The Year-Book of Christian Missions," it appears that there are no less than twenty-five large denominational societies, in the several Protestant countries of Europe and America, devoted entirely to Foreign Missions. Of these, nine are found on the Continent, ten in England and Scotland, and six in the United States. The aggregate amount annually expended by these societies, for the objects of their organization, is estimated in round numbers at £592,000, of which about £32,000 are contributed on the Continent, £460,000 in England and Scotland, and £100,000 in the United States. "The enterprise," says an American writer, "is the offspring of the noblest and most comprehensive form of Christian charity, and though now scarcely half a century old, even in its oldest operations, it has produced the most magnificent results, and is already beginning to change the destinies of the human race." There is something very encouraging to the Christian in these facts and statements, and there is much therein to suggest reflection and pensive musing. It is not a matter of trivial or commercial estimation, to ascertain precisely the dimensions of the "noblest and most comprehensive form of Christian charity," which this late age and generation of the world have produced. It is a fact of sad significance, that this enterprise, which is beginning to change the destinies of the human race, is scarcely half a century old, though the divine command that ordained it was given eighteen centuries ago. Then, the sum total of all the contributions of Protestant Christendom to this enterprise, though liberal and yearly increasing, seems small when compared with the annual contributions of Christian nations to enterprises of an opposite character. For instance, these Christian nations of Europe and America expend every year in preparations for war, £200,000,000. This amount, when compared with "the most comprehensive form of Christian charity," stands thus:—

For preparations for war, *per day*, £548,000. For preaching the gospel of peace to the heathen, £1,640; or, to make the comparison more distinct, *one pound sterling* for preparations for war between Christian nations, against *one halfpenny* for evangelizing the pagan world, and bringing myriads of benighted idolaters to bow to the sceptre of the Prince of Peace! Or, millions for Mars and mites for the Messiah!

OBLIGATIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

1. *What we do for the salvation of the heathen is not to be regarded as charity.* We are their debtors. We cannot evade the obligation. Why, then, should we not conform our language and behaviour to the fact? Is it charity to pay a debt? We owe it. Why treat it as if payment or non-payment were optional? Why regard this obligation as less binding than any other?

2. *Let us be honest men, and pay our debt.* We cannot plead want of ability, for it is required of a man only according to what he hath. What right have we to contract other obligations that will interfere with our duty to the heathen? What right have we to live in a style that shall disable us from paying a debt long since contracted?

3. *A day of settlement is approaching.* We must all appear before our original Creator, and answer to the inquiry, Whether we have been honest debtors, and, according to our ability, discharged our obligations? The heathen will be there to testify to the measure of our fidelity, and we shall be held responsible for every deficiency in our duty. How will stand the account of the present generation of Christians? Reader, are you in arrears to the heathen?

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.

After all, take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride, and of man; behold him, creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string;—day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make himself a crown of glory, to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty.—*Sidney Smith.*

EVIL COMPANY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SOPHRONIUS, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him, one day when he forbade her in company with her brother to visit the volatile Lucinda; "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child, take it."

Eulalia did so, and behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it chanced her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

"SERVANTS OF SIN."

THERE are two degrees in the world's bondage; the milder form is when the rude and aroused *passions* lead a man into a course of life from which his *will* revolts and strives to withdraw; the form still more tyrannous is when the will unites with the passions in giant strength, crowding a man into loose pursuits, from which *reason* turns with deep abhorrence. When a man's will and judgment are thus dragged downed a precipice, as by an avalanche of passion, is he not a slave?

Pride is the master that with a long lash urges a man through life; *Envy* bends another to the rack; *Lust* crowds some down a livid path paved with coals of fire; and *Ambition*, like a "mounting demon in the soul," hurries many along the rocky cliffs of reckless adventure to certain and signal ruin. Thus Satan, personated in some of the looser passions which crowd the human heart, grasps, controls, and counts his slaves by millions.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

A RIGHT contemplation of Christ is not merely thinking him divine, for many do this and fall short. Some look to his hands, as displayed in his works of creation; some look to his feet, as traced out in the ways of his providence; some look to his head, as exploring his unsearchable decrees: but forget, amidst all, that the names and cares of his people are engraved upon his heart; that this is the seat of the divine tenderness, as it is somewhere and beautifully said:—

> "Compassions in his heart are found,
> Hard by the surface of his wounds."

Here it is his secrets are deposited, and hence it is they unfold themselves: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant;" or, as read from the Hebrew, "HIS COVENANT TO MAKE THEM KNOW IT." O love divine! Love beyond degree! To place such a sun in the firmament, and then come down *to make men know it!* Surely this is worthy of a God! The natural sun, as we commonly say, runs his race and rides his circuit from one end of heaven to the other, and the benefits are immensely great. But oh! the race the Sun of Righteousness runs is from everlasting to everlasting. His circuit is from one end of eternity to the other, if eternity, that is endless, might be thus compared. His covenant to make men know it! Think of this, meditate, and then ask yourselves, "What think ye of Christ?"

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

'TWAS early day, and sunlight stream'd
 Soft through a quiet room,
That, hush'd but not forsaken, seem'd
 Still, but with nought of gloom;
For there, secure in happy age,
 Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
 Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
 On his grey, holy hair,
And touch'd the book with tenderest light,
 As if its shrine were there;
But, oh! that patriarch's aspect shone
 With something lovelier far—
A radiance, all the Spirit's own,
 Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
 His calm, benignant eye;
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
 Of immortality;
Some heart's deep language, when the glow
 Of quenchless faith survives;
For every feature said, "I know
 That my Redeemer lives."

And silent stood his children by,
 Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
 Of thought o'ersweeping death:
Silent—yet did not each young breast
 With love and reverence melt?
Oh! blest be those fair girls, and blest
 The home where God is felt.

—*Mrs Hemans.*

INDUSTRY.

A celebrated divine has said, "If it were not for industry, men would be neither so healthful nor so useful, so strong nor so patient, so noble nor so untempted. There is no greater tediousness in the world than want of employment. Time passes over the active man lightly like a dream, or the feathers of a bird; but the idler is like a long sleepless night to himself, and a load to his country."

THE MOTHER OF SWARTZ.

The mother of Christian Frederick Swartz, on her dying bed informed her husband and her pastor, that she had dedicated her son to the Lord, and obtained a promise from them that the infant should be trained in the remembrance of this sacred destination, and if he should, in due time, express a desire to be educated for the ministry, they would cherish and promote it to the uttermost of their power.—Swartz became the missionary apostle to India, and died when about seventy-three years old, having been instrumental, as is supposed, to the conversion of thousands of souls.

NOVELS AND INSANITY.

The most abundant proof has been furnished of late years, that excessive novel-reading has produced many cases of insanity. It is philosophical that the education of fictitious sentiments at the expense of real feeling—that the undue excitement of the imagination and of the passions, at the expense of the reasoning faculties and the exercise of real benevolence, should tend to insanity.

It has often been charged to religion, that it has made people crazy, insane, and melancholy. This is a baseless charge. True religion never makes a man insane. Fanaticism, superstition, error, lust, and passion, have produced insanity; but *true views of God never did, and never can produce either mental or moral derangement.* We are thouroughly persuaded, that the numerous works of fiction, with which the press is so prolific of late years, and which are sown broadcast over the land, have vitiated the taste, and corrupted the hearts, and ruined the peace of more individuals than any other one cause of evil known amongst us. It is *heart-sickening* to see how much precious time is spent over the vile ravings of hothouse feeling, that the novelists of our day pour out upon the reading community.

HEARING SERMONS.

In the life of Philip Henry it is related, that when himself precluded by the Act of Uniformity of Charles' restoration government from public preaching, he made the best of the sermons he heard. "It is a mercy," saith he, "we have heard, though it be not, as it hath been, of the finest of the wheat. Those are froward children who throw away the meat they have, if it be wholesome, because they have not what they would have." When he met with preaching that was weak, his note is—"That is a poor sermon indeed out of which no good lesson may be learned." We had often occasion to remember that verse of Mr Herbert's—

> "The worst speaks something good; if all want sense,
> God takes the text, and preacheth patience."

FOUR NAMES TO CHRISTIANS.

The Scripture gives four names to Christians, taken from the four cardinal graces so essential to man's salvation: *saints*, for their holiness; *believers*, for their faith; *brethren*, for their love; *disciples*, for their knowledge.—*Fuller.*

Fragments.

Be sure that *God* has not forgiven that sin of which *you* have not repented. The gift of repentance is the token of forgiveness.

The wicked man carrieth every day a brand to his hell, till his heap be come to the height, then he ceaseth sinning, and begins his torment; whereas the repentant, in every fit of holy sorrow, carries a whole fagot from the flame, and quencheth the coals that remain with his tears. There is no torment for the penitent; no redemption for the obstinate. Safety consisteth not in not sinning, but in repenting; neither is it sin that condemns, but impenitence. O Lord! I cannot be righteous; let me be repentant.—*Hall.*

It is one thing *to wish to have truth on one's side*, and another thing to wish sincerely to be *on the side of truth.* There is no genuine love of truth implied in the former. Truth is a powerful auxiliary, such as every one wishes to have on his side. A determination to "*obey* the truth," and follow wherever she may lead, is not so common.

It is undoubtedly a just maxim, that in the long run "honesty is the best policy;" but he whose practice is governed by that maxim, is not an honest man.—*Whately.*

Accustom your children to a strict attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars. If a thing happen at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them: you do not know where deviation from truth will end. It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world. —*Dr Johnson.*

All truth is not, indeed, of equal importance; but if little violations are allowed, every violation will in time be thought little.—*Dr Johnson.*

"He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness."

What is all righteousness that men devise?
What but a sordid bargain for the skies?
But Christ as soon would abdicate his own,
As stoop from heaven to sell the proud a throne.
All joy to the believer! he can speak;
Trembling, yet happy—confident, yet meek.
Since the dear hour that brought me to Thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but thine,
Nor hoped, but in thy righteousness divine
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er perform'd, it was their brightest part,
That they proceeded from a grateful heart:
Cleansed in Thine own all-purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good;
I cast them at Thy feet, my only plea
Is what it was,—dependence upon thee:
While struggling in the vale of tears below,
That never fail'd, nor shall it fail me now.—*Cowper.*

CHRIST'S LEGACY TO HIS DISCIPLES.

When a sick man dies and is buried, then is his will read. The relatives being assembled, each has an opportunity of ascertaining what has been left to him. The law is at hand, if need be, to enforce the settlement, and to put each in possession of what has been bequeathed to him by his friend.

Our Lord Jesus Christ has left a legacy. He has left a legacy to each of his true followers. His commandment is, that all be invited to come, and be made partakers of the benefits he has purchased by his righteousness, sufferings, and death. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

The parties interested in a rich man's will prosecute their claims with assiduity. What has been bequeathed to them may not be much, yet they manifest much anxiety to possess it. Considering the great worth of the Redeemer's legacy, the indifference exhibited by many concerned in it is wonderful. Should we judge of the worth of the legacy by the amount of interest taken in it, we would conclude that its value is not great. We would infer that it is not of such worth as the things of this world—that even very unimportant worldly considerations are of greater value than it, seeing they are pursued with greater avidity—with an avidity so great, that in the eager pursuit of them the legacy of the Redeemer is quite lost sight of.

Whence this indifference? It is in consequence of that blindness of understanding, as respects spiritual things, which is produced by sin. In our natural estate we do not discern the things of God; have no feeling of our need of them, no appreciation of their vast worth. They are hidden from us. We do not know them till they are revealed to us from above. How earnestly ought we to crave this divine enlightenment!

The legacy of the Redeemer contains blessings on hand, and blessings to come to hand—blessings for this world, blessings for the world to come. What do believers, in virtue of this legacy, receive now? what shall they receive hereafter?

In this world, great spiritual blessings come to hand to believers. They are so numerous, that we can only now glance at a very few of them.

There is the pardon of sin. The free, undeserved, full, absolute pardon of sin. "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee."—(Isa. xliv. 22.) "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."—(Ps. ciii. 12.) The pardon of sin is a blessing at the foundation of all other blessings of the covenant. So long as we are unreconciled unto God, there can be no gracious intercourse between him and us. By an act of divine sovereign grace, quite irrespective of any merit of their own, the Lord justifies his people. Whilst they are yet enemies he gives them the adoption of children. He justifies "the ungodly." Up till the moment of their justification, they are ungodly; as indisposed to, as incapable of, any gracious affections towards God as any of the rest of mankind. Though chosen in Christ from eternity, yet remaining amongst the common wreck of mankind till called out, and separated, by a sovereign act of divine grace, placed amongst the children of God, and sealed with the Holy Spirit, "children of wrath even as others," and so they remain till the Lord, by his effectual grace, lays hold of them. "Even when we were dead in trespasses and sin, (God) hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace are ye saved), and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." All this when we were dead in trespasses and sins, and thinking of nothing less than of reconciliation to God and a return to him. This is what fills converted persons with such devout admiration of the free, undeserved grace of God. Every such person is ready to declare that God loved him first, and not he God. The sins of believers are pardoned, because Christ, their substitute, has paid their ransom, and has satisfied for them every demand that divine justice had against them. God regards them as righteous in his sight, not on account of any good thing he discerns in them, but only for the righteousness of Christ imputed to them. His righteousness is theirs. They get all the benefit of it. Whatever it can procure, that is theirs. How precious this pardon of sin! It is to pass from death to life, from under the frown of God into his favour; and his favour is better than life. Justified sinner! thou art indeed a blessed one, for thine is peace with God. "Being justified by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

The influences of the Holy Spirit are in the number of the blessings believers enjoy in this life. These are gifted to them in their Lord's legacy. These are truly precious blessings. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." He is no longer what he was. He was as rebellious and depraved as a devil. His mind was a very hell of wicked, ungodly thoughts and imaginations. He is no longer such. What a change! Actually, he now loves God, serves God, delights in God. It could scarcely have been thought possible. But what cannot divine power effect? Here was a heart full of all wickedness, developed or latent; it is now a temple of the Holy Ghost. To him, God is infinitely lovely. He can spend hour after hour in thinking upon the divine beauty and excellence that there is in all the attributes of God. The loveliness of God's holiness, and justice, and truth, quite ravishes him. Poet never hung so enraptured over the sublimest theme, nor philosopher over the most magnificent discovery, as he does on the vision he has of the perfections of Jehovah. All God's ways and appointments appear to him infinitely desirable. The breathings of his soul are after God. "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord! my soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."—(Psa. lxxxiv. 1, 2.) So pants and yearns he after God. All his actions (it is his desire that it should be so) have a reference to the glory of God. He leads a heavenly, divine life. Grace has changed him. He is a "new creature," quite changed in his habits, desires, aspirations. Not perfect, but changed. Falling often into sin; but he hates sin, and it grieves him to the soul that he is so much under its power. He loathes himself on account of it. "Faint" he often is, "yet pursuing." Most diligently, heartily, and earnestly praying, and striving in the use of all divinely appointed means after a more perfect conformity, in mind and will, to the divine requirements. He will attain to it at last: meanwhile, through the grace of the Holy Spirit, he is growing and making progress in the Christian life.

Christ has bequeathed to his people *peace of conscience*. He intends that this blessing should be enjoyed by them in this world. It is the peace and serene quiet, not of a dead, but of a tender conscience. Ungodly men frequently have little trouble of conscience. But that is entirely different from peace of conscience. The absence of trouble of conscience in wicked persons, is not because there is no ground why they should be troubled. It is because their conscience is dead, and seared as with a hot iron. It is in a morbid state, like a man in the stupor of apoplexy or the delirium of fever. In an apoplexy, a man is unconscious of his danger: indeed, of every thing. Sound a trumpet in his ear, it makes no impression. His unconsciousness does not render his danger less imminent. In fever, people often have only a slight feeling of uneasiness, sometimes not even that. In such cases insensibility of danger is one of the most dangerous symptoms. It shows the overmastering power of the disease. The absence of trouble of conscience in the wicked is a very dangerous symptom, next door to the deep slumber of eternal death. From so frightful a state believers have been delivered. They have been in trouble of conscience. They were in great trouble when they were enlightened from above in the knowledge of their sinful and miserable estate. Through grace, their conscience remains tender and susceptible; but they have attended to peace of conscience; and truly from real and gracious trouble, to be brought into real and gracious peace of conscience, is like passing from death into life, from hell into paradise. Whence this peace of conscience, this serene, heavenly, inexpressible tranquillity of mind? Only from Christ; from acceptance of him as offered in the gospel; from holy and assured reliance on him in his finished work. Here is the broken, dishonoured law, with all its demands. How dreadful! Yes, but here is satisfaction to the utmost given and accepted of. Every claim discharged. God is reconciled to them—they to God. God has met with them—they with God. The place of meeting, Christ's work—the only place where God can meet with a gracious and smiling countenance—the only place where God can open his heart's love to sinners. But there such a meeting can take place. God and man can meet here as pleasantly—yea, more pleasantly—than in the bowers of Eden before the fall. It is a place of peace and of blessing. When the hurricane ceases to sweep the ocean, the billows by and by subside, the tempest sinks down into a profound calm, and the great deep, unruffled and clear as a mirror, reflects the beauty of the serene and resplendent heavens. When sin is cancelled, the conscience is at peace. It has peace with God. The peace of conscience enjoyed by believers is often, alas! too often interrupted. Sin interrupts it. And, in one way or other, how continually do believers sin! Yet every sincere believer does enjoy more or less of that peace of conscience which passes understanding—a blessing so precious that the world cannot purchase it. It cannot bestow it; it cannot take it away. Its price is Christ's blood, its possession one of the blessings bequeathed by Christ to his people.

Pardon of sin—the influences of the Holy Spirit—peace of conscience—these are some of the blessings on hand, left to believers by the Lord Jesus Christ in his legacy. Besides these there are many more. We cannot now speak of them. But these, and whatever other blessings in that precious legacy are intended to be enjoyed in this life, do but form a part, not the whole of its contents. The principal part of the believer's wealth—at least if we look to enjoyment—is reserved for the future world. So ample, so rich, so exceeding great is the inheritance of the saints in light, that we need not attempt to form an adequate idea of it now. It cannot be done. In the enjoyment of it, believers shall be able to conceive of it; but not till then. Much is spoken in Scripture concerning it, but still in such a way as to confirm what has been said. It is quite different from all the pleasures and possessions of this world, of what kind soever these be. As contrasted with these, it is called "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." It is called "an exceeding great and eternal weight of glory." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God! now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

Is not the believer truly rich in such a legacy? Who can be richer than the man to whom God, the possessor of all things, gives the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come? That is a promise that runs through time like a golden stream. It overshoots time. It reappears in eternity. It flows through eternity. Thou shalt exist for ever and ever. Here is a promise that reaches as far as thy existence. Believer! thou are truly blessed. The poorest saint upon earth is very rich. If one should have the whole world and all the glory of it, the poorest saint would yet be richer than he. He may be so poor as to live and die in the meanest hovel or darkest cellar, yet he is richer than the greatest monarch wanting grace. He has an estate in glory—a rich possession before the throne of God, or on the banks of the river of life. Poor and despised now, wait a little; when his lord comes, he shall be great, happy, and for ever blessed.

The legacy of Christ shall not fall to the ground. No one promise or benefit shall drop out of it. When rich men die abroad, it often happens that their wealth never comes to their true heirs. It is seized by rapacious strangers, and is no more heard of. Christ's blessings are sure blessings. Believer! thou shalt have them. Be sure of that. Christ, the believer's friend, is alive. He has gone to heaven. He lives there. In heaven he prosecutes the interests of his people. He is arranging and setting all things in order for them. Soon shall the summons come, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of your Lord."

How these things ought to engage believer's hearts to their Lord! How profoundly ought they to reverence him, sincerely love him, devotedly obey him, and patiently wait upon him!

Is this a legacy to be despised? "Behold ye despisers, and wonder, and perish." Consider its riches, its inestimable blessings. Ye despise it! Be amazed at your infatuated stupidity. Having despised it, do ye not deserve to perish? It only can save you from perishing. But ye despise it! What can ye do but perish?

But have we the offer of it? Undoubtedly. What is this legacy of the Lord Jesus Christ, but the glad tidings of salvation preached in the glorious gospel; and is not his commandment, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature?"

J. F.

MY MOTHER'S FRIEND.

When I was quite young, I could perceive that the visits of Mrs M—— were more highly prized by my mother than the visits of any other person. I loved to listen to the conversation which passed between them. It often partook of a spiritual character which filled me with awe. I sometimes felt as though heaven was very near. Far deeper impressions were made upon my mind by those conversations than were ever made upon it by any direct addresses. Parents should remember, that remarks made in the hearing of their children often have a greater influence than the most earnest personal appeals.

When I left home to pursue my studies, Mrs M—— gave me some affectionate counsels, quoting with peculiar emphasis the following text: "And seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not." Often when emulation and the whisperings of ambition would have led me into temptation, I have called to mind those words, and prayed that I might seek only the things which belong to Christ.

I visited home but once during my collegiate course. I was then much occupied with my young friends, and neglected to call on Mrs M——. The first letter I received from my mother after my return to college contained the following sentence. "Mrs M—— was greatly hurt that you did not call to see her; as was also your mother." I resolved, from that hour, never to allow the attractions of youth and gaiety to cause me to forget the attention due to friends and benefactors of riper years. I am satisfied that no labour is more richly rewarded than that which is employed in acts of kindness to the aged and the poor.

When I had finished my collegiate course, I hastened home to attend the sick-bed of my father. I found him near his end. Mrs M—— was with my mother, assisting her in her labours, and comforting her with consolations drawn from the Word of God. I was astonished at the extent of her knowledge of divine truth, and her skill in applying its principles to the wants of the soul. I have since met with many illustrations of the power of the Bible to give clearness, discrimination, force, and practical skill to the intellect. No one can be said to be without the means of a good education who has possession of the Bible.

My father died, and my mother soon followed him. Mrs M—— was with her to the last. Their parting was as though it were but for a little season.

I took my departure for a distant portion of the country. Years rolled away. The moss began to gather on the gravestones of my parents, and my whitening locks told me that I was no longer young. I was led to visit the place of my birth.

I arrived on the evening before the Sabbath. I was invited to occupy the pulpit on the following day: I recognised but few familiar faces in the congregation. Many whom I had once known were resting by the side of my parents. Time had wrought its changes upon those who survived. I looked in vain for my mother's friend. On inquiry, I learned that she was still living. She resided in a distant part of the township, had become extremely poor, and was entirely blind.

On Monday morning I hastened to visit her. As I walked up the long ravine which led to her dwelling, the cold autumnal wind swept the falling leaves along my pathway, deepening the feeling of sadness which an early visit to the resting-place of the dead had awakened.

Mrs M——'s house was nearly a mile from any habitation. It was time-worn, and sadly in need of repairs. I knocked at the door; a trembling voice bade me enter.

"I cannot tell who you are till you speak," said she, "for I am stone blind."

"You used to know my mother well, Mrs ——," said I.

"And you are the son of that precious woman," said she, her tears falling fast; "come near to me. I must put my arms around you; you are dear to me for her sake, and for Christ's sake too."

After she had become composed, I sat down by her side. "I am very thankful to see you. I promised your mother to pray for you daily, and I have not forgotten my promise. My heart has rejoiced when I have heard of your labours in the Lord. Inasmuch as ye know that labour is not in vain in the Lord. Every thing else is in vain. I have seen and felt that. But labour in the Lord is not in vain. He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal. You have found Christ a blessed Master."

"He has not been wanting in faithfulness to you."

"Not one jot or tittle of his word has failed. All his promises have been yea and amen. I can say with one of old, 'In very faithfulness thou hast afflicted me.'"

"You have had your share of affliction; but you have not failed to remember that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

"I have experienced many and sore afflictions, but they were all necessary to fit me for His purposes. When there came a claim against our land, and it appeared that we must give it up, it seemed to me to be hard to part with it, and have nothing. But when the time came, it was not so hard as I expected. I found I needed something to make heaven seem more precious to me, and the loss of our property had that effect. When I felt that I had no home but heaven, I could give my heart more entirely to the work of preparing for heaven."

"Did you remove to this place when you gave up your old home?"

"Yes, this place was offered us by a good man, and we had just moved here when my dear husband was taken sick and died. I felt it was a great mercy that he was taken home. He was very feeble, and could never have been very comfortable in this house. The Saviour knew it, and took him to the mansion which he had prepared for him. I knew that my loss was his gain, and that God had done it in mercy; still I wept sore. I had my Bible, and I could see to read; that bore me up in the deep waters. I can say with David, 'Unless thy law had been my delight, I should have perished in mine affliction.'"

"How long since did your sight fail you?"

"It is now nearly ten years since I saw the face of a friend, or read a word in the blessed Book. How thankful I am that I learned to love it in my youth, and that I have portions of it in my heart! Tell the young to commit to memory the Word of God, and then, if they become blind, they will have a source of comfort that cannot be taken away from them."

"And you have not found any decay of your spiritual vision?"

"I think I have had clearer views of God than I ever had when I could see with the natural eye. I can fix my mind upon Him more entirely than I could when there was a world without to call off my attention. On this account, I sometimes feel as though I ought to be thankful that I am blind."

"Are your temporal wants supplied?"

"You know what the apostle says, 'He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?'—all things that he sees that we need. It is not for us poor short-sighted creatures to say what we ought to have. I have to depend on God for my daily bread, and it is sweeter to do so than to depend on property that we call our own."

"And you are ready to go hence when the Saviour calls?"

"Having a desire to depart and be with Christ, I can say, at times, at least that I have that desire. There are times when I long to be with God. How precious are these thoughts unto me! They sometimes fill my soul, and make me indifferent to every thing else. Do you wish to know how to live above the world? Let the thoughts of God fill your mind. I used to think a great deal about myself and my shortcomings. While thus occupied I did not rise. Now my thoughts are chiefly occupied with God, and I am lifted above care and trouble, borne nearer and nearer to heaven."

I continued the conversation, or rather listened to her remarks, till she became exhausted. I then prayed with her and bade her farewell.

Soon after my return to my appointed field of labour, I heard of her decease. The friends were reunited, to part no more for ever. May I follow them!—*New York Observer.*

LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

O KIRKSTALL! through thy moss-grown aisles
  And "ivy-mantled" towers,
Though breaks the sun in golden smiles
  Through spring's enchanting hours;
Thy glory is for aye gone by,
And all thy pomp and pageantry!

Fled is thy sculptured beauty now,
  And broken down thy pride:
Thy mouldering walls to ruin bow,
  As time's unpitying tide
Sweeps with resistless force along,
And saps thy pillar'd grandeur strong.

Though erst thy pealing organ broke
  In thunders on the ear;
Or vesper hymns more faintly spoke
  The voice of praise or prayer;
Hush'd now is here, or prayer or praise,
The language of departed days!

Long have the hands that rear'd this pile
  Been moulder'd into dust;
As those who worshipp'd here erewhile,
  And those who visit, must.
Loud is the lesson taught by thee
Of busy man's mortality.

Yet, softly silent to the soul
  That awful lesson comes,—
Thine eyes o'er faded grandeur roll,
  Thou treadest o'er the tombs
Of those whose hearts beat high *like thine*,
Whose vows were offer'd at this shrine.

Where yonder noble arch displays
  Its gorgeous tracery,
And fixes the admiring gaze
  Or wakes the pensive sigh;
What pomp of splendid worship shone
Around the ornamented stone!

There incense burn'd, and tapers blazed,
And rich profusion reign'd;
And beauteous shrines, by time now razed,
And golden altars flamed;
Now all, alas! is cold and dead—
The lone recesses of the dead!

Here crowds adored, and wept, and pray'd,
And strove to be forgiven;
But deep in error's paths they stray'd
Around the path to heaven;
Yet, haply, may a soul sincere
Have found divine acceptance here.

Perchance in this sequester'd spot
Some faithful might be found;
Who, having long the world forgot
And all its idle round—
Maintain'd with God communion high,
And learn'd in silence how to die.

Some who o'er sense and sin had gain'd
A noble victory,
And here on earth the grace obtain'd
To fit them for the sky;
Might too, with simple faith sincere,
Have sought and found the Saviour here.

If Jesus here was thus adored,
The only living "way"—
If, through His grace a soul restored
Went on its happy way—
O Kirkstall! thou wert honour'd high;
That was the path of Calvary.

Else, vain were all thy pomps, and vain
Thy architectural pride;
Thy storied tower, thy Gothic fane,
And beauties all beside.
Else, vain thy incensed altars were,
Vain all thy glory, all thy glare!

The hallow'd cross, with sacred awe
And reverence too, we view;
But superstition's veil withdraw,
And look the symbol through,
To gaze by faith on Him who died
Thereon for us—the Crucified.

Him we adore, in Him we trust,
Who came to bleed and die;
And, while our soul affects the dust,
Our faith transcends the sky;
Rejecting every hope beside,
Our souls adore the Crucified.

—*Rev. Robert Newstead.*

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

BY THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON, LONDON.*

There is something very insidious in the lapse of time. When you pass the frontiers of a new country, they stop you at once and demand your passport. They look to see whence you have come, and whither you are going; and every thing reminds you of the transition. The dress of the people is peculiar. Their language is strange. The streets and houses, the conveyances, the style of every thing, is new. And often the features of the landscape are foreign. Unwonted crops grow in the fields, and unfamiliar trees stand in the hedgerows, and quaint and unaccountable creatures flit over your head, or hurry across your path. And at any given moment you have only to look up, in order to remember, "This is no more my native land; this is no longer the country in which I woke up yesterday."

But marked and conspicuous as is our progress in *space*, we recognise no such decided transitions in our progress through *time*. When you pass the frontiers of a new year, there is no one there with authority to demand your passport; no one who forcibly arrests you, and asks, Whence comest thou? or, Whither art thou going? Art thou bound for the better country, and hast thou a safe conduct in the name of the Lord of the land? But you just pass on—'46, '47, '48—and every year repeats, *We* demand no passport; be sure you can show it at the journey's end, for it is certain to be needed there. And as nothing stops you at the border, so in the new year itself there is nothing distinguishable from the year that went before. The sun rises and the sun sets. Your friends are about you all the same. You ply your business or amusements just as you did afore, and all things continue as they were. And it is the same with the more signal epochs. The infant passes on to childhood, and the child to youth, and the youth to manhood, and the man to old age, and he can hardly tell when or how he crossed the boundary. On our globes and maps we have lines to mark the parallels of distance—but these lines are only on the map. Crossing the equator or the tropic, you see no score in the water, no line in the sky to mark it; and the vessel gives no lurch, no alarum sounds from the welkin, no call is emitted from the deep, and it is only the man of skill, the pilot or the captain, with his eye on the signs of heaven, who can tell that an event has happened, and that a definite portion of the voyage is completed. And, so far, our life is like a voyage on the open sea, every day repeating its predecessor — the same watery plain around, and the same blue dome above—each so like the other, that you might fancy the charmed ship was standing still. But it is not so. The watery plain of to-day is far in advance of the plain of yesterday, and the blue dome of to-day may be very like its predecessors, but it is fashioned from quite another sky.

However, it is easy to see how insidious this process is, and how illusive might be the consequence. Imagine that in the ship were some passengers—a few young men, candidates for an important post in a distant empire. They may reasonably calculate on the voyage lasting three months or four; and provided that, before their arrival, they have acquired a certain science, or learned a competent amount of a given language, they will instantly be promoted to a lucrative and honourable appointment. The first few days are lost in the bustle of setting all to rights, and in the pangs of the long adieu. But at last one or two settle down in solid earnest, and betake themselves to the study of the all-important subject, and have not been at it long till they alight on the key which makes their after progress easy and delightful. To them the voyage is not irksome, and the end of it is full of expectation. But their comrades pass the time in idleness. They play cards, and smoke, and read romances, and invent all sorts of frolics to while away the tedium of captivity; and if a more sober companion venture to remonstrate, they exclaim, "Lots of time. Look how little signs of land. True, we have been out of port six weeks; but it does not feel to me as if we had moved a hundred miles. Besides, man, we have first to pass the Cape, and after that we may manage very well." And thus on it goes, till one morning there is a loud huzza, and every passenger springs on deck. "Land a-head!" "What land?" "Why, the land to which we all are bound." "Impossible; we have not passed the Cape." "Yes, indeed; but we did not put in there. Yonder is the coast. We shall drop anchor to-night, and must get on shore to-morrow." And then you may see how blank and pale the faces of the loiterers are. They feel that all is lost. One takes up the neglected volume, and wonders whether any thing may be done in the remaining hours; but it all looks so strange and intricate, that in despair he flings it down. "To-morrow is the examination day. To-morrow is the day of trial. It is no use now. I have played the fool, and lost my opportunity." Whilst their wiser friends lift up their heads with joy, because their promotion draweth nigh. With no trepidation, except so much as every thoughtful spirit feels when a solemn event is near, without foreboding and without levity, they look forth to the nearer towers and brightening minarets of that famed city, which has been the goal of many wishes and the home of many a dream. And, as they calmly get ready for the hour of landing, the only sorrow that they feel is for their heedless companions, who have lost a glorious opportunity to make their calling and election sure.

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* In tract, "Days Noted and Numbered."

And so, my dear friends, we here are a ship-full of voyagers bound for eternity. There is a certain "wisdom" which, if we learn it on the passage, will secure us a welcome and a high promotion whenever we land. It is the knowledge of Christ crucified. If we know him, and are found sufficiently acquainted with him, he is the Lord of the better country, and whether we land to-night, or be left a long while at sea, he will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." But, from the delusion I spoke of, few set about learning this knowledge in time. Every day looks so like its brother—yesterday as lifelike as the day before, and the present day as hale and hopeful as either, that it becomes very natural to say, "To-morrow will be as this day, and much more abundant." And so the golden moments glide away. One is constantly adjusting his berth, and finds new employment every day in making it more comfortable or more complete; and will perhaps be so engaged the night when the anchor drops, and the sails are furled. And many more amuse themselves. They take up the volume which contains the grand lesson, and look a few minutes at it, and put it past, and skip away to some favourite diversion; whilst they know full well, or fear too sadly, that they have not reached the main secret yet. And so in various ways, instead of giving all diligence to be found in Christ at his appearing, many are squandering in frivolity their precious term of probation.

Oh, dear brethren! it is time to be numbering the days. It is time to apply your hearts unto wisdom. It is time to read—time to listen for the great hereafter. It is time to take up that blessed book with which at the outset God graciously furnished you, and make sure of that excellent knowledge, without which you cannot see his face in peace. It is time to be seeking an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is time to be done with trifles; time to break away from silly or ensnaring company, and give yourselves resolutely to the one thing needful.

> "When you can read your title clear
> To mansions in the skies,
> You'll bid farewell to every fear,
> And wipe your weeping eyes."

When you can say, "I know whom I have believed"—when you can aver, "I am persuaded that Christ is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him"—when you have found in the blood of Jesus a cleansing from all your sin, and in *His* merits your own title to glory—a wondrous relief will come over your spirit, and you will have no forebodings about the end of the voyage. When we announce, as now we announce, that we are crossing another parallel, the intelligence will cause you no perturbation. And should you wake up at midnight and hear the hurrying steps and novel voices which bespeak the vessel come to port, you may calmly rise and make ready, for your friend is *there*, and your title is *here*. The Gospel you believe, and the Saviour you know.

THE WORLD'S VIRTUE NO GROUND OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

[The following passage is lengthened, but, as the reader will find, highly powerful and impressive. It forms part of a Lecture in Dr Chalmers' "Institutes of Theology," a noble contribution to Theological Science, to which we shall take an early opportunity of adverting more particularly.—*Ed. C. T.*]

Nothing can exceed the terms of degradation in which the Bible arraigns, nay vilifies, our nature—charging us at one time with the destitution of all godliness, when it speaks of us living without God in the world; but, far more monstrous than this, charging us at another time with the direct opposite of godliness, as when it speaks of the carnal mind being enmity against God. Could we but gain the conscience over to these statements of Scripture, the work of conviction would be wellnigh perfected; and man, stripped of every plea or every palliative by which he could at all sustain a dependence upon himself, would become a likelier subject for the calls and invitations of the gospel. The terms of a violated law might all the more readily shut him up unto the faith—because reduced by the sense of his own worthlessness to a thankful acquiescence in the overtures of the New Testament. Let us therefore address ourselves more closely to the examination of these two charges;—that is, of man being not only devoid of godliness, but despiteful toward God.

The two charges are distinct from each other. There are many in society whom it might not be difficult to convince that they live without God; but if we were to say, further, that in their minds there existed a positive enmity against Him, their consciences would refuse to go along with us. They are not sensible of any such feeling as the hatred of God in their hearts. They bear Him—at least their own experience of the emotions which pass within their breasts would suggest no such thing—they bear Him no ill-will, no antipathy; and certain it is that they bid Him no express or open defiance. Blasphemy is a thing they would shudder at; and, if they would thus recoil from speaking against Him, how can they be said to feel against Him? Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; and if the heart do rankle, as theologians tell us, with all sorts of repugnance and dislike against God, why do these find no vent from the lips in words of rancorous hostility? Certain it is, that if between man and man there should break out a controversy, and the heart of the one should tumultuate in fierce exasperation against the other, it would, if nature were given way to, make instant betrayal of itself, in language of fiery and fierce invective. We never by any chance saw any man thus tumultuate and storm against the God who made him; and if ever it should be realized, it were a rare and monstrous exhibition, at which almost all men, instead of sympathising with it, almost all men would be horror-stricken and revolted to the uttermost. It might be difficult, amid such contradictory appearances as these, to establish by any direct proof, at least to the satisfaction of human consciences, the apostolic charge of nature's positive enmity to God. Even the worst of malefactors, the literal and palpable transgressors of all the commandments, might have something to say in arrest of this judgment. He might allege, and with a certain-degree of plausibility too, that when hurried into wickedness by the force of temptation, it is not his hatred of God, but his love of sin, which is the cause of it; and that all the while there is no sensible aversion of his heart toward God, though a very great fondness, he will admit, for the indulgence of those propensities which God hath given to him—nay, so far from any desire of a controversy with God, he would gladly be at peace with Him; for if God would only abstain from any quarrel against him, he would have no quarrel against God, and very glad indeed would he be if on these terms he were fairly let alone. It it thus that even he can parry the charge of having aught like a hostile feeling towards God, or of carrying in his breast any positive wrath or enmity against Him.

It is thus, that on the principle of speaking to men as they were able to bear, I would advise, that in dealing with men to convince them of sin, you should postpone the charge of their being against God till you had made good the more practicable charge of their being without God. There are ministers who, by way of parading their orthodoxy, luxuriate in making the most strenuous asseveration of it, and so as often to startle and astonish their hearers, but so, at the same time, as to repel, when they should study rather to carry their understandings. For this purpose, both our Saviour and His apostles went gradually to work—making, as it were, the most cautious approaches to the prejudices of the men with whom they had to do. And it is surely a warrantable calculation, when we find it a hard task to convince any that in his heart there is aught like a positive malice against God, that we shall perhaps come more home to human consciences when we try to make it out, that in every natural heart there is at least a contentedness, an entire satisfaction and contentedness to be without God—to live without Him in the world. The verdict of *against* may require a longer examination and trial, a longer deliberation ere it can be brought in; but the verdict of *without* may perhaps be sooner and more summarily determined. The reprobate whom we have now quoted, and who would gladly quit all thought whatever of God, if God would simply let him alone—he, though he might plead not guilty to the charge of there being within him aught like a malignant feeling against God, will not deny a thing so palpable to his own convictions, as that he would be quite satisfied to live without God, and be suffered to prosecute his career of vicious indulgence, undisturbed by any sense of guilt, or any dread of a vengeance to come at the hand of an offended Lawgiver. Now, we ask if that which is patent to the conscience of this man—his perfect willingness to be free of God, and without God to enjoy himself in his own way—if it be not alike patent to your consciences, that indeed your habit, too, your prevalent inclination, is just to do in this respect as he does; that is, to live without God, in the prosecution and enjoyment of your own way? We do not say that in all respects you are the same with this criminal—we are far from imagining that your way is his way. We are merely saying of it that it is your own way; and that, in the prosecution of that way, all of you, over whom the gospel of Jesus Christ has not obtained the practical ascendency, are satisfied to live, or at least do, in fact—with the perpetual bias of your hearts, and throughout the great bulk of your history—live without God. You may be as little sensible as he is of any positive antipathy in your minds against God; but ought to feel as sensible as he of the contentedness in your minds to live without God. With all the other differences between him, the atrocious delinquent, and you, the fair and passable, nay, perhaps the respectable member of society, there may be no difference in this, that both of you live, and both of you are satisfied to live, without God. I shall like each to take account of his own state and his own disposition in this matter; and could it at all help them to the passing of a right sentence upon themselves, it might lead to convince them, that immersed in earthliness, and breathing in no other element than that of sense and of time, which, apart from God or without God, is wholly and altogether an element of irreligion, they really are not in a state for being borne aloft to the joys or exercises of the upper sanctuary, they really are not in a state which it will do to die in.

For this purpose let me allege a few specimens in the way of proof or illustration, and such as the consciences of hearers would be most likely to go along with.

Let me first, then, instead of our supposed criminal, fasten on a man of average and everyday character in society; such a one as we meet daily in hundreds upon our streets, or in the walks of ordinary fellowship; a person who divides his time between the sleep which refreshes him, and the food which sustains him, and the work which earns for him the means or materials of his livelihood—one who is not at all to be shunned or execrated as a delinquent, but a very tolerable, companionable, and neighbourlike person, who loves his children or the members of his own household very much as the bulk or the generality of other folks do, keeps up a fair and courteous standing with his acquaintances—pays to all their dues, and, on the whole, makes his way evenly and inoffensively through the world. I would just ask such a person, and I have no doubt there are hundreds of such in many a congregation, that he will just look back on these the wonted stages or cycles of his history, and, taking a review of the thoughts and the feelings, and the desires and the purposes, that pass all the while in ceaseless and busy succession through his heart, will he just tell me how much or how little of God has been there? I do not wish to overtask his memory, and therefore will not send him over a very wide or extended survey of the years that are past; but to facilitate and abridge the labour of this self-examination, I would rather, if he chose, limit him to the retrospect of a single day; and to fix on the most recent, and so the freshest in his recollection of any, I would bid him take an account of the proceedings of yesterday, and then tell me how much or how little the will of God had to do with them. Was His will thought of at all, or ever once adverted to? Did the principle to walk worthy of the Lord unto all well-pleasing—did this principle give direction to one movement, or impulse to a single footstep in the transactions of yesterday? Was it the history of a self-willed and self-regulating creature, or of a creature ever looking upward from the earth he treads on to his Creator in the heavens, and subordinating himself in all things to the rightful authority of this Sovereign and supreme Lawgiver? Let him tell me, in a word, was it God's will or his will—whether the promptings of his own spontaneous inclination, or the precepts that issue from the throne of God; which of these, we ask, presided, or had the practical ascendency over the whole course and conduct of the very last day which rolled over him? We leave the question to every man's conscience; and if it do bear witness to a godless yesterday, then, although the lights of our own memory should fail, there is a book of remembrance which tells in undying characters if the habit and character of this one day be not of a piece with the habit and character of all our days upon earth; and so the godless yesterday were but the type and representative of a godless past week, a godless past month, a godless past year, a godless lifetime; or that, in other words, from the first breath of our infancy to the moment of the reckoning which we now hold, we may have been living in exile from God, living without God in the world.

There are some who try to make their escape from this charge, by telling us that they must give time and thought to their necessary affairs, and cannot always be thinking of God. Our reply is this: Who gives them a right to put asunder the things which God hath joined—to separate religion from the business of life, when the whole drift and design of the New Testament morality is to sanctify the business of life with religion? They would divorce the one from the other; whereas such is the mighty difference between their spirit and the spirit of the Bible, that its distinct aim, as may be gathered from innumerable passages, is thoroughly to impregnate, or thoroughly to leaven and pervade the one with the other. It is not the aim of Christianity, and never was, to annul the business of life, to lay an interdict on shops and markets and manufactories, and farm or family managements, or any whatever of the lawful trades and processes of human industry. True, it claims an entire mastery over all these —not, however, for the purpose of putting an end to them, but to animate them with the right spirit, and direct them to their right end. They, on the other hand, would put off Him who is the Lord of Creation and the continual Preserver of men, with the veriest crumbs and fragments of human existence, in the shape, perhaps, of family prayers and Sabbath services—thus limiting to a mere corner of the domain Him who, as rightful Lord and Proprietor, is rightful Governor too over the whole of it. So far from renouncing this right of sovereignty over any part of the territory of human life, I cannot see a single half-hour of it in which God has not both a will and a way for us. Manifold are the Scriptures to which I could appeal in support of this great principle. In one place I find Him telling the field-labourer that he must serve his master not with eye-service, but as doing the will of God from the heart; or, in other words, that he must be as diligent and faithful when his earthly superior is away as when he is present, for that his heavenly superior is still looking over him, and will put down to his own account what he does well for his immediate employer, just as if done unto Himself. In another place I find him telling the household maid that she must not purloin; but, resisting the temptation of open doors, and of all the other facilities which occur for those snug and secret and unnoticed appropriations for which there are so many opportunities under the domestic roof—that she must serve with all good fidelity, and thus adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things. And, so far from religion having nothing to do with ordinary and everyday matters, I see in another place that it tells the mistress of a family to guide her house well, and be a good keeper at home. And again, so far from laying an arrest on the busy operations either of the artisan in his workshop or of the merchant in his counting-house, it proclaims the indispensable duty of each man to provide for his own, and especially for those of his own house, else he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel. These are but a few out of the many specimens of the all-comprehensive saying, that whatsoever things we do, we should do all to the glory of God, and in the name of Jesus. It is not God who has exiled from His regards the business of human life, but it is man who would take the business of life out of the hands of God. Our distinct charge is that we have taken this business wholly into our own hands, and have made it to be altogether ours, when properly and rightfully it is altogether His. And we again repeat of one and all who thus walk in the counsel of their own hearts, and after the sight of their own eyes, that, prosecuting their affairs as they do, apart from all consideration of God's law or of God the Lawgiver, that they indeed breathe the very element of irreligion, and live without God in the world.

It is not for the sake of multiplying our illustrations, but of still more enhancing and confirming the lesson which we are trying to establish, that we now bid you rise from the contemplation of these commonplace characters, the men and the women whom we most commonly meet with in society, to the contemplation of humanity, though still of natural or unconverted humanity, in one of the finest and most beauteous and most exalted of its specimens. We ask you, for this purpose, to select one of the best and the noblest of our kind whom you ever saw or heard of—the possessor of many an instinctive and sweet-blooded and constitutional virtue, and who, because of these, is not only the joy and the pride of his own family, but the desire of every companionship, and a great public blessing to the town or the neighbourhood of his habitation, and over which he sheds the halo of his presence or of his name. Theology has greatly damaged her own cause, and the credit of her own articles, by denying, or even by overlooking what is so palpable to all experience, as that, apart from religion, and from any practical sense of God in the breast, such characters do exist. We read of them in the classic pages of Greece and Rome, before Christianity was ever heard of. We recognise them in the obelisks of departed worth and departed patriotism all over the land, raised by a grateful community to perpetuate the memory of services in which Christianity had no operation. We hear of them in the frequent notes of gratulation and applause wherewith they are universally spoken of—whether as the munificent landlord; or the liberal and large-hearted citizen; or the senator who, unmindful of his own aggrandizement, consecrates all his energies to the well-being and greatness of the country which gave him birth; or the high-minded warrior, who, alike free from every taint of selfishness as well as fear, yields up his life a willing sacrifice in defence of his nation's liberties or his nation's honour; or, finally, the generous aspirant after fame in the walks of lofty science or lofty scholarship, from the labours of whose midnight toil there issue the works which elevate the general taste and understanding, or the discoveries which confer innumerable blessings on society. Now, our whole argument hinges upon this, and it is impossible to deny it, that the golden opinions uttered every where of these men, might all be earned by nature's powers and nature's virtues alone—without so much as the thought of God, and certainly in the play and exercise of the mind's own principles, without any impulse whatever taken from the consideration of his will; or not because prescribed by His law, but prompted by the spontaneous inclinations of one's own heart, bent, and bent altogether, on the prosecution of one's own way. We dispute not the usefulness, we dispute not the excellence of any of these principles, or the high and honourable estimation in which they should be held by us. They are lovely and of good report. We are not bidding any withdraw their admiration from those fine and natural sensibilities which make one man the most indulgent of masters; or from those honest aspirations after the public weal which make another man the most zealous of philanthropists; or from the warmth of those kindly and companionable feelings whence spring all the courtesies of life, and which make another man the best of neighbours, the light and the charm of every social party; or from those workings of strong instinctive affection which make another man the fondest of fathers, and more exquisite still, when in the lovelier form of maternal tenderness, it watches over the infant's sick-bed, and weeps over the infant's early grave. Who can dispute the reality of these graceful exhibitions?—and where is the stern or repulsive theology which could have the heart to frown upon them—even though the exhibitions of a human nature which theology has stigmatized as charged with a moral distemper, which, however tolerated on earth, makes it wholly unfit for the choirs or the companies of heaven? It is not in any harsh or ungenial spirit that we are now bidding you look at this matter, or bidding you pronounce upon it. We ask you to regard as you would any experimental question, and give us the calm judgment of your own observation, whether humanity might not feel thus amiably, in all these various ways, and give forth all these beauteous exhibitions, and this without one practical influence descending upon it from the upper sanctuary, or one heaving aspiration towards Him who is throned in supremacy there? This is the only verdict that we are now seeking at your hands—whether nature might not be lovely and engaging in many of her phases, and yet it hold true even of the children of such a nature, that none of them understandeth, and none of them seeketh after God?

We shall make no further appeal to your experience on the question of fact, whether it be not the habit of nature, in all her aspects, and under all her varieties of the more and the less lovely—whether it be not the general habit and disposition of this said human nature just to take her own way independently of God? or, which is the same thing, whether the heirs and partakers of this our nature do not live without God in the world? Our appeal now is to your conscience, or moral sense, on the question of principle; and we leave it with your own judgments of what is right, to tell how such a habit and such a life ought to be characterized. Remember that the case on which we are now calling you to pronounce is the case of a creature, we shall not yet say who positively hates, but who at least forgets and does not care for the Creator who gave him birth. It is the case of man letting slip every hour from his remembrance and from his regards, all thought of that Being who gives him every breath which he draws, and sustains him throughout every moment of that existence which he holds perpetually at His hands. We bid you consider well the relation in which these two parties stand to each other, and this that you may rightly appreciate the manner in which we, the derived and the dependent party, acquit ourselves under it—the relation, we mean, which subsists between Him the continual preserver of men, and us the objects of His care—His eye being constantly directed towards us, while our eyes all the while is as constantly averted from our Maker and our God. Will you only think of this simplest, but truly most emphatic of all Bible statements—that in Him we live and move and have our being; and yet that we live as independently, and walk the earth we tread upon with as firm, unfaltering, and assured footstep, as if, our own creators and our own preservers, it was not in Him but in ourselves that we lived and moved and had our being. And then to think how unmoved these hearts are by any consideration of the Giver, while our hands ravenously seize upon His gifts; and we, revelling on the bounties which His providence showers over us, luxuriating amid the beauties which His creation spreads around us, are willing to forego all thought of our Maker would He simply let us alone, and keep away from us that hideous death and that terrific judgment which follows it. Nay, willing, most abundantly willing, would He but stamp immortality on our present being, and make this earth the abode of unfading health and never-ending pleasures—willing in the ceaseless round of this world's prosperous business and merry companionships and festive holidays, and the full enjoyment of every social and domestic pleasure between the cordiality of our friendships abroad and the endearments of a happy and harmonious family at home—willing on these terms to lose all sense of God; and that, never once revisited by the thought of a Maker, He and we should henceforth cut our hold, and be quit of each other everlastingly. It were difficult to estimate aright the enormity, the moral enormity of this deep-laid ingratitude, this atheism of the heart, as it may well be called. Let us figure, we shall not yet say the hostility or the hatred, but the sheer indifferency, amounting to the total and absolute carelessness of an earthly child to the earthly parent who gave him birth, and with unwearied affection and care never ceases to uphold him, and it may help us to conceive more adequately the turpitude of living as we do without God in the world, the deep criminality of a world that has departed from its God.

ON A BIBLE.[*]

Say, wouldst thou live, this hallow'd page shall tell
Where life's best joys and holiest pleasures dwell;
Say, must thou die, ah! prize this sacred lore,
That points to worlds where death can wound no more.
Living or dying, this shall soothe each pain,
Whispering,—"*To live is Christ, to die is gain.*"
—*Ascribed to Henry Martyn.*

SONNET ON PRAYER.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our burdens take,
What parched grounds refresh, as with a stream!
We kneel—and all around us seems to lower;—
We rise, and all the distant and the near
Stand forth, in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel, how weak!—we rise, how full of power!—
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves that wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee!
—*Trench.*

'Tis by comparison an easy task
Earth to despise; but to converse with heaven—
This is not easy:—to relinquish all
We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,
And stand in freedom, loosen'd from this world,
I deem not arduous; but must needs confess
That 'tis a thing impossible to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul's desires;
And the most difficult of tasks to *keep*
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.
— *Wordsworth.*

HOW GOD WORKS.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

The mind, the conscience, the heart, and the life are all concerned together in life-truth. If they are separated from one another, if the connection between them is broken off, the truth perishes. A steamer may have fuel, and water, and a boiler, and fire, and the steam may be got up; but if it do not pass into the great cylinder, and set the beating heart in motion, it is all a waste. Or if it do not pass from the beating heart to the wheels, to set *them* in motion, it is all a waste. And the vessel may be wrecked, whether at sea or near the coast, by a separation, disconnection, break, or disarrangement, between any of these parts of the machinery.

Just so it is with truth in the soul. If it stays merely in the mind and conscience, and goes not by Divine grace into the heart, it will just merely *wreck* the mind and conscience, instead of keeping it; it will explode if it becomes active, and yet is not admitted into the heart. Or again, if it goes not from the heart into the life, it will but condemn and harden and wreck the heart, because it is the truth held in unrighteousness, a thing against which God's seal of reprobation is most fearfully set. "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness; because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath showed it unto them; and therefore they are without excuse." Indeed, all truth that is not obeyed in the life, by living in the affections, condemns the soul, and in the end, if the disconnection be continued, destroys it. Christ, therefore, must rule in the affections. And for this, a mighty and gradual discipline is requisite, a work which Christ only, by grace, by providence, by truth, can work.

Sometimes God takes one method, sometimes another, and sometimes all methods fail, and the foolish, careless, guilty sinner, regardless of all the riches of God's goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering, leading him to repentance, goes on after his hardness and impenitent heart, treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of God's righteous judgment. "He goes on *after* his hardness and impenitent heart;" it is a striking expression; he follows the impulses of his hardness and impenitent heart, instead of the leadings of Christ; he pursues after his blind heart, instead of pursuing after God. Some souls bend and break, submissive and penitent, under a discipline which other souls successfully resist. One soul becomes a broken bruised reed under the blows of Moses, and then Christ instantly takes the loving, tender charge of that soul, instead of Moses. Another soul stands up firm and erect, stubborn, like an upright, stout reed, cased in flint, and growing every day harder and drier. The blows of Moses only harden it more and more, and the tenderness of Christ, and the dews of God's grace, falling about the roots, only seem to be turned by it into tough fibre and silex.

We have known of a blacksmith, notorious for his recklessness and unbelief on the subject of religion, with a heart as hard as his own anvil. There was a revival by God's grace in the village, and a second blacksmith in the same place who had been a hardened sinner, was converted. One of this man's customers who did not at all relish this change, came shortly after to the first blacksmith, to have a piece of work done by *him*. Somewhat surprised at this application, the blacksmith said, "How is this, friend John? I thought you got all your work done at neighbour Charles's." "Ah, but he's too good now; he isn't bad enough for me; your shop is the only tolerable one now." The thing struck the man to the heart. It was an unexpected, unintended blow of Moses. He went home, cut through and through to think that he should be considered the worst man in the village, and be patronised by bad men solely on that account. He could not sleep for thinking of it, and was filled with anxiety on account of his sins. He went to the study of the Bible, and to prayer. The sword of the Spirit went into his soul, and he was brought to repentance.

So God works. But some there are who complain of their own insensibility, and wonder at it, and think they would give much to have it removed; but still, for that operation, they do not put their hearts at the disposal of Christ, or into his hands for healing. They are like blind men sitting by the way-side, and making a great outcry over their misfortune; but when the Physician comes that way and calls them, they will not stir one step on their own part towards him. What good would the most perfect dispensary in the world, and the most skilful oculists in the world waiting in it, do for the blind in a great city, if, being invited to come and have their blindness removed, they would not come, but would stay away from fear of the operation, or from sheer distrust and indolence?

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[*] We find this and the two following pieces selected to our hand in an excellent little work, which we have looked through with much pleasure. It is entitled "The Pilgrim's Hand-book for Counsel and Comfort for the Wayfarers of Zion,"—and consists of a large number of choice passages on the graces of the Christian character, and the duties, trials, and encouragements of the Christian's life.—*Ed. C. T.*

But in the name of all righteousness, mercy, and truth, is not God himself doing every thing for men to have this insensibility taken away? Does he not thunder with his law, and tenderly persuade them with his gospel, and still will they be like deaf adders, who will not hear the voice of the charmer, charming never so wisely—deaf to the sound both of the wail of hell's torments, and the melody of heaven's music? But if these things do not dispel our insensibility, if all the array of God's providences, and all the terrors of the law, and the majesty and mercy of the Cross of Christ fail to move us, what *can* do it? Would we have God take his rod and shatter us in pieces, or would we have him put a worm in our gourds, and make friends and comforts and health wither and die away from us; or would we have him, when truth and love will not prevail, dip us, as it were, in the burning lake, and make us feel its torments? Yet all the discipline of God in the world, the moment it is taken off, would fail to affect us lastingly, unless by the light of God's truth, under the power of his grace, we come to Christ. All God's discipline with us must come to this, or come to naught.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." What a blessed truth is this! Could we only realize the fact by faith, that wherever we set our tent in our wanderings as pilgrims in this wilderness, the angel of the Lord will throw his encampment around us.

"Not walls nor towers could guard so well,
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
Which every saint surround!"

He shall give his angels charge over us, to keep us in all our ways! In all our ways! In this changing life we are led in many ways; but in all these his angels, which excel in strength, have charge to keep us. There is a way of temptation—there is a way of affliction—there is a way of prosperity and of adversity—there is a way of duty and of toil—there is a way that winds along among the sorrowing willows of life's Babel—there is a way also, oh! how checkered, that we know not—and there are a great many other ways which make up the Christian pilgrim's path, for God leads him about, as he did Jacob of old, in a waste howling wilderness; but in *all* these ways we are kept by his angels, who have charge over us.

But ah! there is one more way, the—at least it seems so at a distance—gloomiest and loneliest of all; it is that which lies through the valley of the shadow of death. In this way, too, angels will attend us. This is evident from the case of the beggar who died on the steps of the rich man's door; he "was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom." We are told, also, that at the end of the world Christ "shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." From this it is plain that angels are employed in gathering home the spirits of the saints. It was the opinion of the Jews, according to Josephus, that angels conducted the souls of the dying from the gate of death on to the place of their final abode. When they pass the gate of death there are two ways, one to the right, and the other to the left. "The unjust are dragged by force to the *left hand*, by the angels allotted for punishment. The just are guided to the *right hand*, and are led with hymns, sung by the angels appointed over that place, into a region of light, in which the just have dwelt from the beginning of the world."—*Harbaugh's "Sainted Dead."*

SINGING.

Though but a poor singer, yet have I a habit of singing when alone. A little thing sets me off—a bit of green on the earth, or a bit of blue in the skies. Yes, yes, I like singing, and often sing with my heart when my lips are silent. I like to hear a milkmaid singing in the green meadow, when her heart is so happy that she *cannot help it.* I love to hear a song uncalled for. *Who asks the birds to sing?* They sing to relieve their heart, and this is the sort of singing that I like. I love to hear a loud Hallelujah, not by the clear musical voice of one who is paid for it, but by a thousand tongues singing with the heart and understanding.

You shall have my favourite verse. I sang it in my youth, and in my manhood, and now I am singing it in my years.

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

—*Old Humphrey.*

THE COURSE OF CRIME.

At first setting out upon a vicious course, men are a little nice and delicate, like young travellers, who at first are offended at every speck of dirt that lights upon them; but after they have been accustomed to it, and have travelled a good while in foul ways, it ceaseth to be troublesome to be dashed and bespattered.

THE PITH OF PIETY.

The pith of piety—what keeps it living and makes it strong—is love to the Saviour. My poor feeble heart droops when I think, write, or talk of any thing but Jesus. O that I could get near him, and live believingly on Him! I would walk, and talk, and sit, and eat, and rest with Him. I would have my heart always doting on Him, and find itself ever present with Him.—*Beveridge.*

A CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.

A commonwealth ought to be as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth or stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body; for look what the grounds and causes are of single happiness to one man, the same you shall find them to a whole state. By consequence, therefore, that which is good and agreeable to the state, will appear soonest to be so, by being good and agreeable to the true welfare of every Christian, and that which can justly be proved hurtful and offensive to every true Christian, will be evinced to be alike hurtful to the State. —*Milton.*

FRAGMENTS FROM HANNAH MORE.

I BELIEVE it will generally be found, with some few exceptions, that no men are so beloved and respected as strict gospel ministers, whose lives are consistent; for *consistency* is every thing.

In my judgment, one of the best proofs that sorrow has had its right effect on your mind is, that it has not incapacitated you for business; your businesses being *duties*. I well know that, under the pressure of heavy affliction, it is more soothing to the heart to sink down into the enjoyment of a kind of sad indulgence, and to make itself believe that this is as right as it is gratifying, especially while it mixes some pious thoughts with this unprofitable tranquillity. But who can say, even after the severest loss, I have no duties, no cares in life remaining?

My good friend, there is no other stable foundation for solid comfort but the Christian religion, not barely acknowledged as a truth, from the conviction of external evidence (strong and important as that is), but embraced as a principle of hope, and joy, and peace, and felt in its suitableness to the wants and necessities of our nature; as well as in its power to alleviate, and even to sanctify, our sorrows. Little as has been my own progress in this school, yet that little was an unspeakable support to me on the bed of sickness; and in my weak and helpless state, I often thought what would have become of me if I had then had to begin to learn the elements of religion.—*(In Letter to Sir W. Pepys.)*

It is an humbling thing to know, that *instrumentality* may be separated from *personal* piety.

Is it not the very spirit of the world to be declaiming about enjoyments which are out of their reach, and neglecting to do justice to the good things which are actually in their possession?

Important as doctrines are, yet except the *leading* ones, for which we ought to be ready to be led to the stake, they yield much with me to the purifying of the inward hidden man of the heart. Conformity to God, a walking in his steps, spiritual-mindedness, a subduing the old Adam within us—*here* is the grand difficulty, and the acceptable offering to God. It is observable, that in the introductory verses to almost all St Paul's epistles, he says, "Grace, mercy, and peace," *peace* comes after grace and mercy.

FRAGMENTS FROM LEIGHTON.

WHY are you not more in prayer? There are no dumb children among those that are born of God; they have all that spirit of prayer by which they not only speak but cry, "Abba, Father."

Study much to increase in spiritual light and knowledge, and withal in holiness and obedience; if your light be this light of God, truly spiritual light, these will accompany it.

Men who are prejudiced observe actions a great deal more than words.

The heart touched with the loadstone of Divine love, ever trembles with godly fear, and still looks fixedly by faith to that star of Jacob, Jesus Christ, who guides it to the haven of happiness.

The Scriptures are a deep that few can wade far into, and none can wade through, as those waters, Ezekiel xlvii. 7; but yet all may come to the brook and refresh themselves with drinking of the streams of its living water, and go in a little way according to their strength and stature.

There is no pill so bitter, but respect and love to God will sweeten it.

Those whom God calls to a kingdom, He calls to sufferings as the way to it.

He that aims high shoots the higher for it, though he shoots not so high as he aims. This is what ennobles the spirit of a Christian, the propounding of this our high pattern, the example of Jesus Christ.

That which is deepest in the heart is generally most in the mouth; that which abounds within runs over most by the tongue or the pen.

The ugly death's-head, when the light of glory shines through the holes of it, is comely and lovely.

Men are less sensible of heart wickedness, if it break not forth; but the heart is far more active in sin than any of the senses, or the whole body.

If you esteem Christ, labour for increase of faith, that you may esteem him more; for, as faith grows, so will He be still more precious to you.

HOPE EVER.

THE night is mother of the day,
  The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
  The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
  Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loved all his works,
  Has left his hope with all.

Fragments.

THE unbeliever in Christ *cannot bear reflection*. He has nothing to *fall back upon* when business or pleasures give out. When *ennui* or low spirits come in like a flood, then he must have *society* or go *crazy*. He can live happily only while his *gods* live. He cannot endure the company of his *own* "sober second thoughts."

The generality of hearers are better judges of example than of sermons.

I give God thanks, that every blessing of worldly comfort that I prayed for, the longer I was kept from it, and the more I prayed for it, I found it the greater in the end.—*Taylor.*

As the dew falls more frequently on the earth than hard showers; so more gentle, less observable, and more gradual droppings of grace descend upon earthly hearts, more frequently than driving storms of fear, or strong transports of love. Their effects may be as gracious, though less forcible, and God hath all the glory of the one as well as of the other.—*Fletcher.*

"Train up a child in the way he should go." is the injunction God lays on us. It is the principle on which He himself is acting with his Church. He is training up his children here. This is the true character of his dealings with them. The education of his saints is the object he has in view. It is training for the kingdom—it is education for eternity.—*Bonar's Night of Weeping.*

A near eternity rebukes and banishes frivolity. It is the eternal lifetime that makes the lifetime of earth such a solemn thing. Sever the living here from the living hereafter, and man's longest being on earth is little more in importance than the flutter of a leaf, his death no more than the falling of a blossom.—*Bonar.*

THE LITTLE CHILD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCRIPTURE EMBLEMS."

"Except ye be converted, and be as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—MATT. xviii. 2.

No trait in our Lord's character is more attractive than the interest which he displayed in little children. How amazing to think that he condescended to pass through the stages of infancy, and to have his infinite perfections embodied in the feeble form and limited faculties of a child! That he was born into the world as other infants are, wrapped in swaddling clothes, borne in the arms, and hushed to sleep on the bosom of one of his own creatures; that he should have smiled the smile, and lisped the language of infancy; that he should have "grown in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man!" When he attained to manhood, children were his most welcome visitors. Others thought their presence troublesome; he begged it as his highest gratification. These lambs of the flock he literally "gathered in his arms, and carried in his bosom." One grown man we hear of who rested his head on that hallowed pillow; but many a babe was clasped in the arms of the Son of God, and pressed to his strong and tender heart. Once it has been said the man of sorrows smiled, when his disciples returned to him with the news of their success; but many a time, we doubt not, the smile of benignity crossed his pensive countenance, when he took these objects of affection into his arms, and blessed them, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But of all the honours which our Lord put upon childhood, the greatest is the use which he makes of it as emblematic of the spirit which distinguishes the "heirs of salvation." "A teacher of babes" was one of his highest titles and most pleasing occupations; but he has elevated them a step higher in his favour—he employs babes as the instructors of grown men. He places his apostles themselves at their feet, and draws from the most obvious traits in the infant character a very pointed lesson on that of his spiritual children. Prone, as they too often have been, to yield to the suggestion of that pride that lurks still in the bosom of regenerate men, on more than one occasion he found his disciples disputing who should be the greatest in his kingdom. With a tact and fidelity altogether his own, he took a child and set him in the midst; and as the little cherub looked round, with a smile of humble contentment and calm tranquillity, on the scene of vain and angry contention, he said with great solemnity, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." This memorable saying still meets every candidate for admission into that kingdom. It demands his closest attention; it prescribes his full character; it presents him with a plain and most expressive emblem of his highest attainment:—"Whoso shall humble himself, as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven." What, then, are these characteristics which are in the sight of God of such high value?

A child is in a high degree *impressible* and *docile*. Its mind is not, indeed, free of all bias, for the taint of original corruption is there; but to all that acquired bias which springs from prejudice and habit, it is an entire stranger. Hence its aptitude for instruction, and capability of being moulded into almost any form. "Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The same characteristic appears in the spiritual man. Softened by the grace of God, it puts off the rigidity of habitual corruption and enmity to God, and, moulded by the plastic hand of the divine Spirit, it obtains a habit entirely new! "For if any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, and behold all things are become new."

The mind of man in infancy has frequently been compared to a sheet of white paper, on which you may write whatever you please. The representation is not accurate. It is a sheet of stained paper, and though capable of, and actually raising an immense variety of permanent impressions, these all take the original hue. But in regeneration the colour is discharged, and on the pure tablet may now be inscribed many a line of spiritual beauty, which in its former condition it could not receive. The lessons of divine truth are now retained by it; the precepts of the divine law are indelibly engraven on it; the lovely features of the divine image become more and more distinctly delineated, until at last the perfect man in Christ is fully brought out. "Ye have put off the old man with his deeds;" "and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge, after the image of him that created him."

It is *confiding* and *dependent*. Of all beings, man is in his infancy longest and most completely dependent. The newly-hatched pullet soon learns to collect its food, and the lambkin is seen frisking round its dam the first day of its existence; but for many a day man must be carried in the arms of others, and for many a year is dependent on his parents for his daily bread. This, however, serves a most important purpose in the divine economy. It tends to draw forth the mutual attachment of the members of the human family, and cherish habits, on the one side of affectionate solicitude, and on the other of confident reliance, which constitute no small portion of the sources of human happiness. How entirely is the happiness of an infant wrapped up in its parent, and how soon does it learn implicitly to draw upon it! Its support is on her arm; its nourishment in her breast; its highest enjoyment in her smile. Absent from her it cannot long be happy; in her bosom it feels no want, and fears no evil. So is it with the child of God. Mere helpless man, feeble infancy, the child of God, is entirely dependent on God for its being and support. Without him he cannot draw a breath or make a spiritual movement, and out of his fulness he daily receives, and "grace for grace." "Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

The dependence of childhood long outlives the period of infancy, and forms indeed a principal means of that training to which we formerly referred. For many a year children never think of making any provision for their own support, or seeking any other home than their father's house. They receive with implicit credit whatever their parents assert, and feel perfectly safe under their protection. They go with confidence to consult them in all their little difficulties, and ask, without fear of refusal, whatever is necessary for their comfort. And what is the faith of God's own elect? The habitual cultivation of this child-like feeling towards him—an entire, unhesitating, unchanging reliance on the wise and beneficent provision of a heavenly Father. "Ask, and ye shall receive," is his own warrant for it; "seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "For if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your Father who is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" It is a habit which the children of God never outgrow; but which, on the contrary, becomes stronger as they advance towards the stature of perfect men, and the stronger it is, it is always the more gratifying to its blessed object. In this spirit we find Abraham going forth at God's command, "not knowing whither he went;" Jacob going down to Egypt, in the assurance that God would be with him and bring him up again; and Moses forsaking Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king, for he endured as seeing Him who is invisible. In this spirit we find David saying, "Though father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up;" and Paul, after a long life spent in his service, strong in his weakness, rich in his poverty, fearless in his extremities, looking with confidence in the face of the king of terrors, and triumphing over the victor of all mankind—"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day."

It is *humble* and *contented*. Pride is indeed bound up in the heart of a child, but it is some time before it displays itself, at least in any marked or offensive form. The infant assumes no air of superiority, nor draws any invidious distinction between itself and others. It is pleased with a slight attention, and gratified with the smallest trifles. A dress of russet is to it the same as a dress of silk; and the child of a beggar as agreeable a playmate as that of a nobleman. Most beautifully correspondent with it is the carriage of the people of God. It is, indeed, a distinguishing feature of all the disciples of Christ. "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." To teach them this disposition, many things contribute. Their previous condition, as children of wrath, cannot be forgotten; their infinite obligations to the grace of Christ should lay them in the dust; while the humility of His character presents a most attractive example, and puts to shame every rising feeling of pride in their bosom. A proud Christian is the greatest of all misnomers. In those who bear that blessed name, we expect "the same mind." "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

From genuine humility springs moral contentment. A proud man never has enough, a humble man has always more than he deserves. "I am less than the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant." Like the child that is just "weaned from its mother," from whom has been taken, never to be restored, what constituted its food, its medicine, the soother of its sorrows, the highest of its pleasures, and which yet soon forgets that ever it possessed such a treasure. To him all blessings are more than his expectations, all trials less than his desert. In every thing he sees the hand of a gracious Father, and, confidently trusting to his wise and bountiful supply, he can say, "My heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty, neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me." "I have learned both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need; I have learned, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content.

It is *compliant* and *submissive*. Childhood indeed has a will of its own, and its wayward working soon displays itself. But it may be taught at that age, that there is a will superior to it, to which obedience must be yielded; and the lesson once properly acquired will not soon be forgotten. To teach this, indeed, is one of the most difficult and painful duties of parental authority; but how pleasing often is its reward! Few moments are sweeter either to parent or child, than when wayward childhood, after resisting correction, seeks to hide its penitent head in the parental bosom; such a disposition eminently distinguishes the children of God. Every high thing is cast down, and every thought brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ. The will of God's children is at last entirely resigned up to him, and the simple rule of its exercise is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

To effect this, the same painful process is needful as in the training of youth. Folly is bound up in the hearts of God's children, and the rod and reproof are required to drive it away. Never was any received into his family that was not subjected to its discipline. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." To endure chastisement is, then, one of the most striking characteristics of his genuine children. "I was dumb, not opening my mouth, because thou didst it." Regarding every event as the doing of the Lord, filial duty may inquire into the causes of the divine displeasure; but when flesh and blood would reclaim against its severity, it effectually shuts their mouth. "It is the Lord," it says, "let him do what seemeth him good." "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me. He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness."

A child is *simple-minded* and *single-hearted*. Nothing is more artless than a child. Entirely without guile itself, it never suspects it in others. It is quite incapable of acting a part, or hiding under feigned words the sentiments of a false heart. Its desires and aversions, its likings and dislikings, are distinctly marked, and all its actions and language form a perfect mirror of the state of its feelings. The child of God is without guile. The native deceit of his heart is not indeed eradicated, but it is subdued—the law of God is written upon his heart; the fear of God is before his eyes; the glory of God is become his single aim; and, taught to "hate every false way," he studies in simplicity and godly sincerity to have his conversation in the world.

Such a disposition, no doubt, frequently exposes the people of God to many injuries and impositions in a deceitful world, and they are therefore enjoined to add "the wisdom of the serpent" to the "harmlessness of the dove;" but, while that wisdom includes a prudence that often detects and avoids the wiles of others, it is lawful to shun all imitation of it. The man of sanctified prudence may not expose his mind to every observer, or commit himself to every adviser; but his conduct and feelings are always consistent with his professions, and reflect the simplicity and candour of truth. "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." How amiable is such a character, both in the sight of God and of man! While nothing is more painful to witness in a child, and nothing more ominous of his future debasement, than the early manifestation of deceit and falsehood, —while in after life the prevalence of such habits has broken up the bonds of society, and separated chief friends, the simple-minded children of God have proved the salt of the earth, the cement of society, and will be the ornament of the world to come. "Who shall ascend into the hill of God? Who shall dwell in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully, he shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation."

(*To be continued.*)

BENGEL ON THE DEATH OF HIS CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN.*

THE illustrious Bengel had twelve children, six of whom died in their infancy. The early loss of these children occasioned severe sufferings to so affectionate a father. The following extracts will show with what meek resignation he submitted to the chastisement of his heavenly Father.

"Our joy of late has been considerably moderated by many a concern about our dear children. In endeavouring to cheer myself and others under the cross which continually attends us, I find use enough for what Christian knowledge and experience I have acquired. Our heavenly Father has again brought my dear wife safely through her sorrows. On the morning of the 29th of August, the same day on which, three years ago, our little Joanna Regina, now reposing in the churchyard, was born, we received in safety a healthy little girl, to whom, as she was born on the same day of the year, we have given a similar name, Anna Regina. We would not choose quite the same name, because we thought it ought to have some distinction from hers, whom we still regard as one of the family, though she is fallen asleep."

That child lived only a year. The following very interesting and affecting letter was written by Bengel to his parents, immediately after her funeral.

"We thank you for the wreaths you sent us, to dress the coffin of our departed and still beloved child, Anna Regina; and we thank you still more for your affectionate and parental sympathy, as also for your consoling letter. I feel constrained to give you, in return, some simple account of what God has discovered to us under this visitation of his love. When, six weeks before our child's illness, I was suffering by scarlet fever, I endeavoured, as I had done during a former illness, to get my heart into a state of more than ordinary tenderness; but I was unable, this time, to bring my feelings into such entire self-abasement as I wished. I complained of it to a friend who visited me, and expressed to him my expectation that some severer affliction, which would better answer the purpose, awaited me. It has arrived, and answered my wishes. While our dear child was lying under so much suffering, and very near its end, I felt the keenest pangs at the thought of losing it; far more so than I had ever felt before, even when I lost our other dear children. Indeed, no occasion of the kind ever distressed me so much. Still I was enabled, without feeling the presence of others any interruption, to attend the dear child, with prayers, supplications, and tears, till its soul had gained the victory. I was led, during the whole time, to meditate deeply upon two things; 1st, The righteousness of God, which had thus disfigured and destroyed such a little tender frame of body on account of sin inherited from its parents, and through us from the stock of Adam; and, 2d, That grace of God by which such a transit through death conducts to life everlasting. Hence, our little sufferer's pitiable convulsions and labourings for breath no longer aggravated my distress. My spirit became so cheered and strengthened, that, notwithstanding this additional affliction at the prospect of another bereavement, I felt, in the inward man, more comfort and enjoyment than I had ever realised in the best pleasures of my life. And, as I reclined my head upon my dying child's little couch, I thought I could gladly die with it that moment. After its precious soul was departed, I went into the room where it was laid out, and reclined again by the side of it to repose awhile, and again thought how desirable such an exchange must be. David, at his wretched Absalom's death, was urged by his feelings to exclaim, 'O that I had died FOR thee!' But there was no need for me to use such lamentation as this for a child that had never lived to enter into the seductions of a wicked world. In my own case, it was sufficient that I could utter the sweet plaint of a Christian parent's love, 'O that I had died WITH thee!'

"The bills of mortality show that more than half the human race die in infancy and childhood. As God then gave us *five* children, and has now taken away THREE, we are not to think ourselves more hardly dealt with than others; especially as these dear little ones have doubtless entered on a good exchange. There is much in the consideration, that so many immortal beings are just shown to this world, and so quickly removed into another, and that the number of the elect is mainly accomplished in this way. They are those plants which are gathered and housed the moment they are in season; while others who arrive at maturer age are as the fewer plants, which, being left for seed, remain longer out in wind and weather. What pains one's natural feelings most is, that we so much miss the delight we have enjoyed in the lovely innocent ways of a thriving child. But even this is made up for by the sure and certain prospect of what is far better. We do not regret the fall of the sweet and delightful blossoms of our plants and trees, though they soon drop off in such multitudes, because the fruit which succeeds is attended with more substantial enjoyment. Had we had no such child born to us a year ago, it is true we should not have been in our present sorrow; but having attended it this day to its grave, we are temporally in the same situation as if we had never possessed it. And yet, we can count it gain to be able to reckon one more child of our own in heaven. It therefore was neither 'made for nought,' nor brought into the world in vain, nor has the care we expended on it been thrown away. And now, that such care has ceased, and responsibility with it, we have the more leisure to attend to the one thing needful, and to direct to this great object, in a more undivided manner, the attention of our two surviving children.

"No sooner was its last struggle over, than the little corpse, with ashes put into its hand, was adorned with clean linen, flowers, citrons, wreaths, &c., which indeed could only die and decay with it, and which afforded but a poor and momentary agreeableness to the eye; but how beautiful must that adorning be with which our heavenly Father clothes the soul in his own presence, in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of his holy angels!

"Our chief hindrance to entire resignation is, that we are so much addicted to things present and visible, while eternal realities are as yet so foreign to us, and so little known. But could we take one glance at the condition of a spirit thus departed, we could never regret and lament, as we are apt to do, the decease of relatives and friends; but our grief would be rather on account of the dim-sightedness of weeping survivors.

"Surely, when the door of paradise is opened to let in any of our departed friends, delicious breezes blow through it upon us from that abode of blessedness. And we ought to avail ourselves of such refreshing influence; we ought to let it quicken us in following after those who have gone before us, rather than wish those friends back again to a world like this. Who could ever think of congratulating any that had been enjoying the heavenly rest and security for ten, a hundred, or a thousand years together, upon their having to return back again to the perils and dangers of the present life? Why, then, should we regard it as an affliction, that any one of our number has escaped from such perils, and is only entered into perfect peace and security? If a vacancy has been made in the family circle, let it also be remembered that another vacancy has been filled up in heaven. The nearer we in this world are approaching to the end of all things, the more welcome should be the thought of dying; because every departed Christian finds, that the multitude of the blessed is increasingly outnumbering the militant remnant; and because the whole family of God are thus successively gathering in, that we may all be together for ever with the Lord.

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* As given in the appendix to an excellent little work by the Rev. Dr John Brown, entitled "Comfortable Words for Christian Parents bereaved of Little Children."

"At the funeral, I accepted the condolence and consolations of kind friends as heartily as if I had possessed no stock of these for myself; and thus God, by their mouth, sent me many a good word in season, particularly about the communion we still share in the TOTAL number of our dear children. who are distributed at present between earth and heaven; likewise, about the mutual recognition of friends whom we shall meet in a better world. As we walked from the house behind the corpse, I looked up to the serene heaven, and my mind itself became as serene as if no such funeral were going on. In the churchyard, after the coffin-lid was removed, and the bunches of flowers which had been fastened to the white pall were added to the rest inside, I beheld once more the face of our blessed child. The sun was shining with overpowering brightness in the cloudless sky, and I could not forbear saying to the bystanders, as I pointed first to the corpse and then to the sun, 'So will that dear child look, which is now no longer like itself.' Animated as I felt with such a hope, I could easily have taken the shovel out of the sexton's hands, and myself have done the office of closing up the little chamber of rest, although, when my first-born, our dear little Albert Fredric, was buried, the sight of the ceremony at that time made such a sad disturbance in my heart. But on the present occasion, I went from the grave into the church with so much cheerfulness of spirit, that I even wished the remainder of the service could have been reserved for the time of my own departure.

"We are now, once more, outside the burial gate, under our own roof, and returned to the necessary occupations of this vain and shadowy life. But we feel more sensibly than ever, that things are rapidly preparing us for the time when these mortal bodies must be borne back through that gate. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

In the year 1723, his second son, Joseph, was born, but lived only three months. A third, named John William, lived but fourteen days. On this latter occasion, the sorrowing father wrote as follows:—

"Our John William was just shown to us, and its funeral will take place to-morrow morning. I have thought more about its burial than its birth; not because of unbelief, but to be prepared for the occasion.

"The dear babe suffered, during the fourteen days of its little life, by jaundice, cough, and white eruption, with thrush, and died yesterday evening. You have, therefore, quite as good reason to congratulate us now, as you had fourteen days ago. It came into this world to die and go to heaven. I know not whether this rapid succession of bereavements gives us the GREATER pain in one respect, or the LESS in another; the greater. on account of the deeply wounded state of our hearts because we lose them so soon; or the less, because we are more accustomed to it. We are willing, however, to abide in the hands of God; let him do with us whatever seemeth him good. Besides, we have not even yet the afflictions of Job; we have not lost all, nor all at once, like him. We have not lost seven, nor any of our grown children, nor any when absent from us; not even two at once, much less seven at once; nor by any tempest; all which circumstances together aggravated the affliction of Job. And even had it been our lot to bear all this, still it would have become us to arm ourselves with Job's patience, which we should have found the easier of having his case and example before us, and from our being nearer than he was to the great consummation. Amen. The everlasting God be gracious to us, not forsaking us in the time of adversity!"

ON THE DEATH OF A GRAND-DAUGHTER.

"The now happy little E. F. I. is registered in our hearts, though the shortness of her stay in this world has prevented us from seeing her. But she was not born in vain. The difference between her own span of life and ours, was merely this, that she was permitted to reach the mark by the shortest way. Let God now rejoice her spirit in the company of her little brother who preceded her; yes, let God comfort her now after the time that he afflicted her, and thus bestow, according to the good pleasure of his will, the more abiding joy upon my dear Maria, their mother. More especially, with respect to thee, my beloved daughter, may He alleviate thy days and nights, till thou art strengthened to quit the sick-chamber; and may it please him to grant to all of us, upon this occasion, renewed faith, love, patience, and hope, in measure ever more full and adequate to our necessities!"

ON THE ILLNESS OF A GRANDCHILD.

December 27th, 1745.

"I would add a few words to thee, my beloved daughter. You say you are become in some degree resigned about witnessing the continual sufferings of your dear little one; and well may we learn under the fatherly hand of God. He is doing all things well; but then we must estimate every event, not according to what our nature feels by it now, but according to the end we shall find answered by it when we are got home. Let us plead and fully depend on the name of Jesus for the little darling, and for ourselves; and let that great name be a real comfort and blessing to us. Your dear uncle, my own brother, oftened suffered by convulsions in his infancy. As long as there is life there is hope, without requiring any special miracle. Let us only serve God in prayer and supplication, always waiting *upon* him and waiting *for* him. May he lead every one of us, with his own hand, out of the departing year into the new!"

ON THE DEATH OF THIS GRANDCHILD.

"I will now add a word in reply to yourself, my beloved daughter. We may safely say that all has been well with the precious child while it was with us; and we shall go to it by and by. One benefit of its sufferings is, that our remembrance of it is the more dear and tenderly affecting to us. Heretofore thy child depended upon THEE; now thy soul follows after IT. This is all right, Our faithful Father in heaven does it out of mere kindness. He may have sent it as a chastening, but he designs it as a benefit. May the consolations of God, which are neither few nor small, be intimately experienced by both of you for permanent benefit! May he cause his face to shine the brighter upon yourselves after this tribulation! Trouble not thyself about the past sufferings of the dear little creature; she is now removed from all suffering, and among the spirits of the just made perfect. If the merciful God has commanded man to be merciful to his beast, and even to the bird upon her nest; how is it possible that he can ever gratuitously inflict so many sufferings upon our dear little ones? Doubtless there is a wise, good, and benevolent reason for it.

RESIGNATION.

Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by His door.
Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

—*R. Baxter.*

THE OAK-STUMP.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Something of recent occurrence has recalled to my mind a circumstance, which, at the time, amused me greatly, and furnished not a few subsequent reflections. I can and do vouch for the truth of the incident; it really happened: but to render it less incredible than it might appear to an English reader, I must observe that in sundry districts of Ireland they do not always carry the finish of a kitchen so far as we do, in country houses of even high respectability, and of the most substantial description. That part of the fitting most frequently dispensed with is the floor. Boards or bricks are little known in some places; and where a few flags are laid down, so many portions become detached in process of time, or sink unequally into the soil, that the pavement is but a partial, irregular affair. I do not mean this as a general description: but I have often seen it so in houses of large dimensions, and possessing luxurious accommodations; while, either from a stretch of hospitality on the part of the servants, or as a security against nightly depredation, the fowls were admitted snugly to roost among the long rafters, or other conveniences, beneath the warm and sheltering roof. This sketch may furnish a hint to unravel the mystery which, had it occurred in a well-bricked or dry-boarded apartment, would have been altogether too marvellous for the grasp of any rational credulity.

It was in the very spacious kitchen of a fine old family mansion, embowered in venerable oaks and elms of mighty growth, that the servants, requiring a stout block for culinary purposes, had obtained it from the lower part of a stately tree, recently felled; and fixing its spreading base on the kitchen floor—so they called it, though of flooring that quarter was perfectly destitute—they used it for several years in the capacity aforesaid. Many a hard blow had the block sustained; many a time had its stubborn surface turned the edge of a hatchet and saw, sending the grumbling operator to the grindstone. Nobody doubted but the block was destined to serve for some generations among those to whom its uses were various and important. The kitchen range did not appear more completely naturalized in its appointed station; nor, apparently, was the iron which composed it more effectually divorced from its parent mine, than was its neighbour, the heart of oak, from its brethren of the forest.

One fine moist spring, however, produced a singular effect on the block: several delicate young leaves were seen to sprout from its side. It was remarked as a curious circumstance by some of the servants, but the leaves soon being chipped off, little notice was taken. The following year it exhibited more conspicuous tokens of vegetation: the shoots were many and of vigorous growth; while the servants agreed to preserve them, pleased to behold their ancient friend in so respectable a livery of national green. Towards autumn, its appearance became so striking that the report was carried into the parlour; and the master of the family found on inspection so fine a development of root, striking deep into the soil of the kitchen, that for the sake of experiment he caused it to be very carefully dug up, without stripping those young roots, and placed in the natural ground, near an ancient avenue of its own kindred. He was not disappointed: for in a year or two the bushy honours of this kitchen block furnished one of the finest specimens of oak foliage to be found on the demesne.

I was in the neighbourhood at the time of this singular transplantation, and ridiculed very freely the idea of any other result than the speedy withering both of root and sprout; alleging that the atmospheric change from a culinary hot-house to the chill damps of closing autumn, with winter's succeeding blight, would alone suffice to extinguish the feeble essay of vegetation. But I wronged the noble plant: or rather the hardihood with which the Creator has endowed that majestic race of trees. It shamed my confident predictions, and became an ornament to the place.

Such a type has afforded me many pleasing illustrations, both on national and personal subjects; but one case is at this moment present to me, which follows it out, I think, with peculiar truth. It regards the solitary survivor of a family that once flourished in the courts of the Lord: until, one by one, they were removed to a better country, and this youth remained, cut off from every external tie that had formerly united him to the people of God. Thrown among worldlings, he became altogether as they: he served their master, and he served them, in all the drudgery of sin. The world, the busy, noisy, abject world, became his element: in their daily toil he partook, and from their scenes of nightly revelry he was never absent. No more resemblance could be traced between H—— and his departed relatives, than between the low and greasy block in a butcher's stall, and the noble stem that throws the canopy of its verdant branches over a wide expanse of sheltered sod. The most sanguine of Christ's followers dared not to surmise of poor young H—— that a principle of spiritual life existed within, lying dormant thus from year to year.

Yet so it was: I had the story from himself, that the first motions of that divine vegetation arose in his soul without the intervention of any other means than a vague and confused recollection of what he had heard in very early life. It was in the midst of as busy and bustling a throng as ever had congregated around him, that these thoughts stole over his mind, gradually absorbing it to such an extent, that the forms which flitted past him were but as the shadows of clouds, and their merry or earnest voices as the murmur of running streams to the contemplative recluse. Hours had thus elapsed ere he became sensible of their flight; and he hastened into retirement with feelings incomprehensible to himself, there to brood over the sweet and awful theme.

His experience was even from this moment a remarkably happy one: convictions he had, deep and powerful, of indwelling and of actual sin: but the manifestation of redeeming love was too vivid for the long continuance of any cloud. Fruits soon appeared, extraordinary enough in the sight of his ignorant companions, but passed over by them as the effect of momentary caprice. After a while, however, the Lord, who was thus mightily working in and for him, directed his removal, even in point of professional avocations, from among the ungodly, and placed him in the midst of those who knew and feared His name. Until then, H—— had made no open profession, and it was a matter of painful conjecture with his new associates, and of profane jests and foolish bets with the old, as to how he would appear in this situation. A very little time sufficed to delight the one party, as much as the others were astonished and chagrined. If ever a young man boldly professed the name of Christ, and beautifully adorned his doctrine, such a man was H——. Rooted and grounded in the faith, he stood, a tree of the Lord's planting, bearing fruit abundantly, that He might be glorified. I may speak freely of the departed, and H—— is gone to his rest: I never beheld more vigorous growth than in him: or a richer adorning of those gifts and graces which the Lord alone can bestow.

Unquestionably there is a blessing connected with the steady observance of family religion, far greater and more extensive than our unbelief is willing to admit. I could fill a volume with the brief enumeration of instances coming within my own knowledge; and I do verily think that the Lord conceals from us many a work of grace in the souls of our dearest connexions, because of our slowness of heart to believe the immutability of His exceeding great and precious promises. It is very generally allowed that the miracles of healing performed on diseased bodies by the blessed Jesus, were typical of what He is ever waiting to do for our sin-sick souls. We often find the leper, the blind Bartimeus, and the Syro-phenician woman, brought forward with striking commentaries, as furnishing invaluable encouragement to come and be saved: but I think we are not equally willing to lay hold on the case of the man whose friends let him down through the roof—of the centurion so successfully pleading on behalf of his sick servant, and of the father who brought his poor possessed child to the Saviour immediately after His transfiguration. All these are told with such emphasis of application—why do we so overlook them? The last-named instance is peculiarly forcible: does not conscience tell us that we are very much in the habit of bringing our unconverted friends before the Lord with an "If thou canst?" It is not that we doubt his power abstractedly: but I, for one, often detect myself in meddling in matters too high for me, by putting forward at such times the secret decrees of electing sovereignty; so that, by musing whether such a soul be of the number of the elect, I have virtually put that treacherous "If thou canst," between me and my prayer. "God," says this specious sort of unbelief, "may have so bound himself by his own eternal decree, that this soul does not come within the number who shall be saved." Away with such daring perversion of a glorious truth! And oh! that we heeded more the impressive, the invaluable, the heart-strengthening reproof—"If *thou* canst *believe*:—all things are possible to him that believeth." And where, all the while, was the subject of this momentous dialogue? Why, he "wallowed foaming," in the very grasp, under the fiercest dominion of the devil.

"But this was a child." Be it so: *he* was no child to whom, when his friends brought him, and let him down in the midst before Jesus, the Saviour, "seeing *their* faith, said unto him, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." Of course, no thinking Christian will suppose that I am verging to the popish doctrine of saintly mediation, based on the merits of the mediating saints; but this is the simple fact—God works by means; and your earnest believing prayers for your friend are as much an appointed means as any that you can name. In using those means, according to that appointment, O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt? "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst," cries the leper, and the answer is sweetly given for every leprous soul that shall, to the end of time, come to the Healer—"I will." "If thou canst do any thing, have compassion on us and help us," says the doubting father, interceding for his child; and in like manner comes the meet reply for every hesitating intercessor. "If thou canst believe: all things are possible to him that believeth." I may well be pardoned the repetition: we require to have these words hammered into us, until they extort the bitter, self-convicted cry, "Help thou mine unbelief!"

Doubting Christians! there is many a soul in glory, brought to its threshold through the appointed means of your secret supplications, concerning which you are now in heaviness, because this word of the Lord not being mixed with faith in you, He could not do his mighty work openly. It is done, nevertheless; and if you would struggle for a little more belief, you would perchance see more, even now, of the glory of God, in reference to your buried brother. I am no theorist in this matter: I write what I do know.

The old oak-stump furnishes one of those trivial incidents of bygone days on which faith can lay hold, and appropriate it. I sometimes see individuals placed in situations as unpromising as the dry block in the kitchen, or H—— in a riotous party; concerning whom I am encouraged to ask, May not these, like Aaron's rod, be ordained to blossom and bud, and to be laid up in the heavenly sanctuary for a testimony? Then I am induced to pray accordingly; and perhaps I see the individual no more in this world, nor ever hear of him again: but such wayside prayers are not always lost. If we rightly considered who prompts every real supplication that ascends from the believer's heart, we should fear to question the issue; but there is evidently among us a great dread of believing too much, even of the love and faithfulness of our covenant God. Does this meet the eye of a wife whose soul is in heaviness because the beloved of heart is a paralytic—destitute of spiritual power? Of a mother weeping over her son possessed of a devil—internally deaf and dumb? Of a sister who lies lamenting at Jesus' feet, because her dear brother is still sleeping in death, and bound in his grave-clothes? Of a daughter, whose father is sick in the world's fever, and cannot wake from the region of its delirious dreams? Oh that I could show you Him who, ever living to make intercession, waits but till you vigorously lay hold on His own true word—"all things are possible to him that believeth"—to give you exceedingly abundantly above all that you ask or think! Paul was refused, when he petitioned to have the thorn in his own flesh removed; but in which of his glowing intercessions for others do we trace the shadow of our own *ifs* and *buts*? It is most true that we are not of ourselves sufficient to think or to ask any thing as of ourselves: but the very fact of being drawn out to pray for those dear to us, is a token that a mightier power is working within; and we ought not to restrain it, or to check the filial petition with ignorant surmises as to what *may be* the will of God. "Oh that Ishmael might live before Thee!" cried Abraham, when the full tide of divine promise was flowing towards Isaac. "And as for Ishmael, I have heard thee," was the gracious reply. God has more blessings to bestow than we can muster claims to put in. Let us not impute niggardliness to Him who, when He ascended up on high, leading captivity captive, received gifts for men, even for the rebellious, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

RESEMBLANCES.

It is curious to notice, especially in travelling, how frequently resemblances will suggest themselves between the persons whom we meet and others whom we remember—resemblances, however, which are merely apparent, or which, on a few moments' careful observation, are found to be exceedingly imperfect. Sometimes the expression of a countenance, or of certain prominent features in it, will be almost precisely the same with that of another's whom we recall; while the features themselves are widely different. Sometimes, on the other hand, the shape and features of the face, the colours that mark it, and even the outlines of the whole form, will be almost identical with those of another; but a glance at the spirit that speaks in the face shows *it* to be totally and strangely different. And sometimes, in a comparatively few instances, where the resemblance had seemed almost complete, in respect to both form and expression, some quick glance of the eye, some careless curve of the lip, some natural change, even in the attitude or position, will show at once the widest difference between the one we are observing and the one whom we remember. And yet at first sight we might have confounded them.

If we will apply this familiar illustration to the analysis of CHARACTER, it may help to show us how easy it must be to mistake in regard to it, and how real and complete the difference may be between the characters that seem most nearly similar. Where the faculties, and even the sensibility and the emotive power of the soul, as natively constituted, may be equal and alike, the spirit that animates them, in different persons, may be totally different; and this difference, though only revealed in a careless word or a trifling action, making the difference in the character between goodness and badness, will make the difference in the destiny between Heaven and Hell.—*Independent.*

PERILS OF FALSEHOOD.

When once a concealment or deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum which you have once pressed in your hand. How true is this! and what a neglected truth by a great portion of mankind! Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later it is most certain to lead to the most serious crimes. With partners in trade, with partners in life, with friends, with lovers, how important is confidence! How essential that all guile and hypocrisy should be guarded against in the intercourse between such parties! How much misery would be avoided in the history of many lives, had truth and sincerity been guiding and controlling motives, instead of prevarication and deceit! "Any vice," said a parent in our hearing a few days since, "any vice, at least among the frailties of a milder character, but falsehood. Far better that my child should commit an error, or do a wrong, and confess it, than escape the penalty, however severe, by falsehood and hypocrisy. Let me know the worst, and a remedy may possibly be applied. But keep me in the dark, let me be misled or deceived, and it is impossible to tell at what hour a crushing blow, an overwhelming exposure, may come."

"I CAN'T GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH!"

So said a lady, who had recently been admitted by letter into the membership of a large church, to the pastor.

"I am very sorry, my sister," was the reply; "the members are generally considered quite friendly, and there is much pleasant intercourse among them. Do you speak to them?"

"I do not like to speak first. It was so very different in the first church I joined."

"Where you passed the days of your childhood and youth, you were of course more widely known, and when you were baptised it was a more direct introduction to the Christian sympathies and affection of the Church. Do you attend the prayer-meetings?"

"No. I have not been yet."

"The best place to form acquaintances among the members is at the prayer-meetings. The Sabbath congregations are so large, and so many strangers attend, that the members can scarcely become familiar with each other if they meet only there. But if you are seen regularly at the prayer-meeting, you will soon be recognised and welcomed. Have you been to the Dorcas society?"

"Oh, no! I did not like to go where all were strangers to me."

"But how are they to become acquainted with you if you do not give them the least opportunity? I hope you have visited the Sabbath-school?"

"No. I should like to take a class, but I have been waiting for an invitation."

"My dear friend, do you not perceive that you are far more to blame for remaining a comparative stranger among us, than the members of the church generally can be? You are waiting for advances to be made by those to whom you give scarcely an opportunity for friendly intercourse. You give them no reason to think that you desire an acquaintanceship. Now, my advice to you is, attend the more familiar meetings of the church, manifest an interest in its spirituality and prosperity, kindly recognise any whom you know to be members, dispense with the worldly courtesy that requires a formal introduction to these disciples of Jesus, and then, if they remain indifferent to you, the blame will rest with them." —*Watchman.*

"WHERE IS HE."

John vii. 11.

Is he in your worshipping assembly on the Sabbath? Do you repair to the sanctuary confidently expecting to meet him there? Does his manifest presence banish every worldly and irreverent feeling? Does he mete out to you the word of life, and render it sweet to your taste, and nourishing to your soul?

Is he in the prayer-meeting? Do you, in company with, at least, one or two others, meet together weekly, and claim the fulfilment of his promise to be with you? And is he there, causing your hearts to burn within you, and strengthening you to lay hold with a firmer grasp upon his promises? When you leave that place of prayer, does your conduct say, "We have seen the Lord?"

Is he in the family? Has he made his abode with you? Does his presence refresh the weariness of toil, and lessen the burden of care, and brighten the smile of affection? Does he take your children in his arms and bless them? And does he assure you that you shall form an undivided family in those mansions which he has prepared on high?

Is he thus near to you? or is he afar off—to be still farther when this world shall have run its appointed course, when the impassable gulf shall separate the righteous from the wicked? *Call upon him while he is near.*

THE DISCIPLE IS AS HIS MASTER.

Do you think your condition in life a humble one? So was Christ's. He was the reputed son of a carpenter. He was the inmate of no costly dwelling. He laboured with his own hands. The proud doubtless looked down upon him. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master.

Do you suffer from a lack of the comforts, conveniences, and even the necessaries of life? So did Christ. He travelled on foot and was wearied by his journey, he was hungry when he had not the means of procuring food, was weary when he had not where to lay his head. In all these respects you are as well off as was Christ. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master.

Do you meet sorrows which weigh down the soul, causing days of heaviness and nights of weeping? So did Christ. He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Sorrow and weeping were the characteristics of his life. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master.

Do you meet with unkindness where you have a right to expect love, are your motives misinterpreted and your efforts to do good rendered abortive; and do you not meet with deception and treachery? So did Christ. He was despised and rejected of those whom he came to save: many went back and walked no more with him, and one of the chosen twelve lifted up his heel against him. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master. Will not this consideration remove every cause of discontent and repining?—*New York Observer.*

A LIFE-EMPLOYMENT.

"It is a fearful thing to die," said one to his neighbour as they were returning from the graveyard, whither they had followed the remains of a man who had spent fourscore years in rebellion against God.

"It is a fearful thing to live as N—— lived;" was the reply; "for more than three-fourths of a century he has been engaged in treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath. It has been his daily business, and I had almost said, his delight."

Poor N—— was indeed a strangely wicked man. Without sinking to the depths of sensual immorality, he gloried in his enmity to God, and hastened to multiply his transgressions. God gave him a long life, every moment of which was spent in treasuring up wrath. He had no bands in his death, and his infidelity and stupidity were removed by passing into the immediate presence of God.

How many spend their lives in the same manner, and what a fearful thing it is for them to live! Every impenitent sinner, every neglecter of the Saviour, is spending his days in treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath! What an awful employment! Oh, impenitent reader! have you not treasured up enough already? Will you continue your accumulations till you shall experience "WRATH TO THE UTTERMOST?"

LOST IN THE CHURCH.

It is a fearful thing to be lost amid the darkness of heathenism, far away from Sabbaths and sanctuaries and Bibles, and the sound of the church-going bell; so far beyond the farthest outskirts of Christendom, that rumour hath not carried there even the name of Jesus or the word of salvation; but a deeper, darker woe is his who is lost in the church, and dead before minister and altar, on the seat hallowed by the late presence of the glorified pious, the Bible leaves beside him marked with text and tears. There are such in all churches—dead souls at the altar of the living God—lost souls at the Redeemer's feast and table. It was an Egyptian custom at festal banquets to introduce a corpse and seat at the table, to remind the guests of their mortality. Its fleshless skinny hand rested on the board, but moved not the viands; the glassy eyeballs fixed their dead stare upon the guests, but the light of life in which those orbs once swam, was extinguished for ever. In such a presence the festivities proceeded. In such a presence proceed often the festivities of Zion. I have seen the corpse at the sacramental supper, stone-dead amid the guests of Jesus. Not a tear on the cheek, nor a quiver of the lip when Jesus showed his wounds. The dull, dead, unlighted eye never sparkled, the bosom heaved not, the entombed tongue clove to the roof of its mouth, amid all the outbreak of a Saviour's love and tenderness! Do we speak in figures? We only give a Bible application; and alas! figures are inadequate to set forth the entire melancholy of the case.

SIGNS OF VAIN RELIGION.

All religion is vain which does not influence the conduct, which does not soften and change, and which does not govern and direct the affections. It is not meant to assert that all is vain which does not immediately elevate the Christian to the perfect standard of Christian piety, but that all is so which does not exert a ruling, an increasing influence over the conduct, the heart, and the temper. Where the heart is not humbled, where sin is not hated, Christ is *professed* in vain. Where, instead of humility, pride maintains its sway; where, instead of gentleness and meekness being followed, passion and rage still mark the temper as unchanged; where a misplaced word, or a slighting expression or look, is sufficient to occasion a storm of anger—religion is vain. Practical piety is described as connected with "the work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope, in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father."—(1 Thess. i. 3.) But faith, without its works—love, without its labours—hope, without patience—all are vain, and mark a vain religion.—*Religion and Eternal Life, by J. G. Pike.*

MISCELLANEA.

How many habits and opinions do we begin with from impulse, and persevere in from indolence! As idleness is the root of all evil, so indolence is the bar to all improvement.—*Danby.*

Habits of *seriousness* of thought and action are necessary to the duties, to the importance, and to the dignity, of human nature.—*Sir J. Mackintosh.*

If there were no other sign of the perverseness of the mind of man, this would be a sufficient one, that about spiritual things almost every one is satisfied with himself, and thinks himself as wise and holy as need is; whereas about temporal things, nobody is contented with his state and condition, but would fain be greater and richer every day. If we were really wise we should not be so greedy of temporal things, considering we have as much as nature requires. What is beyond the need of nature is a clog to grace. But in spiritual things, the greatest share we have is the least of what an infinite being is able and willing to give.—*Ludolf.*

Be sure to mend *that* in thyself which thou observest doth exceedingly displease thee in others.—*Bishop Patrick.*

A wise Christian will think on rain when the sun shines, and *remember sunshine when dark and rainy clouds gather* over him.—*Saturday Magazine.*

Where there is most love of God, there will there be the truest and most enlarged philanthropy. No other foundation is secure. There is no other means whereby *nations* can be reformed, than that by which alone *individuals* can be regenerated. In the laws of God conscience is made the basis of policy, and in proportion as human laws depart from the groundwork, error and evil are the sure result. —*Southey.*

The sending our thoughts too much abroad to discern the faults of others, hath the same effect as when a family never stayeth at home; neglect and disorder naturally followeth, as it must do within ourselves if we do not frequently turn our eyes inwards to see what is amiss with us; where it is a sign we have an unwelcome prospect, when we do not care to look upon it, but rather seek consolation in the faults of those we converse with.

Time murdered, stains not the ground with blood; but years spent unimproved, will dye the soul with guilt.—*Saturday Magazine.*

The duty of the Christian consists not only in forgiving, but even in a desire of benefiting his destroyer, as the sandal-tree sheds perfume on the axe which destroys it.—*Ibid.*

Adversity is like the period of the former and of the latter rain—cold, comfortless, and unfriendly to man and animals; yet from that season have their birth, the flower and the fruit, the date, the rose, and the pomegranate.—*Sir W. Scott.*

The great secret of doing much is doing one thing at a time.—*Locke.*

The rubbing of the eyes doth not fetch out the mote, but makes them more red and angry; no more doth the distraction and fretting of the mind discharge it of any ill humours, but rather makes them more abound to vex us.—*Bishop Patrick.*

Unless Christianity be viewed and felt in a high and comprehensive way, how large a portion of our intellectual and moral nature does it leave without object and action!—*Coleridge.*

The desire to justify ourselves is the spring of all distress of heart, but he who receives Christ has *peace*, and not only peace but purity of heart.—*D'Aubigné.*

We cannot attain to the understanding of Scripture either by study or by strength of intellect; therefore your first duty must be to begin with prayer.—*Luther.*

THE DRUIDS AND THE CHURCH OF ROME.

I was always struck with the surprising resemblance between the very ancient pagan hierarchy of the Druids and that of the Church of Rome, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Look into Cæsar's Commentaries, lib. vi., and see how exactly they agree in the most material instances: a Papal supremacy in the chief Druid, not only over the people among whom he resided, but over all of the same religion in other countries and states; a judicature in him and his dependent priests in all causes, public and private; a power of enforcing their sentences and decrees of excommunication, attended with the heaviest penalties and temporal punishments; an exemption to the priests from taxes, war, and all public burthens; a careful concealment of their doctrines and discipline from the laity; and a principal share in the government wherever their religion prevailed. How strongly, I say, do these two ecclesiastical polities resemble each other! The hierarchy of Rome bears a greater resemblance to the ancient Church of Britain and Gaul, which I suppose was derived from Egyptian original. It shows a similar spirit acting in both to the same purposes—the purposes of ecclesiastical ambition and power—favoured by the state of the clergy and people, in those ages and countries in which they prevailed. —*Lord Lyttleton.*

BE PLEASED.

It was a maxim of a celebrated minister, "that if a child but lisped to give you pleasure, you ought to be pleased." When occasionally preaching in the villages, he used to be delighted in visiting the poor, and, when solicited, would regale himself with their brown bread and black tea; but took care, at the same time, that they should lose nothing by their attention. "When a poor person shows anxiety to administer to your comfort," he would say, "do not interrupt him. Why deprive him of the pleasure of expressing his friendship?"

THE WATER OF LIFE.

"If thou *knewest* the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."—John iv. 10.

"If thou knewest," little child,
The gift that God has given,
How fully would thy thirst for joy
Be satisfied from heaven!

"If thou knewest," little child,
That, sinful as thou art,
Compassion fills His soul to thee,
And tenderness his heart!

"If thou knewest," little child,
The pleasures of his love,
Thy little heart would love to think
Of Him who is above.

Would think of Him who's seated there—
And hear His gospel tell,
How once, to show the way of life,
He sat beside the well.

And *now* His tenderness the same,
Who still is meek and mild—
He draws the living waters still,
And gives them to the child.

Drink, little sinner, freely drink—
These waters are for you;
The springs of life are ever fresh—
The wells of mercy new.

DISRESPECT.

When a stranger treats me with want of respect, said a poor philosopher, I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old and shabby coat and hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So if my hat and coat chooses to fret about it, let them; but it is nothing to me.

A CONTRAST—QUINCTILIAN AND JOB.

Marcus Fabius Quinctilian was a great advocate, orator, and critic. He was the friend of Pliny, and received the patronage of the emperors. He died at Rome, A.D. 60. His great work is his "Institutes of the Orator." The introduction to the sixth book of this work, relates the loss of his wife and children, and especially the recent death of a very promising son. Let us hear his views on such a subject. He complains of the "bitterness of fortune," and says, "This was the second wound that was struck deep to afflict me, now a childless father! What then shall I do? or on what shall I any more employ the unhappy talents which the gods seem to reprove? It was my misfortune to be borne down by a like stroke when I set about writing the book which I gave to the public, 'On the causes of the corruption of Eloquence.' Why then did I not cast into the fire that accursed work? Why did not I commit it, with that little unhappy learning I might have, to the flames of that funeral pile kindled so untimely to consume my bowels? . . . . . What good parent would pardon me if I again engaged in study? Who would not detest my insensibility, if I made any other use of my voice than to vent complaints against the injustice of the gods, who have made me survive all that was dearest to me in the world; if I did not proclaim aloud, that there is no providence in the regulation of human affairs?" Afterwards, he says, "There reigns a secret envy, jealous of our happiness, which pleases itself in nipping the bud of our hopes. . . . . . If my life be my crime, it shall also be my punishment. . . . . . I can brave fortune; it has brought my vexations to their height, and in this I find a doleful but just security."

Who can read such effusions of impiety, rage, sullenness, and despair, without pain and regret? A human soul thus stung, maddened, and rebellious, is one of the saddest spectacles ever witnessed on earth. Is not heathenism worthless in the day of calamity? Does it bring any solace? Is not even a little light from revelation a blessing? The man of Uz was a great orator too. Unto him "men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at his counsel." After his words, "they spake not again, and they waited for him as for the rain." He was held in the very highest veneration. "When the young men saw him, they hid themselves." In his presence, "the aged arose, and stood up. The princes refrained talking, and laid their hands on their mouth. The nobles held their peace, and their tongue cleaved to the roof of their jaws." He was also the greatest captain of his age. "He dwelt as king in the army." "He broke the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth." He was also a great philanthropist. "When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him. Because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him." . . . . . "He caused the widow's heart to sing for joy; he was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. He was a father to the poor." He was also the richest man in the East. "He washed his steps in butter, and the rock poured him out rivers of oil." He had seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, aud a great number of servants. He had also ten children.

This man lost all his property, and all his sons and daughters in one day. Yet he reverently said, "The Lord gave, and the lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. . . . . . Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

It is commonly believed that Job lived before any of God's Word was written, though not before some important truths had been revealed. He had some light, though not the full light of the gospel. What a difference the Word of God, heartily received, makes in men! What a contrast between Quinctilian and Job! The former lived in the days of the Apostles, and might have known the truth as it is in Jesus. In one sentence of his work, he is supposed to have made a scornful allusion to the Christians. Strange that a man should blaspheme his own gods, and yet see no need of a better religion. Let those who lightly esteem the gospel remember, that, deprived of it, life is a burden and death is without hope. A false religion, because it is false, is an instrument of torture. Strange that any man should oppose the spread of the gospel! How can one defend himself from the charge of malignancy, when he would withhold from the wretched the cup of divine consolations? Let those who tell of the happiness of the heathen without the Word of God, henceforth be silent. "Their sorrows shall be multiplied who hasten after another god." There is but one only, the living and true God. Jesus Christ is his Son. His mediation alone can bring salvation. His word is truth. Blessed are they, and only they, who have made Jehovah their refuge, and hope, and portion. But this must be done with the heart. I once knew a man, who, upon the death of a son, said, "If I could, I would dethrone the Almighty." He was a heathen in a Christian land. Like the bat and the owl, some men see nothing in the brightest light. They are blind. How kind is the Almighty in revealing to us by his Spirit, the beauty and excellency of Christ and his salvation! Praise him in the highest.

THE CHAMPLAIN BIBLE-BURNING.

The people of this country, a few years ago, were shocked by a scene which occurred at Champlain, a town in that state, on the borders of Canada. Gathered there was a population of Canadian French, and among them came some Jesuits, lately arrived from France, who took measures for extirpating, at once, such seeds of Protestantism as they imagined might endanger the fidelity of these people to the Romish Church. Protestant benevolence had distributed among these Canadians a large number of copies of the Holy Scripture, and these Scriptures became the special objects of Jesuitical dread and hostility.

The people were not only required to confess the possession of the Scriptures, but to bring the volumes to the Jesuits, who proceeded to make a public bonfire of them in spite of the protestations of the Protestants, who desired that, if the Canadians were not to be permitted to read them, they might at least be returned to the donors. No—these professed ministers of religion would do no such thing—the Bibles must be burned, and *were* burnt.

A chief agent in this Bible-burning was a tall Canadian, a man who had possessed, and had now surrendered at the command of the Jesuits, a copy of the sacred volume. He aided in kindling the fire, and stirred the burning heap with a pole, to make it burn more freely. But mark the power and the grace of God! Dr Cote discovered, among the congregation at the Grand Ligne mission chapel last winter, a new but not unfamiliar face. Believing that he recognised the person, he advanced toward him and said, "Have I not seen you before?" "Yes," replied the man; "it was I who aided in the burning of the Bibles, and my heart has never ceased to reproach me. If I had known the value of that book, I should never have participated in the horrible act. I have found another copy of the Holy Scriptures, and I have prayed God for Christ's sake to forgive me my sin." God had overruled his share in that nefarious work to his awakening and conversion, and he now solicited baptism at the hands of the missionaries. In due time his wish was complied with, and himself and his wife are members of the mission church at Grand Ligne.—*New York Recorder.*

PRAYER-MEETING IN WEST AFRICA.

One night, some time after we had retired to rest, we heard a noise in the children's room, which was some distance from our own. We felt anxious to know what our little people could be doing up so late. We approached the door and listened; and, lo! it was the voice of prayer. We continued to listen, and we soon found that these dear little African children were holding their own prayer-meeting. The eldest girl was named Matty; she seemed to be conducting the exercises. She first prayed herself in broken English. She then called upon John. But John said, "Matty, me no sabby pray English." "Then pray in Jolliff," said Matty; "God knows every language." He prayed in Jolliff. Matty then called upon Petty, who also prayed in Jolliff. The next boy called upon was Gabriel. But Gabriel said, "Matty, me no sabby pray English; me no sabby pray Jolliff." "Then," said Matty, "say 'Our Father.'" The poor boy repeated the Lord's Prayer in a solemn tone; and the little prayer-meeting concluded. We returned to our room unobserved, and thanked God in our hearts that he was beginning to work upon the minds of our dear negro children.—*Rev. W. Moister.*

SELFISH PIETY.

In the olden time of sloop navigation on the Hudson, a close-handed countryman was returning to his home from an excursion to the city, accompanied by his sister, a damsel named Consider.

Somewhere in the Highlands they encountered a tremendous storm: the wind blew fearfully, and the passengers were exceedingly alarmed.

Consider maintained a considerable degree of composure, but her brother's agitation was extreme. He exclaimed: "Ah, if *'Sider* and *I* were only ashore, I shouldn't care how hard the wind blowed."

Are there any professing Christians whose benevolence resembles that of Considers's brother?—who are not unwilling that the wretched should be ministered to, if *they* are not called upon? And if they are themselves saved (as they hope to be), what is it to them though whole nations of heathen perish? Happy the church in which this type of piety is unknown.

Fragments.

"Love is the *law* of Christ's kingdom, the *lesson* of his school, and the *livery* of his household."

As an heir must have something else to live on than the mere expectation of his inheritance, so a believer must have an actual foretaste of heaven to sustain him, until the time comes when he shall be put in full possession.

Woe is me that man should think there is any thing in me! He is my witness, before whom I am as crystal, that the secret house-devils that bear me too often company, that the corruption which I find within, makes me go with low sails.—*Rutherford.*

Nature can no more cast out nature, than Satan can cast out Satan.—*Thomas Watson.*

Then do we begin to live, when we begin to have union with Christ, the fountain of life, by His Spirit communicated to us; from this time we are to reckon our life.—*Flavel.*

Christ is an universal spring of all life.—*Sibbs,* 1635.

It is only in the path of holiness that we can realize our acceptance.—(1 John i. 7.)—*Bridges.*

Willingly to dispense with the least of the commandments, proves that we have yet to learn the spirit of acceptable obedience.—(Matt. v. 19.)—*Bridges.*

THE LITTLE CHILD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCRIPTURE EMBLEMS."

(*Concluded from* p. 519.)

The little child is *gentle* and *affectionate*. At no period are the affections more unsophisticated than in infancy. Native selfishness soon developes itself; but, even when it temporarily turns aside the course of affection, it soon returns again into its wonted channel. The pettishness of dutiful children, the quarrels of brothers and sisters, are proverbially short-lived; and, after a temporary misunderstanding, the tender heart of childhood returns with increased ardour to all the loved objects upon which it is accustomed to centre. It is "a love without dissimulation," and in the short ebullitions of anger, by which it is occasionally interrupted, deliberate malice has no place. Similar is the disposition of the people of God. They "love as brethren," are "pitiful and courteous." Drawn towards one another by an impulse stronger than natural affection, the children of God love one another with a pure heart, fervently. It is an offshoot of love to God himself, and partakes of the simplicity and strength of its kindred feeling, "Love the Lord with all thine heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind—and thy neighbour as thyself."

Such a feeling is twice blessed to him that cultivates it, and to him that is its object; and while it rests particularly upon the family of God, it is wide enough to embrace all the human race. Purified from the selfishness that mingles with the common feelings of humanity, it makes a godlike effort "to do good unto all men, especially to those who are of the household of faith." In this it not only proves its exalted origin, but reaps a rich and appropriate reward. I say unto you, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you; so that ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven, for he maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust."

It is *detached from the world*. A little child is comparatively a stranger in the world. It has, no doubt, its own little cares, but these are soon dissipated, and, like the cloud that passes over a summer sky, they leave no trace of them behind. To all that so much concerns grown men, the child is totally indifferent. The interest which these awaken, the anxiety and toil that they occasion, he cannot comprehend. Children are found in the market-place, but they are prosecuting their own sports, altogether regardless of the bustle going on around them. Infants are carried thither, but they look round with amazement at what all the busy hands and plodding heads are engaged in. To them the world is all a vain shew. Its pleasures cannot delight them, its wealth cannot enrich them, its honours cannot tempt them. All, all, to the babe is as nothing, compared with a smile from its mother's eye, and a sleep in her bosom. Such a stranger in the world is the child of God, or rather he is a greater. The child is indifferent to it, because he knows it not; the other has weighed it in the balances and found it wanting. "Ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world." "Be not conformed to the world, but be ye transformed in the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

It would be indeed a strange sight to see a little child on the exchange or the market-place of this world, transacting its business like a grown man. At first it might strike us as a very interesting sight, but in the issue it would be more likely to shock us as an unnatural one. "Every thing is beautiful in its season." And the literal verification of the proverb, "a gray head upon green shoulders," would not appear more anomalous; but not more unsightly would be such an object, than a worldly-minded Christian is. A true child of God is in the world, but he feels and shows that he does not belong to it.

Its joys and its sorrows have given place in his bosom, to a joy and sorrow with which the world cannot intermeddle; its possessions are postponed to the unsearchable riches of Christ; its honours to that "honour which cometh from above;" its empty pleasures to those that are "at God's right hand." One thing the child of God feels to be needful, and all others are to him indifferent. One pursuit engrosses his energies, and all others occupy a secondary place. He seeks first, he seeks last, he seeks diligently till he find it—the kingdom of God—and all other things, " he trusts," shall be added thereto. " Brethren, the time is short," is his motto. " It remaineth therefore, that they that have wives be as if they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as if they rejoiced not; and they that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use the world as not abusing it, for the fashion of the world passeth away."

In fine, a child is *particularly attached to its father's house.* All a child's happiness centres in home. There are the objects of his chief reliance and warmest attachment; there are the sources of his most delightful entertainment; there are the scenes with which his thoughts and heart are familiar. A short absence may occasionally be relished, but it is not long before the excitement of novelty wears off; and, like the bird that has wandered or been frightened from its nest, the heart of a child returns again to its old haunts with increased pleasure. So strong, indeed, are these feelings, that time and distance seldom obliterate them; and, after passing through the varied scenes of life, and forming many a new and interesting connection, the man of hoary hairs often goes back in his musings to the scenes of his youth, as " the greenest spot in memory's waste." " Jacob, though domesticated in Padan-aram, longed sore for his father's house;" and what a gush of feeling rushed through the soul of Joseph, in the midst of all his glory in Egypt, when the entrance of his brethren brought back to him his father's tent, and the joys and sorrows of his early days! A similar longing distinguishes all the children of God. All their best affections gather round the house of God. " How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!" There is the place of their second birth; there is the abode of their dearest and most affectionate friends; and there is the scene of their highest enjoyment. A child of God indifferent to God's sanctuary, would be as unnatural as a child that cared not for its own home. A disciple that would knowingly take a part in injuring its interests, or impairing its privileges, is as great a monster as a child who would set fire to his father's house. " I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth." He may be often separated from it, and duty as well as necessity may require him to be so; but " as the heart panteth after the water brook," so pants his soul for a speedy return. His daily prayer ascends to God for its prosperity, and an earnest desire for its enlargement and full establishment, is the last wish connected with earth that dies in his bosom. " If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the root of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chiefest joy."

And if this be true of God's earthly habitation, much more of his heavenly home. That is the true family mansion, from which is derived their spiritual descent, and where all will ultimately be collected. The family of God are all " born from above." " Jerusalem, which is above, is the mother of us all." It is a home suited to the glory, and enriched with the wealth of their heavenly Father, and where nothing is awanting to the personal comfort and eternal joy of all his children. " In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Never was there a child of God but looked and journeyed towards that " happy home;" and just in proportion to the longing desire which they cherish for it, and the earnest and decided manner in which they express it, do they manifest to themselves and to others that they are indeed the children of the Most High. " We who are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened, not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality may be swallowed up of life." " I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." " And truly, had they been mindful of that country from which they set out, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country—that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city."

Is this, then, the character of God's children? How obvious the assertion of our Lord: " Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." How uneasy upon a grown man would sit the habits of a little child! To copy it naturally, he must himself grow young again. As unnatural sits the form of godliness upon him who is a stranger to its power. To be and to act the spiritual man, requires the birth " of water and of the Spirit." " I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them."

Little children, " come, and welcome to Jesus

Christ." Has he made so much of you, and shall you make little of him? Has he made you his text, and preached from you some of his most impressive sermons? O! what a pity if ye should be but a text to teach others, a sign-post to guide them to the kingdom of heaven, and you yourselves should never enter it! "Of such," Christ has said, but not "of *all* such, is that kingdom." You require to be born again as well as those that are advanced in life. The amiable features in your natural character, are but emblems of the graces of God's Spirit, and you need to acquire, just like grown people, the reality. The fact, however, that the Saviour has spoken so much about you, shows that you are specially welcome to him. "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

Parents, bring your children to Christ. Bring them to the house of God at the earliest stage. Be not afraid to give trouble. Well-trained children soon give very little, and the servants of Christ are less easily troubled than many imagine. Modern fastidiousness has almost expelled from the house of God the younger children, but it was not always so. Remember that Christ set them in the midst, as much as to say that it was their appropriate place. Say not they can receive no benefit there at so early an age. If they get no good, they may impart some. If they cannot learn they may teach; and the man of hoary hairs need not be ashamed to profit by them. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

Let all, young and old, cultivate the habits of God's little children. O! it is melancholy to see young people, as they grow up, putting off these amiable traits of character which were their honour: but O! how pleasant to see the aged Christian putting them on, becoming more mellowed in disposition, more childlike in character, as he draws nearer to his eternal home. Not unfrequently have we observed the face of a dying saint lighted up again with the sweetness and simplicity of childhood; a token, we did not doubt (for we knew their characters), that the "graces of God's genuine child were fast filling up in the inner man," and that, with a youth renovated as the eagle's, they were about to soar upward and take possession of their Father's house. "And all that sat in the counsel, looking steadfastly on Stephen, saw his face as if it had been the face of an angel; and they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge; and when he had said this, he feel asleep."

THE PILLAR OF SALT.

GENESIS XIX. 26.

[We are indebted for this article and that immediately succeeding to a volume just published by Messrs Oliphant, entitled "Daily Bible Illustrations, being original readings for a year on subjects from Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology: By John Kitto, D.D." Dr Kitto is well known to the Christian public of this country as a most valuable illustrator of Scripture—his varied, indefatigable, and most successful labours in that department having gained for him a high name and a large circle of readers. The volume mentioned, although his most recent work, is one of the most interesting that has proceeded from his pen. It is the first of a projected series of four volumes, and embraces numerous subjects from the History of the Antediluvians and Patriarchs, which he copiously and felicitously illustrates—casting upon them all the light which his own Eastern researches and extensive general reading and information can supply. It differs from ordinary companions to the Daily Reading of the Scriptures, in that it contains a much larger amount of positive information (often of a very curious kind) than any other work of the kind with which we are acquainted. Nor is practical matter omitted. In addition to the many devotional passages which are scattered through the volume, every seventh chapter is peculiarly adapted, in this respect, for Sabbath reading. We cordially recommend it to the attention of our readers.—*Ed. C. T.*]

One of the most remarkable incidents in the history of the destruction of the Cities of the Plain, is, that the wife of Lot, looking and probably lingering behind, "became a pillar of salt."

The explanation of this now usually current is that of Bishop Patrick. The reader has, no doubt, seen it in many varied forms of phraseology, and we may therefore present it in the words of the author. The Bishop thinks, then, "that some of that storm which overwhelmed her country, overtook her; and falling upon her, as she stood staring about, and minded not her way or guide, suddenly wrapped her body in a sheet of nitro-sulphureous matter; which, congealing into a crust as hard as stone, made her appear, they say, as a pillar of salt, her body being, as it were, candied in it." This explanation is, however, older than Patrick, though he may be regarded as having made it current in this country; for this view of the subject had been before entertained by many Jewish and Christian writers.

We have no explanation to offer that seems to us better suited to meet the recorded circumstances. From the nature of the case, and from the peculiarly bituminous and saline character of the locality, through which this phenomenon was produced, we must not expect to discover many parallel instances which might be quoted in illustration. Accordingly, we find that the illustrative parallels which have been diligently sought out by old commentators, have rarely any real bearing on the subject; being, for the most part, accounts of persons frozen to death, and long preserved in that condition uncorrupted, in the boreal regions; or else of persons first suffocated, and then petrified by the mineral vapours of the cave in which they were hid; or otherwise, of persons "turned to stone," and found, generations after, standing in the postures wherein they met their death. The only instance that we have met with that seems appropriate, and to rest on the authority of a contemporary of fair credit, is related by Aventinus, who states that, in his time, about fifty country people, with their cows and calves, were in Carinthia destroyed by strong and suffocating saline exhalations which arose out of the earth, immediately upon the earthquake of 1348. They were by this reduced to saline statues or pillars like Lot's wife, and the historian tells us that they had been seen by himself and the chancellor of Austria.

It is to be noticed, that the word translated a "pillar," does not express any particular form, but denotes any fixed standing object. The probability seems to be, however, that by the rapid cooling of the nitro-sulphureous crust which enveloped the woman, she became fixed in a standing position, which might become a nucleus for more of the same materials, leaving an object of considerable bulk, widest at the base, but probably of no considerable height.

It would scarcely seem that such a saline body was likely to be of long duration in a very humid climate, subject in winter to heavy rains, and the action of water-courses. If God designed that it should be preserved as a monument of the transaction, there is no difficulty in supposing that it was so. But this does not appear to have been the case. There is no allusion to any such monument as still subsisting in the whole Scripture; and the usual formula "unto this day," by which the sacred writers in the history of great transactions usually indicate the continuance, to their own time, of ancient monuments and names, is in this instance omitted. Besides, the whole appearance of the district, and of the lake which now covers the vale of Siddim, is, to this day, a most grand and standing monument of the whole of that dreadful judgment of which the death of Lot's wife was one incident; and of the woman herself, the record in the book of Genesis is itself the most striking and ineffaceable memorial.

Nevertheless, when men acquainted with this history found in the neighbourhood something like a pillar, or some erect figure composed of salt, they immediately concluded that they had found the pillar into which Lot's wife was turned. Some necessity was felt to account for its preservation for so many ages; and while, on the one hand, it was alleged that it was preserved by the miraculous reproduction of the wasted parts; on the other, it has been held sufficient to suppose that all waste was naturally repaired by the deposits of the dense exhalations with which the air was impregnated.

The first notice of its existence—supposed existence—is in the apocryphal Book of Wisdom, written in the first or second century before Christ. Speaking of the destruction of the Cities of the Plain, the writer says: "Of whose wickedness even to this day the waste land that smoketh is a testimony, and plants bearing fruit that never come to ripeness: *and a standing pillar of salt is a monument of an unbelieving soul.*"—(Wisd. x. 7.) This shows clearly enough the opinion prevailing among the Jews in the time of the writer of the Book of Wisdom.

Josephus declares that it was standing in his time, and that he had seen it with his own eyes. This is conclusive that he had seen a pillar of salt by the Dead Sea, and that he believed it to be the one into which Lot's wife was changed; but we have no evidence which can satisfy us that his impression was correct. Any actual transmitted *knowledge* of such a monument, must have been broken during the sojourn in Egypt for some generations; and ever afterwards, and indeed always, the monument, if it still existed, lay in a quarter away from all travelled routes, and but rarely visited by Jews, even when Palestine was fully peopled. Clement of Rome, a Christian contemporary of Josephus, also states in one of his epistles, that the pillar of Lot's wife was still in existence; and Irenæus, in the next century, repeats the statement, with the addition of an hypothesis as to how it came to last so long with all its parts entire.

The statement of Jewish rabbis and Christian fathers is to the same effect; but as they merely repeat these earlier statements, little is really added to the weight of testimony. At length travellers began to inquire after this remarkable monument. The success of their inquiries may enlighten us as to the source and origin of the earlier accounts; and may well suggest that the natives of the region and neighbouring shepherds, have in all instances imposed upon the credulity of travellers, by following their usual practice of answering leading questions in accordance with the assumed wish of the inquirer, and even by pointing out any object that could be made to pass for what the traveller sought. We have been at some pains to make, for our own satisfaction, a collection of instances; and we find that hardly any two of them agree as to the locality in which the mysterious pillar was shown to them, or in which they were assured that it existed. Some find it on the east side of the lake, others on the west side; some near the northern extremity, others at the southern; some find it upon a rock, or cliff, or slope; others upon the beach, or in the water, or under the water. In proportion as inquiry has become more exact, our accounts of this pillar have been fewer, and most of the best travellers who have been in this quarter for the last two hundred years, have left the subject altogether unnoticed.

The researches of the recent American expedition to the Dead Sea, have thrown new and interesting light upon the subject. The course of their survey could hardly fail to bring under notice every marked object upon either shore; and one they did find, an obviously natural formation, which, or others in former times like which, might readily be taken by persons unaccustomed to weigh circumstances with the precision we are now accustomed to exact, for the pillar of Lot's wife.

Among the salt mountains of Usdum, on the west side of the kind of bay which forms the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, the party beheld while boating along the shore, to their great astonishment, a lofty round pillar standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. They landed, and proceeded towards this object over a beach of soft, slimy mud, encrusted with salt; and at a short distance from the water, covered with saline fragments and flakes of bitumen, the pillar was found to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, *cylindrical in front*, and *pyramidal behind*. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting upon a kind of oval pedestal or mound, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallisation. It is not isolated, though it appears so in front. A prop or buttress connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with debris of a light stone colour. It is added by the narrator of the expedition, that "its peculiar shape is, doubtless, owing to the action of the winter rains."

It had previously been heard from the Arabs that such a pillar was to be found somewhere upon the shores of the sea; but their reports in all other matters had proved so unsatisfactory, that little attention had been paid to them in this instance. Lieut. Lynch, the officer who was in command of the expedition, and who has written the account of its discoveries, does not suppose he has here found the pillar of Lot's wife, nor does it appear that even the Arabs had stated it to be such; but it is very properly pointed out that it was probably a pillar of this sort, produced by the action of water upon one of the masses of rock salt, which abound towards the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, that the ancient writers had in view, and which they supposed to be that into which Lot's wife was turned. We now see the natural process by which such pillars are formed. It seems to us that the pillar of Lot's wife must have been on the opposite side of the lake, for the fugitives were proceeding to Zoar, which lay in that direction. And it does not escape our notice, that the unhappy woman appears to have been overtaken by her death in the plain, whereas this pillar stands upon a hill from forty to sixty feet above the beach, with loftier mountains immediately behind. The pillar itself also is forty feet high, which we should suppose to be considerably taller than either Lot or his wife. Yet all these circumstances would in ages of less exact observation have had no weight, and this very pillar would assuredly have been pronounced as being, beyond all doubt or question, "the monument of an unbelieving soul."

THE CORN POLICY.

GENESIS XLI. 34-36, 47-57; XLVII. 13-26.

THE policy which Joseph recommended to the Egyptian king, and which he carried into effect when invested with the requisite power, well deserves our attention.

During the seven years of plenty, Joseph caused one fifth of all the produce of every district to be hoarded up in its towns—every town containing in immense granaries the redundant produce of its district. The proportion is remarkable. It might seem inadequate, seeing that this fifth part of the produce of each year was to sustain the whole population during a year of famine. But when we consider the enormous export of corn from that country, which continued even to later times, when Egypt was the granary of Italy, it may readily be apprehended, that one-fifth of the produce of an extraordinary fertile year, might be made to suffice for consumption during one year of famine. It is somewhat of a question how the crown acquired possession of this corn. Some think that the whole produce was taken up by the government, in order to ensure the economical use of it, and then was doled out to the people. Others understand that merely a certain calculable surplus was taken and stored up; and there are those who think it probable, by the light of subsequent events, that the produce-tax of one-tenth, usually paid to ancient governments, was at this time doubled, and made one-fifth, which constituted the surplus treasured up for future years. As this was afterwards *sold* to the people, some infer that the corn was bought up by the crown; and, to account for the ability of the court to meet the outlay needful for the purchase of such countless stores of food, it is remarked, that this might be done at a comparatively small cost in a time of abundance. This is true; and the prospect of a gainful return would encourage this outlay; besides, that the king could not but be influenced by the desire to preserve his people. It may be hard to say what was the precise nature of the transaction. We must confess that we have not that conviction of the freedom and generosity of the Egyptian government, which some have derived from the glowing descriptions of Diodorus Siculus. All the facts and language known to us seem to indicate a government of the most absolute character. The most despotic king the East ever yet produced, could not speak a language more unreservedly despotic than that which the Egyptian king uses in bestowing upon Joseph his high commission: "I am Pharaoh; and without thee, shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt." However, looking at the course which affairs take under such exigencies, we consider the probability to be, that either the people were serfs to the crown, for which they cultivated the land, and that hence the government took, as of right, all the produce they did not require for their subsistence; or else, that the ancient, like the modern government of the country, claimed, and in this instance exercised the right of purchasing, at *its own price*, as much as it required of the produce of the land, leaving sufficient for the sustenance of the producers. The mere existence of such a right is sufficiently hard; but we must judge these matters by the light of other days and of other lands than our own. The Orientals have never troubled themselves much about abstract rights. It is the harsh or mild exercise of powers, whether these powers be formally recognised or not, which they chiefly regard; and they seldom question any power a monarch thinks fit to assume, so long as its application does not press insupportably upon the individual. In the present case it is quite probable, that the extreme importance and urgency of the occasion was regarded as justifying the utmost exertion of the royal power, without greater regard for private rights—if any such rights were recognised—than we usually find among Eastern nations. The mission of Joseph was to provide for the famine; and this he was bound to do in conformity with the existing ideas and institutions of the nation, with which a residence of twenty-three years must have made him well acquainted, without embarrasing his operations, by raising new questions of government and political right.

The case may have been somewhat different when the years of famine came, and all the food of the land was in his hands, food which would, without his care, all have disappeared during the years of plenty, and the people left to remediless starvation. The nation then lay at his feet; and, seeing that a man will give all that he hath for his life, he had the power of acting as seemed good in his eyes. Whether he had some regard to the advantage of the people, or to that of the crown, whose servant he was, may be a question with us. But it was probably no question with him, in whose view the advantage of the king and the people were doubtless one. Under the deep study which the principles of government, and of political economy, have of late years received, the conduct of Joseph in this trying position may be considered with advantage, and in freedom from those crude notions of unbounded state profusion which people were wont to admire, but which are now seen to form, in their results, a curse to any people.

The state had corn in abundance, and the people had no food. What was the state to do? However people might talk fifty years ago, as if it were the duty of the state to open its stores, and feed the people during all these years without cost, few thinking men would now take this to be the wisest course. It was the duty of the state to see that none should perish from want, while there was food in the land; but it was not the duty of the state—it would not have been wise or prudent—it would even have been mischievous, to have supplied corn without cost, to those who had the means of paying for it, in money or in money's worth. This is now so well understood, that, during the recent famine in the sister country, the government taxed its ingenuity to find means that those who had nothing but their labour to sell, should give that labour in exchange for the food which the care of the state provided. The whole care and solicitude of the government was to avoid the appearance, and, as far as possible, the reality of *giving* of its mere bounty, the food for which it had ransacked the world. No doubt, the men who spent their days in mending, or in seeming to mend the roads, would have been better pleased had the food been given them without this cost; but the wise thought differently. And if so much danger was in this case apprehended, from the precedent of feeding a people gratuitously for a few months, how much greater would have been the danger of doing this during the seven long years of famine in Egypt? It is not too much to say, that seventy times seven years would scarcely have enabled the nation to recover from the shock which its character and its industry would, during these seven years, have sustained. Instead, therefore, of Joseph's plan of *selling* instead of *giving* the corn to the people, being a matter of reprehension, we ought to be astonished at a course of proceeding which anticipated the discoveries of the nineteenth century of Christ; and at the strength of mind which enabled the minister of the Egyptian crown to forego the vulgar popularity which profuse, but unreasoning bounty can always obtain. We have ourselves had, at intervals, frequent occasion to examine the conduct of Joseph in this transaction very closely, and we must acknowledge, that the more we have examined it, the better we have understood it, and the more laudable, the more wise, and the more free from objection it has appeared. And we have reached this judgment quite independently; for we are by no means bound to conclude that all that Joseph did in this matter was right. The Scripture, as usual, records the proceedings without passing any judgment upon them; and, considering the influences by which he was surrounded, and the age and the circumstances in which he lived, it would be surprising indeed to find all his proceedings conformable to modern European notions of political justice. It would be enough to find, that his measures were such as would in his own age be considered just and wise; and if, in any point, as in the one we have noticed, his ideas were in advance of his age, he is entitled to the greater credit; for we cannot rightly expect more from him than the spirit of his own age demanded.

Let us now indicate briefly the true character of the transaction, without pausing to discuss the merits of every step in the operation.

When the famine commenced, Joseph opened the stores, and began to sell the corn, not only to the Egyptians, but to such foreigners as came for it; and that foreigners did come from all the neighbouring lands to Egypt to purchase corn, shows that it was not offered at an exorbitant or monopoly price to the Egyptians. The foreigners clearly came in the hope of sharing in the benefits enjoyed by the people of Egypt, by purchasing corn at the price it was sold for in that land. At first the payments for corn were made with money; but this at length became exhausted; and as, from the universal character of the visitation, there were none to give money for other property, Joseph consented, on the application of the people, to take property in exchange for corn. They began with their cattle. As they had not the means of feeding their live stock, and they must have been anxious that their horses, flocks, herds, etc., should be in hands that could preserve them from perishing with hunger; and as the number must have been greatly diminished during the pre vious period of famine, we need not be surprised to learn, that this resource lasted but one year, at the close of which all the cattle in Egypt had passed into the possession of the crown. What resource then remained? These were not times for lending or borrowing—of putting the evil day far off—of any of the common resources by whith men seek to avert present evil. The questions before men then, were questions of life and death. They came to Joseph, and showing that they had nothing left but their persons and their lands, they offered both as the price of their subsistence during the remainder of the famine, with seed-corn for the time when the operations of agriculture might be resumed. This offer was accepted by Joseph. He did not make the proposal. It was one that he would, perhaps, have hesitated to make; but, being offered by the people, and even pressed upon him, he yielded to their urgency, and without nicely inquiring into the extent of their meaning, accepted it in the same large terms as offered; the particular limitation being then in his hands, and the liberal translation of these terms being well calculated to bring credit to his master.

However, the offer as made, is not to be understood under the popular acceptation of buying and selling, the application of which, to this transaction, is calculated to mislead the judgment; as Joseph's phrase in speaking to them, "I have bought you this day, and your lands, for Pharaoh," tends to excite a feeling to the disadvantage of his character. It means little more than "acquired," just as anciently, and indeed at the present day in the East, a wife is said to be "bought," and the money that passes between the husband and her father, is called the "price." This is far from implying that she has become a slave. So, in the present case, although the people relinquish their lands, they do not expect to cease to occupy or cultivate them. They are indeed anxious that the land shall not be desolate; and one of their stipulations is for seed-corn, all of which would have been idle had they become mere slaves or serfs. Had the land, under their offer, become absolutely that of the king, they had little reason to care about it. *He* would know how to care for his own land; and they might safely leave to him the providing of seed-corn for its culture. And so, had the condition into which they came been that of slaves, he would have been bound to care for them; and it could to them matter but little whether the land lay desolate or not. What they did expect was clearly that they should henceforth become tenants of the crown, instead of free proprietors. This they call being "servants," a term which merely implies that they were under obligations short of absolute freedom. There is no word in Scripture answering to "tenant." The tenant is called the "servant" of the proprietor; and, according to this phraseology, our own tenant-farmers would be called servants, seeing that they cultivate lands not their own, and are bound to render to the landlord a large proportion of the value of the produce as rent. Although, therefore, Joseph's language, "I have *bought you* this day, you and your lands for Pharaoh." must sound harsh to us, it is well to understand, that the true signification of what he says is this—"Having this day acquired for Pharaoh certain rights over you and your lands, I shall now proceed to inform you to what extent these rights will hereafter be enforced." He then states, in accordance with the explanation we have given, that they are to remain in occupation of the lands of which the king had become, by their cession, the proprietor, and that they were to pay one-fifth of the produce as rent, to the sovereign as their landlord, in lieu of all other imposts and charges whatever. When we consider that, in all probability, a tenth at least had previously been paid to defray the expenses of government, the real *additional* charge is ten per cent.—in all twenty per cent. This is certainly a heavy charge; but it is as nothing in comparison with what is paid for rent in almost any country in Europe at the present day; and still less bears comparison with the *combined* charges of rent and taxation, which this charge in Egypt appears to us to represent. It is somewhat remarkable, that amid the vicissitudes to which that country has been subject, the compact between the ruler and his subjects entered into by Joseph, has always subsisted there in principle. To this day the fellah, or peasant, in Egypt, cultivates the land for his sovereign, and receives a portion of the produce for his own wants. But, amid the grasping exactions of our own age, and the harsh oppressions to which he is subject by the government and its officers, he has much reason to regret that the moderation of Joseph does not actuate its present rulers. Mr Lane, in his excellent book on the Modern Egyptians, declares with emphasis, that "it could scarely be possible for them to suffer more, and live."

I WON'T GIVE A SHILLING.

Give us then one crown-piece," said we to a rich man, to whom we applied one day to aid in building a little church in the country. He had been a poor boy. God had prospered him. He was successful in business, had become even a man of influence in the Church. He would *lend* you fifty pounds, or a hundred, or even more, on good security; but poor little church, *he would not give it a shilling.* No, NOT A SHILLING.

Well, thought we, the church is the Lord's. A little poor country church is just as much the Lord's as a great rich splendid city church; and the Lord is just as able to help it as he is any rich one. Some men will give largely—not one crown-piece, but hundreds, to such a church as *they* fancy—and would lend that church more twice over than would have built two of our little ones; but then there is this distinction—the little poor church, and the poor teacher to it, have to depend on the Lord, and the church to which we give or lend so much is *our* church, and the preacher relies on *us* for his support. There is a great difference.

Alas! how many will give hundreds, and loan thousands, from *their* interest in the same, *who for the love of Christ, and for the Lord's sake, will not give one shilling!* To what will all our giving amount, if it be not from love to Christ and his cause? We fear those who regulate their contributions thus do not often think of (1 Cor. xiii. 3), "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity (*love*), it profiteth me nothing." But poor little churches, like poor disciples, don't make many friends. We must, however, have the poor among us, and we must have poor churches, that our rich brethren may have the opportunity of dispensing of the abundance wherewith the Lord has blessed them, *even if there be those who won't give a shilling.* "WON'T GIVE." Those are the true words, and there is no doubt about the meaning. It was not that he *could* not have given; for he could *loan*. The fact was, he *would* not. It was a small matter, and of little moment in his eyes Probably he had not read or thought of Matt. xxv. 45, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

We cannot but think of the cordial reception we had. He did not dream that we were coming to give him an opportunity, as one of the Lord's stewards, to lay out for his Master a small portion of what he had given him to manage for his glory. We had been with him, and knew him well. Most probably he thought that was our errand. He received us very graciously. When the object of our visit was known, it did not require any effort on our part to get out of his counting-room.

Many might as well not give as do it in *their* way. They have a set-to *on beggars*—church beggars—and give them as much abuse as would be suited for some criminal conduct on their part. Of what have they been guilty? Merely this: There is a poor congregation, who have no comfortable nor decent place to worship God, far off from any other of their own faith, and some man comes among them, and persuades them to try and build a house, at the same time saying, that the churches of the same faith ought to help, and will help them to build and pay for it. They make the experiment, do all they can, get a preacher part of his time, and then go to the churches to ask help. Go to the strong, the established, probably the wealthy men of the same church—and ask help. Help us brethren to finish our *little church*, where we want to worship God. Help us to pay for the *little church*, which we have built for the worship of the living God. Yes, you rich men, who dwell in your ceiled houses, help us to secure a place where we may have the blessings of a preached gospel. Yes, says one, we will help you. "Here are five shillings; but there is no end to the extravagance of these country churches. People never ought to begin to build these churches until they have every thing secured beforehand." The history of those who have gone collecting for help to build and pay for churches will be a wonderful history. Wonderful to see the unwillingness of God's stewards to give him *for his own house.*

VAIN CONVERSATION.

I WAS sitting in the church on the morning of the Sabbath. The pastor read the first chapter of the epistle of Peter. In the eighteenth verse of that chapter the phrase "your vain conversation" occurs. The utterance of the phrase brought up an incident which had long remained dormant in my memory. It will at once be perceived, that the incident is connected with the text by a verbal association only.

Benjamin A—— was sixteen years of age. His temperament was ardent and impulsive, and his intellectual powers were superior to those of his associates. He had a thirst for knowledge which led him to employ in reading the few leisure hours he enjoyed. His father was an active, enterprising, and somewhat arbitrary man, who was willing to labour himself to the extent of his ability, and expected his children and assistants to do the same. Benjamin's days, therefore, were days of toil. He sought on the Sabbath the rest denied to him during the week. This caused him to neglect the sanctuary, and erelong to employ God's holy time in reading books which were indeed adapted to improve the mind, but wholly disconnected with the culture of the heart. His conscience became deadened, and his general bearing such as gave pain to the few who watched for souls, and who hoped to see his talents consecrated to the cause of Christ.

In the mysterious dispensations of the Spirit, he was awakened during a time of general stupidity. He had not heard a sermon for months, nor had any one spoken to him of his sins. None of his acquaintances manifested the slightest solicitude respecting their souls. No alarming providence had taken place in the vicinity. Still young A—— began to reflect on serious subjects, and erelong serious reflections filled his mind during his waking hours. Solemn and anxious feelings followed his reflections. These continued to increase in power till his distress was great. This was manifest to all who saw him.

The few moments which he could redeem from toil and sleep were spent in reading the Bible and attempting to pray. He was very ignorant of divine truth, and understood but little of what he read. He became deeply convinced of his need of an adviser—of a Christian friend who should tell him what he ought to do. But how should he gain access to such a friend? From the rising to the setting sun he was engaged in severe labour. No one of those with whom he laboured was acquainted with the Saviour. His father was profane, his mother was in heaven.

While he was thus earnestly desirous of meeting some follower of Christ, he was told by his father that, on the morrow, he was to convey two gentlemen, Mr B—— and Mr H——, some thirty miles across the country. This communication caused the first emotion of joy that he had felt for weeks. Mr B—— was a candidate for the ministry, Mr H—— was a merchant and a leading member of the church.

Soon after they set out, Mr H—— noticed the gloom which rested on Benjamin's countenance, and inquired if he were ill. He replied that he was well enough—he wished to add, *except in regard to his soul;* but diffidence, or false shame, or the lack of a serious bearing on the part of Mr H—— prevented him. Mr B—— addressed several jocose remarks to him for the purpose of "raising his spirits," but perceiving that they did not meet with a ready sympathy, he desisted.

The two friends then began to relate anecdotes for each other's amusement. Next followed some remarks respecting certain reports relative to matrimonial connections about to take place in the village—then there was an episode upon politics—then the discourses of the preceding Sabbath were mentioned. Benjamin hoped that something would now be said that would lead them to speak to him, or render it proper for him to speak to them, on the great subject which weighed down his soul. But he was disappointed. A few criticisms dispatched the topic, and another succeeded; and the day passed, and not a remark was made adapted to profit an anxious, inquiring sinner.

The effect on Benjamin's mind was most unhappy. He was discouraged and grieved. At night, when he had taken care of his horses, in the darkness of the stable he threw himself on his knees in prayer. Suddenly he rose. "It is of no use," said he aloud; "no one cares for me. I thought if I could be with Christians I could do better; but I might as well be with one as another." He went into the bar-room and spent the evening in listening to the conversation of those who habitually frequented that place. He went to bed without prayer, and rose in the morning with a far less clouded brow than he had worn for months. When he reached home, he was, to use the expression of one of the workmen, "himself again."

His seriousness was at an end. He soon entered upon a bolder course of sin. He became profane, and erelong a scoffer at sacred things. His hostility to religion became intense, and his influence over his companions most disastrous.

It is true, that after many years spent in rebellion, he was brought to submit to the Saviour, and he always believed that those years of rebellion were occasioned by the vain conversation of those professing Christians into whose company he was thrown, when he so earnestly desired to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" He always believed, that if they had, by becoming seriousness, encouraged him to make known to them the state of his soul, they could have given him counsel that would have led to his speedy conversion to God. He was not at all disposed to lay upon them the burden of his guilt; but he felt that they were the occasion of his perilling his soul anew, and of diminishing his usefulness for life. How important that Christians should at all times have their conversation in heaven! Is it strange that the Saviour said, "That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment," when an idle word may be the cause of the eternal ruin of a soul?—*New York Observer.*

AIRS OF SCIOLISM.

(*From an Article in the Edinburgh Review.*)

But we are at the same time fully convinced, that in our day there are thousands of youths who are falling into the errors and perils of infidelity, from sheer vanity and affectation; who admire most what they least understand, and adopt all the obscurities and paradoxes they stumble upon as a cheap path to reputation for profundity; who awkwardly imitate the manner and retail the phrases of the writers they study; and, as usual, exaggerate to caricature their least agreeable eccentricities. We should think that some of these more powerful minds must be by this time ashamed of that ragged regiment of most shallow thinkers, and obscure writers and talkers, who at present infest our literature, and whose parrot-like repetition of their own stereotyped phraseology, mingled with some barbarous infusion of half-Anglicised German, threatens to form as odious a *cant* as ever polluted the streams of thought or disfigured the purity of language. Happily it is not likely to be more than a passing fashion; but still it is a very unpleasant fashion while it lasts. As in Johnson's day, every young writer imitated as well as he could the ponderous diction and everlasting antitheses of the great dictator; as in Byron's day, there were thousands to whom the world "was a blank" at twenty or thereabouts, and of whose "dark imaginings," as Macaulay says, the waste was prodigious; so now there are hundreds of dilettanti pantheists, mystic sceptics, to whom every thing is a "sham," an "unreality;" who tell us that the world stands in need of a great "prophet," a "seer," a "true priest," a "large soul," a "godlike soul," who shall dive into "the depths of the human consciousness," and whose "utterances" shall rouse the human mind from the "cheats and frauds" which have hitherto every where practised on its simplicity. They tell us, in relation to philosophy, religion, and especially in relation to Christianity, that all that has been believed by mankind has been believed only on "empirical" grounds; and that the old answers to difficulties will do no longer. They shake their sage heads at such men as Clarke, Paley, Butler, and declare that such arguments as theirs will not satisfy *them.* We are glad to admit that all this vague pretension is now but rarely displayed with the scurrilous spirit of that elder unbelief, against which the long series of British apologists for Christianity arose between 1700 and 1750. But there is often in it an arrogance as real, though not in so offensive a form. Sometimes the spirit of unbelief even assumes an air of sentimental regret at its own inconvenient profundity. Many a worthy youth tells us he almost wishes he *could* believe. He admires, of all things, the "moral grandeur," the "ethical beauty" of many parts of Christianity; he condescends to patronise Jesus Christ, though he believes that the great mass of words and actions by which alone we know any thing about him, are sheer fictions or legends; he believes—gratuitously enough in *this* instance, for he has no ground for it—that Jesus Christ was a very "great man," worthy of comparison at least with Mahomet, Luther, Napoleon, and "other heroes;" he even admits the happiness of a simple, child-like belief in the puerilities of Christianity—it produces such content of mind! But alas! *he* cannot believe—his intellect is not satisfied—he has revolved the matter too profoundly to be thus taken in; he must, he supposes (and our beardless philosopher sighs when he says it), bear the penalty of a too restless intellect, and a too speculative genius; he knows all the usual arguments which satisfied Pascal, Butler, Bacon, Leibnitz; but they will do no longer; more radical, more tremendous difficulties have suggested themselves "from the depths of philosophy," and far different answers are required now.

This is easily said, and we know is often said and loudly. But the justice with which it is said is another matter; for when we can get these cloudy objectors to put down, not their vague assertions of profound difficulties, uttered in the obscure language they love, but a precise statement of their objections, we find them either the very same with those which were quite as powerfully urged in the course of the Deistical controversies of the last century (the case with far the greater part), or else such as are of similar character, and susceptible of similar answers. We say not that the answers were always satisfactory, nor are we now inquiring whether any of them were so; we merely maintain that the objections in question are not the novelties they affect to be. We say this to obviate an advantage which the very vagueness of much modern opposition to Christianity would obtain, from the notion that some prodigious arguments have been discovered which the intellect of a Pascal or a Butler was not comprehensive enough to anticipate, and which no Clarke or Paley would have been logician enough to refute. We affirm, without hesitation, that when the new advocates of infidelity descend from their airy elevation, and state their objections in intelligible terms, they are found. for the most part, what we have represented them. When we read many of the speculations of German infidelity, we seem to be re-perusing many of our own authors of the last century. It is as if our neighbours had imported our manufactures; and, after re-packing them in new forms and with some additions, had re-shipped and sent them back to us as new commodities. Hardly an instance of discrepancy is mentioned in the "Wolfenbuttle Fragments," which will not be found in the pages of our own deists a century ago; and, as already hinted of Dr Strauss's elaborate strictures, the vast majority will be found in the same sources. In fact, though far from thinking it to our national credit, none but those who will dive a little deeper than most do into a happily forgotten portion of our literature (which made noise enough in its day, and created very superfluous terrors for the fate of Christianity), can have any idea of the extent to which the modern forms of unbelief in Germany—so far as founded on any *positive* grounds, whether of reason or of criticism—are indebted to our English deists. Tholuck, howevever, and others of his countrymen, seem thoroughly aware of it.

THE CROSS DAILY.

Some persons seem to be always trembling at the thought and the mightiness of becoming a Christian, concentrating in their own minds, in the idea of becoming a Christian, almost the whole amount of a lifetime of self-denial, conflict, effort, watchfulness, work upon self and others. But that is all to be left to Christ and his grace. All the strength necessary for future obedience must be given by him, and when the time comes for its exercise, he will give it to the soul that is waiting on him. But at present you have only present duty to perform. You are to follow Christ for to-day; that is duty, that is Christianity. Christ must renew your strength *every* day, and every day you must come to him, saying "Give us *this* day our daily bread." If you think that becoming a Christian requires in you the exercise of a grace and strength sufficient to last you through life, it is a great mistake indeed. Becoming a Christian requires only present submission and trust, a willing heart, and a waiting on the Saviour *now*, without any respect to the future, except in the article of trusting in him for it. Out of that present trust springs the future. You are not required to produce the future, but to put the seed of it into the ground, as Christ gives it to you. The husbandman is not required to produce the harvest, but to begin with the first steps, and to follow on, trusting in the Lord of the harvest. Your trust and obedience to-day are the seed and bud of to-morrow, and out of the blossoms of to-morrow shall spring other buds and blossoms, and so on, until your daily existence shall be filled with fruit unto life eternal. The man who trusts in the Lord shall be like a tree planted by a river, her roots always nourished with moisture, her leaf ever green, not careful in the year of drought, nor ever ceasing at all from yielding fruit.

But all this is the quiet growth of faith and patience. It is not required at once, nor possible at once, but only the *principle of it* ceaselessly working. Miss Jane Taylor's story of the discontented pendulum is admirable in this application; we would call it for our purpose the unbelieving pendulum. Reflecting upon the amount of future duty it had to perform, and going into calculation what number of times it must swing every hour, and multiplying that by the hours in the day, and then the days in the month, and then the months in the year, and finding what an enormous multitude of times it must strike with the most perfect precision, punctuality, and perseverance in the year, ceaseless always at its duty, it was so distressed and terrified with the responsibility, that it suddenly stopped; nor could the clock be set in motion again till the pendulum was reminded, that though in a year's time it would of course perform so many vibrations if faithful, yet it was never called to perform but just so many in a minute, and only one in each present second, and that it had nothing to do with the future, but to take care of the present. Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves. And just so, take care of the days in Christ's service, day by day, in the minute duties of following Christ, and the months and years will take care of themselves. Christ will keep the clock in motion to-morrow, if the pendulum obeys him to-day. Each day we are to come to him for each day's grace.—*Dr Cheever's Windings of the River of the Water of Life.*

POPULAR ERRORS.

A few of the errors in which the people rest in regard to the evangelization of the world, may be thus stated; they believe,

1. That the church, or some committee of the church, is the greatest power which is to effect this change.

To a certain extent this is true; but only to a certain extent. The church and its committees is not the power, but merely the channels through which that power is to be conveyed. The individual members of the church constitute the power; the church, without the co-operation of its members, is like a steam-engine without the steam, perfect in all its parts, adapted to all the ends for which it was founded, but lacking life, and therefore effect.

2. Another common error is, that if a church holds its own, that is, does not fall behind its usual annual contributions, it has done its duty. This is a wide spread error, and one which paralyses all our efforts. This might be a truth if the world and the church were at a stand; but how far is this from the fact! There is no such anomaly in the universe of God, as any of his intelligent creatures at rest. Progress is stamped upon him from his birth, and this progress is seen in temporal as well as in spiritual things. But it is a progress which has two directions, upward and downward. If a church then is not advancing, it is necessarily receding, and it is this retrocession which keeps back the cause of Christ. Let every church of Christ, "forgetting the things that are behind reach forth towards those that are before;" let every year behold an increase in contributions, so that we may keep up with the increase of population and of darkness.

3. Another error in which the people rest (and it

is an individual one), is, that they are but the dust of the balance, and can have no influence. Suppose each labourer in the tunnel, when preparing to blast the solid rock, should cast away his tools because he made little impression on the rock! It is only by the continued action of the iron upon the rock that the effect is produced. So each individual by his continual labours, no matter how small each act may be, will have an influence upon the world.

Thus these errors, seemingly so insignificant, really paralyse the energies of the church. In looking at the vast territory which God has given us to cultivate, let us look at it in detail; let us see what lies within the range of our capacities to perform; let us see what part God has given us to do; let us ask how much money God asks of us to carry on his work, without respect to what he asks of others. If each individual member of Christ's church would thus conscientiously act, that cry for help from our own land and from other shores would speedily be answered with men and with means.—*Presbyterian Treasury.*

THE RED BUD.

Early in the spring you may see the Judas tree, as many call it, in full bloom. The Indians call it "the red bud." We prefer the latter as a common name, as it gives us a better idea of this beautiful shrub or tree. It is the pride of our forests in the early part of the season, as it is covered with a shower of beautiful glowing flowers of a bright crimson. It blooms before its leaves appear, and forms a lovely contrast with the large white blossoms of the dogwood tree. It answers well, and looks quite pretty, to be transplanted into yards and pleasure grounds.

There is, however, one thing remarkable about the red bud. Its brilliant appearance collects many flies and insects towards it, particularly the humble bees. But, alas! it allures them around it only to destroy. Its beauty and loveliness are only external, and it has no intrinsic quality to recommend it. It is a deceitful opiate and deadly poison; for the poor insects, flies and bees that come there to suck its nectar, or gather its honey, fall down and die after fluttering among its crimson blossoms. So fatal is the pleasure, so fearful the enjoyment among its bright petals! for there you may see the ground strewed over with these unfortunate creatures.

Dear readers, let us see in the deceptive red bud an emblem of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. We must never trust to outward appearances, but shun "the very appearance of evil." Sin allures its victims but to destroy them. It presents false colours to entice us from the way of life and "the path of the just;" and when it has once seduced, it will appear in all its naked hideousness. It will often cast the rainbow hues of pleasure around some forbidden object, and lead us astray, as if for some unexpected good. But O, how full of deceit! for when we are fairly in its embrace, it will sting and poison us with its deadly opiate, till no spiritual life is left remaining.

This tree bears no fruit. So of sin—it may indeed seem to bloom and put forth many attractive charms, but it yields no fruit but the fruit of death, "for the wages of sin is death." It somewhat resembles the peach tree, loaded with its thousand blossoms, whose delicious fruit all so highly appreciate. But it is very, very different in its tendencies. The false and deceptive nature of this tree, has induced some to call it the Judas tree, in allusion to him who, with a kiss, betrayed his Master. Let us, dear reader, flee from sin as from the paths of the destroyer, and all the paths too that lead to sin and destruction. Let us awake, and keep still awake, for danger is always nigh. O let us flee to Christ! He only is able to keep us from the paths of the destroyer, and to save and guide us securely in the way of eternal life.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

THE ALPINE HORN.

There was a wild romance in its notes, which was characteristic, in a very high degree, of all around. This instrument is about eight feet long, and its farther extremity rests on the ground. It is used among their mountains, not merely for the herdsman's call, but as an invocation for the solemnities of religion. As soon as the sun has shed his last ray on the snowy summit of the loftiest ridge, the Alpine shepherd, from some elevated point, trumpets forth, "Praise the Lord God;" while the echoes, roused from their slumbers at the sacred name of God, repeat "Praise the Lord God." Distant horns on lower plains now catch the watchword, and distant mountains ring again with the solemn sound, "Praise the Lord God," and other echoes, sounding from other rocks, reply, "The Lord God." A solemn pause succeeds. With uncovered head, and on the bended knee, the shepherd's prayer ascends on high. At the close of this evening sacrifice, offered in the temple not made with hands, the Alpine horn sounds long, and loud, and shrill, "Good Night," repeated by other horns, while a thousand "Good Nights" are reverberated around, and the curtain of heaven closes on the shepherds and their flocks.—*Notes of a Traveller.*

OUR GUILTY CITIES.

A heathen monarch once rose up from his throne, and covered himself with sackcloth, and was followed by his court and nobles, and by all the people, in a solemn fast for three days. Who adjudges that the bosom of the king of Nineveh in this was swayed by any improper feeling? Another heathen monarch, at the head of two millions of men, sat down and wept. "In a hundred years," said he, "all that mighty host will be dead." The vision of Xerxes extended no further. He had no tear to shed over their doom beyond the grave. How different that feeling from the view which excited our Redeemer to weep! *His* tears fell because he could see beyond the tomb; because he saw the unending career of the never-dying soul, and knew what it was if the soul should be lost. And this multitude that *we see* in this city—this gay, busy, thoughtless, volatile, unthinking throng that sweep along these streets, or dwell in these palaces, or that crowd these theatres or these assembly rooms—where, oh where, will they be in a hundred years? Dead—all dead. Every eye will have lost its lustre, every frame its vigour; every rose shall have faded from the cheek; the charms of music shall no more entrance the ear; the fingers shall have forgotten the melody of the lute and the organ. Where will they be? In yonder heaven, or in yonder hell? Part—alas, how small a part!—with ears attuned to sweeter sounds, and with eyes radiant with immortal brilliancy, and with a frame braced with the vigour of never-dying youth. Part—alas, how large a part!—in that world, a view of whose unutterable sufferings drew tears from the eyes of the Son of God! Each man that dares to curse Jehovah on his throne; each victim of intemperance and lust; each wretch on which the eye fastens in the lowest form of humanity, has an immortal nature that shall live beyond the stars, and that shall survive when "the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll!" The shadowy vale of death will soon be past, and the thoughtless and guilty throngs will be found amid the severe and awful scenes of eternal justice! Christian, pray, pray, oh pray, *for a revival of pure religion in the guilty cities of our land!—Barnes.*

THE CHURCHYARD.

"Shun not the village churchyard,
It is no place of gloom—
Thou'lt read a wholesome lesson
Upon each lowly tomb;
It may indeed remind thee
How brief this life must be,
But that's no sad memento—
O, far from *sad* to me!"

On a pleasant Saturday of the first week I spent in Oberlin I visited the *silent land*, which is a little to the south of the village. As I was approaching one grave, two golden-winged butterflies flew up almost perpendicular above the grave heavenward. Not far from this and over another grave was a marble slab, which bore upon its face a very striking device, namely, a small shroud or casement was represented upon a leaf where a worm had had its home as in a coffin; but the coffin was burst and its tenant was no longer there. But look above, and what do we see! It is not a worm, for it is soaring on wings towards the skies. How remarkable that God should give a crawling worm, a grovelling creature, a new and higher form of existence after spending its brief day in the dust!

"Shall *life* revisit dying worms,
And spread the joyful insect's wing,
And O! shall man awake no more
To see *Thy* face, *Thy name* to sing?"
—*Traveller.*

THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

Years rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage. He is a wise man, who, like the millwright, employs every gust.—*Scott.*

WHY I CONTRIBUTE TO MISSIONS.

Jesus Christ has commanded his ministers to go and preach the Gospel to every creature. They cannot go unless they be sent. They cannot be sent without money. This is my reason for contributing to the treasury of the Mission Board. Can any one give as good a reason for *not* contributing?

INSENSIBILITY OF MAN.

Between Walsall and Iretsey in Cheshire, is a house built in 1636, of thick oak framework, filled in with brick. Over the window of the tap-room is still legible, cut in the oak, the following Latin inscription:—*Fleres si scires unum tua tempora mensem; rides cum non scis si sit forsitan una dies.* The sense of which is: "You would weep if you knew that your life was limited to one month, yet you laugh while you know not but it may be restricted to a day." How sad the thought, that with this silent monitor, this truthful sermon before their very eyes, numbers have revelled in soul-destructive inebriation! And yet this is but a likeness of what we see constantly about us.

NEGRO PRAYER.

A negro missionary repeated to Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, the following prayer, offered by a negro preacher at the ordination of another negro preacher. The language is as terse and comprehensive as it is singular to us:—

"Make he good like he say. Make he say like he good. Make he say, make he good, like he God!"

That is, "Make him as good as he preaches. Make his preaching as good as himself. Make his preaching, make himself, as good as his God."

CALIFORNIA.

Southey, in his "Common-place Book," quotes from Wither, an English poet, who wrote in the sixteenth century, the following lines. If there is not much poetry in them, there is a great deal of truth:—

"I've heard those say that travel to the West,
Whence this beloved metal is encreas't,
That in the places where such miners be,
Is neither grass, nor herb, nor plant, nor tree.
And like enough;—for this at home I find,
Those who too earnestly employ the mind
About that trash, have hearts, I dare uphold,
As barren as the place where men dig gold."

MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

The ordination of Providence, says a distinguished writer, is, that home should form our character. The first object of parents should be to make home interesting. It is a bad sign when children have to wander from the parental roof for amusement. A love of home is one of the strongest safeguards against vice, not to children only, but to men. Men who delight in their own firesides, are never seen lounging about bar-rooms and oyster saloons. Make home attractive to your children, so that they will leave it with regret, and return to it with joy; for this is a mighty preservative against vice.

Fragments.

The fair features of a moonlit scene may all pass away under the clearer light of the sun. So the deformities of the human heart are made manifest to the enlightened Christian, which may have appeared almost faultless to him under the dim light of reason.

Some regard religion only as a provision to make the close of life comfortable; they are wiser who regard it as the means of making the whole of life's journey cheerful and joyful. It may be well to wish to die the death of the righteous; it is better to determine to live their life.

There are three wise men: He who leaves the world before it leaves him. He who builds his sepulchre before his death. And he who is at peace with his Creator before entering into his presence.

A man who had lived much in society, said that his *acquaintances* would fill a cathedral, but that a pulpit would hold all his *friends*.

All objections, when considered and answered, turn out to the advantage of the gospel, which resembles a fine country in the spring season, when the very hedges are in bloom, and every thorn produces a flower.—*Bishop Horne.*

ON THE NEGLECT OF PRAYER.

BY THE REV. JOHN FAIRBAIRN, ALLANTON.

PRAYER is a speaking with God. It is the pouring out of the desires of the heart to him; making request to him for things agreeable to his will, in the name of Christ; with confession of our sins, and thankful acknowledgment of his mercies.

Prayer is not an arbitrary service. It is not will-worship; not as if one, without call or encouragement from above, should say, "The Lord is almighty: he can bless me and do me good; I will make my supplication to him." Prayer is an ordinance of divine appointment. Our warrant for prayer is, that it is a divinely appointed ordinance.

The Lord reveals himself as the hearer of prayer. "O thou that hearest prayer."—(Ps. lxv. 2.) "Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee."

The Lord reveals himself as the answerer of prayer. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." Our Lord Jesus Christ has spoken some remarkable things to this effect. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—(John xv. 7.) "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it."—(John xiv. 13, 14.)

The Lord Jesus Christ is the fountain whence believers receive every grace. Prayer is one of the channels through which divine help, blessings, and consolations flow to them. The reservoir that supplies a city with water may be at a great distance from that city; far remote amongst the hills. The water is conveyed to the city by main or trunk pipes; it is then distributed over all the districts of the town, and brought into every house by a multitude of smaller pipes, branching off in all directions like the veins and arteries of the body. The Lord Jesus, the fountain-head of blessing, is in heaven. Yet are not his people on earth cut off from the supply needful to them. Channels of conveyance have been constructed in divine wisdom, through which there flows a continual stream of living water. Prayer is one of them—a very important one. Through it, from the fountain-head, blessings flow into the hearts of believers.

Can any one be truly a believer, and yet live without prayer? Be not surprised at the question. Rather give it your calm and intelligent consideration. You think that you are a believer. You have thought so for a long time. You take it for granted. Yet you acknowledge that you seldom pray in secret. If such be the case, you ought to consider if indeed you are a believer.

The believer is one who has been reconciled to God. He loves God. He desires to have communion with God, and he has communion with God. To many this seems a mystical expression. They attach no precise meaning to it. It means fellowship, friendly intercourse, exchange of feelings, thoughts, sentiments, sympathies. This takes place between the Lord and the true believer. Is there nothing of this kind between God and you? On what ground do you conclude that you are a believer?

Surely if you loved God you could not keep away from him, he having opened up for you a way of access into his presence, and appointed a place where he has promised to meet with you, and to commune with you. What is the object of one's true affection? Never so happy as in the presence of that object. How many have braved all dangers, and put their lives in peril, that they might enjoy the presence of the object of their love! When that object is at a distance and inaccessible, what a tumult there is of anxious thoughts in the breast! They are all busy with that object. It is the centre round which they all move;—how they are drawn out towards it! how they long for it! with what impatience they brook its absence! how the beauty and interest of every other lovely and desirable thing fades out of them! To separate Milton from the muse, or Handel from the soul of melody, or Newton from his scrutiny of nature's heart, were to make them miserable. And he who truly loves God loves him supremely, and cannot live, can have no enjoyment of life, without the fellowship and presence of the blessed God. Put him in paradise, yet if God was not there it would be a wilderness and barren waste to him. Where God is, there is his heaven. To be without the society of God, is to him the most forlorn and wretched condition that can be imagined. But in prayer, which is a very near approach to God, he enjoys much of this communion, which is like the life and joy of his spirit. If you are a stranger to all this, what good reason you have to conclude that you must all this time have been mistaken, and that indeed you are not truly a believer!

The true believer feels sensibly that it is in God he lives, and moves, and has his being. The habitual feeling of this has a wonderful influence upon him. It enlarges him exceedingly. It makes him humble, and at the same time very strong. He rejoices in his dependence upon God: it is a most blessed and comfortable truth to him. And it delights him, in prayer, to acknowledge to God this his complete dependence upon him for all things. But to live without prayer is to lead an atheistical sort of life. It is a dark, ungodly way of life. It is to pass our time here as if we were quite independent of God, and not in the smallest degree indebted to him. The Epicureans, who taught that God took no care of this world, or the affairs of its inhabitants, were of this persuasion. The secret feeling of that man's heart who lives without prayer is, being expressed in words,—I have my head, my hands, my faculties; the world is before me; what more is needed? I can get on well enough without God; I need not to take him into my counsel, and to crave his help. I have got my faculties and a standing-place in this world from him. I thank him for these. Having these, I need and ask no more. If such a one be a Christian, how strange!

But you say you revolt from such sentiments, and judge them profane. The reason you do not pray is, not that you think yourself independent of God. Very far from that. Your reason is, that God cannot be profited by any service of yours; and in regard to praying to God, and in prayer, requesting blessings from him—you consider that as very superfluous, since the Lord is perfectly acquainted with your wants, and, being merciful, will supply them as he sees best, without your asking.

Every one knows the truth of these two statements—that our services cannot be profitable to God; and that he knows perfectly all that we need. But they have nothing to do with the matter as regards prayer. If God be pleased to require and to command the service of his people, their duty is plain; and the question whether that service is profitable or not, is one quite beside the purpose. If God reveals himself to mankind as the hearer of prayer, and if he is pleased to ordain that, through the channel or medium of prayer, his blessings shall descend upon his people, it is utterly futile to say that there can be no duty lying upon us to pray, in consideration of the divine omniscience. Such objections are infidel, not Christian. They are as strong against every other divinely appointed duty as they are against prayer; which any one may see who chooses to point them against any other duty. To live without prayer, on any such pretence, is to manifest very plainly that one is not a believer.

Prayer, like other divinely-appointed ordinances, is for the good of believers. The advantage is theirs. Grant that your services are nothing to God, yet are they nothing to you? Is it nothing to be kept continually mindful of what we owe to God; nothing to have our minds, by meditation and prayer, made familiar with the infinite purity and holiness of God, and with the exceeding and amazing depravity of our own hearts; nothing to be stirred up (which believers often are in prayer) to longings, aspirations, and most earnest desires after a more humble and holy life—a closer walking with God? The relation between God and his people, in all its aspects and bearings, is brought before and impressed upon the mind in this ordinance of prayer. Of what value it is that it should be so, and how intimately connected with and conducive to progress in holiness and growth in grace, let any one who is competent judge. God can do without you, but can you do without him? You are dependent upon him for all things: for no created being can be otherwise. But are you to make to God no acknowledgment of His goodness, and no humble earnest request, that if it please him he may continue to bestow upon you a share of such blessings as you stand in need of; and that, notwithstanding of an express commandment from God, that you do both the one and the other. To pretend to be a believer and yet to live without prayer, is it not preposterous?

It is true that your services add nothing to the essential happiness and glory of God. Yet is it nothing to God whether his creatures are obedient or disobedient, lovers of Him or haters of Him, submitting themselves to him in godly fear, or living in rebellion and blasphemy? Are heaven and hell alike to God, angels and devils, saints and reprobates? The thought is revolting.

You endeavour, perhaps, to defend yourself in the neglect of prayer by another argument. It is, that though you do not pray in words, yet your heart is so habitually under a sense of your obligation to God and dependence upon him, you have a sense so distinct of gratitude to him, that of your heart it may be said, it is habitually in the spirit of prayer. If you are sincere in this admission, we cannot help being convinced that you are labouring under a very gross error of judgment, and indeed, though unconsciously to yourself, practising a delusion upon yourself. In fact, we believe, that what you state is an impossibility. As the heart is, so will the conduct be. Words are the symbols or exponents of thought, and without words or some other symbol, there can be no communication of thought. We are aware that thought may be expressed, as for example in painting, statuary, &c., without words, but some kind of symbol is always necessary. And in the communication of thought and feeling between one person and another, language is the medium of expression. The experimenting of it would teach how difficult it is, if not altogether impossible, to form even to yourself any thing like a distinct knowledge of the state of emotion or feeling in which your mind at any time is, without endeavouring to express it in words. It will be found that our most abstract mental processes are carried on in words, not only when we are conversing, discoursing, or writing, but also when we are musing and are farthest retired within ourselves. Words are not thoughts, as our bodies are not our spirits. As the spirit can only manifest itself by the body, so thought requires for its manifestation the integument of one kind of language or another. God makes his communications to men through language, and except through the same medium men cannot communicate with God. It is true that the written Word of itself is not effectual to salvation without the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit. But these influences (or, in other words, the teaching of the Spirit) are needful in order to the conveying to the mind the truths contained in the written Word. Still the written Word is the medium of conveyance. The Spirit does not convey to the mind any thing not contained in the Word, but makes us understand, feel, and believe what is contained there. It must also be admitted, that there are sometimes felt by believers in their heart, in particular circumstances, longings, desires, and aspirations towards God and divine things, which cannot find words for the adequate expression of them. “The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what to pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." This happens in the experience, not of prayerless persons, but of those who are in their minds most conformable to God—and in an eminent degree praying people. It will be, however, admitted by those who really and seriously consider such matters, that language, articulate speech, is so much the ordinary medium of thought, and the communication of it from one person to another, that to talk of a heart habitually in the spirit of prayer, and at the same time to neglect the specific act of prayer in articulate words, is a delusion, and, as we are constituted, contrary to nature and the truth of things. Such a plea cannot stand. To a reasonable mind it has no force in it. Sift the matter, and you will discover, and must confess, that the true reason of your living without prayer is indifference and unbelief. An indifferent and unbelieving believer is a contradiction.

That prayer should be the means or channel by which spiritual blessings are conveyed to the hearts of believers, is analogous to the method of the divine operation in other matters. It is God who gives the increase of the earth. He is the author of that adaptation by which the seed draws its nutriment from the soil, from the light, and warmth, and showers; and by which these give nourishment to the seed. The seasons of the year are a divine arrangement, and they are an arrangement by which the earth is fertilized, and by which the herbs and fruits necessary to support animal life are made to germinate, spring up, and come to their maturity. If all be thus dependent upon God, why the labour of the husbandman? Not because God stands in need of it—not because he cannot work without it. *What* hinders but that he should cause the earth to yield spontaneously, and cover it with harvests unsown by man? Yet he does not do this. If men do not cultivate the earth, and sow, and dress, neither shall they gather the harvest nor the vintage. Whilst the fruits of the earth are the gift of God, the labour of the husbandman is the channel through which these gifts come. The Lord could bestow on us all the spiritual blessings we stand in need of without our asking them. Nothing hinders except his own appointment, that it shall not be so. There is no natural obstacle in the way; and how could there be, for what can resist the divine power? He has appointed that these blessings shall come to us through certain channels of conveyance. Prayer, as has been said, is one of these, and an important one. The beneficent ends which this appointment serves have been hinted at, and might be largely shown. But the point of immediate concern is the appointment itself. Neglect the appointment, and how can you reasonably expect the blessing? It is ordained to come to you through certain channels. You refuse to let down your pitcher and draw at these channels. How, then, can you expect to get the living water? To neglect the express appointment of God, on any pretence whatsoever, what is it but to despise God, the divine author of the appointment? And, if any one be a despiser of God, how can he be a believer?

MEMOIRS OF DR CHALMERS.*

No. I.

THE chosen biographer of a great man occupies a very critical, and, in some respects, an unenviable position. He runs a most serious personal risk. His name is for ever linked with his subject—he comes in for a chief share of the light that streams from the luminary which he exhibits. But it depends entirely on his own competency, whether the immortality to which he thus dooms himself shall exalt him as an object of envy, or convert him into a mere beacon of warning. He is like the sculptor entrusted with the marble from which is to be chiselled out the face and figure of a great public benefactor, of whom a grateful and admiring community wishes to preserve some enduring memorial. The statuary comes at length to be erected, but it depends altogether on the execution, whether, as it stands for centuries in the market-place, it will serve as a monument to the great man's honour, or to the sculptor's disgrace. Instances are not awanting of an unfortunate author, who, doing his best to build a monument to another, has succeeded only in erecting a pillory for himself—a result not so much to be deprecated for the sake of the biographer, as for that of his unfortunate victim, and of the community or the Church which suffers from his incapacity.

As the appointed biographer of Dr Chalmers, Dr Hanna was placed in a position at once deeply responsible and peculiarly difficult. Deeply responsible, inasmuch as on the character of his biography must largely depend the measure of Dr Chalmers's permanent influence—an influence higher in its character, and fitted to be wider in its circle, and more enduring in its results, than that appertaining to the highest impersonations of literary or political greatness; and peculiarly difficult, by reason of the very mightiness of the spirit whose development, and progress, and achievements, it was his high task to portray. And therefore we regard Dr Hanna's unquestioned and pre-eminent success as fair matter both of personal congratulation, and also, and chiefly, of deep thankfulness. An inadequate or unworthy biography of such a man, would have been a signal and irreparable calamity. But tried by every test which may fairly be applied to such a work—by the sustained interest of the narrative—by the vividness with which it brings out the varied greatness of its subject, and delineates the different stages of his mental and spiritual progress—or by the sensible and involuntary impression of the lessons of his life and labours which its perusal produces on the reader's mind—tried by any, or all of these tests, the work is unquestionably entitled to take its place in the first rank of biographies. In this and succeeding Numbers we intend giving an abstract of its contents. The abstract, however, must necessarily be a meagre one; and we trust that very many of our readers will procure and peruse the volume for themselves. It is a volume destined to exert a powerful influence.

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* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By his Son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D., Edinburgh.

Thomas Chalmers was the sixth child of his parents, and was born at Anstruther, March 17, 1780. His father, in announcing the birth to his brother-in-law, then resident in London, wrote:—

"The little fellow is named Tom—I wish him as good a man as his name-father." And then, after stating that the mother had been threatened with fever, added, "But I desire to bless His great name in whose hand is the life of every creature, and of whose mercy we may sing every day, that the fever is quite gone; and though she did not sleep very well last night, I hope the Almighty will recover her to serve Him, and be helpful to bring up her own children to be His servants after we have served our generation according to His will; which will, may it be the rule of yours and mine, and all belonging to us, to live agreeably thereunto."

His infancy was clouded by the presence and persecutions of a heartless nurse, "whose cruelty and deceitfulness haunted his memory through life;" and his boyhood by the rule of a teacher, whose "sight was beginning to fail, but not so his thirst for flogging, which grew with the decline, and survived the loss, of vision." Notwithstanding, we are told that by those of his schoolfellows, few now in number, who survive, Dr Chalmers is remembered as one of the idlest, strongest, merriest, and most generous-hearted boys in Anstruther School. "Joyous, vigorous, and humorous, he took his part in all the games of the playground, ever ready to lead or to follow when schoolboy expeditions were planned and executed; and wherever, for fun or for frolic, any little group of the merry-hearted was gathered, his full rich laugh might be heard rising amid their shouts of glee. But he was altogether unmischievous in his mirth. He could not bear that either falsehood or blasphemy should mingle with it." His boyish ambition was to be a minister. The sister of one of his schoolfellows still remembers breaking in upon her brother and him in a room to which they had retired together, and finding the future great pulpit orator (then a very little boy) standing upon a chair, and preaching most vigorously to his single auditor below. He had fixed upon and was expounding his first text, "Let brotherly love continue."

In November 1791 (in the twelfth year of his age) he enrolled as a student in the United College of St Andrews—there being but one contemporary student who had enrolled at an earlier age, John, now Lord Campbell. During the first two years of his literary curriculum he made no great progress, but his third session, we are told, was his intellectual birth-time. During that session he devoted himself to the study of Mathematics, under Dr James Brown, then assistant to Professor Vilant (who was laid aside by illness) and afterwards for some time Professor of Natural Philosophy in Glasgow. Dr Chalmers always expressed himself as indebted to Dr Brown for the infusion of that academic spirit and enthusiasm by which, from this time forward, he was distinguished. Writing in 1836 to Dr Brown's widow, he said, "Of all the professors and instructors with whom I have ever had to do, he is the one who most powerfully impressed me, and to the ascendency of whose mind over me I owe more in the formation of my tastes and habits, and in the guidance and government of my literary life, than to that of all the other academic men whose classes I ever attended." Ethics and political economy also engaged much of young Chalmers's attention.

"In November 1795, he was enrolled as a student of Divinity. Theology, however, occupied but little of his thoughts. During the preceding autumn he had learned enough of the French language to enable him to read, fluently and intelligently, the authorship in that tongue upon the higher branches of mathematics. His favourite study he prosecuted with undiminished ardour. Not even the powerful spell of one of the ablest of theological lecturers—to whose ability he afterwards rendered so full a tribute of praise—could win him away from his mathematical devoteeism. The present venerable minister of Kilsyth, the Rev. Mr Burns, who entered the Divinity Hall along with him, writes as follows:—'He had got the idea strongly into his mind, that the orthodoxy of the lecturer was formed in conformity to the Standards, rather than as the truth most surely believed. The professor had expressed the sentiment that Calvinism should not be too broadly brought forward in pulpit addresses, lest it should be repulsive. Chalmers said to me, "If it be truth, why not be above-board with it?" I think he added, "You are a sincere Calvinist. There is none in St Andrews that I know. Come down to Anstruther with me on a Saturday, and see my father and Mr Hodges, (a venerable elder with whom I was acquainted.) They all agree with you." I referred to a very able lecture which the Professor had delivered a day or two previously, as a really masterly defence of one of the deepest points of Calvinistic doctrine, upon the scheme of Jonathan Edwards. I was surprised when he said, "I was not paying attention to it, but thinking of something else," probably following out some mathematical problem. "Why," I said, "did you not attend to a disquisition so able?" "Because," he answered, "I question the sincerity of the lecturer." The exercise of mere intellectual power without heart, seemed to have no power to suspend his favourite study. He most certainly passed through that year's curriculum without making entry on the theological field, and there can be no doubt that his system did not go beyond sublime ideas of the Divine Omnipresence, Omnipotence, Omniscience, and Goodness, and the grandeur, extent, and variety of His works, combined with some lively conceptions of the character, the teaching, and the example of the author of Christianity.'

"Though a disquisition by Dr Hill on the scheme of Jonathan Edwards was thus listened to idly and in vain, very different was the treatment which towards the close of the same session the writings of that great metaphysician and divine received. Speaking of this period, Professor Duncan says, 'He studied Edwards on Free-Will with such ardour, that he seemed to regard nothing else, could scarcely talk of any thing else, and one was almost afraid of his mind losing its balance.' Edwards' theory of Necessity fell in with the reasonings of his earlier favourite Godwin, and was speedily adopted; and it was no cold assent of the understanding merely which was given to it. Planting his foot upon the truth, demonstrated as it seemed to him so irresistibly by Edwards—that fixed unalterable links bind together the whole series of events in the spiritual as well as in the material universe, he rose to the sublime conception of the Godhead, as that eternal all-pervading energy by which this vast and firmly knit succession was originated and sustained; and into a very rapture of admiration and delight his spirit was upborne. Looking back to this period, twenty-four years afterwards, he writes :—

"'*February 26th*, 1821,—O that He possessed me with a sense of His holiness and His love, as He at one time possessed me with a sense of His greatness and His power, and His pervading agency. I remember when a student of Divinity, and long ere I could relish evangelical sentiment, I spent nearly a twelvemonth in a sort of mental elysium, and the one idea which ministered to my soul in all its rapture was the magnificence of the Godhead; and the universal subordination of all things to the one great purpose for which He evolved and was supporting creation. I should like to be so inspired over again, but with such a view of the Deity as coalesced and was in harmony with the doctrine of the New Testament.'

"Alluding to this singular period in his mental history, he has told a member of his family that not a single hour elapsed in which the overpoweringly impressive imagination did not stand out bright before the inward eye; and that his custom was to wander early in the morning into the country, that, amid the quiet scenes of nature, he might luxuriate in the glorious conception.

"The magnificent vision did, however, after some months depart. . . . .

"It was then the practice at St Andrews, that all the members of the University assembled daily in the public hall for morning and evening prayers, which were conducted by the theological students. The hall was open to the public, but in general the invitation was not largely accepted. In his first theological session it came by rotation to be Dr Chalmers' turn to pray. His prayer, an amplification of the Lord's Prayer clause by clause consecutively, was so originally and yet so eloquently worded, that universal wonder and very general admiration were excited by it. 'I remember stil,' writes one who was an auditor, 'after the lapse of fifty-two years, the powerful impression made by his prayers in the Prayer Hall, to which the people of St Andrews flocked when they knew that Chalmers was to pray. The wonderful flow of eloquent, vivid, ardent, description of the attributes and works of God, and still more perhaps, the astonishingly harrowing delineation of the miseries, the horrid cruelties, immoralities, and abominations inseparable from war, which always came in more or less in connection with the bloody warfare in which we were engaged with France, called forth the wonderment of the hearers. He was then only sixteen years of age, yet he showed a taste and capacity for composition of the most glowing and eloquent kind. Even then, his style was very much the same as at the period when he attracted so much notice, and made such powerful impression in the pulpit and by the press."

When he had finished his attendance at the Divinity Hall, instead of returning to Anstruther to be a burden upon his parents (the family there now numbering fourteen), he determined thenceforth to provide for himself. Accordingly he accepted of an opening as private tutor in a family, where, however, "he was destined to find a most ungenial residence." The seven hours' labour a day formed but a slight portion of the causes of his discomfort. The pupils were unruly, the parents were haughty and unkind, treating him as an underling and a menial. The spirit of young Chalmers could not brook such indignity, and he openly resented it. Upon this Mr —— (Dr Hanna considerately conceals the name) charged him with unseemly and unseasonable pride. "Sir," said he, "the very servants are complaining of your haughtiness; you have far too much pride."—"There are two kinds of pride, sir," was the reply. "There is that pride which lords it over inferiors, and there is that pride which rejoices in repressing the insolence of superiors. The first I have none of—the second I glory in." He soon afterwards left the family and returned to St Andrews, where he received license to preach the gospel on the 31st July 1799—being then in his twentieth year.

Immediately after license, he went off to England on a visit to his brother James, then in business at Liverpool. On the 25th August he preached his first sermon in the Scotch Church, Wigan; and on the following Sabbath he preached in Liverpool. James, writing immediately afterwards to his father, gave the following criticism :—

"It is impossible for me to form an opinion of Thomas as yet; but the sermon he gave us in Liverpool, which was the same as we had in Wigan, was in general well liked. His mode of delivery is expressive, his language beautiful, and his arguments very forcible and strong. His sermon contained a due mixture both of the doctrinal and practical parts of religion; but I think it inclined rather more to the latter. The subject, however, required it. It is the opinion of those who pretend to be judges, that he will shine in the pulpit, but as yet he is rather awkward in his appearance. We, however, are at some pains in adjusting his dress, manner, &c., but he does not seem to pay any great regard to it himself. His mathematical studies seem to occupy more of his time than the religious. I refer you to the subjoined for other particulars (*if you can read them*),* and am, dear father, yours most sincerely,

"JAMES CHALMERS."

The two following winters he spent in Edinburgh attending the Mathematical class of Professor Playfair, that of Natural Philosophy under Professor Robison, and that of Moral Philosophy under Dugald Stuart. During that time he resided in Chessels' Court with Mr Cowan, his mother's uncle, who kindly offered him a room in his house.

In 1802, he commenced his duties as a stated preacher in the parish of Cavers, having been appointed assistant to the parish minister. There he remained for four months, greatly pleased with the place, with the kindness of the people, and with the opportunities of study which he enjoyed. Having as yet, however, no very profound or impressive sense of the dignity and importance of the ministerial office, and finding himself much more at home in the pursuit of science than in the study of theology, he gladly availed himself of an opening by which next winter he became assistant to the Mathematical Professor at St Andrews; and, months before he left Cavers, he devoted his chief energies to preparing for his new duties in that capacity. At the commencement of the session he threw himself into his work with characteristic enthusiasm, and conducted and closed the business of the class amid the wonder and applause both of the students and of the public—to whom earnestness in the teaching of a science deemed so dry as Mathematics, was a new and a strange thing under the sun. Nor had he long to wait upon a fixed ministerial charge; having, during the session, been unanimously presented by the St Andrew's Senatus to the parish of Kilmany, then vacant and in their gift. His ordination took place in May 1803. Immediately after this we have an extraordinary episode:—

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* These particulars were in Thomas' handwriting, which even then was somewhat difficult to decipher. It became much worse afterwards—so much so, that his father is reported to have carefully deposited the unread letters in his desk, saying, that Thomas himself would read them to them when he came next to Anstruther.

"Mr Chalmers had calculated on retaining the mathematical assistantship. His ordination at Kilmany might not of itself have prevented this: for six out of the eleven years during which his own teacher, Dr Brown, had occupied that position, he was minister of the parish of Denino; and Kilmany, being only about nine miles distant, was not so remote from St Andrews as to render a similar arrangement impracticable. At the close of the session, however, his employer gave him to understand that his services would not again be required. This summary dismissal not only tore him away from an occupation which he loved, and confined him to one in which he felt as yet but little interest; it seemed also to close up the avenue along which his brightest hopes had been moving. Inefficiency as a teacher had been alleged as the ground of it; and if that allegation were received, his prospects of academic distinction would be blasted. And was it thus that all his most cherished hopes were to be defeated? Was that hand, which had shut so sharply against him the way of return even for another winter to the mathematical class-room of St Andrews, to be permitted to do him the still weightier injury of closing every door to university preferment? Not without a vigorous effort to repair this injury—to right this wrong! To clear his impeached reputation from the reproach which had been thrown upon it, he resolved to open next winter in St Andrews mathematical classes of his own—rivals to those of the University. All opposition which might arise elsewhere, he was fully prepared to brave; but there was one quarter in which, by early and kindly application, he fain would soften it down.

"'*Kilmany, October* 18, 1803.

"'DEAR FATHER,—You may perhaps by this time have heard of my intention to open mathematical classes next winter. I believe the measure will be opposed by a certain party of the St Andrews professors; but I am sure they will not be able to ruin the success of my intended proceedings, except by having recourse to dishonourable practices. These artifices I shall be obliged to expose for my own vindication; but my chief anxiety is to reconcile you to the idea of not confining my whole attention to my ministerial employment. The fact is, that no minister finds that necessary. Even at present I am able to devote as much time and as much attention to other subjects as I will be under the necessity of doing next winter, and after all I discharge my duties, I hope, in a satisfactory manner. With regard to non-residence that is only to last for six months. I have never been called to any incidental duty through the week but once, and I have the assurance of my two neighbours that they will attend to every ministerial office that may be necessary. Your apprehensions with regard to the dissatisfaction of the parishioners, are, I can assure you, quite groundless. I feel the footing on which I stand with them, and am certain that no serious or permanent offence will ever be excited. . . . . .—Yours affectionately, THOMAS CHALMERS.'

"St Andrews lies so much out of the line of the great rolling current of public life, that in general it enjoys a very unbroken rest. The genius of the place is repose—a repose, however, which, startled from its slumbers by the step of this bold invader from Kilmany, was now for a season effectually put to flight. The professors met in hurried consultation—the students were agitated and divided—the hearts of many siding with the youthful devotee, who came to redeem his injured scientific honour. The general public, dependent either for actual subsistence or for all social fellowship upon the colleges, looked with wonder at the sight of an open and declared rivalry establishing itself within the very shadow of the University. A brief and broken journal of this memorable winter is still preserved, exhibiting in its pages the tossings of the stormy waters. . . . . .

"No hostile influences could quench the admiration which kindled around such a lectureship. The tide of opposition was already fast subsiding—it was now turned into a tide of applause, bearing the lecturer on its swelling bosom high above all the difficulties of his position. Even from the beginning there had been much in that position to win favour in the eyes of the independent and the generous-hearted. The impetuous manliness—the open-hearted honesty—the unwavering purpose—the indomitable energy displayed—these went far to redeem it from the charge of impropriety and imprudence; whilst in the very act of a single unbefriended youth braving the gathered enmity of a university, that he might wipe away a stain from his injured literary honour, there was a scientific chivalry, kindling in many a breast a glow of approving sympathy, which no frown of official authority could extinguish. Even the stern gravity of office was at length relaxed; for although there was something of rude violence in the onset made by this invader of all university decorum, yet much of the true academic spirit broke out at every stage of the assault. It was not that he loved his *alma matter* less—it was that he loved her all too well, that he was heard now thundering so impetuously at her gates. And although strong personal feeling was at times expressed, such a genial humanity breathed about him who uttered it, that the very professor upon whom his stroke at first seemed to fall the heaviest, was one of the first to extend to him the forgiving hand of friendship."

(*To be continued.*)

DAVID AND THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.

Louisa.—Mother, I have been reading about David. When he was in the cave of Adullam, and the Philistines were at Bethlehem, David longed for some water of the well that was by the gate of Bethlehem. And three of his men went and got some of the water, and then he would not drink it. After they had taken so much trouble to get it, I do not think he should have thrown it away.

Mother.—The motive which led him to refuse to drink the water was certainly creditable to him. He had unwisely expressed a wish for some water, which could not be procured without great peril. Some of his friends risked their lives to procure it, David became sensible of the impropriety of allowing men to peril their lives for so small a gratification. He felt that he had been thoughtlessly selfish. He would show his regard for his friends, by refusing to partake of a gratification purchased at the hazard of their lives. There are several important duties suggested by this incident—can you think of any one of them?

L.—We should not express a desire for things which it will give our friends a great deal of trouble to procure for us.

M.—Children often give their parents unnecessary trouble by the thoughtless expression of their desires. A little girl, whose mother was obliged to work very hard for her support, once saw a gay dress, and expressed a very strong desire to possess one like it. Her mother procured one for her; but was obliged to deny herself many comforts in consequence. The little girl was very sorry when she found she had put her mother to so great inconvenience. She resolved that she would be careful in future not to express a desire for a thing which her mother could not afford to get for her.

L.—Her mother should not have got it for her.

M.—A mother's affection will willingly make great sacrifices for the gratification of her child. The child should not take advantage of that affection for selfish ends, but should be as anxious to save the parent from trouble as the parent is to gratify the child. Another duty which is suggested by this portion of David's history is, that we should never cherish a desire for objects which the providence of God has placed beyond our reach. We should be content with such things as we have, and such things as can be acquired by lawful efforts. A discontented, complaining spirit, renders one very unhappy, and is very displeasing to God.

L.—Our Sabbath school teacher advised us to avoid the habit of saying,—I wish I had this, and I wish I had that.

M.—The advice was wise. The free expression of a desire for any thing tends to increase that desire. If we feel conscious of an improper desire, one way of preventing its increase is never to give it any expression. Besides, the expression of idle wishes subjects us to the condemnation which the Saviour informs us follows the utterance of idle words. Can you think of any other duty suggested by this incident?

L.—We must not desire any thing which will injure others.

M.—Paul had regard to this principle of duty, when he declared that he would not even eat meat if it caused his brother to offend; that is, if in any way it caused others to sin. We must not only confine our desires and efforts to things lawful in themselves, but to things which will not prove injurious to others. We must not only strive to do good—we must also strive to avoid doing harm. When we have done injury to others, it is not enough for us to say we did not design to do it. What is the worst kind of injury that we can do to others?

L.—To injure their character—to report falsehoods about them.

M.—To report falsehoods about one may injure his reputation, but not his character. Injury done to reputation is a great evil, but injury done to character is a much greater one. Character is injured when wrong habits of thought, feeling, and action, are induced. To injure the character is to injure the soul. Soul-injury is the highest injury that can be inflicted on a man. Injuries done to property, to reputation, and even to life, are small, compared with those done to the soul. Be very careful that you do not injure, either by design or thoughtlessness, the souls of your companions. It is often done. Many who would by no means inflict a blow upon the body of another, or destroy the smallest portion of his property, thoughtlessly, and sometimes wilfully, inflict injuries upon the soul, from which it will never recover to all eternity. There is another thought suggested by the conduct of David in relation to the water. He refused to partake of it because it was too costly for him to drink. It was procured at the hazard of the life of his dearest friends. So, when we are tempted to indulge in sin, we must say, it is too costly an indulgence. It cost the agony and bloody sweat of the Son of God. Christ died to put an end to sin. Whenever we indulge in sin, we do what we can to render his sufferings and death in vain.

ABEL.

In a thicket by the hill-side,
Where his own rude altar stood,
With the furrow soil upon him,
Doubled up and roll'd in blood;

And a leopard, like the watcher
Of that still and solemn place,
On the trampled mosses lying,
Peering in his passive face;

Crouching in his savage wonder,
Crouching low by cheek and limb,
Sightless eyeballs, vague obstruction,—
Fearful presences to him.

In a thicket by the hill-side,
Crusted with his clotted blood,
Is the silent victim hidden
From the eye of man or God.

Hear the slow majestic accents
Falling on the murderer,
From the folding clouds above him,
From the hush'd and breathless air.

See,—he bows his head in anguish
As the thrilling curse goes on:
Now the heavenly voice is silent,
And the fugitive is gone:

From those peaceful happy places,
Outcast, striding forth alone;
Mournful eyes of all the ages
Turning backward to his own.

Striding forth alone for ever,—
Burning brow, convulsive breath,
And the mark of God upon him,
Strange, mysterious mark of DEATH!

DEATH,—relentless, stern intruder;
Never in the years before
Had its chill and pallid presence
Pass'd within life's iron door.

Death,—from out the pregnant future
Rise its tones of fear and pain,
Voices from the graves of Abel,
Echoes of the curse of Cain.

MOTHER, DO YOU PRAY *WITH* YOUR SON?

In visiting some of my parishioners some time since, I called upon one of them, a good pious mother. Upon my inquiring into the spiritual condition of the family, she began rather dolorously to speak of her only son. She said that she had frequently conversed with him, had endeavoured to interest him in the Word of God, had reasoned with him on the danger of his dying in a state of impenitence, and, as she expressed it, "all to no purpose." He remained a thoughtless, careless youth. That lad was by no means deficient in mental abilities, and he had made good use of the advantages of a public school. Yet he gave no indications of being interested in the one thing needful.

I replied to her, "All that you have done is very well, and that, as a pious mother, you feel deeply concerned respecting your dear boy, I cannot doubt; but there is one thing perhaps you have omitted." "Pray," said she, evidently surprised at my remark, "what is that?" I answered, "Have you ever prayed *with* your son?" From the change upon her countenance, I inferred that she was perplexed in mind. Endeavouring to relieve her embarrassment somewhat, I remarked, "That you have prayed *for* your son, I already supposed; but does he know that fact?" The question seemed to awaken a train of thought which had before never occupied her mind. That she was a praying mother, I had no reason to doubt; but the moral influence of prayer for her child, *within his hearing*, she had never perhaps thought of before.

I then mentioned the case of the lamented Barr: that devoted servant of God attributed, in a good degree, his attention to divine things to the prayers of his mother. Mrs —— was interested in the narrative. After some further conversation upon the subject, I mentioned that, some twenty years since, there lived a youth in P—— who had imbibed the common opinion that the Sabbath was designed mainly as a day of recreation. Descended from pious parents, he had been taught to pay a decent respect to the institutions of religion. With the great principles of divine truth, however, he had but a slight acquaintance. The afternoons of the Sabbath were frequently spent in rambling about the suburbs of the city. It so happened one afternoon, as he descended from his room to take his usual stroll, he overheard a voice as if engaged in prayer. His mother's room door stood ajar, and that voice was his mother's. In a low plaintive tone, of unusual kindness, tremulous with age, and somewhat affected by disease, these words reached the ears of that lad: "God bless ——." I do not know whether these words were the special means in the hands of God's Spirit of leading that soul to God, yet they had their effect. The stroll of that afternoon was taken, but not with its usual zest. Those few words of a mother's prayer seemed to reach the very depths of that young man's soul.

Having proceeded thus far in my narrative, I was interrupted by Mrs —— inquiring, "Then he became converted?" "Yes, ma'am," said I; "shortly after this, he gave evidence of being a new creature, and since that has been endeavouring to serve his Master in newness of life." "And pray," said the good woman, as with increasing interest she seemed to pry into my mind, "who was he?" "Mrs ——," I replied, "you have frequently heard him in the pulpit, endeavouring to preach the gospel. *I* am that lad."

Dear Christian reader, have you a wayward, careless son? Do you pray for him? and *does he know it?*—*Presb. Treasury.*

GOD'S SABBATHS WASTED.

Exodus xx. 8, 9, 10. Rev. i. 10.
Isaiah lviii. 13, 14. St John xx. 19.

What are you doing with your Sabbaths? God saith, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." —Do *you* remember, and keep it holy?

In each year there are fifty-two Sabbaths; in thirty-five years, five whole years of Sabbaths! in seventy years, ten whole years of Sabbaths!

Are you *wasting* your Sabbaths?

If so, when the day of reckoning comes, and justice says, "Pay me that thou owest," think, sinner! —what wilt thou do?

"Will a man rob God?" Alas! then wilt thou find that *thou* hast robbed Him of the day which he claims, "The Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

Does business get thee gain on this day? It is a hard bargain for thy soul. Does pleasure bring thee mirth? "The end of that mirth is heaviness."

How will mis-spent Sabbaths look at a dying day, and in the light of eternity?

If you have no place in God's house on earth, God hath no place for you in His house in heaven.

Distance, cares, poverty, or any feigned excuse, keep men from entering His house now, but the unchanged heart that allows these excuses will be an eternal bar to their entering His house hereafter. Excuses for the most part are like floors with the dry-rot; woe to him who trusts his weight on them.

Sinner! it may be that thy winding-sheet is even now ready, and the wood seasoned of which thy coffin shall be made. Beware lest that vision of St John speak awful truth to thee. "And I looked and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him."—(Rev. vi. 8.) What would souls in hell give once more to hear those Sabbath chimes, which many *now* regard as little as the tinkling of a sheep-bell! What would they give once more to get the offer of mercy through Christ, which many *now* will not cross their threshold to obtain? What would they then give to be quit of the sting of those sins to which they *now* cling so closely?

Oh! Sirs, "Consider your ways." Sin is like a gold cup, with sugared poison within; it looks well, and handles well, and tastes well, but death is in the drinking; the dregs will be *bitter indeed*.

Oh! loathe sin, and leave it. Humble yourselves before God for the past. Begin another and a better life. Come and sit at the feet of Jesus, who is the best Master, the kindest Friend, the wisest Counsellor, and the only Saviour. He pardons freely, blesses largely, He gives His holy Spirit to them that ask Him. Oh! come to Jesus, and you shall be safe and happy.

You shall then know by happy experience, that "one day in God's courts is better than a thousand." In prayer, in praise, and in hearing of the Word, shall the Lord's day thenceforth be spent. Your song shall be

> "Thus may my Sabbath pass away,
> My best, my holiest, happiest day,
> The sweetest of the seven,
> But yet a rest for saints remains,
> A Sabbath free from cares and pains,
> Eternal and in heaven!"

To that rest you will press forward; and, when "the time of your departure is at hand," you shall still rejoice in the Lord, and say, "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

"Remember," then, "the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." . . . . . Let but a few more of these days pass by *neglected*, and you will bewail their loss throughout eternity—you will then find, too late, that

> "God's Sabbaths wasted
> Are Hell's pains hasted."

SABBATH-BREAKING AND SABBATH-KEEPING—THEIR RESPECTIVE REWARDS.

In one of the hill towns of New Hampshire there were two neighbourhoods—one of six families and the other five. The advantages of the two were about equal, except that the five families were about three miles farther from church, and had to pass one of those mountain ridges so common in that vicinity, called "Governor's Hill." The six families were fond of social intercourse, and used to spend their Sabbaths in visiting from house to house—never visiting the sanctuary. Some of them totally disregarded the Sabbath, and all eventually formed such a habit. Each of the families had children, which grew up under their influence.

Now, mark the result. In a course of years five of these six families were broken up by the separation of husband and wife, and the other by the father becoming a notorous thief, and fleeing to parts unknown. Eight or nine of these parents became drunkards, and most of them have already found a drunkard's grave. One committed suicide, and nearly all have suffered for want of the comforts of life.

And now as to their children and grand-children. Of some forty or forty-five of them, about twenty are known to be notorious drunkards, jockeys, or gamblers. Four or five are or have been in the States' prison. One fell in a duel. Some entered the army, and have never been heard from; others have gone to sea, and never returned; and only a small number remain within the knowledge of their friends. Some are in the almshouse. Only one of the whole is known to have become a Christian, and the only one who has either a competency of property or the confidence of his neighbours was plucked as a brand from the burning, having pursued a miserable, vicious course from his youth.

And now for the other neighbourhood of five families. A strict observance of the Sabbath and attendance at the sanctuary was their prominent trait. No work was done nor visits made on the Sabbath. But all, riding or walking, were sure to be seen on their way to the house of God—not without occasional taunts from their Sabbath-breaking neighbours. These families all lived in peace, and were prospered in their labours. A large number of their children were reared up around them, which, with their descendants, now number from two to three hundred. Eight of ten of the children are members of the church, and adorning their profession. In but a single instance has a crime been known to have been committed by one of the descendants—and that was followed by a speedy and deep repentance; and but one is known to be intemperate. Some of them are ministers of the gospel. One is a missionary to China. Numbers are supporters and officers of churches. A colony on the prairies of the West has been planted by them, sustaining the institutions of their fathers, and are now reaping the benefits of their Sabbath-keeping habits and principles. The heads of these families lived to a good old age, and, with a score or more of their descendants, have gone down to the grave in peace; most of whom have left evidence that they died in the Lord. There has been among them no separation of husband and wife, except by death, and no suffering for want of the necessaries of life. The homestead of a number of the families is now in the hands of the third generation. These facts speak a language not to be mistaken, and they come to you from the hand of the descendants of the five families. —*Puritan Recorder.*

HOW THE WAGGON WAS BROKEN.

"How is it, John, that you bring the waggon home in such a broken condition?"

"I broke it in driving over a stump, sir."

"Where?"

"Back in the woods, half a mile, or so."

"But why did you run against a stump? Could you not see to drive straight?"

"I did drive straight, sir, and that is the very reason why I drove over it. The stump was directly in the middle of the road."

"Why, then, did you not go round it?"

"Because, sir, the stump had no right to the middle of the road, and I had a right to it."

"True, John, the stump ought not to have been there. But I wonder that you was so foolish as not to consider that it was there, and that it was stronger than your waggon."

"Why, father, do you think that I am going always to yield my rights? Not I."

"But what is the use, John, of standing up for your rights, when you only get a greater wrong by so doing?"

"I shall stand up for them at all hazards."

"Well, John, all I have to say is this. Hereafter you must furnish your own waggons."

This little dialogue between John and his father, recalls to our memory many a difficulty in which we have seen men involved because they would not consider how things *are*, but only how they *ought to be*. My neighbours, for example, ought all to be kind and accommodating (we put, of course, not our own individual case, but the case of any man), but perhaps one of them is selfish and of a disobliging temper; and, were I to attempt the work of making him over again, I should have more than my hands full. Now, though I ought not to do any thing to humour him which shall involve a sacrifice on my part of Christian principle, yet I shall do well to recollect not only what he should be, but what he is. This will save me from many unpleasant collisions with him in little matters, which would be of no benefit to him, and which would greatly injure me. It may be, abstractly considered, right for me to kill his geese when I find them trespassing on my fields, if he will not keep them yoked. But I shall probably find that this business of geese-killing will not work well either for his reformation or for my comfort.

To all who would go through life pleasantly and usefully, we would say—*Consider not only what ought to be, but what is.—Ohio Observer.*

THE AGED SIAMESE.

The Rev. Mr Mattoon, Presbyterian missionary in Bangkok, in giving an account of the dreadful ravages of the cholera in that city, relates the following incident:—

Among all who, by this fearful calamity, have been called to their final account (and the number is said to be 20,000), we know of but one of whom it may truly be said, "He sleeps in Jesus." And his case has been so interesting and encouraging to us, that I must mention it here as some alleviation to the dark picture which my letter has thus far presented. A few weeks since, an aged Siamese found his way to the station of our Baptist friends. His hair was already white from age, one eye was entirely blind, and his general appearance was not specially interesting. His home was five days' journey to the north-east of Bangkok. He had never before met with a Christian missionary, but at different times, and by various means, had obtained Christian books. Some of them he had found partially torn up and thrown away. These he had carefully preserved, and attentively read. It had been seven years since he had commenced reading Christian books, and several years since he had been convinced of the wickedness of idolatry, and the truth of Christianity. He had now, for the first time, found his way to the missionaries, and wished to be taught more perfectly in the Christian religion. Mr Jones says, that in conversing with him he was astonished at his knowledge of the Scriptures. He seemed filled with the Word of God. When asked, Who had been his teacher? he replied, "Jesus; has he not said, Ask, and ye shall receive?" According to his own desire, he was permitted to remain a few weeks upon the mission premises, attending upon the means of grace there enjoyed, and spending his leisure hours in reading religious books, and giving daily evidence that he was taught of God. In the mean time, the cholera made its appearance; he was among its earliest victims. Several times after his attack, he expressed his confiding trust in the Saviour; and but a few moments before his death, Mr Jones asking him if his heart was established in the faith of Christ, he replied emphatically in the affirmative. We cannot but hope that he now rests with Christ in glory. His case is a source of much encouragement in our labours, and especially in the distribution of the Scriptures and Christian books. Who knows how much seed there may be in this land, lying, as this has, for the last seven years, which may hereafter appear to the glory of God's grace?

THE RIGHT FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

(For Mothers.)

"James, you must not go over that fence," said Mrs Mason to her son, who was with her on a visit to her sister, Mrs Ward; "it is not right that you should do so."

"I know it, mother; I am only going to look over," said James.

"You had better get down," said Mrs Mason. James did so at once.

The fence in question separated the yard in which James was playing from a peach orchard, which the owner had forbidden any one to enter. The trees were loaded with fine ripe peaches, and James thought he would climb to the top of the fence and look at them. He had no thought whatever of taking any of them. He knew it would not be right. Still he was right in promptly following the advice of his mother. It caused him to avoid temptation. We are not only to resist temptation, but to avoid it whenever duty will permit.

"I observed, sister," said Mrs Ward, "that you never say any thing to your son about the consequence of disobedience."

"I have taught him the fact, that sin will be punished; but I have avoided making mention of the penalty every time that I give a command. I do not think it wise to be dwelling constantly upon the penalty of disobedience. I think it interferes with the development of the true principle of obedience. It makes the impression upon the mind of the child, that obedience is to be rendered solely to avoid the penalty of disobedience. That impression I deem to be a very unhappy one."

"Suppose you tell him he must not do a thing, and he asks you the reason why he must not?"

"I should judge from the circumstances of the case whether it was best to give him a reason or not. I have laboured to teach him, that the fact that a thing is wrong, is a sufficient reason why he should not do it. I have always gone upon the assumption, that I should give no higher reason why he should do a thing, than the fact that IT IS RIGHT. I believe we are to teach our children that they are under obligation to do right, and avoid doing wrong, irrespective of the reward in one case, and the penalty in the other."

"That may do with some children, but not with all. There are some who will not obey unless you hold up the penalty of disobedience before them."

"That is true; but it remains to be considered whether the case would not have been different had care been taken to develop rightly their nature. It is rightly developed by exercise—by appealing to it. If we always act toward a child on the principle that *right* is the supreme law, that this is a self-evident truth, that we are under obligation to do right for its own sake, that child will never think of requiring *a reason* for doing right. I believe our moral nature is so constituted that it will recognise the obligation, though, from various causes, that obligation may not be met."—*Mother's Journal.*

STREET PREACHERS IN GERMANY.

[The revolutions and developments of Socialism in Germany have opened the eyes of Christians to the spiritual wants of the masses of the people. And one

method devised to meet these wants is that of itinerant preaching. This, together with colportage, has been to some extent adopted, and with good results. At a late ministerial conference at Wittemberg, Pastor Brennecke, called by his friends "the street preacher," among other interesting facts related the following :—]

"Some little time ago, after walking several hours, and being wet to the skin, I entered a public-house, and found the company engaged in a strong discussion, there being so much noise in the room that the wind and rain without could not be heard. The topic on which the guests were thus eagerly disputting was politics. The chief speaker, who had a glass of spirits before him, said, 'The guillotine must be erected. Millions must lose their heads; and first of all the rich, and those in high station; for all our misfortunes come from them.' I put my hands to my head to see if it was still in its place, saying to the brawler, 'One must take care that he loses not his head' (*i.e., understanding*, as the German word used by the speaker also signifies), adding, 'What misfortunes come not from the rich? the potato disease, the famine two years ago, and the cholera!'

"The brawler started at these words, and his countenance changed. I embraced the momentary silence to show that famine, cholera, &c., were judgments of God, and remarked at the close, that each had his own cross in this world. One present asked me, 'Do you believe in the existence of the devil?' on which I asked him, 'If he believed in the being of a God?' He answered, looking out of the window, 'A blind man *must* believe in the existence of God—nature! nature teaches it!' Pastor B.: 'The Bible *teaches* us that there is a God, and this is *confirmed* by nature. There is not merely a nature out of us, but a nature *within* us, which, alas! is completely corrupt. The Bible also teaches us, that there is a Divine Being, and farther, that there is a devil, who is a murderer and liar from the beginning, and that our nature is corrupt—a fact which the wickedness of our hearts confirms. Tell me, whence come the evil thoughts of your heart? either they come from yourself, and then you are the devil, or they come from him, and then *there is* a devil.'

"One person remarked, that the Bible was full of fables. The brawler referred to Paul having forgotten his mantle. Pastor B.: 'That is a passage quite suitable for me, perhaps also for you. I am very forgetful. I see here that the great apostle could forget, and this comforts me, and admonishes me also, that I should endeavour to make good what I forget. I thought once like you, and forgot the one thing needful, but I now endeavour not to forget the goodness of God. Have you, brother, *forgotten this?*' The man who, but a few moments before, had been wishing the death of millions, approached the pastor, and said, much moved, 'You remarked just now that every one had his cross. It is so (and at these words tears fell from his eyes). My wife has been many weeks ill, and now my daughter is sick. We are in the greatest misery, come and visit us.' The pastor went home with him, spoke earnestly with them on the state of their souls, prayed, and, after receiving their hearty thanks, went on his way."

PULL IT UP BY THE ROOT.

"FATHER, here is a dock," said Thomas, as he was at work with his father in the garden; "shall I cut it off close to the root?"

"No," replied his father, "that will not do; I have cut it up myself many times, but it grows again stronger than ever. *Pull it up by the root*, for nothing else will kill it."

Thomas pulled again and again at the dock, but the root was very deep in the ground, and he could not stir it from its place; so he asked his father to come and help him, and his father went and soon pulled it up.

"This dock root, Thomas," said his father, "which is an evil and fast-growing weed in a garden, puts me in mind of the evil things that grow so fast in the hearts of children. A bad passion, even when found out, is hard to be removed; it is no use to trifle with it; there is no way to overcome and destroy it but to pull it up by the root.

"You have often seen in our garden, Thomas, that when the weeds are allowed to grow they spoil all the plants and flowers that grow near them. So it is with evil passions in the heart of a child. If a little boy is ill-tempered, we must not expect to find him in good-humour, cheerfulness, thankfulness, and desire to make others happy. And a little girl who is idle, we need not expect to be industrious, neat, or cheerful. As weeds injure the flowers, so bad passions will injure good qualities. If a child is undutiful to his parents, and despises the commandments of God, we might as well look for a rose or a tulip in a bed of nettles, as hope to find in his heart those graces and good desires that we love to see growing there. Now this is quite a sufficient reason why all bad passions should be pulled up by the root.

"Every bad habit, every evil passion which troubles you, you should try with all your heart and mind to overcome; you should, if possible, tear it up. But as you will find your own strength but weakness, go straightway to that Almighty Friend who alone is able to strengthen and assist you. He can take from your hearts the *love* of sin; and this is the only way of destroying it, as we have destroyed the dock by pulling it up by the root."

VISIBLE CHRISTIAN UNION.

IF the visible manifestation of this unity be in itself so desirable, it is an object for which we are bound to make sacrifices. We should sacrifice to it our love of sectarian aggrandizement—our desire to control the opinions of our brethren—our strife for ecclesiastical power, and even, if it be necessary, the good opinion of the members of our own sect. Christ, and the members of his spiritual body, should be dearer to us than any human organization. If it be not so, where is our love of Christ? And if it be asked, How far shall this sacrifice be carried? I answer, Up to the point of sacrifice of principle. We cannot, for the sake of unity, do wrong, or be parties to wrong-doing; we cannot declare that to be true which we believe to be false; or perform, as an ordinance of Christ, what we do not believe that Christ has commanded. When this limit meets us, we can go no farther. To go farther than this, would be to surrender up a conscience void of offence, and to value union with men more than union with Christ. But so far as this it is our duty to go: we should testify our love to our real brethren in Christ, by uniting with them in every thing, so far as we can do it, without the surrender of truth and a good conscience. When this limit has been reached, we must separate; but we should separate, not in unkindness, but in mutual love; co-operating in all, and always "keeping the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." He who is not willing to do this, has much yet to learn of the Spirit of Christ. He who is willing to render wider the apparent breaches which already exist between the various persuasions of Christians, and, by magnifying their points of difference, withdraw them farther and farther from each other, is wounding Christ in the house of his friends, and holding up the Church of Christ to the merited reproach of a thoughtless and gainsaying world.

And if it be demanded, in what way may we cultivate in our own hearts, and make manifest to others, this spirit of universal love to the whole body of Christ, the answer, from what has been already said, is obvious. We cannot do it by striving to convert all men to our individual opinions. To do this is manifestly impossible, when men enjoy freedom of discussion and investigation. Why should we wish to do it, until we ourselves become omniscient and infallible? Nor should we strive to bring all men to imitate our particular practice. Differences in action must follow from the necessary differences of opinion. Why should we judge another man's servant? "To his own master he standeth or falleth." After faithfully and kindly setting forth the reasons of our belief and practice, we should rest. But we must go farther. Having done this, we must still strive for unity. We must do this by cultivating in our own hearts a more fervent love to Christ; and just in proportion to our love to him, will be our love to his image, as it is displayed in the members of his spiritual body. Overlooking the narrow limits of sect and party, we should cultivate a spirit of universal love to the whole assembly of the redeemed of every age, of every sect, and of every variety of social condition. Wherever the spirit of Christ manifests itself, there it should be sure of our sympathy. Whenever our brethren are in adversity, we should proffer them our aid; whenever they are in prosperity, we should rejoice in their success. Wherever they are labouring to advance the interests of truth and righteousness, we should remember them, without ceasing, at the throne of grace, and unite our efforts with theirs, as we may have opportunity. It is thus that we shall bring the Spirit of Heaven down upon earth, and it shall be seen that God is in the midst of us of a truth. Though separated in matters of opinion, as must be the case with honest, independent men, the disciples of Christ will still be one, and the world will believe that he is the Messiah sent by the Father. —*Dr Wayland.*

THE WORLD AND ITS FRIENDSHIPS.

We recently (says a foreign paper) announced the death of John B. Lesperance, a name familiar to every old member of the community, but at the time we were not aware that the last three or four months of his life were spent at the county poorhouse, and that he died a maniac pauper. Such, however, was the case, and it affords but another evidence of the cold-heartedness and selfishness of this world, and the value that should be attached to worldly friendship.

John B. Lesperance came to this city at an early day from Canada, a young man of talent, that bade fair to do well in the world. For some years he attended strictly to business, and every thing prospered under his guidance and control. He became attached to the American Fur Company, and soon amassed a small fortune, married into one of the oldest and most respectable French families, and settled down for life. His addition to St Louis was one of the most valuable ever made, and, if managed properly, would have yielded an almost inexhaustible revenue; but the flowing bowl and fashionable life have many allurements to win the virtuous and prosperous from the even and happy tenor of their ways, and Lesperance became a worldly man.

His fortune, acquired by years of industry and hard labour, was spent in less time than he was employed in making it; his old friends and associates, as soon as his property was gone, became tired of his society; his wife was snatched from him by the hand of death, and even his relatives, to whom he had before looked for support, now forsook and even shunned him. Houseless, friendless, and bankrupt in purse, he rambled the city for some year or more, gaining a scanty sustenance from the cold home of charity, until at last, as an act of kindness, he was sent to the county farm as a common pauper.

Here he remained for some time, until at last his bodily infirmities, and the knowledge of his wrongs, dethroned reason, and death put an end to the further miseries of the maniac pauper. He died, and was buried, but of all his former friends and associates, of all who had in years of prosperity enjoyed his friendship and shared his bounty, but three could be found willing to attend his body to its last resting-place. Thus lived, died, and was buried, the unhappy Lesperance. Young men, let his dissipated life and miserable end serve as a warning.

Fragments.

Affectation is bad enough any where, but in the pulpit it is intolerable.—*Quarterly Review.*

If we are not intensely *real*, we shall be but indifferent preachers.—*Fuller.*

Scripture.—It is a book of models as well as maxims.—*Ibid.*

The Holy Scriptures are the mysteries of God. Christ is the mystery of the Scriptures. Grace is the mystery of Christ.—*Dyer.*

Let not any one say he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying him into action; for what he can do before a prince or a great man, he can do alone, or in the presence of God, if he will.

No man can pray in faith whose prayer is not grounded on a promise. Yet a good man commendeth all things to the righteous wisdom of his God. For those who pray in faith trust the immutable Jehovah. And they who ask blessings unpromised lean on uncovenanted mercies. Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being. Prayer is the magic sound that saith, "Father, so be it." Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence. Wherefore pray, O creature! for many and great are thy wants. Thy mind, thy conscience, thy being, and thy rights, command thee unto prayer—the cure of all cares, the grand panacea for all anxieties.—*Martin Tupper.*

Sound argument is the faithful friend of godliness; for, as the rock of the affections is the solid approval of reason, even so the temple of religion is founded on the basis of philosophy.—*Ibid.*

SELF-SALVATION.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

A GREAT and learned man once labelled a volume of Socinian Tracts in his library with this inscription,—"Salvation made easy, or every man his own Redeemer." It was a good satire; but the true title would be,—"Salvation made impossible, and every man his own Destroyer." This mistake of self-salvation comes from ignorance and unbelief of self-ruin; for no man ever dreams of saving himself who is made truly sensible that he has ruined himself. Real conviction of sin must either lead to despair or to Christ, and *certainly* to despair if *not* to Christ. And that self-salvation, which seemed easy at first *without* conviction of sin, only plunges the soul into the depths of misery. A man who goes into despair now because of conviction, may come to Christ afterwards; his very despair may drive him to Christ, just as the Israelites, shut up in utter hopelessness at the Red Sea, were compelled to throw themselves on God. But a man full of *self-confidence* now, for *want* of conviction, is sure to come to despair in the end. So let a man try to ride in the chariot of his own works, prayers, goodness, aimableness, uprightness, into heaven, or over the Red Sea of his guilt; he may set out with great expectations, and may have an army with him; but God speedily takes off his chariot wheels, and he drives heavily, and then what he trusted in for support and safety only entangles him and sinks him, when God lets loose the billows. His armour and his harness carry him down like lead in the mighty waters. His self-righteousness is even worse for him than his sins. His sins might bring him to Christ, if he felt them; but his self-righteousness is the very blind of Satan over his soul,—it keeps him from seeing either his sins or his Saviour. His faith in self makes him an unbeliever at once in sin, in Christ, and in Satan; he thinks he has no sin but what he can cure by his own reformation; he thinks he needs no Saviour but that cure; and he thinks, consequently, that for him there is neither devil nor hell. If he believed heartily, truly, experimentally, either in sin, or Satan, or Christ, he would renounce self, and hold to Christ only; but believing in self, there is nothing else in which he can or will believe, except as a part of self or auxiliary to it. Yea, the indictment in Isaiah may be taken up and issued against him. Thou hast trusted in thy wickedness; thou hast said, "None seeth me." Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, it hath perverted thee; and thou hast said in thy heart, "I am, and none else beside me." Thou settest thyself as the egotist and idol of the universe, thine own only object of belief and adoration. Therefore shall evil come upon thee—thou shalt not know from whence it riseth; and mischief shall fall upon thee—thou shalt not be able to put it off; and desolation shall come upon thee suddenly, which thou shalt not know. Stand now, with thine enchantments, thou god of thine own creation, and with the multitude of thy sorceries, wherewith thou hast laboured from thy youth; if so be thou shalt be able to profit, if so be thou mayest prevail. Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels. Let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators of thy divinity, the calculators and vouchers for the horoscope of thy self-righteous theology, stand up and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee. Behold they shall be as stubble; the fire shall burn them; they shall not deliver *themselves* from this power of the flame. Thus shall they be unto thee, with whom thou hast laboured; thy merchants from thy youth in the wares of thy flattery, thy self-delusion; none shall save thee. Moreover, because ye have said we have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement, your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand. For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it, and the covering narrower than he can wrap himself in it. Vast as the robe of a man's self-righteousness may be, it was never yet large enough to cover the sinful soul.

So, then, there is no agreement that can stand but an agreement with God for Christ's sake. Salvation is wholly of Christ, by faith, not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy. The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but to the contrite soul that trembleth at God's Word, and out of weakness is made *strong*. If thou standest at the Red Sea, and thinkest that thou wilt cross in thine own chariot, thou art an Egyptian, and the waters will cover thee. If thou hast no fear, it is because of thine ignorance. There are many things that unbelief does not tremble at, and that do not stagger the man of sense, but at which faith trembles, knowing the difficulties and dangers. Unbelief resorts to *sense* for encouragement, but faith to Christ. Sense is always visible, but Christ is not. Sense is a beast that starts fair, but throws its rider, or founders in the Slough of Despond, and is lost in the blackness of darkness. Faith seems to sense to be walking in darkness, but issues in everlasting light. The very essence of faith is to walk by things unseen. Faith regards an unseen Saviour, and this is the very trial of the soul. Art thou ready, God says, and willing to quit self and sense, and at the foot of the cross cry for mercy and trust for mercy, as a lost sinner? Wilt thou make application to Christ, wilt thou trust in him, wilt thou rest upon him, simply as thou findest him revealed in God's Word? That is the very first exercise of faith, such a belief in an unseen Saviour as makes you apply to him for mercy; this done, there follows more, there springs up an experience, out of which thenceforward springs a greater faith. "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now you see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice, with joy unspeakable and full of glory." It is in this sense that faith is described as the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. The moment faith is exercised, then there is an experimental demonstration to the soul, a manifestation to faith of that Saviour and those realities, which sense cannot see. Then arise love, joy, peace, all the fruits of the Spirit; but they all wait for faith—they wait till the soul rests on Christ; and if the soul waits for them, as a sort of sensible encouragement to come to Christ, it will wait in vain, it will never come to him. The soul's encouragement to come to Christ is in its own ruin out of Christ, its utter guilt and misery, and not in any fancied grace that it will have before it comes to him, as a sort of swimming-belt on which to venture to him. No! all the grace it wants before coming to him is that of faith in its own guilt and ruin; that is the only faith in self to be allowed, to be tolerated for a moment. We come to Christ out of self-ruin. Lord, save me, I perish! Nay, we come to Christ out of the death of self; and when self is weakest, then faith is strongest, and in proportion as self is lost sight of, Christ becomes visible, Christ rises on the soul as the Sun of Righteousness, and floods the soul at length with his light, and takes possession of the soul for ever and ever.

MEMOIRS OF DR CHALMERS.

No. II.

(*Continued from* p. 546.)

Up to this time, Mr Chalmers had evidently no true idea of his position as a Christian minister. He valued the ministry chiefly as a profession, and the enthusiasm with which he was fired was purely intellectual and literary. Preaching and visiting were to him dull work as compared with the high pursuits of science and philosophy, and to these he devoted the chief portion of both his time and his energies. Some members of his Presbytery resolved to bring his conduct in lecturing at St Andrews before that court, with the view of either imposing a check or inflicting a censure. His indignation, when he heard of the projected interference, shows at once the strength of his literary passion, and the entire sincerity of his idea (low as it was) regarding the duties of the ministry. "It was bad enough in his eye that ecclesiastical despotism should grasp and try to use against him such a weapon. What made it doubly worse was, that it had never thought of using this instrument when dealing with far greater delinquents than himself." Soon afterwards the following passage occurs in the Presbytery records:—"Sept. 4th, 1804. Dr Martin begged the presbytery to insert in their minutes, that in his opinion, Mr Chalmers' giving lectures in chemistry is improper, and ought to be discontinued. To this request the presbytery acceded. On which Mr Chalmers begged it to be inserted in the minutes, that after the punctual discharge of his professional duties his time was his own, and he conceived that no man or no court had right to control him in the distribution of it." Accordingly, a month afterwards he resumed his chemical lectures at St Andrews, and, as is well known, his first publication (issued during the following year) was devoted to the defence and illustration of his views on this subject.

"In January 1805, the University of Edinburgh was deprived of one of its brightest ornaments by the death of Dr Robison. As University patrons, the Town-Council offered his chair, that of Natural Philosophy, to Mr Playfair, by whose acceptance of it the mathematical professorship became vacant. Mr Chalmers presented himself to the notice of the patrons as aspiring to be Mr Playfair's successor; but although his claims were in many quarters favourably entertained, and the reception given him when he waited personally on the electors was gratifying, two other candidates had, at the very commencement of the canvass, chiefly attracted and almost engrossed the public regards. The Rev. Mr Macknight, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, who had acted as assistant to Dr Robison, was at first willing to resign his ministerial charge upon his appointment to the professorship, but was afterwards induced by his clerical friends to advance his claim to the one office on the understood condition that he should retain the other. Professor Stewart, alarmed at the prospect of such a conjunction, addressed an urgent letter of remonstrance to the Lord Provost, which was followed by one of similar import from Professor Playfair. Of their fears as to Mr Macknight's appointment they were soon relieved, his name having been withdrawn, and Mr Leslie's pre-eminent claims having secured to him the appointment. In the prolonged and painful conflict which his election originated, Mr Chalmers was not personally engaged, as, differing from both parties in the strife, he could have been the advocate of neither. Its initial stage, however, called forth his earliest publication.

"In his letter to the Lord Provost, Mr Playfair had not only alleged that there were very few Scottish clergymen eminent in Mathematics or Natural Philosophy, but that the vigorous and successful pursuit of these sciences was incompatible with clerical duties and habits. This 'cruel and illiberal insinuation' against 'the whole order of Churchmen' was not to be suffered, without one effort at least being made to repel it. . . . . .

"'The author of this pamphlet,' he said, 'can assert, from what to him is the highest of all authority, the authority of his own experience, that, after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage. . . . . .

"'The author of the foregoing observations keeps back his name from the public as a thing of no consequence. With Mr Playfair, whose mind seems so enlightened by well-founded associations, it will probably be enough to know that the author is a clergyman; a member of the stigmatized caste; one of those puny antagonists with whom it would be degrading to enter into the lists of controversy; one of those ill-fated beings whom the malignant touch of ordination has condemned to a life of ignorance and obscurity; a being who must bid adieu, it seems, to every flattering anticipation, and drivel out the remainder of his days in insignificance.'"

Years afterwards this pamphlet was brought up in the General Assembly. Dr Chalmers had proposed a resolution to the Assembly condemnatory of pluralities; that is, of the junction of professorial with ministerial duties, which he himself had long before so strenuously defended. A speaker on the other side of the house, in defending the plurality system, was imprudent enough to refer in support of his views to this youthful pamphlet, and to twit him with inconsistency. At the close of the debate Dr Chalmers adverted to the reference, and disposed of it in a manner which at once discomfited his opponent and electrified his audience. Having acknowledged that the production was his, and explained the circumstances which called it forth, he repeated the words we have quoted as to the small amount of time required for the discharge of ministerial duties, and exclaimed, "Alas! Sir, so I thought in my ignorance and pride. I have now no reserve in declaring that the sentiment was wrong, and that in giving utterance to it I penned what was outrageously wrong. Strangely blinded that I was! What, Sir, is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude, and the proportions of magnitude. But then, Sir, I had forgotten two magnitudes. I thought not of the littleness of time, I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity!"

Mr Chalmers, although wrapped up in his favourite studies, did not merge his heart in his intellect. Two circumstances, stated by Dr Hanna, show how ready he was, even now, to listen to the call either of public spirit or of private benevolence:—

"Mr Chalmers was alive to all the great public movements of the stirring period at which he entered public life. The excesses of the French Revolution had quenched his earlier hopes, which had yielded to exciting alarms. The war with France, in which there had been a temporary respite during the few months which he had spent at Cavers, broke out afresh about the very time of his settlement in Kilmany, its ordinary terrors being heightened by the threat of invasion, which for a few years hung like a lowering thunder-cloud over the land. From the first moment of his starting on his meteor-like career, Bonaparte had been to Mr Chalmers an object of the most intense interest. He recognized in him erelong the destroyer of his own country's liberties—the disturber of Europe's peace—the threatener of Britain's independence; and it was now believed that he was mustering his armies along the French coast, and looking across the Channel to this country as his next theatre of war and conquest. Every instrument by which, in the prospect of such an emergency, the generous ardours of the people could be stirred up was employed. The aid of the ministers of religion was invoked. From every pulpit of the land there came a voice, varied acccording to the spirit and character of its occupant. It was a thrillingly martial one which on this occasion issued from the pulpit of Kilmany, finding its climax in the exclamation—'May that day when Bonaparte ascends the throne of Britain be the last of my existence; may I be the first to ascend the scaffold he erects to extinguish the worth and spirit of the country; may my blood mingle with the blood of patriots; and may I die at the foot of that altar on which British independence is to be the victim!'

"The preacher was quite ready to make good his words. Soon after the volunteers were organized, he enrolled himself in the St Andrews corps, holding a double commission as chaplain and lieutenant. In 1805, he joined the corps at Kirkcaldy, where it was then on permanent duty. In the outskirts of that town he recognised an old acquaintance, a member of the Secession Church, whose family was sunk in poverty and visited with fever. Anxious to contribute to their relief, Mr Chalmers requested Mr Fleming, the minister of Kirkcaldy, to give him the use of his pulpit, that he might preach a sermon, and make a collection on behalf of the sufferers. Knowing the applicant only as the author of the recently published pamphlet, and as one addicted more to lectures on chemistry than to purely professional effort, Mr Fleming refused. The will, however, was too strong not to find for itself a way. Although Mr Chalmers could not get a pulpit to preach, he could find a room to lecture in. A suitable apartment was forthwith engaged; a course of lectures on chemistry announced. Though the admission ticket was somewhat high in price, goodly audiences crowded nightly around the lecturer; and at the close, he had the exquisite satisfaction of handing over to a respectable but unfortunate family, what not only relieved them from present distress, but supported them for some time afterwards in comfort."

He was now, however, about to enter on a new and unexpected experience. God was about to lead him by various steps of his providence in a way that he knew not. In depicting the progress of the great change, we shall avail ourselves of the admirably clear and impressive statements of his biographer, simply abridging them, and bringing different parts into closer connection.

The instrumentality by which he seems to have been first influenced was family bereavement—in the death, first, of his brother George, then of his sister Barbara, and then of an uncle residing at Anstruther, to whom he was much attached, and all this followed by severe personal affliction. The circumstances attending his brother's death were deeply affecting:—

"From his childhood, George had been a favourite in the family; he was so simple-hearted, so confiding, so generous, and so manly; and when he joined his vessel, he became as great a favourite with his master and messmates as he had been at home. When his apprenticeship had expired, he became mate; and while yet only twenty-three years of age, was promoted to the command of the merchant ship Barton, which sailed from Liverpool, carrying, in the time of war, letters of marque, and cruising generally for six weeks in the Channel and along the French coast, in the hope of capturing some of our enemies' vessels, before she made her destined voyage to the West Indies. In the course of these voyages, many hair-breadth escapes were made, and many a brave action was fought, unchronicled in our naval annals. 'We sailed from Barbadoes,' says George, describing one of them, 'on the 17th May, a single ship, with twenty guns and fifty men; and on the 23d, fell in with a French privateer of ten guns, which ran on board our quarter and attempted to board us. Two days afterwards, we fell in with the Fairy schooner, a French privateer of twenty guns and 150 men. She engaged us to leeward, within pistol-shot, for the space of an hour. We received her fire with calmness, and never returned a single shot, firing only our small arms till she came alongside us and grappled us on our fore and main chains. Then we gave her our broadside. Our guns were all loaded with round and grape shot. They made an attempt to board us, but we picked them down faster than they cut our nettings; at last they were obliged to shear off with a great loss. I perceived numbers of dead men on their deck, and their scuppers ran with streams of blood.'

"Wearied with the fight, George lay down upon the deck and fell asleep—a sleep as fatal as any shot of the enemy could have been, lodging in him, as it did, the seeds of that deadly malady which carried him to the grave. During the spring months of 1806, the symptoms of consumption having showed themselves with alarming distinctness, he resolved to try the effect of his native air. For a short time that air seemed to revive and reinvigorate, but the improvement was only temporary. The months of August and September were spent at Kilmany, when his mother, his sisters Lucy, Jean, and Helen, and his brothers Thomas and Charles, were all around him. Leaving Thomas and Lucy ill behind him at Kilmany, George returned to Anstruther, where Thomas joined him at the close of the following month—not to be separated till the earthly bond was broken by death."

Dr Hanna adds:—

"The rapid progress of the malady was thus communicated by his father to James:—'*November* 25. I sincerely wish I could make my report of my poor George more favourable. He is weaker than when I last wrote you. The doctors, I imagine, have no great hopes of a recovery; but the Physician above all may otherwise appoint concerning him. I would desire to say with your brother, His holy will be done. He seems to be resigned to live or die as God shall see meet. I pray that living or dying he may be the Lord's.

"'He was much pleased with your anxious solicitude about him; and said that a letter from you, so far from putting him into any disorder, would give him great satisfaction. He has nothing of peevishness about him—a firm, steady resignation he possesses to a great degree.'—'*December* 15.—Your letter gave George great satisfaction. I have no great heart to write. He is still alive, but unable to help himself in any manner of way; but blessed be God that gives him a sweet submission to His holy will, and a satisfying hope of his mercy in Christ.'

"Every evening, at George's own request, one of Newton's sermons was read at his bedside by some member of the family in rotation. It was one of the very books which, a short time previously, Thomas had named and denounced from the pulpit. Bending over the pulpit, and putting on the books named the strong emphasis of dislike, he had said—'Many books are favourites with you, which I am sorry to say are no favourites of mine. When you are reading Newton's Sermons, and Baxter's Saint's Rest, and Doddridge's Rise and Progress, where do Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John go to?' As he now read one of these books to his dying brother, and witnessed the support and consolation which its truths conveyed, strange misgivings must have visited him. He was too close, too acute, too affectionate an observer not to notice that it was something more than the mere 'manly indifference of his profession,' something more than a mere blind submission to an inevitable fate, which imparted such calmness and serene elevation to George's dying hours. He was in his room when those pale and trembling lips were heard to say, 'I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.' Perhaps as the words were uttered, the thought arose that in his own case, as compared with that of his brother, the words might be verified. In company with a weeping household, he bent over the parting scene, and heard the closing testimony given, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' George died on the 16th December 1806. It was the first death of a near relation which Thomas had witnessed; and the deep impression which it made was the first step towards his own true and thorough conversion unto God."

His sister Barbara died just when he was preparing to sail for London, in connection with a volume which he had published, entitled "An Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources."

"But those days which in anticipation he had devoted to literary adventure in the great theatre of the metropolis, were to be spent in the retirements of Anstruther amid the sorows of the sick-chamber and under the shadow of death. While waiting to hear of the day on which Thomas was to sail for London, James received the following communication from his father:—

"'*Anstruther*, 1*st August* 1808.

"'I only write to prevent any surprise from the intelligence which I fear I must soon communicate to you. My dear Barbara has within these few days weakened very fast. Till the 27th ult. she went out on horseback every day, and complained of no toil, but was rather refreshed with her ride. On that day she became so weak as since not to have been able to leave her room. There is nothing impossible with God, but to human appearance her dissolution is not far distant. My weakness overcomes me much. I have every comfort that a parent could have in separation from a beloved child. I behold in her a cheerful submission to the will of God, and a humble confidence in the satisfaction of her great Redeemer. Her situation is not known to the Kilmany family, as the turn in her disorder is since we last wrote to them.'

“The same fatal malady which had carried George to the grave had seized upon Barbara. No earthly hope was left. Through three dreary weeks of great suffering she had still to struggle. But that great Redeemer, upon whose satisfaction her confidence had been cast, made clear unto her the path of life; and while she walked through the dark valley, the light of His presence shone brightly and steadily upon her, and neither doubt nor fear having visited her, she passed into the presence of God.

The death of his uncle, in June 1809, was sudden and unexpected. He had retired to his own room after tea. His sister-in-law, finding that he had remained longer away than from her than was usual, followed. She found him kneeling on a chair in the very attitude of prayer, but the spirit had fled—“apparently without pain or struggle, it had taken its departure from this lowly posture before the throne of grace on earth, had passed into the presence of the throne of glory in the heavens.”

“The state of his health did not admit of Mr Chalmers leaving Kilmany till the beginning of August. He returned to Anstruther at the close of September, and it was some exposure in coming home from that second visit, which threw him into that long, severe, and most momentous illness, during which the first stage of a great and entire spiritual revolution was accomplished in him. For four months he never left his room; for upwards of half a year he never entered his pulpit; it was more than a twelmonth before all the duties of his parish were again regularly discharged by him. His illness, which was an affection of the liver, was such as to require the application of the very strongest medicines. ‘I visited him,' says Professor Duncan, ‘at Fincraigs, where he was under the medical treatment of Dr Ramsay of Dundee, and I certainly never saw any person so much altered in the same space of time, being then greatly attenuated, while formerly he was corpulent. He was scarcely able to walk across the room. It was a year or two before he recovered, and during that period he had much the appearance of an old man, of one who would never be able again for much exertion.' But although the body was thus weakened and reduced, the mind was left in untouched vigour; and into it, now left to its own profound and solitary musings, there sunk the deepest and most overpowering impression of human mortality.

“For upwards of twenty years death had never entered his family circle. Perhaps the first time that he had ever stood face to face in presence of the last enemy, and seen the last stroke given, was when he witnessed the death of his brother George. But death was now to be no stranger: already had he borne away two of the family in his cold embrace; and two of his sisters were at this time threatened with the same fatal malady. Mr Ballardie had passed into eternity in a moment. It seemed as if, once begun, the quick succession was to go on unbroken. A panic seized the family, as if one after another they were doomed to fall. Partaking fully of that panic, Mr Chalmers believed that he was about to die. For days and weeks he gazed upon the death brought thus so near, with eye intent and solemnized. ‘My confinement,' wrote Mr Chalmers, ‘has fixed on my heart a very strong impression of the insignificance of time—an impression which I trust will not abandon me though I again reach the heyday of health and vigour. This should be the first step to another impression still more salutary—the magnitude of eternity. Strip human life of its connnexion with a higher scene of existence, and it is the illusion of an instant, an unmeaning farce, a series of visions, and projects, and convulsive efforts, which terminate in nothing. I have been reading Pascal's Thoughts on Religion: you know his history—a man of the richest endowments, and whose youth was signalized by his profound and original speculations in mathematical science; but who could stop short in the brilliant career of discovery, who could resign all the splendours of literary reputation, who could renounce without a sigh all the distinctions which are conferred upon genius, and resolve to devote every talent and every hour to the defence and illustration of the Gospel. This, my dear sir, is superior to all Greek and all Roman fame.'

“Contemplated from the confines of eternity, his past life looked to Mr Chalmers like a feverish dream, the fruitless chasing of a shadow. Blinded by the fascination of the things seen and temporal, he had neglected the things unseen and eternal. He had left undischarged the highest duties of human life, and he had despised that faith which can alone lend enduring value to its labours, and shed the light of a satisfying hope around its close. How empty had all these bygone years been of God! True, he had not been wholly forgetful; many an adoring thought of the Almighty, as the great Creator, Upholder, Governor of the universe, had filled his mind, and many grateful feelings towards his heavenly Benefactor had visited his heart. But that, he now felt, was not enough. The clear unchallengeable right belonged to God over the full affection of the heart, the unremitting obedience of the life; but no such affection had been entertained; and it had been but seldom that a distinct regard to the will of God had given its birth or its direction to any movement of his past history. In name acknowledged, but in their true nature and extent misunderstood, he felt that his Creator's claims over him had been practically disallowed and dishonoured during his whole career. The meagre and superficial faith of former years could no longer satisfy him. It could not stand the scrutiny of the sick-room; it could not bear to be confronted with death; it gave way under the application of its own chosen test; for surely, even reason taught that if man have a God to love and serve, and an eternity beyond death to provide for, towards that God a supreme and abiding sense of obligation should be cherished, and to the providing for that eternity the whole efforts of a lifetime should be consecrated. Convinced of the fatal error upon which the whole scheme of his former life had been constructed, Mr Chalmers resolved upon a change. He would no longer live here as if here he were to live for ever. Henceforth and habitually he would recognise his immortality; and remembering that this fleeting pilgrimage was a scene of trial, a place of spiritual probation, he would dedicate himself to the service of God, and live with the high aim and purpose of one who was in training for eternity. It was a kind of life which had already been realized by countless thousands of his fellow-men, and why not of him? It had been realized by Pascal in making the sublime transition from the highest walks of science to the still higher walk of faith. It had been realized by those early Christians whose lives and testimonies he was now engaged in studying. Surrounded with such a cloud of witnesses, a new ambition, stronger and more absorbing than that which had thirsted so eagerly for literary fame, fired Mr Chalmers' breast. Every thought of his heart, every word of his lip, every action of his life, he would henceforth strive to regulate under a high presiding sense of his responsibility to God; his whole life he would turn into a preparation for eternity. With all the ardour of a nature which never could do any thing by halves, with all the fervour of an enthusiasm which had at length found an object worthy of its whole energies at their highest pitch of effort, he gave himself to the great work of setting himself right with God. The commencement of such an enterprise marks a great and signal epoch in his spiritual history. It sprung out of his profound sense of human mortality; his vivid realizing of the life that now is in its connexion with the life that is to come; his recognition of the supremacy which God and the high interests of eternity should wield over the heart and life of man. It did not originate in any change in his speculative belief, induced by his studies either of the contents or credentials of the Bible. In the course of that memorable transition-period which elapsed from the beginning of November 1809 till the close of December 1810, important modification in his doctrinal views were undoubtedly effected. His partial discovery of the pervading and defiling element of ungodliness, gave him other notions of human depravity than those he had previously entertained, and prepared him not only to acquiesce in, but to appropriate to himself representations from which a year before he would have turned away with disgust. And with his altered view of human sinfulness, there came also an altered view of the atonement. He was prepared now to go farther than he had gone before in recognising the death of Christ as a true and proper sacrifice for sin. Still, however, while looking to that death for the removal of past guilt, he believed that it lay wholly with himself after he had been forgiven to approve himself to God, to win the Divine favour, to work out the title to the heavenly inheritance. The full and precise effect of Christ's obedience unto death was not as yet discerned. Over that central doctrine of Christianity which tells of the sinner's free justification before God through the merits of His Son, there hung an obscuring mist; there was a flaw in the motive which prompted the struggle in which Mr Chalmers so devotedly engaged; there was a misconception of the object which it was possible by such a struggle to realize. More than a year of fruitless toil had to be described ere the true ground of a sinner's acceptance with God was reached, and the true principle of all acceptable obedience was implanted in his heart."

(*To be continued.*)

FRAGMENTS.

THE noblest spirits are those which turn to heaven, not in the hour of sorrow, but in that of joy; like the lark, they wait for the clouds to disperse, to soar into their native element.

Opportunities to do good create obligations to do it; he that hath the means must answer for the end.

The believer may well bless God for this truth, namely, that he may lose the [sentiment] assurance of his salvation without his salvation being endangered. The cloud may, and it is believed often has, involved the vessel during the greater part of her course, which is not the less advancing her to the haven where she would be. Is *Christ* in the vessel? is that which concerns us.—*D'Aubigné.*

It is in the furnace of trial that the God of the gospel conceals the pure gold of his most precious blessings.—*Ibid.*

He who commands our duty perfectly knows our weakness.—*Bridges.*

Man may judge us by the success of our efforts; God looks at the efforts themselves.—*Charlotte Elizabeth.*

The habit of continually dwelling on our petty grievances, whether real or imaginary, is like constantly surveying mites through magnifiers; by degrees we believe them the monsters they appear.—*Christian Lady's Magazine.*

He who can look up to his God with most believing confidence, is sure to look most gently on his fellow-men; while he who shudders to lift his eye to heaven, often casts the haughtiest glances on the things of earth.—*Detached Thoughts.*

"Thou God seest me." The remembrance of this gives a sting to the worldling in the midst of his highest enjoyments, and affords joy to the Christian in his moments of deepest sadness.—*Ibid.*

We are apt to look with great complacency on those who fall short in things wherein we think we excel.—*Ibid.*

The *least* enemy being despised and neglected, as men observe, proves often too great. The smallest appearances of evil, the least things that may prejudice our spiritual good, while we make no reckoning of them, may do us great mischief.

If you would have free spirits for spiritual things, keep them at a spare diet in all things temporal.

There is no *right* believing without *diligence* and watchfulness joined with it.

He who carries other graces without humility, carries a precious powder in the wind without a cover.

Were our hearts much on that rich inheritance above, it would be impossible to refrain our tongues, and to pass on so silent concerning it.

Oh! how unseemly is it to have an immortal soul drowned in the esteem and affection of any thing that perishes, and to be cold and indifferent in seeking after a good that will last as long as itself!—*Leighton.*

God doth often wisely and mercifully cause rough blasts of affliction to arise upon them (*i.e.*, his people), to make them gather their loose garments nearer to them, and gird them closer.—*Ibid.*

Praying *frequently* helps to pray *fervently.*—*Rev. T. Scott.*

No article of faith can be truly and duly *preached*, without necessarily and simultaneously infusing a deep sense of the indispensableness of a holy *life*.—*Coleridge.*

The visible kingdom of Christ is a floor containing a mixture of wheat and chaff, and every false doctrine is a wind which He whose fan is in his hand, employs for its purgation.—*Fuller.*

To live in this world of opportunities, given but *once*, and to neglect them, is the most fearful fate that can befall a creature of eternal responsibilities. —*Howitt.*

THE BROTHERS OF THE MANSE.

"THEY that will be rich fall into divers temptations." "That was our father's text to-day," said Alexander Burnett, addressing his two brothers as they sat together one Sabbath evening in the winter holidays.

James, John, and Alexander Burnett, were the sons of a pious and laborious minister, who about —— years ago occupied a comfortable old manse, situated among the hills and hamlets of a pastoral parish in that part of Scotland known from old times and songs as 'the South country.'

There was neither brother nor sister in that household but themselves. Their mother had died early—she was the wife of Mr Burnett's youth—and from her decease he devoted himself, if possible, with greater earnestness to the education of his sons, and the discharge of his pastoral duties, retaining the faithful old servant she had left him, as one amply qualified to fill the office of housekeeper in his humble establishment.

"Bessie and I will meet at farthest," the good man was wont to say, "long before the trees we have planted in our earthly garden have grown old, and much work presses on that span of separation."

Things had been so long in the state described, that the young Burnetts scarcely remembered their mother. They were all three, at the period of our story, rosy, brown-haired boys. Their father's hope for this world, and favourites with all ranks in the parish, for frank, good-natured, pleasant speech, and harmless ways. Each lad received the same amount of sound and serious education. There was but little difference of years between them; but a marked dissimilarity of character, which spoke out while they talked by the bright fire in that old manse parlour—a small narrow room with plain furniture, and no ornament except the portraits of their mother and John Knox over the mantelpiece, and awaited the return of their father, who had gone to visit a dying parishioner.

"It's a grand thing to be rich," said James, throwing himself back in his chair with a glance of pride and resolution; "every body admires rich men. See how old Robertson's respected here; they say he was once but a baker's boy in Edinburgh. I would like to be rich"—

"And so would I," said John, "but not to go plain and common-looking like old Robertson. I would have a carriage and four, a grand house, lots of servants, and fine clothes that nobody in the parish could buy."

"Well," said Alexander thoughtfully, "one wouldn't like to be poor; but if one must give account for every thing committed to one's trust, as our father said to-day, 'a large fortune might bring a heavy reckoning.'"

"But if it were justly earned!" cried James.

"And some of it spent in doing good!" said John.

"Ay, there could be a deal of good done with money, if we were sure to use it for that end: but don't you remember what was also said in the sermon, 'that laying up treasures on earth has left many no time for laying up any in heaven?'"

"Wouldn't you take a legacy, Alexander," said James looking archly at his brother, till Alexander hung down his head and smiled.

"I can't say I would not, but I should be afraid to wish for it after reading that passage, 'How hardly shall they that have riches'"—

"Wish only to be rich in faith, my boy," said their father, who had entered unperceived in the midst of the controversy, as he took his accustomed seat among them.

Mr Burnett's hair was whitening fast, and the stoop of age was growing on his once erect figure; the fatigues and exposure consequent on his ministerial labours in a scattered country parish, his hard study and ceaseless anxiety for the souls committed to his care, had brought premature decay upon him; and now the time was approaching when his sons must go forth to learn their respective business and professions, and he would be left alone in the manse with old Janet. His conversations with them were therefore more earnest and frequent than they had hitherto been, especially regarding those practical points on which active life is apt to bring so many a trial. The present question was one of that nature. It had been often discussed before, for few subjects present themselves more frequently; but the minister could not help fearing for his two elder sons. His observation warned him that there was an alloy of pride in the one, and vanity in the other, naturally leading them to that over-esteem of wealth, to which the mind of youth is liable, before it has learned from time and experience, the lesson which they teach even worldly men, how short a way it can go in procuring human satisfaction. Hence, when considerate friends remarked to him that John and James were likely to make the best figure in life, the father was apt to reply, that he trusted divine grace would make his children equal; but it seemed to him that the quiet and thoughtful spirit of Alexander was most likely to walk free of snares, as it resembled that of his departed mother.

Kindly and carefully did Mr Burnett enter into the subject debated among his sons, explaining the arguments advanced in his previous sermon, and illustrating from his own observation and most extensive reading, that solemn declaration of Scripture, that "the love of money is the root of all evil."

James and John heard their father, as usual, with reverence and conviction; they had been accustomed to regard him not only as a parent, but to confide in him as a wise and gentle instructor; nor were his warnings then in vain, but the good seed has been often sown by the wayside, and on stony ground.

That quiet Sabbath evening closed, like all evenings in the manse, with praise and prayer; but week-day works and considerations returned in their proper place—the future pursuits of the young Burnetts were to be determined on. Their father wished to put each of his children to a respectable calling, believing that his own sojourn on earth would not be long. The minister had many friends, and, after some consultation with them, much talk with his boys, and many a fervent request for direction from higher wisdom, it was finally arranged, according to their own choice, that James and John should be sent as apprentices to two of Mr Burnett's oldest and most intimate acquaintances, one of whom was a bookseller and the other a civil engineer, but both men of some mark in the Scottish capital; while Alexander, who desired to devote himself to his father's vocation, should accompany them hither and commence the requisite studies.

Thus the brothers went out from their father's eye and roof, with many a blessing and many a counsel. The great city was new and strange to them; they had much to see, much to wonder at, and, their father said, many snares to fear among its busy streets and thousands. Mr Burnett knew from his own college days the perils that beset unguarded youth in the crowded town; and, in order to guard against them as far as human wisdom could, he made it a request, for old friendship's sake, that his two elder sons should be boarded with the families of their respective masters. Both were trustworthy church-going men, who kept regular households though much immersed in business, and, as Mr Burnett feared, somewhat worldly-minded; but he thought it was the best that could be done for James and John, while the same pious kindly widow with whom he had lodged when a student, in a retired street of the old town of Edinburgh, received Alexander into her domicile.

Thus the boys lived apart, each having to push his way in the working world; but they met at church, and sometimes on Sabbath evenings; always at new-year's time gathering home to the manse, to enliven the solitude of their father and old Janet. As the seasons passed, and they grew to maturity, many a cheering account the minister heard of his sons on his occasional visits to Edinburgh; James' master was loud in praise of his steadiness and application to business, while John's cleverness and energy were no less applauded by the civil engineer; but Mr Burnett could still perceive that the former delighted in tales of men who had grown rich by their own endeavours, and the latter had a special eye for fine clothes and equipages.

Alexander was an industrious and attentive, though not a brilliant student. Many of his classfellows gained more prizes, but few stood higher in the esteem of their teachers, and summer after summer brought him to the manse increased in growth and knowledge. As his mind expanded and his judgment strengthened, Mr Burnett rejoiced to see the fruits of deep convictions and Christian faith made manifest in the walk and conversation of his cheerful though serious youth. The father counselled, and watched over and prayed equally for all his sons; but Alexander was his confidant and comfort, and he looked forward with hope to the time when he should become his assistant or successor in the ministry. Their pastor's feelings on this subject were shared by his rustic flock; but a mightier Disposer had determined that Mr Burnett should never witness the fulfilment of his wishes among them.

He had complained of slight indisposition in the previous week, and one cold wet Sabbath, towards the end of Alexander's last collegiate session, the minister retired, according to an old habit of his, for private prayer and meditation before commencing the public duties of the day.

The church bell rang, the congregation assembled as usual, and Janet, surprised at her master's non-appearance, went up to warn him of the hour. Her repeated knocks being unanswered, the aged housekeeper ventured to look in, and saw Mr Burnett on his knees, but his head had fallen forward, and a nearer examination convinced her he was dead. In her grief and terror the old woman alarmed his now assembled flock, who poured to the manse in a body; but human aid was vain, the spirit of their faithful pastor had been breathed out, perhaps in prayer for them, and the father was removed without parting word or counsel.

Bitterly was that bereavement mourned by his parishioners, by his friends, and above all by his orphan sons. But time dries up the tears of the young. Their several avocations recalled them from his grave; but so strongly did the memory of his father plead in Alexander's favour, that both the patron and congregation, who in that parish chanced to be unanimous, determined to keep the manse unoccupied till he was licensed to preach, and after his first sermon the young man was in due form presented, called, and ordained to his father's office.

This had been his heart's desire, and henceforth it was Alexander's aim to walk in his father's footsteps, in hopes of leading many with him to the better country. The little which Mr Burnett's modest housekeeping and many charities allowed him to leave, he resigned to his brothers, considering himself amply provided for in his charge; and that, as soon as each had thoroughly learned his business, enabled him to become a sort of junior partner in his master's establishment.

The young Burnetts were now reckoned among men in their generation; but time brought changes among them. In the midst of a growing popularity, which his zeal and solid abilities assured in spite of a backward position, Alexander brought home to the manse as his bride the daughter of a poor but respectable parishioner.

Mary Riddel was comely, kind, and pious; she had been his father's favourite, and they knew each other's mind from school-days; but the worldly wise of his flock believed their young minister might have looked higher, and, though Alexander partially succeeded in reconciling his brothers to his choice, their petty pride was touched, and they never were so friendly after.

Years flowed on in peace and comfort at the manse. Mrs Burnett's gentle and judicious conduct conciliated even those who thought worst of her father's poverty. Alexander had named a son for his father, and a daughter for his mother; but his brothers seldom visited him. They were growing great in Edinburgh; but estrangement had come between them also, arising chiefly from the increasing difference in their views and habits. James' prudence had hardened to a penurious economy, and his industry merged in a grasping anxiety for gain; he was in consequence increased in capital, and now had a considerable share of the bookseller's concern. John's early aspirations after cutting a figure, had ripened to a reckless love of show and speculation; he had therefore become a city beau, and report said was laying siege to a dashing heiress.

Alexander knew her family only by repute; they belonged to that class, never wanting in large towns, whose fortunes have been blown up like bubbles by some accidental gale of commerce, and, however prosperous in appearance, will not bear investigation regarding either their stability or mode of acquisition. Like the generallty of such people they led careless, would-be fashionable lives; and be it remembered that fashion at that period was by no means friendly to religion. Miss Morton and her brothers were therefore less regular attendants of the church than the theatre, and better acquainted with what they considered *ton* than with their Bibles.

Many an affectionate letter had Alexander written his brothers, sometimes reminding them of their father's warnings against the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches; but brief and few were their replies; and latterly they became still less satisfactory, as James and John now esteemed themselves above being counselled by a minister with a poor wife and a country parish.

Again, however, he ventured to write in all kindness and brotherly regard, advising James against what seemed to him a hazardous and mercenary match; but this time Alexander was unanswered, the brothers having for once agreed on a subject. They took mortal offence at his interference, and the intelligence of John's marriage reached him at length through the medium of the newspapers.

After that, from time to time, came magnificent reports of the style and company kept by the married pair; but Mrs Burnett's family did not like saints, as they styled evangelical ministers, and besides they had got a hint of Alexander's opposition to the wedding. As for James, his pride increased with his riches, and he felt rather chagrined that the country minister, who had a growing family to provide for, did not pay peculiar deference to him the wealthy bachelor, instead of continually reminding him that the wealth as well as the fashion of this world passeth away. Alexander's communications with his brothers were therefore brief and unfrequent; the thorns had indeed grown up and choked the word in their hearts, and he could only pray that a mightier hand would root them out. But heavier trials were yet in store for the minister.

The calm and useful years that passed over him and his partner in their manse among the hills, brought their boy and girl slowly to the dawn of youth, and left no marks of decay on them except some streaks of grey in the still dark hair, and some deeper lines of thought in each kind and serious face; but over the city brothers they had hurried with thoughtless waste and wear—one had lost them in the strife of business, which left no point in his memory but its unenjoyed gain, no friendship cemented for time, no anchor cast in eternity. He was now at the head of the establishment in which he had been an apprentice; but the respect so early believed to attend on riches had disappointed him. There sat a thousand Mordecais in the gates of common life who would not do him reverence, and he grew an old, fretted, irritable man, fearing without cause, and toiling without necessity. The other had become acquainted with fashionable dissipation, with domestic discord, and shifts to support appearances, for his lady was ill-tempered and extravagant, and all was not gold that glittered about his household.

James Burnett had lived a bachelor, believing that marriage made most people poor. He was said to be worth fifty thousand pounds, and acquaintances, friends, and relatives, to the uttermost degree, were already calculating on their shares at his death. Many a piece of flattery and attention did the busy penurious man receive in that prospect. And it was a strange habit of his to make a will in favour of the parties who happened to please him best at one time, and destroy it the next, when they forfeited his good opinion; which, thanks to his exacting pride, was a matter of frequent occurrence. In this manner he had made and consumed more than a dozen wills; when, taking a fit of general indignation against all the natural claimants, including Alexander, who had lately pointed his attention to that text, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" he framed another testament solely in favour of John, and it proved his last, for he was seized with apoplexy immediately after in his place of business, and the news of his death was received next day at the manse.

John Burnett thus came into possession of the entire legacy, but he did not care for seeing his brother after the funeral. Perhaps the man felt that he had not justly inherited, though his vanity required it all. Perhaps he did not relish the minister's observations of the nearness of death and judgment; at all events Alexander felt that his presence was no longer requisite, and returned, weary and sad of heart, to his home in the south country.

His elder brother had been called from the restless pursuit of gain by a summons sudden as that of the rich man in the scripture, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee;" and his legacy seemed to have closed the survivor's ear to its warning. John and his wife put on no semblance of grief except the mourning crape, and Alexander's serious letters were rarely answered but by rumours of increasing splendour and gaiety about their esblishment. These gradually changed to tales of great undertaking and speculation. Such doings were then common in every department of business. It was one of those busy hazarding periods, so frequent in the history of modern Europe, when sober citizens played with their capital and credit as if they had been dice, and thought of nothing but winning. Some said John Burnett would realise an immense fortune—some that he was only hoping to retreive his affairs; but these speculating times are always followed by commercial panics, and that of our story closed in the terrible crisis of 18—. It was fearful for the Burnetts to see in their quiet manse the long array of bankruptcies and failures which every paper presented, and think how many high places of human trust were overthrown—how many family hopes struck down—and how many humble homes stripped of their comforts, by every list they read.

It was winter time, and the days were cold and dark, when the minister's family assembled early as usual one morning around their cheerful breakfast table. William took up the newspaper which his father had suffered to lie unopened, for his face looked sad and troubled.

"I have been thinking much of John, Mary," said Alexander addressing his wife; "it is long since we heard of him in these trying times. I think I will go to Edinburgh—What's the matter, William?" cried the father and mother, at once catching the terrified look of their son, but the boy only replied by pointing out the paragraph he had just read. It was headed "Attempted Suicide," and told of an Edinburgh gentleman whose mind had been unhinged by previous dissipation, and the ruin of his financial affairs, attempting to destroy himself with his own razor, from which he had been prevented by the timely interference of friends, who subsequently removed him to a lunatic asylum, and his name was John Burnett.

From that insanity he never recovered, but went the way of all living in a few years, unblessed by the light of reason. The wealth and grandeur of the Morton family fell with his; and Mrs Burnett with her four young children found no friend in their necessity but the once despised minister, who shared his home with them. By his assistance and counsel she is said to have become a wise woman for both this world and that to come. Alexander afterwards saw his son and daughter, nephews and nieces, comfortably settled in the hamlets round him. And, readers, this tale is true, excepting the names, which have been altered for obvious reasons, as many yet living are well acquainted with the eventful and warning story of the Brothers of the Manse.

How clearly do their different tracks through this fleeting existence illustrate to all our readers, and especially the young, the necessity of that apostolic admonition, to "lay aside every weight, and the sins that so easily beset us." The same variety stamped on human talents, character, and even countenance, is found in human liabilities to error, as if realizing that ancient superstition of the evil genius, that every individual has some attendant sin, less feared perhaps, because home-bred and familiar to their thoughts, but not less perilous than other stumbling-blocks, avoided through custom and character. It may have been, as he once acknowledged, that the besetting sin of Alexander Burnett was indolence; but he sought and found the grace that was sufficient for him, and became an active and zealous minister. Those of his brothers, even while they talked as school-boys by the old manse fire, were evidently the pride and the vanity of riches; which, inwardly cherished in spite of counsel and warning, became in time the masters of their outward conduct, and rewarded each of them according to his works. Both attained to the high places of their ambition; but only to find them full of snares and thorns, and learn too late, as the worldly-wisest have often done, that the prosperity of time had at best but sandy foundations, on which many "floods may rise, and winds blow, and the ruin of that house is great." A thousand similar examples may be met with in everyday, ay, and in so called Christian, life; for the sins of the Burnetts abound in the respectable and professing portion of society. Therefore, professing Christians—and especially young readers—among the hopes, and fears, and strivings of your future days, endeavour practically to remember, that "they who will be rich fall into divers temptations;" and there is a treasure in heaven which alone faileth not.

"DAY AND NIGHT IN THE WYNDS OF EDINBURGH." *

THIS is the title of a pamphlet recently issued by an intelligent and actively benevolent Edinburgh physician, whose valuable labours as Secretary of the Original Ragged Schools have called forth the repeated acknowledgments of their distinguished founder, Dr Guthrie. He sets himself to a description of scenes which his own eyes have witnessed, by day and by night, in the wynds of Edinburgh, and bases on these a warning and appeal to the community. Much as we have lately read, and heard, and seen, of the degradation and crime of the lower parts of our great cities, Dr Bell's pictures present, in some respects, the most vivid and appalling view of these that we have yet met with. As we intend adverting at length to various points which he and other recent writers have been forcing on the attention of the public, we shall at present content ourselves with two short extracts from his pages. The first describes the process and progress of degradation:—

"A few years ago we were called to visit a family occupying a small room in a large and lofty tenement at the bottom of the High Street. The family consisted of father, mother, and five or six children. A number of rooms in the same story of the building were similarly occupied. Typhus fever had invaded the premises. Those in the upper story were first assailed. The messenger of death descended, and his having reached the family to which we allude was the reason why we were sent for. Every member of the family was smitten by the disease. The father, an industrious yet half-starved mechanic, died; the mother made a slow recovery; and the children, who were soon convalescent, for a time ran riot, being free from maternal restraint. Not yet recovered, but still an invalid, the mother began to work; the little strength she had failed her, and in a short time the family of the mechanic were a family of paupers. In process of time they left their dwelling, and we feel assured that they, like hundreds of others whose history is analogous to theirs, were finally absorbed into the class which is at the base of society—a class which is at once a disgrace and a peril to our country. Where did these people go to? Are there cheaper habitations to be had than that which they left? There are none cheaper, but there are many worse, and the class we allude to *must* inhabit them, or remain without shelter. They constitute what are called lodging-houses; they are in themselves all horror, and are situated in the vilest parts of the city. For the shelter which these places afford, each adult has to pay twopence a-night, which is equal to about £3 per annum. If the family is of average size, their lodging will cost nearly three times this sum. The shelter of these horrible places is resorted to because the parties have no regular income, and therefore cannot pay a rent. They live from hand to mouth, and they shelter themselves on the same principle. Their lodgings do not constitute a home in *any* sense of the word. The wretched people have only a nightly interest in them; and, besides this, they are crammed full of a motley crew of the destitute, squalid, obscene, blaspheming, vicious, and often criminal of both sexes, young and old. Who or what these people were, the widow of the mechanic knew not when necessity drove her into their company; but she and her family no doubt soon began to feel the influence of the association. Her subsequent history was in all probability identical with that of others. Horror-stricken at first, the subject of a moral *skunner*, the edge of feeling soon gets worn off, and men get habituated to squalor as they do to other things. Unsympathized with, they gradually cease to experience the working of those affections which whilom rendered their poverty not ungraceful. Being without hope, they don't think about the future. The love of offspring shrinks into something smaller and less kindly than instinct, all sentiment departs, the base elements of nature assume the ascendency, and thus they go down, 'deeper and deeper still,' until at length we find them in a state of complete apathy, and utterly debased. Such is the acquired condition of many a mother, and such the early fate of her offspring. Death in time removes the mother, but not perhaps until some, if not all of her children, have become pests to society, thieves proper, and thieving beggars."

The second passage is on one of the grand causes, perhaps immediately the chief cause, of pauperism and crime—intemperance, as fostered by the large number of whisky-shops:

"Almost all the whisky-shops are in the localities where the poor reside. They create drunkards as banks create bankrupts. The poorer the district, the more numerous the dram-sellers. They are like Jesuits; they settle themselves wherever they can find men to destroy. None of the sections which compose the plebeian class escape. Even the hackney coachmen cannot escape from these human spiders. No sooner is a new hackney coach-stand established, than straightway their pimpled and speckled enemy establishes a trap. He catches the poor fellows, and without ceremony makes drunkards of them, and pauperizes their families. But the dram-shops are not only hyper-extravagantly numerous,* they are likewise for ever open. They are open before sunrise, and they remain open till an hour short of midnight. They are nice-looking places (so is many a tomb); they are full of light, and all the polished tankards and pewters are burnished, and the warm-looking master of the infernal place—there he is, rubicand, fat, jolly, with his white apron standing behind his counter. He looks as mild as his ale, but he is as fiery as his spirits. How rejoiced he looks! for there is a pale-faced, hard wrought mechanic, on his way to his work. He has passed one hundred of these traps; and he stands at the door of this one. An infernal spirit whispers to him, 'Go in'—he dives, and he swallows a morning dram. With this act commences the degradation of the mechanic, and the starvation of his family. He becomes a drunkard; he soon ceases to possess furniture; his home, once cheerful, is now the scene of misery, perhaps of violence; he grows into a public pest, and his family become parasites on society."

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* By George Bell, M.D., Edinburgh.

STANDING CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING.

WHEN peace was restored after the war of the American Revolution, a day of thanksgiving was appointed by authority of George III. In the vicinity of Windsor Castle dwelt a most estimable minister, with whom the king, who had no High Church antipathy to pious Dissenters, sometimes conversed with much freedom. This worthy divine ventured to say to him, "Your Majesty has sent out a proclamation for a day of thanksgiving. For what are we to give thanks? Is it because your Majesty has lost thirteen of the fairest jewels from your crown?"

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* In the Castle Hill, on a surface containing about 1520 square yards, there are eighteen spirit-shops. This is over and above the low eating-houses in that locality. The whisky-selling trade is a profitable one there, as elsewhere. We understand that one man pays £90 of rent for the cellar which he occupies. It is a profitable trade; one firm has *seven* establishments in Edinburgh.

"No, no," replied the monarch; "not that!"

"Well, then, shall we give thanks because so many millions of treasure have been spent in this war, and so many millions added to the public debt?"

"No, no," again replied the King; "not that!"

"Shall we, then, give thanks that so many thousands of our fellow men have poured out their life-blood in this unhappy and unnatural struggle between those of the same race and religion?"

"No, no," exclaimed "good George" for the third time; "not that!"

"For what, then, are we to render our thanks?" asked the persevering dissenter.

"Thank God," cried the King energetically, "THAT IT IS NO WORSE!"

This is a source of public and private gratitude which never exhausts itself. It is never so bad with the children of men in this life, but what it might be far worse. In pouring out the vials of his wrath, God does not empty them to the uttermost.

APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.

The Rev. Mr Carruthers of Liverpool, formerly missionary in the Crimea, related at a missionary meeting in Leeds, an amusing instance of the importance attached to apostolical succession among the Kalmuk Tartars. When at Astracan, Mr C. visited the church of the Kalmuks, and saw their high priest, arrayed in splendid yellow pontificals, pour some dirty liquid out of a large bottle into a small phial, and solemnly drink it off. On inquiring why this was done, he was told that that bottle contained the *ashes* of the high priest's predecessor, and that it was the custom to burn the dead body of a deceased high priest, and then to mingle the ashes with water, a portion of which was drunk every morning by his successor, until the whole of the former pontiff had been received really and bodily into the system of the existing pontiff. This practice is worthy of the devout consideration of the Oxford divines, as it affords the truest realization of apostolical succession that we have ever heard of.

COLERIDGE ON CALVIN AND SERVETUS.

What ground is there for throwing the odium of Servetus's death upon Calvin alone? Why, the mild Melancthon wrote to Calvin expressly to testify his concurrence in the act, and no doubt he spoke the sense of the German Reformers; the Swiss Churches advised the punishment in formal letters, and I rather think there are letters from the English divines approving Calvin's conduct. Before a man deals out the slang of the day about the great leaders of the Reformation, he should learn to throw himself back to the age of the Reformation, when the two great parties in the Church were eagerly on the watch to fasten a charge of heresy upon the other. Besides, if ever a poor fanatic thrust himself into the fire, it was Michael Servetus. He was a rabid enthusiast, and did every thing he could in the way of insult and ribaldry to provoke the feeling of the Christian Church. He called the Trinity, "triceps monstrum et cerberum quendam trie partitum," and so on. Melancthon's words are:—"Tuo judicio prorsus assentior. Affirmo etiam vestros magistratus juste ficisse quod hominem blasphemum, re ordine judicata, interfecerunt."—"I entirely concur in your judgment. I affirm, also, that your magistrates acted justly, by putting a blasphemer to death according to law."—14th October 1554.—*Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 282.

FOR MINISTERS.

No ministry will be really effective, whatever may be its intelligence, which is not a ministry of *strong faith, true spirituality, and deep earnestness*.—*British Quarterly Review.*

We are weak in the pulpit, because we are weak in the closet.—*James.*

The apostle said, "We believe, and *therefore* speak." We not only speak *what* we believe, but *as* we believe. If the faith be weak, so will be the utterance.—*Ibid.*

It behoves ministers to unite the cherub and the seraph in their ministry—the angel of knowledge and the angel of burning zeal. If we would win souls, we must point clearly the way to heaven, while we cry flee from the wrath to come. I believe we cannot lay down the guilt of man—his total depravity, and the glorious gospel of Christ, too clearly; that we cannot urge men to embrace and flee too warmly. O for a pastor who unites the deep knowledge of Edwards, the vast statements of Owen, and the vehement appeals of Richard Baxter!—*M'Cheyne.*

SCRIPTURE AND THE CHURCH.

The Scripture is the sun; the Church is the clock, whose hand points us to, and whose sound tells us, the hours of the day. The sun we know to be sure, and regularly constant in his motion; the clock, as it may fall out, may go too fast or too slow. We are wont to look at and listen to the clock, to know the time of day; but, where we find the variation sensible, to believe the sun against the clock, not the clock against the sun. As, then, we would condemn him of much folly that should profess to trust the clock rather than the sun; so we cannot but justly tax the miscredulity of those who will rather trust to the Church than to the Scripture.—*Bishop Hall.*

COWPER ON HIS PERSONAL TRIALS.

"A thread of mercy ran through all the intricate maze of those afflictive providences, so mysterious to myself at the time, and which must ever remain so to all who will not see what was the *great design* of them; at the judgment-seat of Christ the whole shall be laid open. How is the rod of iron changed into the *sceptre of love!*"

PRAYER—A TEST.

We may judge of the state of our hearts by the earnestness of our prayers. You cannot make a rich man beg like a poor one; you cannot make a man that is full cry for food like one that is hungry: no more will a man that has a good opinion of himself cry for grace like one who feels that he is poor and needy.—*Payson.*

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

LUKE IX. 10-17.

BY FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D., BOSTON.

It was the sagacious opinion of, I think, the late Professor Porson, that he would rather see a single copy of a daily newspaper of ancient Athens, than read all the commentaries upon the Grecian tragedies that have ever been written. The reason for this preference is obvious. A single sheet, similar to our daily newspapers, published in the time of Pericles, would admit us at once to a knowledge of the habits, manners, modes of opinion, political relations, social condition, and moral attainments of the people, such as we never could gain from the study of all the writers that have ever attempted to illustrate the nature of Grecian civilisation.

The same remark is true in respect to our knowledge of the character of individuals who have lived in a former age. What would we not, at the present day, give for a few pages of the private diary of Julius Cæsar, or Cicero, or Brutus, or Augustus; or for the minute reminiscences of any one who had spent a few days in the company of either of these distinguished men? What a flood of light would the discovery of such a manuscript throw upon Roman life, but especially upon the private opinions, the motives, the aspirations, the moral estimates, of the men whose names have become household words throughout the world! A few such pages might, perchance, dissipate the authority of many a bulky folio, on which we now rely with implicit confidence. Not only would the characters of these heroes of antiquity stand out in bolder relief than they have ever done before, but the individuals themselves would be brought within the range of our personal sympathy; and we should seem to commune with them as we do with an intimate acquaintance.

It is worthy of remark, that we are favoured with a larger portion of this kind of information, respecting Jesus of Nazareth, than almost any other distinguished person that has ever lived. He left no writings himself; hence all that we know of him has been written by others. The narrators, however, were the personal attendants, and not the mere auditors or pupils of their Master. The apostles were members of the family of Jesus; they travelled with him on foot throughout the length and breadth of Palestine; they partook with him of his frugal meals, and bore with him the trial of hunger, weariness, and want of shelter; they followed him through the lonely wilderness and the crowded street; they saw his miracles in every variety of form, and listened to his discourses in public as well as to his explanations in private. Hence their whole narrative is instinct with life; a vivid picture of Jewish manners and customs, rendered more definite and characteristic by the moral light which then, for the first time, shone upon it. Hence it is that these few pages are replete with moral lessons that never weary us in the perusal, and which have been the source of unfading illumination to all succeeding ages.

The verses which I have read as the text of this discourse, may well be taken as an illustration of all that I have here said. They may, without impropriety, be styled a day in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. By observing the manner in which our blessed Lord spent a single day, we may form some conception of the kind of life which he ordinarily led; and we may, perchance, treasure up some lessons which it were well if we should exemplify in our daily practice.

The place at which these events occurred was near the head of the Sea of Galilee, where it receives the waters of the upper Jordan. This was one of the Saviour's favourite places of resort. Capernaum, Chorasin, and Bethsaida, all in this immediate vicinity, are always spoken of in the gospels as towns which enjoyed the largest share of his ministerial labours, and were distinguished most frequently with the honour of his personal presence. The scenery of the neighbourhood is wild and romantic. To the north and west, the eye rests on the lofty summits of Lebanon and Hermon. To the south, there opens upon the view the blue expanse of the lake, enclosed by frowning rocks, which here and there jut out far into the waters, and then again retire towards the land, leaving a level beach to invite the labours of the fisherman. The people, removed at a considerable distance from the metropolis of Judea, cultivated those rural habits with which the simple tastes of the Saviour would most readily harmonize. Near this spot was also one of the most frequented fords of the Jordan, on the road from Damascus to Jerusalem; and thus, while residing here, he enjoyed unusual facilities for disseminating throughout this whole region a knowledge of those truths which he came on earth to promulgate.

Some weeks previously to the time in which the events spoken of in the text occurred, our Lord had sent his disciples to announce the approach of the kingdom of heaven in all the cities and villages which he himself proposed to visit. He conferred on them the power to work miracles, in attestation of their authority, and of the divine character of him by whom they were sent. He imposed upon them strict rules of conduct, and directed them to make known, to every one who would hear them, the good news of the coming dispensation. As soon as he had sent them forth, he himself went immediately abroad to teach and to preach in their cities. As their Master and Lord, he might reasonably have claimed exemption from the personal toil and the rigid self-denials to which they were by necessity subjected. But he laid claim to no such exemption. He commenced without delay the performance of the very same duties which he had imposed upon them. He felt himself under obligation to set an example of obedience to his own rules. "The Son of man," said he, "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." "Which," said he, "is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? but I am among you as he that serveth." Would it not be well, if, in this respect, we copied more minutely the example of our Lord, and held ourselves responsible for the performance of the very same duties which we so willingly impose upon our brethren? We best prove that we believe an act obligatory, when we commence the performance of it ourselves. Many zealous Christians employ themselves in no other labour than that of urging their brethren to effort. Our Saviour acted otherwise. In this respect, his example is specially to be imitated by his ministers. When they urge upon others a moral duty, they must be the first to perform it. When they inculcate an act of self-denial, they themselves must make the noblest sacrifice. Can we conceive of any thing which would so much increase the moral power of the ministry, and rouse to a flame the dormant energy of the churches, as obedience to this teaching of Christ by the preachers of his gospel?

It seems that the Saviour had selected a well-known spot at the head of the lake, for the place of meeting for his apostles, after this their first missionary tour had been completed. "The apostles gathered themselves unto Jesus, and told him all things, both what they had done, and what they had taught." There is something delightful in this filial confidence which these simple-hearted men reposed in their Almighty Redeemer. They told him of their success and their failure, of their wisdom and their folly, of their reliance and their unbelief. We can almost imagine ourselves spectators of this meeting between Christ and them, after this their first separation from each other. The place appointed was most probably some well-known locality on the shore of the lake, under the shadow of its overhanging rocks, where the cool air from the bosom of the water refreshed each returning labourer, as he came back beaten out with the fatigues of travel, under the burning sun of Syria. You can imagine the joy with which each drew near to the Master after this temporary absence; and the honest greetings with which every new-comer was welcomed by those who had chanced to arrive before him. We can seem to perceive the Saviour of men listening with affectionate earnestness to the recital of their various adventures; and interposing, from time to time, a word either of encouragement or of caution, as the character and circumstances of each narrator required it. The bosom of each was unveiled before the Searcher of hearts, and the consolation which each one needed was bestowed upon him abundantly. The toilsomeness of their journey was no longer remembered, as each one received from the Son of God the smile of his approbation. That was truly a joyful meeting. Of all that company there is not one who has forgotten that day; nor will he forget it ever. With unreserved frankness they told Jesus of all that they had done, and what they had taught; of all their acts, and all their conversations. Would it not be better for us, if we cultivated more assiduously this habit of intimate intercourse with the Saviour? Were we every day to tell Jesus of all that we have done and said; did we spread before him our joys and our sorrows, our faults and our infirmities, our successes and our failures—we should be saved from many an error and many a sin. Setting "the Lord always before us, he would be on our right hand, and we should not be moved." "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

The Saviour perceived that the apostles needed much instruction which could not be communicated in a place where both he and they were so well known. They had committed many errors, which he preferred to correct in private. By doing his will, they had learned to repose greater confidence in his wisdom, and were prepared to receive from him more important instruction. But these lessons could not be delivered in the hearing of a promiscuous audience. Nor was this all. He perceived that the apostles were worn out with their labours, and needed repose. Surrounded as they were by the multitude, which had already begun to collect about them, rest and retirement were equally impossible. "There were many coming and going, and they had no leisure, even so much as to eat." He therefore said to them, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while." For this purpose, he "took ship, and crossed over with his disciples alone, and went into a desert place belonging to Bethsaida."

The religion of Christ imposes upon us duties of retirement, as well as duties of publicity. The apostles had been for some time past before the eyes of all men, preaching and working miracles. Their souls needed retirement. "Solitude," said Cecil, "is my great ordinance." They would be greatly improved by private communion both with him and with each other. It was for the purpose of affording them such a season of moral recreation, that our Lord withdrew them from the public gaze into a desert place. Nor was this all. Their labour for some week spast had been severe. They had travelled on foot under a tropical sun, reasoning with unbelievers, instructing the ignorant, and comforting the cast down. Called upon at all hours, both of the day and night, to work cures on those that were oppressed with diseases, their bodies, no less than their spirits, needed rest. Our Lord saw this, and he made provision for it. He withdrew them from labour, that they might find, though it were but for a day, the repose which their exhausted natures demanded. The religion of Christ is ever merciful, and ever consistent in its benevolence. It is thoughtful of the benefactor as well as of the recipient. It requires of us all labour and self-sacrifice, but to these it affixes a limit. It never commands us to ruin our health and enfeeble our minds by unnatural exhaustion. It teaches us to obey the laws of our physical organization, and to prepare ourselves for the labours of to-morrow by the judiciously conducted labours of to-day. It was on this principle that our Lord conducted his intercourse with his disciples. "He knew their frame, and remembered that they were dust."

May we not from this incident derive a lesson of practical instruction? I well know that there are persons who are always sparing themselves, who, while it is difficult to tell what they do, are always complaining of the crushing weight of their labours, and who are rather exhausted with the dread of what they shall do, than with the experience of what they have actually done. It is not of these that we speak. Those who do not labour have no need of rest. It is to the honest, the painstaking, the laborious, that we address the example in the text. We sometimes meet with the industrious, self-denying servant of Christ, in feeble health and with an exhausted nature, bemoaning his condition, and condemning himself because he can accomplish no more, while so much yet remains to be done. To such a one we may safely present the example of the blessed Saviour. When his apostles had done to the utmost of their strength, although the harvest was great and the labourers few, he did not urge upon them additional labour, nor tell them that because there was so much to be done they must never cease from doing. No; he tells them to turn aside and rest for a while. It is as though he had said, "Your strength is exhausted; you cannot be qualified for subsequent duty until you be refreshed. Economize, then, your power, that you may accomplish the more." The Saviour addresses the same language to us now. When we are worn down in his service, as in any other, he would have us rest, not for the sake of self-indulgence, but that we may be the better prepared for future effort. We do nothing at variance with his will, when we, with a good conscience, use the liberty which he has thus conceded to us.

Jesus, with his disciples, crossed the water, and entered the desert; that is, the sparsely inhabited country of Bethsaida. Desert, or wilderness, in the New Testament, does not mean an arid waste, but pasture land, forest, or any district to which one could retire for seclusion. Here, in the cool and tranquil neighbourhood of the lake, he began to instruct his disciples, and, without interruption, make known to them the mysteries of the kingdom. It was one of those seasons that the Saviour himself rarely enjoyed. Every thing tended to repose: the rustling leaves, the rippling waves, the song of the birds, heard more distinctly in this rural solitude, all served to calm the spirit ruffled by the agitations of the world, and prepare it to listen to the truths which unveil to us eternity. Here our Lord could unbosom himself, without reserve, to his chosen few, and hold with them that communion which he was rarely permitted to enjoy during his ministry on earth.

Soon, however, the whole scene is changed. The multitude, whom he had so recently left, having observed the direction in which he had gone, have discovered the place of his retreat. An immense crowd approaches, and the little company is surrounded by a dense mass of human beings pressing upon them on every side. These are, however, only the pioneers. At last five thousand men, besides women and children, are beheld thronging around them.

Some of these suitors present most importunate claims. They are in search of cure for disease, which have baffled the skill of the medical profession, and, as a last resort, they have come to the Messiah for aid. Here was a parent bringing a consumptive child. There were children bearing on a couch a paralytic parent. Here was a sister leading a brother blind from his birth, while her supplications were drowned by the shout of a frenzied lunatic who was standing by her side. Every one, believing his own claim to be the most urgent, pressed forward with selfish importunity. Each one, caring for no other than himself, was striving to attain the front rank; while those behind, disappointed, and fearing to lose this important opportunity, were eager to occupy the places of those more fortunate than themselves. The necessary tumult and disorder of such a scene you can better imagine than I can describe.

This was, doubtless, by no means a welcome interruption. The apostles needed the time for rest; for they were worn out in the public service. They wanted it for instruction; for such opportunities of intercourse with Christ were rare. But what did they do? Did our Lord inform the multitude that this day was set apart for their own refreshment and improvement, and that they could not be interrupted? As he beheld them approaching, did he quietly take to his boat, and leave them to go home disappointed? Did he plead his own convenience, or his need of repose, as any reason for not attending to the pressing necessities of his fellow-men?

No, my brethren, very far from it. The providence of God had brought these multitudes before him, and that same providence forbade him to send them away unblessed. He at once broke up the conference with his disciples, and addressed himself to the work before him. His instructions were of inestimable importance; but I doubt if even they were as important as the example of deep humility, exhaustless kindness, and affecting compassion which he here exhibited. When the Master places work before us which can be done at no other time, our convenience must yield to other men's necessities. "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." You can imagine to yourself the Saviour rising from his seat, in the midst of his disciples, and presenting himself to the approaching multitudes. His calm dignity awes into silence this tumultuous gathering of the people. Those who came out to witness the tricks of an empiric, or listen to the ravings of a fanatic, find themselves, unexpectedly, in a presence that repels every emotion but that of profound veneration. The light-hearted and frivolous are awestruck by the unearthly majesty that seems to clothe the Messiah as with a garment. And yet it was a majesty that shone forth conspicuous, most of all, by the manifestation of unparalleled goodness. Every eye that met the eye of the Saviour quailed before him; for it looked into a soul that had never sinned; and the spirit of the sinner felt, for the first time, the full power of immaculate virtue.

Thus the Saviour passed among the crowd, and "healed all that had need of healing." The lame walked, the lepers were cleansed, the blind received their sight, the paralytic were restored to soundness, and the bloom of health revisited the cheeks of those that but just now were sick unto death.

(*To be continued.*)

MEMOIR OF DR CHALMERS.

No. III.

(*Continued from* p. 558.)

We continue from our last the intensely interesting account given by Dr Hanna of the early progress and development of Dr Chalmers' spiritual experience.

"That effort after a pure and heavenly morality which Mr Chalmers had so long and so unfalteringly sustained, was now on the eve of a change, which was not only to alter, but to reverse in their relative positions its starting-post and its goal. All the natural elements at work throughout this struggle were elements of signal power. A vigorous and enlightened intelligence—a conscience strong but very tender—most delicately susceptible, yet devoid of all narrowness and weakness—a will of almost inflexible determination, become now a yielding servant to the high sense of duty, these all exerting themselves under the profound impression, that God's eye was ever on them as they toiled, and that everlasting interests hung suspended on the issue, present to us such a full and attractive exhibition of mere natural character as might have invited analysis, or fixed for a season the eye of our admiration. But all lesser interest connected with this period loses itself in the light and meaning thrown upon it by its close. As the year expired, and for his evening readings at Anstruther while he remained there after his sister's death, Mr Chalmers took up Wilberforce's 'Practical View'—a work specially intended to expose the inadequate conceptions regarding the leading and peculiar doctrines of Christianity which characterised the religious system prevailing among professed Christians. 'We are loudly called on,' said Mr Wilberforce, 'to *examine well our foundations.* If any thing be there unsound and hollow, the superstructure could not be safe though its exterior were less suspicious. Let the question, then, be asked, and let the answer be returned with all the consideration and solemnity which a question so important may justly demand, Whether in the grand concern of all—*the means of a sinner's acceptance with God,* there be not reason to apprehend that nominal Christians too generally entertain very superficial and confused, if not highly dangerous notions?'—(p. 101.) The summons came from one whose character was otherwise so enthusiastically admired, and it was so wisely and so winningly given, that it would have been listened to even had Mr Chalmers not been subject at the time to that restless dissatisfaction with the fruits of all his own former efforts, which made him at this conjuncture peculiarly open to instruction. As in this favourable spirit he read this volume, he found his own individual case thus accurately delineated, and thus wisely prescribed for:—'There are, it is to be apprehended, not a few who, having thought little or scarcely at all about religion, have become at length, in some degree, impressed with a sense of the infinite importance of religion. A fit of sickness, perhaps, or the loss of some friend or much loved relative, or some other stroke of adverse fortune, damps their spirits, awakens them to a practical conviction of the precariousness of all human things, and turns them to seek for some more stable foundation of happiness than this world can afford. Looking into themselves ever so little, they become sensible that they must have offended God. They resolve accordingly to set about the work of reformation. . . . Again and again they resolve; again and again they break their resolutions. All their endeavours are foiled, and they become more and more convinced of their own moral weakness and of the strength of their inherent corruption. These men are pursuing the right object, but they mistake the path in which it is to be obtained. *The path in which they are now treading is not that which the gospel has provided for conducting them to true holiness, nor will they find in it any solid peace.* . . . The Holy Scriptures call upon those who are in the circumstances now stated to *lay afresh the whole foundation of their religion.*[*] The nature of that holiness which the true Christian seeks to possess is no other than the restoration of the image of God to his soul; and as the manner of acquiring it, disclaiming with indignation every idea of attaining it by his own strength, he rests altogether on the operation of God's Holy Spirit, which is promised to all who cordially embrace the gospel. He knows therefore, that this holiness is not to PRECEDE his reconciliation with God and be its cause, but to follow it and be its effect; that, in short, it is by faith in Christ only that he is to be justified in the sight of God.'—(Pp. 271-276, 11th edition.) The result of the perusal of the whole volume is best told by Mr Chalmers himself in two letters, of a later date, addressed to his brother Alexander.

"'*February* 14, 1820.

"'My Dear Alexander,—I stated to you that the effect of a very long confinement, about ten years ago, upon myself, was to inspire me with a set of very strenuous resolutions, under which I wrote a Journal, and made many a laborious effort to elevate my practice to the standard of the Divine requirements. During this course, however, I got little satisfaction, and felt no repose. I remember that somewhere about the year 1811, I had Wilberforce's View put into my hands, and, as I got on in reading it, felt myself on the eve of a great revolution in all my opinions about Christianity. I am now most thoroughly of opinion, and it is an opinion founded on experience, that on the system of—Do this and live, no peace, and even no true and worthy obedience, can ever be attained. It is, Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. When this belief enters the heart, joy and confidence enter along with it. The righteousness which we try to work out for ourselves eludes our impotent grasp, and never can a soul arrive at true or permanent rest in the pursuit of this object. The righteousness which, by faith, we put on, secures our acceptance with God, and secures our interest in His promises, and gives us a part in those sanctifying influences by which we are enabled to do with aid from on high what we never can do without it. We look to God in a new light—we see him as a reconciled Father; that love to him which terror scares away re-enters the heart, and, with a new principle and a new power, we become new creatures in Jesus Christ our Lord.'

"'*St Andrews, June* 9, 1825.

"'My Dear Alexander,—When I meet with an inquirer (and I have met with many such), who, under the impulse of a new feeling, has set himself in good earnest to the business of his eternity, I have been very much in the habit of recommending Wilberforce. This perhaps is owing to the circumstance, that I myself, now about fifteen years ago, experienced a very great transition of sentiment in consequence of reading his work. The deep views he gives of the depravity of our nature, of our need of an atonement, of the great doctrine of acceptance through that atonement, of the sanctifying influences of the Spirit—these all give a new aspect to a man's religion; and I am sure that, in as far as they are really and honestly proceeded upon, they will give a new direction to his habits and his history. But there are other books which might be as effectually instrumental in working the desirable change; and, in defect of them all, there is the Bible, whose doctrines, I well remember, I then saw in an altogether new light, and could feel a power and a preciousness in passages which I formerly read with heedlessness, and even with disgust. I do think that, without disparagement to human authorship, which, in many instances, is in the highest degree helpful to the inquirer, still the main road to light and comfort, and a solid establishment in the way that leadeth to life everlasting, is the reading of the Scriptures, with prayer.'

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[*] The *Italics* in all the passages quoted above are Mr Wilberforce's.

"The critical condition of the reader lent power to Mr Wilberforce's volume. A prolonged but abortive effort had prepared Mr Chalmers to welcome the truth of a gratuitous justification before God, through the merits of Christ. For upwards of a year he had striven with all his might to meet the high requirements of the Divine law; but that law rose in its demands as he rose in his endeavours, and, continuing our narrative here in his own descriptive words, 'it still kept ahead of him, with a kind of overmatching superiority to all his efforts. His attempt to scale the heights of perfection, to quell the remonstrances of a challenging and not yet appeased commandment, was like the laborious ascent of him who, having so wasted his strength that he can do no more, finds that some precipice still remains to be overcome, some mountain-brow that scorns his enterprise, and threatens to overwhelm him.' He struggled hard to recover his immeasurable distance from that high and heavenly morality which the law required, and, after all, he found himself 'a helpless defaulter from the first and greatest of its commandments.' He repaired to the atonement to eke out his deficiencies, and as the ground of assurance that God would look upon him with a propitious eye; but, notwithstanding, an unappeasable disquietude hung heavy upon his heart, and 'he walked among the elements of uncertainty and distrust,' till at last he came to see, that the Saviour had already and completely done for him what, with so much strenuousness, but with so little success, he had been striving to do for himself. The felt insecurities of his position, he had been in vain endeavouring to strengthen, by mixing up the merits of Christ with the sincerity of his repentance, and the painstaking of his obedience, to form together the ingredients of his hope and security before God. But the conviction was now wrought in him that he had been attempting an impossibility; that he had been trying to compound elements which would not amalgamate; that it must be either on his own merits wholly, or on Christ's merits wholly, that he must lean; and that, by introducing to any extent his own righteousness into the ground of his meritorious acceptance with God, 'he had been inserting a flaw, he had been importing a falsehood into the very principle of his justification.' In the Journal of the following chapter, we shall see him stepping from the treacherous ground of—Do and live, to place his feet upon the firm foundation of—'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'

"But I cannot close this narrative, without alluding to the comparison naturally suggested between the spiritual struggle which it records, and that through which, at a like period of their lives, Ignatius Loyola and Martin Luther passed. Loyola's great effort was to tread the world beneath his feet, and to rise into a mystic region of rapt idealism, where high spiritual intercourse with the unseen world might be enjoyed. The main stress of his struggle was to mortify the desires of the flesh and of the mind—to spiritualize the carnal nature. Luther's great effort, prompted by an urgent sense of guilt, was to reconcile himself to an offended Deity; and the main stress of his struggle, was to bring into a state of right adjustment his personal and immediate relationship with God. Dr Chalmers' great effort was to prepare for an eternity felt to be at hand, by discharging aright the duties of time; and the main stress of his struggle was to bring his dispositions and conduct towards all around him up to the requirements of the Divine law. Loyola busied himself mainly with fastening aright the ties, and sustaining the communion which bound him to the spiritual world, as that world was conceived of, and believed in. Luther busied himself mainly with his legal standing before the High Judge of all the earth, and was still trying over and over again the question of his acceptance, or his condemnation, before the bar of eternal justice. Dr Chalmers busied himself mainly with the state of his affections, and behaviour towards his fellow-men, with all of whom he tried to be on terms of perfect and cordial amity, ere he passed into eternity. The devotional element predominated with the first, the legal with the second, the moral and social with the third. Out of his severe and prolonged struggle, Loyola found his exit, by casting himself into the bosom of his Church, and giving himself up to the devotions which she prescribed, and the services which she demanded. Out of their struggle, Luther and Dr Chalmers alike found their exit, by casting themselves into the bosom of their Saviour, and giving themselves up to all the duties of life, spiritual and social, as those who had been freely and fully reconciled unto God, through Jesus Christ their Lord."

The great change which had thus passed upon him was soon very evident.

"It was not long till the whole aspect of the Sabbath congregations in Kilmany church was changed. The stupid wonder which used to sit on the countenances of the few villagers or farm-servants who attended divine service, was turned into a fixed, intelligent, and devout attention. It was not easy for the dullest to remain uninformed; for, if the preacher sometimes soared too high for the best trained of his people to follow him, at other times, and much oftener, he put the matter of his message so as to force for it an entrance into the most sluggish understanding. Nor was it easy for the most indifferent to remain unmoved, as the first fervours of a new-born faith and love found such thrilling strains in which to vent themselves. The church became crowded. The feeling grew with the numbers who shared in it. The fame of those wonderful discourses which were now emanating from the burning lips of this new evangelist spread throughout the neighbourhood, till at last there was not an adjacent parish which did not send its weekly contribution to his ministry. Persons from extreme distances in the county found themselves side by side in the same crowded pew. Looking over the congregation, the inhabitant of Dundee could generally count a dozen or two of his fellow-townsmen around him, while ministers from Edinburgh or Glasgow were occasionally detected among the crowd.

"All this told distinctly enough of the popularity of the preacher; but within the parish, and as the effect of such a ministry as has been now described, what were the spiritual results?—Too delicate a question this for any full or satisfactory reply: but of one Sabbath's service we shall tell the fruits. It was in the spring of 1812, and the preacher's text was John iii. 16,—'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Two young men heard this sermon, the one the son of a farmer in the parish, the other the son of one of the villagers. They met as the congregation dispersed. 'Did you feel any thing particularly in church to-day?' Alexander Paterson said to his acquaintance, Robert Edie, as they found themselves alone upon the road. 'I never,' he continued, 'felt myself to be a lost sinner till to-day, when I was listening to that sermon.' 'It is very strange,' said his companion; 'it was just the same with me.' They were near a plantation, into which they wandered, as the conversation proceeded. Hidden at last from all human sight, it was proposed that they should join in prayer. Screened by the opening foliage, they knelt on the fresh green sod, and poured out in turn their earnest petitions to the hearer and answerer of prayer. Both dated their conversion from that day. Alexander Paterson went shortly afterwards to reside in the neighbouring parish of Dairsie, but attended regularly on the Sabbath at Kilmany church. His friend, Robert Edie, generally convoyed him part of the way home. About one hundred yards from the road along which they travelled, in the thickly-screened seclusion of a close plantation, and under the shade of a branching fir-tree, the two friends found a quiet retreat, where, each returning Sabbath evening, the eye that seeth in secret looked down upon these two youthful disciples of the Saviour on their knees, and for an hour their ardent prayers alternately ascended to the throne of grace. The practice was continued for years, till a private footpath of their own had been opened to the trysting-tree; and when, a few years ago, after long absence on the part of both, they met at Kilmany, at Mr Edie's suggestion they revisited the spot, and renewing the sacred exercise, offered up their joint thanksgivings to that God who had kept them by His grace, and in their separate spheres had honoured each of them with usefulness in the Church. Mr Paterson has now laboured for twenty-two years as a missionary in the Canongate of Edinburgh, not without many pleasing evidences that his labours have been blessed; and I have reason to believe that by his efforts in behalf of Bible and Missionary Societies, through means of Sabbath-schools and prayer-meetings, and by the light of a guiding and consistent example, Mr Edie's life, while one of active industry, has also been one of devoted Christian usefulness.

"Other individual instances of spiritual benefit derived from Mr Chalmers' ministrations it would have been a pleasant task to record; and, had he not been so soon removed from Kilmany, the hopeful appearances which were presenting themselves, especially among the young who attended his Saturday classes, might have ripened into a goodly spiritual fruitage. One general testimony, however, as valuable perhaps as ever minister left behind him, and given by Mr Chalmers himself, as to the separate effects of his ministry during the two periods into which, spiritually contemplated, it divided itself, must not be withheld.

"'And here I cannot but record the effect of an actual though undesigned experiment, which I prosecuted for upwards of twelve years among you. For the greater part of that time I could expatiate on the meanness of dishonesty, on the villany of falsehood, on the despicable arts of calumny; in a word, upon all those deformities of character which awaken the natural indignation of the human heart against the pests and the disturbers of human society. Now, could I, upon the strength of these warm expostulations, have got the thief to give up his stealing, and the evil speaker his censoriousness, and the liar his deviations from truth, I should have felt all the repose of one who had gotten his ultimate object. It never occurred to me that all this might have been done, and yet the soul of every hearer have remained in full alienation from God; and that even could I have established in the bosom of one who stole, such a principle of abhorrence at the meanness of dishonesty, that he was prevailed upon to steal no more, he might still have retained a heart as completely unturned to God, and as totally unpossessed by a principle of love to Him as before. In a word, though I might have made him a more upright and honourable man, I might have left him as destitute of the essence of religious principle as ever. But the interesting fact is, that during the whole of that period in which I made no attempt against the natural enmity of the mind to God, while I was inattentive to the way in which this enmity is dissolved,—even by the free offer on the one hand, and the believing acceptance on the other, of the gospel salvation,—while Christ, through whose blood the sinner, who by nature stands afar off, is brought near to the heavenly Lawgiver whom he has offended, was scarcely ever spoken of, or spoken of in such a way as stripped Him of all the importance of His character and His offices, even at this time I certainly did press the reformations of honour, and truth, and integrity among my people: but I never once heard of any such reformations having been effected amongst them. If there was any thing at all brought about in this way, it was more than ever I got any account of. I am not sensible that all the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and the proprieties of social life, had the weight of a feather on the moral habits of my parishioners. And it was not till I got impressed by the utter alienation of the heart in all its desires and affections from God; it was not till reconciliation to Him became the distinct and the prominent object of my ministerial exertions; it was not till I took the scriptural way of laying the method of reconciliation before them; it was not till the free offer of forgiveness through the blood of Christ was urged upon their acceptance, and the Holy Spirit given through the channel of Christ's mediatorship to all who ask Him, was set before them as the unceasing object of their dependence and their prayers; in one word, it was not till the contemplations of my people were turned to these great and essential elements in the business of a soul providing for its interest with God and the concerns of its eternity, that I ever heard of any of those subordinate reformations which I aforetime made the earnest and the zealous, but I am afraid, at the same time, the ultimate object of my earlier ministrations. Ye servants, whose scrupulous fidelity has now attracted the notice, and drawn forth in my hearing a delightful testimony from your masters, what mischief you would have done, had your zeal for doctrines and sacraments been accompanied by the sloth and the remissness, and what, in the prevailing tone of moral relaxation, is counted the allowable purloining of your earlier days! But a sense of your heavenly Master's eye has brought another influence to bear upon you; and while you are thus striving to adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things, you may, poor as you are, reclaim the great ones of the land to the acknowledgment of the faith. You have at least taught me, that to preach Christ is the only effective way of preaching morality in all its branches; and out of your humble cottages have I gathered a lesson, which I pray God I may be enabled to carry with all its simplicity into a wider theatre, and to bring with all the power of its subduing efficacy upon the vices of a more crowded population.' "

(To be continued.)

THE ANT'S NEST; OR, A SINGLE GRAIN.

It was a summer morning, and it was Sabbath. The village clock had just struck seven, and the chime of the church bell which came sweeping up the beautiful valley, seemed to linger among the trees that surrounded the dwellings of the villagers, as if to arouse them to the conscious enjoyment of a day of rest. The hamlet lay extended along the valley, and halfway up a hill which stretched around it in a half circle, and sheltered it from the cold blasts of the north and east winds.

Midway up the hill, and surrounded on two sides by wood, was a dwelling rather superior to the rest. It was inclosed in a pleasant garden, and the shrubs and evergreens bore evident marks of a cultivated taste. Near the open window of a small bed-room in this rural retreat sat Ellen C——, her head leaning on her hand, her eyes resting on the rich and varied landscape that lay beneath her, but seemingly combating with some thoughts that would not be controlled. A book lay half closed upon her knee, but it was evident her thoughts were too busy for reading.

"It is of no use," said she, thinking aloud, "it is of no earthly use! I go Sabbath after Sabbath to this school, and what is the result? I see no fruit of all my labours, nor do I think our children here are one whit better than they were before we began. To think of that disgraceful robbery in Widow Martin's garden! and one of my children concerned in it; and oh! how I have tried to win that girl! I do think I shall give it up; one voice more or less is of no consequence, and I could be of use at home. It seems almost folly for a feeble girl like me to set herself against the gigantic evils that stalk abroad in this world of ours." Again she sighed, and passing her hand over her brow, she seemed to invite the fresh morning breeze that came in at her window to cool her fevered thoughts.

A voice seemed to whisper within her, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." "But I cannot train them," said she. "One day in the week is all that they are allowed, and the good is all lost in the other six." "Cast thy bread upon the waters," whispered the inward voice again: "for thou shalt find it after many days." She sat musing yet awhile; at length she laid her book upon the table, and throwing a shawl around her, "I will go out," said she; "my mind is bewildered this morning, but I will go into the garden, and recover my composure there. If my beloved garden do not restore me, it will be the first time it has ever failed to do so."

She went softly past her mother's room, and opening the door that led into the garden, sauntered slowly down the walk. Light gossamer threads were thrown across the path from the flowering bushes that grew on either side, spangled with dewdrops which shone in the morning sun like strings of diamonds. The lilacs and laburnums were not yet over, and the snow-white clusters of the guelder rose were seen from a distance amid the dark leaves of the evergreens among which they were placed. The air was perfumed with a thousand sweets, and every sound that was borne upon the breeze seemed a message from the God of love to the children of his care.

Unless the mind be burdened with actual guilt, the sweet influences of nature will commonly exercise a soothing power, let the causes of suffering be what they may. And so Ellen found it this morning. As she wandered slowly on, her heart became lighter, her mental vision clearer, and "Oh how joyous is this beautiful world! how good is God!" was her spontaneous exclamation long ere she had reached the boundary of the loved inclosure which was to her as an Eden of delight. Turning a corner of the path, she suddenly espied her young brother lying on the grass, and seemingly intent on something that interested him greatly.

"What are you doing, Charlie?" said she in a gentle tone to him.

"Hush, dear Ellen," said the child, "don't speak out loud, but come and sit by me, and I will tell you what wonders I have seen. There is an ant's nest under the lime-tree, and their track is all across the path as far as the old acacia. Well, somebody has thrown a handful of gravel across their track, and I thought when I first saw it that they would be sure to alter the path, and go round it. But no, they mean to remove every grain away, and if you look you will see fresh ants coming from all quarters to help. And they will do it too," said the delighted child, "I am sure they will."

Ellen sat down by her brother, and was soon quite as much engrossed as himself. Each ant removed one grain from the heap, and returned again and again with untiring energy to its work. They did not pause to look at the congregated mass, but each one addressing himself to his single grain removed it out of the way with apparent ease. And it was not until the whole obstruction was cleared away, that these indefatigable little creatures returned to the usual business of their day.

Ellen sat and gazed, for to her this simple scene was replete with interest. It contained a deep and important lesson, and she almost thought her steps had been guided thither on purpose that she might learn it. "How foolish I have been!" thought she, as holding her brother by the hand they returned together to the house. "How falsely have I reasoned!" what have I to do with the amount of evil that is permitted in this world of ours? Enough for me if I am allowed to remove but one grain, and to know that my gracious Master will accept even this trifling service; and I am not working alone, as my foolish heart almost persuaded me this morning to believe. Am I not one of a band of teachers, who from all corners of our land are going forth this Sabbath morning with this one sacred object in view? Some plying their hallowed task in the crowed lanes of the dark city, some like me in the happier retreats of rural life: perhaps none quite so blessed as I am!" And she looked around with a loving eye upon the scenes among which her childhood had been nurtured, and which were blending imperceptibly with all the thoughts and feelings of her ripening age, forming a storehouse of bright thoughts and memories, of holy and happy recollections, to which she might revert in after life, when its active duties, and perhaps sad realities, should come upon her in all their overwhelming power.

"What verse shall I learn for you to-day, Ellen?" said little Charlie as they sat at the breakfast table.

"The ninth verse of the last chapter of Galatians, Charlie."

"Are you going to the school this morning, Ellen? I thought you said last night you should stay at home."

"So I did, Charlie, but I have changed my mind since then; and I must not linger," said she, as she tenderly kissed him, "for the nine o'clock bell is ringing, and I must not be late."

"'I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God.' There is my text for to-day," said Ellen, as with her Bible in her hand she entered the porch of the village school-house. And whether she was permitted to realize on earth the fruit of her labours or no, the promise had long since gone forth, by One who cannot lie, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."—*Tract Magazine.*

A PROFITABLE VISIT.

WE sat musing, a few days since, over the history of God's afflictive dealings with us and ours for a few years past. Though judgment proclaimed that it was all right, yet *the feeling* would occasionally obtrude itself, that others had been more favourably dealt by whose claims were not greater than our own. We banished such thoughts as suggestions of "the wicked one," but still the mind would revert to the odious comparison.

A gentle knock at the door aroused us from our reverie. A neat, but poorly clad little girl entered, and stated that her mother desired us to visit her father, who was sick. We followed her to the humble abode. As we entered, we were met by the mother with a grateful smile. Her countenance betokened cheerfulness and calm resignation, though care had marked its furrows down her cheeks. There was but a single apartment occupied by the parents and four interesting children. Every thing in it bore the air of neatness and order, but of extreme poverty. The father was stretched upon a bed of disease, which he had occupied for some weeks. The mother was engaged in trimming hats, for which she said, she received three shillings per dozen; for making shirts, two shillings each; and for pantaloons, one shilling. Her needle was the main resource of the family for a support. Whilst she plied it, she gave a short history of herself and family. She was the daughter of Presbyterian parents, and was herself a member of a church in a distant city. She spoke with enthusiasm of the many happy hours she had spent, in her girlish days, in the Sabbath school, and Bible class, and in the company of the pastor's daughters, who have, some of them since, married men of distinction, and are now occupying high places in society. She then spoke of her own happy union with the man of her choice, an humble but industrious mechanic; how Providence had blessed and prospered them, until a few months since disease had fastened upon him, and rendered him, to a great extent, incapable of labour. "Still, however," she added," "he can teach the children, and do some kinds of work, and that enables me to devote most of my time to my work, so that we have got along without any assistance thus far." We inquired, "Do you never feel like murmuring at the dispensations of Providence towards you?" The tears rolled down her cheeks, as she exclaimed, "*O no!* Our heavenly Father is very, very kind to us; just as we have begun to feel that we were about to come to want, he has always provided a way of supplying our necessities. We have had many kind friends raised up, who have thrown work in our way, so that we have always been comfortable, and we now hope that Mr ——— will soon be well enough to commence business again." We proffered them, in as delicate a way as we knew how, pecuniary aid, which they both promptly declined, promising, however, if it should ever become absolutely necessary, they would let me know. We also proposed to take one of the children, and see that she was educated and provided for. The mother replied, "*You* cannot understand a mother's affection. They love each other, and are all very good and obedient to me, and I do not wish to separate any of them from the others, or their father and mother." After reading the Scriptures, and enforcing their precious promises, and praying with them, we left, with very different views of God's goodness to us and ours, from those which had forced themselves upon our mind prior to the visit. We could but feel humbled at the thought, that this woman, in what the world would regard as such deep affliction, could still, apparently so sincerely, express gratitude to God for his goodness to herself and family; whilst we, who had enjoyed so many countless thousand mercies, had still been unable to hush to entire silence a repining spirit. Verily, it is better to go to the house of affliction than to the house of feasting and mirth. If any of our readers should ever find a murmuring spirit creeping over them, as they muse over the ills and sorrows which they are called to endure—and "each heart knoweth its own bitterness"—we advise them to shake it off, by rousing up, and going out into the highways and byways, and searching out and relieving some of the sons and daughters of affliction and want, of which the towns and cities are so full. If they continue at home, and brood over their afflictions, and contrast their condition only with the more highly favoured portions of society, they will be very apt to find that *a feeling* is creeping over them, whatever their judgments may say, that God is dealing hardly by them. But let them shake off their *ennui*, and go out and see how much sorrow and suffering there is in the world, and go to work and relieve it, and they will come back wiser, happier, and better men and women, and the world will be a happier and better place for their having lived in it.

ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER.

"I WAS quite surprised, mamma," said Elizabeth, as with her mother she was returning homewards, after a call which they had been making in a neighbouring village; "I was quite surprised to find that Miss Myles lived in so small a house. I thought we were going to a beautiful place, like Hartlands."

"I did not say so, my dear;" quietly returned Mrs Owen.

"No, mamma; but I expected it, because I have heard that Miss Myles has a great deal of money to spend as she pleases; and, of course, I supposed that she would have lived in a very nice house."

"You are difficult to please," said Mrs Owen, with a smile. "*I* think that Miss Myles's cottage is remarkably pretty, besides being in a most delightful situation."

"Oh yes!" answered Elizabeth, "it is very well for a cottage; but I thought there would be spacious grounds, and a handsome entrance. Then did you notice how plainly she was dressed?"

"I must confess," said Mrs Owen, "that I did not observe Miss Myles's dress so particularly as you seem to have done; but I was much struck with the neatness and pleasing simplicity of her appearance."

"She looked like a lady, certainly," said Elizabeth; "but still, mamma, do you not think that, if she has so much money, she ought to live in a larger house, and have more expensive furniture, and wear better clothes?"

"I do not think," replied Mrs Owen, "that Miss Myles is rich enough to purchase these things, without giving up other objects which she regards as much more important."

"What objects do you mean, mamma?"

"Miss Myles is very kind and charitable, and does much good amongst the poor people of the village, many of whom look to her as their best earthly friend. She is also a liberal supporter of several benevolent institutions, both for our own country and for distant lands. All this could not be done with her income, if she were to indulge in needless luxuries."

"Then, mamma, do you think it wrong to live in a house like Hartlands, and to have carriages, and servants, and beautiful gardens, and all other delightful things?"

"Certainly not, my dear; provided such is the station in life which God has appointed to an individual, and if the claims of duty are carefully attended to, and the poor remembered and assisted as they ought to be. Provided also, I should add, that the *heart* is not set upon these earthly possessions, nor the soul endangered by love of the world, and forgetfulness of God. I will now, my dear, try if I can reconcile you to Miss M.'s small house, and simple attire. And here," continued Mrs Owen, stopping to tap at a cottage door, "I may, perhaps, obtain some assistance towards this end from a person whom I have known for many years."

They entered, and found a poor woman, evidently very ill, but sitting in an easy arm-chair by the fire, propped up with pillows, and with many tokens of humble comfort around her. On the other side of the fireplace was a young girl, busy at her needle. The house was clean; and there was an open Bible lying, with a few tracts, upon the table.

After a little conversation, during which it appeared that the sick woman, though greatly afflicted, was in possession of that "good hope through grace," which makes all earthly sorrows light, Mrs Owen purposely mentioned the name of Miss Myles. Immediately the poor woman's countenance brightened with an expression of gratitude and pleasure. She spoke of her as the kind friend who had first told her of a Saviour, had read to her of his dying love, and prayed that she might be a partaker of his pardoning mercy. It was Miss Myles, too, who had provided her with a comfortable lodging, in the abode of pious cottagers; and who, now that her last days were approaching, had sent for her daughter from a distant service, to wait upon her, and supply all her wants. Ever since the time when she was left a distressed and ailing widow, with a young family dependent upon her for support, Miss Myles had pitied and befriended her. "The Lord alone can reward her," said the poor woman, "for all that she has done for me and mine." After some further conversation, it became time for Elizabeth and her mother to leave the cottage.

Mrs Owen perceived that an impression had been made upon her daughter's mind; but before Elizabeth could remark upon what she had heard, they again stopped at a little low-roofed building, and lifting the latch, the door opened, and several rows of smiling healthy-looking children met their sight. It was the village school, established and supported by Miss Myles, who gave to it, not only money, but a considerable portion of her time and attention.

Elizabeth looked at the work of the little needlewomen, and examined their copy-books, and their sums. Some of the older girls then read a portion of Scripture, upon which they were afterwards questioned by the governess, and their answers showed that they had been carefully instructed in the way of eternal life. Mrs Owen pointed out to Elizabeth the value and importance of such an education to the children of the poor, as fitting them for the duties of their station, and, above all, teaching them to seek, through divine grace, for the pardon of their sins, and their everlasting happiness in a world to come. Elizabeth was interested and delighted with all that she saw; and left the school with evident reluctance, and a hope that they might shortly visit it again.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs Owen, after a short silence, "can you forgive Miss Myles for living in a small house, and for choosing to wear a plainer dress than the housekeeper at Hartlands?"

"Oh mamma!" replied Elizabeth, with tears in her eyes, "I am quite ashamed of the disdainful thoughts that were in my mind while you were talking to her this morning. Dear, kind Miss Myles! I little knew the good that she was doing with her money."

"Henceforth my child," said Mrs Owen, "endeavour to form your estimate of persons, not from mere outward circumstances, the style they live in, or the clothes they wear, but according to their real qualities of mind and character. Let us also learn another lesson from the self-denying charity of Miss Myles. Let us seek to imitate her, in our measure, by sometimes giving up our own gratification or en joyment, when others may be benefited by the sacrifice; always remembering that acts of kindness, when proceeding from a right motive, are graciously regarded with favour by him who has said, that whosoever giveth to a disciple a cup of cold water in the name of Christ, shall in no wise lose his reward."

QUESTIONS FOR MY OWN SOUL.

Is the Redeemer my redeemer? Has he shed his precious blood for the deliverance and eternal happiness of my soul? Is he now my High Priest at the right hand of the Father? Is he interceding for me there? Does he bear me on his heart, as Aaron bore the names on the breastplate of the twelve sons of Israel? Is he at this moment interested in me? Has he his eyes, which are as a flame of fire, fixed on me? Does he indeed observe the movements of my heart? Does he sympathise with my sorrows, observe my temptations and trials, and take a part in them all? Does he love me as a brother? ("He is not ashamed to call them brethren"). Is he engaged not to "leave nor forsake" me?—(Heb. xiii. 5). Will he stand by me in difficulties; and though he remove not the trial and affliction, will his grace be sufficient for me, in and through it, as once for the tried apostle Paul?—(2 Cor. xii. 9).

Having shed his own blood for me, will he also "guide me by his counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory?"—(Ps. lxxiii. 24). Will he make—is he making—"all things work together for my good?"—(Rom. viii. 28). Am I, though "once darkness, now light in the Lord?"—(Eph. v. 8). Shall I soon, though now so unlike my Lord, be "like unto him," when I shall "see him as he is?"—(1 John iii. 2). Shall I, who now see as in a glass darkly, then see face to face—who now know but in part, then "know as I am known?"—(1 Cor. xiii. 12). Am I now called on to "rejoice in the Lord always;" and again exhorted, because of my sloth and mistrust, to "rejoice?"—(Phil. iv. 4). Are all things mine, "Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come?"—are all mine?—(1 Cor. iii. 21, 22). Shall I soon appear before the judgment-seat of Christ (2 Cor. v. 10; Rev. xxii. 12), and there receive a reward according to my works?

And are all Christians one with me in Christ?—(John xvii. 22, 23). All bought with that same blood, shed at Calvary? All partakers of the same Spirit of holiness, who teaches us all to cry from the heart, "Abba Father?"—(1 Cor. xii. 13). Are all fellow-members with me of the one body, Christ? Are all precious, like myself, to him who is our common Shepherd?—(John x. 14, 15, 16). Are all fellow-pilgrims with me, through like sorrows and temptations (1 Peter v. 9), to the same heaven, the same Lord, the same glory?—(Heb. xii. 22, &c.) Am I showing, in every way, this oneness of the members of Christ? Does my manner of speaking and acting bear witness to it? Do I see it (alas!) in the professing Church practically manifested? Can I do nothing in my sphere to aid its manifestation?—(Phil. ii. 2-4, &c.) Is this an important part of my Christian duty, and blessed privilege?—(Rom. xv. 7). Is it worth my while to strain every nerve in the path of obedience, looking for my Lord's return, and "having respect unto the recompense of reward?"—(1 Cor. xv. 58). Does Jesus say to me, as well as to the Philadelphian Church, "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown?"—(Rev. iii. 11).

Is it not, really, too much trouble to keep my heart with all diligence, though "out of it are the issues of life?"—(Prov. iv. 23). Will God "bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether good or evil?—(Eccles. xii. 14). Was my Saviour my example in all things, that I should follow his steps?—(1 Peter ii. 21).

Is God's help promised me in all circumstances?—(1 Cor. x. 13; Isa. xliii. 1, 2). Is Jesus specially mindful of his servants in special difficulties, induced by faithfulness, as he was at Stephen's death? (Acts vii. 55, 56). Could he not forget or overlook my particular case?—(Isa. xlix. 14, 15, 16). Is my salvation sure if I persevere to the end?—(John x. 28, 29). Shall not I go on my way rejoicing, in hope of the glory of God?—(John xvii. 22, 24).

COLD AND CHEERLESS INFIDELITY.

The gay, the witty, the luxurious, polite, and admired Chesterfield, comparing life to a journey, and commenting upon its dull and tasteless insipidity, remarks, in writing to a friend: "As for myself, my course is already more than half passed over, and *I mean to sleep in the coach the rest of the journey.*" Such was the philosophic resolve of one who was distinguished above his fellows as "the man of pleasure."

To the same effect was the declaration of the great, the gifted, the almost worshipped Voltaire, who rose to the most exalted eminence as a man of genius, and thence predicted that Christianity herself must be crushed beneath his feet. Loaded with worldly honours, sated with popular applause, what is his estimate of the infidel's life? "Life," said he, "is thickly sown with thorns, and I know of no other remedy than to pass quickly through them. The longer we dwell on our misfortunes, the greater is their power to harm us."

Let the reader compare with this the expression of Paul: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

FOR YOUNG LADIES WHO READ NOVELS.

A writer in the *National Era* draws the following picture, striking and true, of a certain class of novels, and a certain class of novel-readers. He says:—

There are many novels which have no character at all, and many also that may be classed with them, though indictable for their immorality, which are read by persons who are themselves without character or capacity for any thing but the intense idleness of reading them—persons who devour tales as they talk gossip, stare at processions, and attend church just to enjoy some keener consciousness of life than their own emptiness and feebleness can afford them. I have known girls read bad novels by the card—as they heard sermons by the hundred—without catching or retaining one idea from either, except some very girlish interest in the particular hero of the story or of the pulpit, which happened to strike their fancy. Veteran novel-readers these! They gulp them down as children cram stolen sweetmeats, finishing off a volume at a single sitting, and repeating the feat about six times every week. In twenty years, I have not detected in one of a dozen of these greedy devourers of fiction, a thought or turn of expression gained from the best of the stories which they had been wasting their lives upon. Their giggle and talk had caught no elevation of tone or worth of meaning from all the thought and passion through which they had been whirling their giddy fancies. They had managed both to miss the advantage and escape the risk of taking in much of any thing good for evil, by always reading in the spasm of a hysterical paroxysm, which affected them in the body and mind very much as the hooping-cough affects a child—the nerves vehemently shaken, muscles in an earthquake, the lungs worked to exhaustion, flushed cheeks, and a sharp appetite; and so prepared for the next attack. Their mother sometimes complained, sometimes boasted that they were "such great readers," and the poor girls treated themselves to the innocent delusion that they lived all the time in the land of romance; but I never knew any thing happen to any of them, except prattle parties, pic-nics, bad colds. Poor girls! under the steam pressure of sentimentalism, they took a literary railroad ride every day, made up of dash, rush, a little zest of alarm, whirling landscapes, a collection of strange faces, an occasional shriek, or a loud laugh, giddiness, fatigue, and finally the whole is set down at the regular depot, just as every body expected when they took their tickets for the trip. It is amazing how these people can fend off thought so successfully as they do. A girl, naturally clever enough, who had read all Walter Scott's novels in this fashion, knew that "there was a serf and a jester in England in Ivanhoe's time;" but when asked about the feudal system, answered, "that she never bothered her head about politics." This is very deplorable; for the girls are not natural idiots; not any thing like it. They were only novel-readers, and *nothing else.*

THE SNOW.

"He giveth snow like wool: He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes."—PSALM cxlvii. 16.

"My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord, neither be weary of His correction; for whom the Lord loveth he correcteth."—PROVERBS iii. 2.

THE winter fields are green with springing corn,
Which a pure shroud of snow will soon invest,
And cover from our eyes:
Until by vernal airs that robe be torn,
When cereal riches from Earth's teeming breast
Will bounteously arise.

If on thy firstling energies there chance
A check, a chill, a blight, and a surprise,
Despond not, but be still.
That winter comes to strengthen and enhance
The life, the love that in thy spirit lies,
And bend thee to God's will.—*Pietas Metrica.*

POWER OF AN OLD BIBLE.

THE following pleasing incident is given in a letter of one of Dr Pinkerton's correspondents in Germany:—

In 1823, my eldest brother, a merchant in Memel, came home to his dinner one day, and said to his wife:—"You must not be astonished to see a very large Bible brought into the house this afternoon; I have been buying it at auction. In passing through the street I perceived some young men laughing aloud at the foolish idea of expecting any one to bid for an old Bible. The want of respect vexed me, and I stepped forward and offered a good price; no one else bidding, I naturally am become the proprietor of the Bible: but I have had the satisfaction to see these young men withdraw, ashamed of their jokes at the expense of God's holy Word."

The large volume came to the house, and for weeks was found in the way of every person in the dining-room, where it had been deposited. It could never find a convenient corner, and no one thought of opening it.

At last one of the younger brothers of the proprietor discovered that Luther's Introduction to the Epistle to the Romans had been printed before that Epistle, and that the work contained many other explanations, taken from the writings of Luther and others. It was in fact, not the Word of God alone, but a valuable edition of the Bible, with commentaries for the use of families. Luther's name first attracted the attention of the young man, who, from curiosity, became desirous of reading something written by the Reformer himself.

He read, and read, and understood what he read. After finishing the Introduction, he read the Epistle to the Romans; his eyes were opened to the leading truths of revealed religion—sin, law, grace, holiness, &c., and the young man, who had often before endeavoured to read the Bible, and wondered how little he understood of its holy contents, had now found the key to the divine volume. He likewise understood that it had now become his duty to spread the knowledge of that book in the world.

He went to Königsberg, and commenced the labourous study of German theology under the late Dr Olshausen, and has ever since looked back to that most wonderful event as the beginning of many a blessing that has since, by his preaching in various countries and languages, been brought by the Word of God into the hearts of perishing sinners.

We will only allude to one fact more, that eight young men, who belonged to his small congregation at Strasburg, are now preparing for the gospel ministry as missionaries in South Africa.

NOT KNOWING JESUS.

IT is not spoken in censure of Mary, that on meeting the risen Lord, she "knew not that it was Jesus." It might be that it was dark; or that her eyes were purposely "holden;" but whatever it was, the lack of recognition was owing to no culpable indifference nor thoughtlessness. She could think of nothing else. While yet it was dark, she had risen to pay her tearful visit to the tomb where all her hopes were centred. It was not indifference to the Lord that could induce her to brave the insult or violence of the soldier guards; nor that extorted the mournful cry, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." "Last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre," piety and affection were never more sweetly and touchingly blended than in the heart and life of the mother of Jesus. And when at length she recognised the well-known voice, with what reverent ecstasy her response was given, Rabboni! How cheerfully she bore to the disciples the welcome news of the Lord's resurrection.

Would to God that all of us had as guiltless a reason for "not knowing Jesus." He comes often near to us, and speaks with gentle authority, "Son, give me thy heart!" He offers to the unreconciled the gift of eternal life, and woos the thoughtless heart with unearthly charms. But is he recognised? Do all who hear the voice know that it is Jesus? Are there not hearts now, as of old, that have waxed gross, and ears that have become dull of hearing, lest they should hear and be healed? Sinners *will* not come to Jesus that they may have life.

Christians too, have their seasons of not knowing Jesus. They often read his word, in which he speaks to the soul, with a coldness and lack of interest that looks little like acquaintanceship. They hear the messages of his love and mercy with an indifference which seems to declare they know not from whence they come. They treat his Spirit as if he were the messenger of a stranger. He comes with the bounties of Providence, and heaps the baskets of his people; but where is the tender thankfulness that reveals the knowledge of the Giver? He comes with the rod of affliction; he hedges up their path. Business goes wrong; trials come; slanders spring from dark sources; pale disease approaches; the gold melts away; death snatches away the friend, the wife, the child; but still they know him not! What grief it must be to the Lord, coming to his own, to be treated as a stranger! What perversity of heart and guilt it argues in him who has seen the Lord and tasted that he is gracious, to lose the familiar recollection of that face divine! What losers are we, if, by not knowing Jesus, we suffer his gracious visitations to pass away without enjoyment. And if we know not Jesus, will it be wrong, or be wonderful, if he at last shall not know us?

DANGER OF STRIVING FOR RICHES.

Riches got by deceit, cheat no man so much as the getter. Riches bought with guile, God will pay for with vengeance. Riches got by fraud, are dug out of one's own heart, and destroy the mine. Unjust riches curse the owner in getting, in keeping, in transmitting. They curse his children in their father's memory, in their own wasteful habits, in drawing around them all bad men to be their companions.

While I do not discourage your search for wealth, I warn you that it is not a cruise upon level seas and under bland skies. You advance where ten thousand are broken in pieces before they reach the mart; where those who reach it are worn out by their labours past enjoying their riches. You seek a land pleasant to the sight but dangerous to the feet; a land of fragrant winds, which lull to security; of golden fruits which are poisonous, of glorious hues which dazzle and mislead.

You may be rich and be pure; but it will cost you a struggle. You may be rich and go to heaven, but ten, doubtless, will sink beneath their riches, where one breaks through them to heaven. If you have entered this shining way, begin to look for snares and traps. Go not careless of your danger, and provoking it. See, on every side of you, how many there are who seal God's Word with their blood:—

"They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men to destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some have coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."—*Rev. H. W. Beecher.*

HE WENT AWAY SORROWFUL.

An undue love of wealth prevented the young man from following the Saviour. It often happens that some cherished passion, some darling sin, keeps the soul away from Christ, and causes its final loss. Awakened sinners are often lost, through the power which some one sinful habit has acquired over their souls. They are willing to give up one sin, and another; but then some cherished sin presents itself: it is held on to, and drags the soul down to perdition. One should beware how he surrenders his soul to the dominion of any sinful habit.

The fact that a man hesitates long before he gives up religion, and yields to sin with reluctance and sorrow, does not affect the consequences of yielding. One rushes madly over the precipice; another passes over its verge slowly and trembling: there is no difference in their fall.

There are some who seem to be near the kingdom of God. They are well instructed in divine things; they are in some degree convinced of sin; they see that it would be a glorious thing to have God for their portion, and heaven for their home. But the world calls them, and their sinful hearts second the call, and the great deceiver adds his arguments, and there is strife in the soul. Now it would yield to Jesus, and now it would go on in the ways of sin. Sin, at length, gains the victory. They leave the Saviour reluctantly, they go away sorrowful, weeping, it may be; but they go away, and meet the doom of the careless and the hardened.

It would seem that some, while in the morning of life, take their final leave of the Saviour. There is no reason to suppose that the young man who went away sorrowful from Christ, ever came to him again. With all his religious advantages, with all his amiable qualities, he turned his back upon the Saviour probably for ever. That meeting with Christ, that refusal to follow him, was probably the turning-point in his moral history.

So it may happen with young persons now. Their attention may be awakened to eternal realities; they may be led to ask with deep interest, what they must do to be saved; Jesus may be near them in the outpouring of the Spirit; and they may be almost ready to give up all their sins and follow Christ. But the influence of companions, or of some ruling passion, may cause them to turn away from him, and they may never return. The grave may cover them before Jesus of Nazareth may pass near them again; or, if their lives be spared, by the act of rejecting him they may become subject to a train of influences which may as certainly prevent their salvation, as if they were all at once given over to hardness of heart.

Oh! when one is awakened to a sense of his guilt and danger, when he feels that the Saviour is near, let him not turn away from him. "Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him, lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence until thou hast paid the uttermost farthing."

Fragments.

Life is expenditure; we have it, but are as continually losing it; we have the use of it, but are as constantly wasting it.—*Foster.*

Happiness is nothing but that inward sweet delight that will arise from the harmonious agreement between our will and God's will.—*Cudworth.*

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

LUKE IX. 10–17.

(Concluded from p. 568.)

THE work to be done for the bodies of men was accomplished, and there yet remained some hours of the summer's day unconsumed. The power and goodness displayed in the miraculous healing, would naturally predispose the people to listen to the instructions of the Saviour. This was too valuable an opportunity to be lost. Our Lord therefore proceeded to speak to them of the things concerning the kingdom of God. We think we perceive the Saviour seeking an eminence from whence he could the more conveniently address this vast assembly. You hear him unfold the laws of God's moral government. He unmasks the hypocrisy of the Pharisees; he rebukes the infidelity of the Sadducees; he exposes the folly of the frivolous as well as of the selfish worldling; he speaks peaceably to the humble penitent; he encourages the meek, and comforts those that be cast down. The intellect and the conscience of this vast assembly are swayed at his will. The soul of man bows down in reverence in the presence of its Creator. "He stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people." As he closes his address, every eye is moistened with compunction for sin. Every soul cherishes the hope of amendment. Every one is conscious that a new moral light has dawned upon his soul, and that a new moral universe has been unveiled to his spiritual vision. As the closing words of the Saviour fell upon their ears, the whole multitude stood for a while unmoved, as though transfixed to the earth by some mighty spell; until, at last, the murmur is heard from thousands of voices, "Never man spake like this man."

But the shades of evening are gathering around them. The multitude have nothing to eat. To send them away fasting would be inhuman, for divers of them came from far, and many were women and children, who could not perform their journey homeward without previous refreshment. To purchase food in the surrounding towns and villages would be difficult; but even were this possible, whence could the necessary funds be provided? A famishing multitude was thus unexpectedly cast upon the bounty of our Lord. He had not tempted God by leading them into the wilderness. They came to him of themselves, to hear his words and to be healed of their infirmities. He could not "send them away fasting, lest they should faint by the way." In this dilemma, what was to be done? He puts this question to his disciples, and they can suggest no means of relief. The little stock of provisions which they had brought with them was barely sufficient for themselves. They can perceive no means whatever by which the multitude can be fed, and they at once confess it.

The Saviour, however, commands the twelve to give them to eat. They produce their slender store of provisions, amounting to five loaves and two small fishes. He commands the multitude to sit down by companies on the grass. As soon as silence is obtained, he lifts up his eyes to heaven, and supplicates the blessing of God upon their scanty meal. He begins to break the loaves and fishes, and distribute them to his disciples, and his disciples distribute them to the multitude. He continues to break and distribute. Basket after basket is filled and emptied, yet the supply is undiminished. Food is carried in abundance to the famishing thousands. Company after company is supplied with food, but the five loaves and the two fishes remain unexhausted. At last the baskets are returned full, and it is announced that the wants of the multitude are supplied. The miracle then ceases, and the multiplication of food is at an end.

But even here the provident care of the Saviour is manifested. Although this food has been so easily provided, it is not right that it be lightly suffered to perish. Christ wrought no miracles for the sake of teaching men wastefulness. That food, by what means soever provided, was a creature of God, and it were sin to allow it to decay without accomplishing the purposes for which it was created. "Gather up the fragments," said the Master of the feast, "that nothing be lost." "And they gathered up the fragments that remained, twelve baskets full."

Dissimilar as are our circumstances to those of our Lord, we may learn from this latter incident a lesson of instruction.

In the first place, as I have remarked, the Saviour did not lead the multitude into the wilderness without making provision for their sustenance. This would have been presumption. They followed him without his command, and he found himself with them in this necessity. He had provided for his own wants, but they had not provided for theirs. The providence of God had, however, placed him in his present circumstances, and he might therefore properly look to Providence for deliverance. This event, then, furnishes the rule by which we are to be governed. When we plunge ourselves into difficulty, by a neglect of the means or by a misuse of the faculties which God has bestowed upon us, it is to be expected that he will leave us to our own devices. But when, in the honest discharge of our duties, we find ourselves in circumstances beyond the reach of human aid, we then may confidently look up to God for deliverance. He will always take care of us while we are in the spot where he has placed us. When he appoints for us trials, he also appoints for us the means of escape. The path of duty, though it may seem arduous, is ever the path of safety. We can more easily maintain ourselves in the most difficult position, God being our helper, than in apparent security relying on our own strength.

The Saviour, in full reliance upon God, with only five loaves and two fishes, commenced the distribution of food amongst this vast multitude. Though his whole store was barely sufficient to supply the wants of his immediate family, he began to share it with the thousands who surrounded him. Small as was his provision at the commencement, it remained unconsumed until the deed of mercy was done, and the wants of the famishing host were supplied. Nor were the disciples losers by this act of charity. After the multitude had eaten and were satisfied, twelve baskets full of fragments remained, a reward for their deed of benevolence.

From this portion of the narrative, we may, I think, learn that if we act in faith, and in the spirit of Christian love, we may frequently be justified in commencing the most important good work, even when in possession of apparently inadequate means. If the work be of God, he will furnish us with helpers as fast as they are needed. In all ages, God has rewarded abundantly simple trust in him, and has bestowed upon it the highest honour. We must, however, remember the conditions upon which alone we may expect his aid, lest we be led into fanaticism. The service which we undertake must be such as God has commanded, and his providence must either designate us for the work, or, at least, open the door by which we shall enter upon it. It must be God's work, and not our own; for the good of others, and not for the gratification of our own passions; and, in the doing of it, we must, first of all, make sacrifice of ourselves, and not of others. Under such circumstances, there is hardly a good design which we may not undertake with cheerful hopes of success, for God has promised us his assistance. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" The calculations of the men of this world are of small account in such a matter. It would have provoked the smile of an infidel to behold the Saviour commencing the work of feeding five thousand men with a handful of provisions. But the supply increased as fast as it was needed, and it ceased not until all that he had prayed for was accomplished.

Perhaps, also, we may learn from this incident another lesson. If I mistake not, it suggests to us that in works of benevolence we are accustomed to rely too much on human, and too little on divine, aid. When we attempt to do good, we commence by forming large associations, and suppose that our success depends upon the number of men whom we can unite in the promotion of our undertaking. Every one is apt thus to forget his own personal duty, and rely upon the labour of others, and it is well if he does not put his organization in the place of God himself. Would it not be better if we made benevolence much more a matter between God and our own souls, each one doing with his own hands, in firm reliance on divine aid, the work which Providence has placed directly before him? Our Lord did not send to the villages round about to organize a general effort to relieve the famishing. In reliance upon God, he set about the work himself, with just such means as God had afforded him. All the miracles of benevolence have, if I mistake not, been wrought in the same manner. The little band of disciples in Jerusalem accomplished more for the conversion of the world than all the Christians of the present day united. And why? Because every individual Christian felt that the conversion of the world was a work for which he himself, and not an abstraction that he called the church, was responsible. Instead of relying on man for aid, every one looked up directly to God, and went forth to the work. God was thus exalted, the power was confessed to be his own, and, in a few years, the standard of the cross was carried to the remotest extremities of the then known world.

Such has, I think, been the case ever since. Every great moral reformation has proceeded upon principles analogous to these. It was Luther, standing up alone in simple reliance upon God, that smote the Papal hierarchy; and the effects of that blow are now agitating the nations of Europe. Roger Williams, amid persecution and banishment, held forth that doctrine of soul-liberty which, in its onward march, is disenthralling a world. Howard, alone, undertook the work of showing mercy to the prisoner, and his example is now enlisting the choicest minds in Christendom in this labour of benevolence. Clarkson, unaided, a young man, and without influence, consecrated himself to the work of abolishing the slave trade; and, before he rested from his labours, his country had repented of and forsaken this atrocious sin. Raikes saw the children of Gloucester profaning the Sabbath-day; he set on foot a Sabbath-school on his own account, and now millions of children are reaping the benefit of his labours, and his example has turned the attention of the whole world to the religious instruction of the young. With such facts before us, we surely should be encouraged to attempt individually the accomplishment of some good design, relying in humility and faith upon Him who is able to grant prosperity to the feeblest effort put forth in earnest reliance on his almightiness.

Such were the occupations that filled up a day in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. There was not an act done for himself; all was done for others. Every hour was employed in the labour which that hour set before him. Private kindness, the relief of distress, public teaching, and ministration to the wants of the famishing, filled up the entire day. Let his disciples learn to follow his example. Let us, like him, forget ourselves, our own wants, and our own weariness, that we may, as he did, scatter blessings on every side, as we move onward in the pathway of our daily life. If such were the occupations of the Son of God, can we do more wisely than to imitate his example? Every disciple would then be as a city set upon a hill, and men, seeing our good works, would glorify our Father who is in heaven. "Then would our righteousness go forth as brightness, and our salvation as a lamp that burneth."

MEMOIR OF DR CHALMERS.

No. IV.

(*Continued from* p. 571.)

The illustrations given by Dr Hanna of the nature and entireness of change which had passed upon Mr Chalmers, are numerous and full of interest. But for most of these we must refer our readers to the volume itself, giving the following as specimens:—

HIS STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

"His regular and earnest study of the Bible was one of the first and most noticeable effects of Mr Chalmers' conversion. His nearest neighbour, and most frequent visitor was old John Bonthron, who, having once seen better days, was admitted to an easy and privileged familiarity, in the exercise of which one day before the memorable illness, he said to Mr Chalmers—'I find you aye busy, sir, with one thing or another, but come when I may, I never find you at your studies for the Sabbath.' 'Oh, an hour or two on the Saturday evening is quite enough for that,' was the minister's answer. But now the change had come, and John, on entering the manse, often found Mr Chalmers poring eagerly over the pages of the Bible. The difference was too striking to escape notice, and with the freedom given him, which he was ready enough to use, he said, 'I never come in now, sir, but I find you aye at your Bible.' 'All too little, John, all too little,' was the significant reply. . . . . . ."

HIS PAROCHIAL VISITATIONS.

"The first use he made of that returning strength which, after so many months' confinement, enabled him to cross again the threshold of Fincraigs, was to visit all the sick, the dying, and the bereaved in his parish; and when all trace and feeling of his own infirmity had departed, he still delighted to mingle his sympathies with the weak and the sorrowful. There was indeed such a restless activity about his manner, such a physical incapacity for very soft or gentle movements, that the sick-room seemed an uncongenial place; yet there was such exquisite tenderness of feeling, such rapid appreciation of the condition of the patient, and such capacity in a few short and weighty sentences to minister to his spiritual sorrows or perplexity, that a brief visit from him was often sufficient to shed a flood of light upon the understanding, or to pour a full tide of comfort into the heart. Extreme delicacy of feeling and his own great reserve threw obstacles in his way, which were often very painfully felt by him. But if he could not at once overcome the barriers which lay in the way of an immediate, free, and confidential spiritual intercourse, he could speak of Him whose love to sinners had no limits, and lay under no restraints. 'No one ever preached the gospel to the dying with greater simplicity or fulness, and yet with characteristic simplicity he would often say, 'Oh! that I could preach to the sick and dying as Mr Tait of Tealing does.' His interest in this as in every other part of his ministerial labours, grew with his own advancing light and love. During the years 1813, 1814, the only two years of full ministerial labour at Kilmany, he made a few shorthand memoranda, entitled, 'Records of spiritual intercourse with my people.' Guided by these, let us follow Mr Chalmers in one or two of his visits to the sick-chamber or the house of mourning. . . . . .

"Prosecuting his earlier practice of visiting and examining in alternate years, he commenced a visitation of his parish in 1813, which, instead of being finished in a fortnight, was spread over the whole year. As many families as could conveniently be assembled in one apartment were in the first instance visited in their own dwellings, where, without any religious exercise, a free and cordial conversation, longer or shorter as the case required, informed him as to the condition of the different households. When they afterwards met together, he read the Scriptures, prayed, and exhorted, making at times the most familiar remarks, using very simple yet memorable illustrations. 'I have a very lively recollection,' says Mr Robert Edie, 'of the intense earnestness of his addresses on occasions of visitation in my father's house, when he would unconsciously move forward on his chair to the very margin of it, in his anxiety to impart to the family and servants the impressions of eternal things that so filled his own soul.' 'It would take a great book,' said he, beginning his address to one of these household congregations, 'to contain the names of all the individuals that have ever lived, from the days of Adam down to the present hour; but there is one name that takes in the whole of them—that name is *sinner;* and here is a message from God to every one that bears that name—"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."' Wishing to tell them what kind of faith God would have them to cherish, and what kind of fear, and how it was that, instead of hindering each other, the right fear and the right faith worked into each other's hands, he said, 'It is just as if you threw out a rope to a drowning man. Faith is the hold he takes of it. It is fear which makes him grasp it with all his might; and the greater his fear, the firmer his hold.' Again, to illustrate what the Spirit did with the Word. 'This book, the Bible, is like a wide and beautiful landscape, seen afar off, dim and confused; but a good telescope will bring it near, and spread out all its rocks, and trees, and flowers, and verdant fields, and winding rivers at one's very feet. That telescope is the Spirit's teaching.' . . . ."

HIS PULPIT MINISTRATIONS.

"The discovery that pardon and full reconciliation with God are offered gratuitously to all men in Christ, had been the turning-point in Mr Chalmers' own spiritual history; and the most marked characteristic of his pulpit ministrations after his conversion, was the frequency and fervour with which he held out to sinners Christ and his salvation as God's free gift, which it was their privilege and their duty at once and most gratefully to accept. Most earnest entreaties that every sinner he spoke to should come to Christ just as he was, and 'bury all his fears in the sufficiency of the great atonement,' were reiterated on each succeeding Sabbath, presented in all possible forms, and delivered in all different kinds of tones and of attitudes. He would desert for a minute or two his manuscript, that with greater directness and familiarity of phrase, greater pointedness and personality of application, he might urge upon their acceptance the gospel invitation. 'He would bend over the pulpit,' said one of his old hearers, 'and press us to take the gift, as if he held it that moment in his hand, and would not be satisfied till every one of us had got possession of it. And often when the sermon was over, and the psalm was sung, and he rose to pronounce the blessing, he would break out afresh with some new entreaty, unwilling to let us go until he had made one more effort to persuade us to accept of it.'

"'It is not,' such were the words in which, upon one of these memorable Sabbaths, he addressed his parishioners, 'because you are not so great a sinner that I would have you to be comforted; but it is because Jesus Christ is so great a Saviour: it is not the smallness of sin, but the greatness of him who died for it. I would have you to be satisfied, but not with yourself, for this would be to lull you asleep by the administration of a poisoned opiate. I would have you to listen to that loud and widely-sounding call—‘Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be saved.’ I would have you to look unto Jesus; and if truth and friendship have a power to charm you into tranquillity, you have them here. I would never cease to press the salvation of the gospel upon you as a gift; and as faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God, I would call into action these appointed instruments for producing in the heart of the despairing sinner the faith which accepts the offer, and which holds it fast. I cannot ascend into heaven to bring down Jesus again upon the world, that you may hear the kindness which fell from his lips, and see the countenance most frankly expressive of it; but I can bring nigh unto you the word which he left behind him. I can assure you, upon the faith of that word which never lies, that what he was on earth he is still in heaven; and if in the history of the New Testament he was never found to send a diseased petitioner disappointed away, be assured that when he took up his body to the right hand of the everlasting throne, he took up all his kind and warm and generous sympathies along with Him. I cannot show you Him in person, but I can reveal him to the eye of your mind as sitting there; and if you array Him in any other characters than in those of love and mildness and long-suffering, you do Him an injustice. He no longer speaks in his own person, but he speaks in the person of those to whom he has committed the word of reconciliation; and in the confidence that he will not falsify his own commission, or fall back by a single inch from the terms of it, we stand here as the ambassadors for Christ: as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God. I would have you to know the gift of God. I would have you to look upon it in the simplicity of an offer on the one hand, and of a joyful and confiding acceptance on the other. When he was on earth great multitudes followed him, and he healed them. Come to him with your disease—the disease of a guilty and despairing mind. Do not think that either the will or the power of healing you is wanting. You approach him in the most peculiar and in the greatest of his capacities, when you approach him as the physician of souls; and be assured that the voice which he uttered in the hearing of his countrymen is of standing authority and signification to the very latest ages of the world—“Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Yes! if rest is to be found at all it must be given. It is upon the footing of a gift that I offer it to you. Not that you are worthy to receive the present, but that it is a present worthy of His generosity to bestow. Take it; there is not a single passage in the Bible to exclude you from this act of confidence. Be not afraid—only believe—and according to your faith so will it be done unto you. You know not how ready—you know not how able—you know not how free—you know not how perfectly willing—nay, how eager and how delighted the Saviour is to receive all who come unto Him—to listen to their complaints—to heal their diseases—to supply their every want, and administer to every necessity. This is the true and the faithful representation of Christ. Could I give you a real and a living impression of Him—could I fix in your hearts the image of Him such as He is—could I bring Him before you, offering and inviting, nay, beseeching you to be reconciled—could all this be done (and I pray that this work of faith may be wrought in you with power), then the melancholy which oppresses your heart and keeps it dark would be dissolved in an instant—the gospel would come to you not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance—and the object for which Paul laboured with the Galatians would be accomplished in you: Christ would be formed in you, and He would be made unto you of God, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.’ . . . . .

During this time of spiritual education and change, he made various public appearances, which drew upon him the eyes of the whole Church. The chief of these were his first theological work, entitled “The Evidences and Authority of the Christian Revelation,” originally written for Sir David Brewster's Edinburgh Encyclopædia; and the position which he took up in the Church Courts on the question of pluralities, as raised in the case of Mr Ferrie, who sought to retain his Professorship in St Andrews in conjunction with a parochial charge several miles distant. His appearance in the General Assembly on this case was altogether electric in its character and results; and it was felt by all, that both as an author and an orator Mr Chalmers (now in his 34th year) was to prove the chief among his brethren. Accordingly, in a short time he was elected to the vacant charge of St John's Parish, Glasgow, which, after earnest deliberation, he accepted, and in connection with which he commenced that high career, which thenceforth made the story of his life the history of his country. The volume closes at this point with the last sentences of the sermon in which he took farewell of the people of Kilmany. For some Sabbaths previous to the departure from Kilmany, the attendance at church was so numerous, that one of the large windows beside the pulpit was taken out, that Mr Chalmers might address at once the in-door and out-door congregation. The great crowd of strangers which had assembled, deprived, to some extent, his closing Sabbath (July 9, 1815) of the character which he would have liked it so much to wear—that of a parting of affectionate friends. There were few, however, even among the strangers, who did not share in the emotions of the occasion, and the hearts of his own people were dissolved in tenderness, as these farewell words fell upon their ear:—

“‘Choose Christ, then, my brethren, choose Him as the Captain of your salvation. Let him enter into your hearts by faith, and let him dwell continually there. Cultivate a daily intercourse and a growing acquaintance with him. Oh, you are in safe company, indeed, when your fellowship is with him! The shield of his protecting mediatorship is ever between you and the justice of God; and out of his fulness there goeth a constant stream, to nourish, and to animate, and to strengthen every believer. Why should the shifting of human instruments so oppress and so discourage you, when he is your willing friend; when he is ever present, and is at all times in readiness; when he, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, is to be met with in every place? and while his disciples here, giving way to the power of sight, are sorrowful, and in great heaviness, because they are to move at a distance from one another, he, my brethren, he has his eye upon all neighbourhoods and all countries, and will at length gather his disciples into one eternal family. With such a Master, let us quit ourselves like men. With the magnificence of eternity before us, let time with all its fluctuations dwindle into its own littleness. If God is pleased to spare me, I trust I shall often meet with you in person, even on this side of the grave; but if not, let us often meet in prayer at the mercy-seat of God. While we occupy different places on earth, let our mutual intercessions for each other go to one place in heaven. Let the Saviour put our supplications into one censer; and be assured, my brethren, that after the dear and the much-loved scenery of this peaceful vale has disappeared from my eye, the people who live in it shall retain a warm and an ever-enduring place in my memory;—and this mortal body must be stretched on the bed of death, ere the heart which now animates it can resign its exercise of longing after you, and praying for you that you may so receive Christ Jesus, and so walk in Him, and so hold fast the things you have gotten, and so prove that the labour I have had amongst you has not been in vain, that when the sound of the last trumpet awaken us, these eyes, which are now bathed in tears, may open upon a scene of eternal blessedness, and we, my brethren, whom the providence of God has withdrawn for a little while from one another, may on that day be found side by side at the right hand of the everlasting throne.' "

THE RETURN OF PRAYER.

Some years since, a lady with an only daughter removed to the interior of ——. Her daughter and her daughter's husband were unconverted persons. This couple being unprepared to perform the whole of parental duty, the grandmother, an intelligent and devoted Christian, took upon herself the religious training of the children, who, in the course of time, amounted to nine in number. Though she never had them "baptized," yet her instructions from earliest infancy were "line upon line, and precept upon precept." Prayer, fervent, frequent, and continuous, was offered. Fasting even followed fasting, and often whole nights were devoted to supplication in behalf of her children and grandchildren. On one occasion, as her youngest grandson in one of his infant freaks lifted up both hands, the observant and anxious grandmother ejaculated, "O that these hands might be raised in defence of the gospel!"

Years rolled on, but no conversions occurred in that family. Sometimes, as she drew near her end, she would say, "Must I die, and leave all my posterity out of Christ?" Yet die she did, and left them in all their sin. Soon, however, it was manifest that she had not prayed in vain. Her daughter and two grandchildren were brought to Christ. Subsequently the whole family, with one exception, professed the faith of the gospel. The infant, also, over whom she uttered that almost prophetic prayer, with one other of the sons, is now engaged in proclaiming the gospel of Christ. From which learn.—

1. The importance of "continuing constant in prayer." This lady believed. She prayed and continued in prayer, though she saw no answer. Her prayer finally prevailed, though God for wise reasons deferred the answer till she was in glory. Even the petition that one might be engaged in the proclamation of the gospel was answered. "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due time we shall reap if we faint not."

2. This incident should encourage parents and others who have long prayed for the conversion of those who are dear to them. Provided the proper means are employed, and they continue believing prayer, they will prevail. But we must "walk by faith, and not by sight." Courage then, weary, fainting Christian! Pray on! wrestle with the angel. "The fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous will avail much."

MEDITATIONS ON DEATH.

That I shall die, full well I know—
All human life is short and frail;
No lasting good can earth bestow—
All portion here must quickly fail:
In mercy, Lord, direct my ways,
That I in peace may end my days.

When I shall die, is all unknown
Except to thy Omniscient mind;
And lest with life my hopes be gone,
May I from thee such favour find,
That I may always be prepared
For death, and for Thy great award.

How I shall die, to ask were vain—
Death does his work in varied forms;
To some gives agonies of pain,
And some sink peaceful in his arms.
Just as thou wilt—if, when 'tis past,
My soul be found with Thee at last.

Where I shall die, I know it not,
Nor where my ashes shall be laid;
Only be it my happy lot
With saints revived to leave the dead.
Small care to me the place affords—
The earth throughout is all the Lord's.

But when in death I shall recline,
Then let my soul ascend to thee!
Through Christ's redemption I am thine,
By faith his glories now I see—
'Twill all be well! I little prize
Where, *how*, or *when* this body dies.
—*Mills' Horæ Germanicæ.*

THE ONLY SON.

(*From the American Messenger.*)

Soon after the Rev. Pliny Fisk and Rev. Levi Parsons left their mountain homes in Western Massachusetts, near the close of 1819, as the first American missionaries to Palestine, their young friend Jonas King, from the same neighbourhood, was elected professor in Amherst college, and proceeded to Paris to pursue the study of Arabic with the celebrated De Sacy. He there became familiar with an American gentleman, then at the head of one of the first commercial houses in Paris, to whose care his correspondence was addressed.

In February 1822, the lamented Parsons died, and Mr Fisk without delay addressed a letter to Mr King, requesting that he would meet him at Malta, and in the place of Parsons accompany him as a missionary to Palestine; and fearing delay by waiting the action of the American Board of Missions, he in the same enclosure requested Mr King's mercantile friend not only to second his invitation, but if possible to raise the sum of 1500 dollars, requisite for his support for three years.

Mr King, on receiving the letter in the

merchant's counting-room, exclaimed, "This is from my friend Fisk; I beg leave to retire to your private office and read it." Oppressed with the weight of the proposition it contained, he spent an hour in prayer for divine direction; and, hoping to gain further light as to the path of duty from the indications of Providence, sought the merchant's advice. He returned to the counting-room and asked with deep solicitude, "What shall I do?" Said his friend, "Go." "But," said he, "what will become of my aged and infirm parents in America?" "I will be a son to them in your stead," replied his friend. "Then," said Mr King, "'I go up to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there.'"

"Now," said the merchant, "sit down at this desk, and write to my friends Thomas Waddington of St Remey, France, Louis Mertens of Brussels, Claude Cromlin of Amsterdam, and John Venning of St Petersburgh: state to them the circumstances, and that you are willing to go; tell them I will give one-fifth of the 1500 dollars, and leave it to their decision whether they will join me in filling up the amount." By the return of the mails, it appeared that God had put it into the hearts of these gentlemen cheerfully to respond to the appeal by enclosing each 300 dollars, making the sum required; and Mr King lost no time in preparing for his departure.

A few months previous to this, Mr King had established the monthly concert of prayer in his own hired upper chamber in Paris. At the first and second meetings only three were present; at the third, the number was increased to ten; at the fourth to thirty; and soon after his departure it rose to 300, and this concert is still continued with interest in that city. A large concourse assembled in the church of the Oratoire to listen to Mr King's farewell address, and join in commending him to the God of all grace; and he was cheered in a similar manner on his way by Christian assemblies at Lyons, Nismes, Montpelier, and Marseilles, where he embarked for Malta, whence he proceeded with Mr Fisk to Jerusalem; and he is now the well-known persecuted, but laborious and successful, missionary at Athens.

His friend the merchant from time to time wrote to the solitary parents, enclosing some tokens of regard "from their affectionate son;" the next year he returned to America; and early in the spring of 1824 he was at Northampton, about twenty-five miles from the parents, meditating a visit to their humble abode. He applied to the landlord, who furnished him a waggon, with *his little son* for a driver; and freighted with a bag of groceries, which extended the whole length of the waggon, they set off early in the morning; and after encountering snow-drifts and other obstacles by the way, arrived at the cottage about two P. M.

Leaving the lad with the waggon in the road the gentleman knocked, saying as he entered, "It is a chill uncomfortable day, friends; would you be so kind as to allow a stranger to warm himself a little by your fire?" He was welcomed and seated between the aged couple, in whom he distinctly recognised the features of Jonas, and who in their turn fixed on him a scrutinizing eye. After a short pause he said deliberately:— "I once had a friend, who said to me, 'What shall I do?' Said I, 'Go.' 'But what,' said he, 'will become of my aged and infirm parents in America?' I replied, 'I will be a son to them in your stead.' 'Then,' said he, '"I go up to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there."'"

Instantly the aged couple sprang to him, exclaiming, "This is Mr W——," and almost overwhelmed him with their tears and caresses. "Let us pray," said the father; and they unburdened their hearts at the throne of mercy.

Scarcely were they again seated, when the mother took from the shelf a new quarto Bible, saying, she hoped her friend would not blame her for paying ten dollars for it, out of the fifty he had sent her a few months previous. "Our old eyes," she said, "could not well read the small print of the other Bible. I told my husband I did not believe we could make any better use of the money, or should ever be the poorer for buying a Bible that we could read; and it is a great comfort to us." Their friend expressed his approbation of the purchase, admired the Bible, and, before he returned it to the shelf, slipped into it unperceived a ten dollar bill; which, she afterwards wrote him, had been found on the floor when they were reading the Bible, and which she recognised as from the hand of God, having no knowledge by what means the exact amount expended had thus come again into their hands.

After a brief interchange of confidence and affection, she said to her esteemed guest, "I presume, sir, you have not dined, and must be in need of refreshment. I am very sorry we have not a cup of tea to offer you, but we have some nice ham and fresh eggs, which I will immediately prepare." Her friend remarked, "There is a bag in the waggon, containing several articles from 'your son,' and perhaps there may be tea among them."

The bag, with not a little effort, was transferred from the waggon to the cottage floor and the mother addressed herself to the task of taking out its contents. Among packages of flour, rice, loaf-sugar, coffee, chocolate, raisins, and other articles, each of which she held up with new expressions of delight, as received from one she so much loved, she at length came to a package of four pounds of hyson tea, when she held it out to the father with streaming eyes, saying, "Look here, papa, Jonas is the same dear good boy that he always was; he knew we were out of tea sometimes; he don't forget his poor father and mother." Then opening a package of Turkey figs, "And is this also," said she, "from Jerusalem? Was there ever such a son as Jonas?" By this time all hearts were overflowing.

It was not long before the little company were seated at a well-furnished table, refreshed by the gifts of the kind "son," mingling their sympathies, and recounting all the way in which they had been led. While thus conversing, the merchant affectionately asked, "Do you never regret the sacrifice you have made, in giving up your only son to be a missionary?" The aged father replied—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life; and shall I withhold my only son from obeying the command of our ascended Saviour, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature?'"

All present were deeply affected, a tear standing in the eye even of the young driver; they again bowed in prayer: both the father and the merchant led in turn, commending the little company, the absent son, and a sin-ruined world to the God of missions.

The interview was an hour bright with the beams of the Sun of righteousness amid the dark pilgrimage of life, an oasis in the desert, a season never to be forgotten by any one of the four persons who thus met for the first and the last time on earth.

That young driver, as he afterwards distinctly stated, here first had his mind impressed with the sacredness of the work of foreign missions. He gave his heart to Christ, pursued a thorough course of education, went forth to the heathen, and was no other than Henry Lyman, the noble martyr who fell by the side of Munson, in 1834, among the bloody battas of Sumatra.

The aged father, in his will, bequeathed to the merchant, for the purchase of a book in token of his love, the sum of five dollars, which at his death was paid to the widow for the old small-print Bible, which is still possessed as a precious memento. The widow has entered into rest; and the stranger passing a rural graveyard in South Hawley, where the scenery opens in magnificence and beauty, reads on the tombstone of the father, his reply just quoted to the question, whether he ever regretted the gift to missions of his ONLY SON.

THEOLOGICAL COMETS.

ASTRONOMERS have not yet solved the mystery of comets, nor ascertained the purpose which they accomplish in their erratic rounds. Nor can we tell all the purposes which God will accomplish by the "wandering stars" in the theological heavens. But we know that for some purposes he has often ordered it so, that among the luminaries set in his golden candlesticks, to give a steady and reliable light, there has been here and there a brilliant and erratic orb, sweeping across the heavens, raising the wonder and admiration of some, and the alarms of others. It seems to be a common stroke of divine policy to suffer the friends of truth to be tried, not only by some going out from them and declaring a decided apostasy, but by here and there one claiming still to be of them, and yet using the advantages of glorious and of previously acquired reputation and standing, to pull down what he is professing by improved methods to build up.

And if such comets come occasionally across our path, it may be a consolation to know that the like have appeared before. Not here to speak of others, we would simply call attention to one of the class who was a great source of trial to evangelical Christians in England in the last generation. We refer to the distinguished Robert Robinson, the predecessor of Robert Hall at Cambridge, and once the object of Hall's early admiration and imitation. He began his career as a professed Calvinist. And even after he began to employ the force of his genius to destroy public confidence in the evangelical system, he was fain to be acknowledged as a Calvinist. His equivocal position well appears in his translation of Saurin's sermons. In opening those sermons to the English public, he performed an important service to evangelical truth; yet his preface to the translation is a long and laboured (though covert) attack upon the main principles held forth in the sermons which he had translated.

Dr Gregory, in his memoir of Robert Hall, says of Robinson, that "he was a man of extensive powers, and of considerable industry and research. Fascinating as a preacher, delightful as a companion, perseveringly skilful in the insinuation of his sentiments, his influence could not but be great. From the profession of orthodox opinions, he passed by a rather rapid transition, not to Socinianism, but far beyond it —to the very borders of Infidelity. Such at least was the substance of his declaration to Dr Priestley, whom he *thanked* for recovering him from that awful gulf. Vain speculation was substituted for faith, knowledge, and experience.

While he stood in his equivocal position, professing orthodoxy and abetting heresy, some of his favourite themes of declamation were—the virtue of renouncing the popular doctrines—the mischiefs of dogmas and creeds—the Christian character of those who reject a part of the Scriptures—the innocence of error and the right of Christians to propagate it—and the squaring of revelation by the conceits of human reason. Yet in this very treatise, in which he speaks as a Socinian would of these matters, he says that though he does not adopt all the sentiments of Saurin, yet he approves of his views in general, and says, that if he had a human oracle in religion, Saurin would be the man. Then he goes on to specify some unimportant points of disagreement, but says nothing of any of the cardinal doctrines, leaving the impression that he was as Calvinistic as Saurin, while he was by covert arguments labouring to demolish Calvinism. Such was the man who had to thank Priestley for keeping him from Infidelity, and whose last public act was a sermon preached in Priestley's pulpit.

Though comets travel in very eccentric paths, there is yet much similarity in their phenomena. Thus when a new one comes, we are less alarmed than if we had never seen the like before. And though a present injury is occasioned, it is doubtless overruled for good. "There must also be heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest." "It is impossible but that offences should come, but wo unto him by whom they come."

It is a remarkable fact, that when a minister thus divides himself between truth and error, being by profession orthodox, and in his acts heterodox, the results of his labour are heterodox. So it was in Robinson's church in Cambridge. Dr Gregory says, "The congregation became so transformed and deteriorated, that among the more intelligent classes, with only two or three exceptions, he was esteemed the best Christian who was most skilled in disputation—not he who evinced most of the spirit of Christ." And when Robert Hall took charge of the people, he had a specimen of the fruits of the preaching of his predecessor. His first sermon was on the doctrine of the atonement. After the service one of his people followed him into the vestry, and said, "Mr Hall, this preaching wont do for us; it will only suit a congregation of old women;" "Do you mean my sermon, sir, or the doctrine?" "Your doctrine." "Why is it that the doctrine is fit only for old women?" "Because it may suit the musings of people tottering on the brink of the grave, and who are eagerly seeking comfort." "Thank you, sir, for your concession. The doctrine will not suit people of any age unless it is true, and if true, it is not fitted for old women alone, but is equally important at every age." This individual, with others, soon withdrew, and formed a congregation under Socinian preaching; and like causes may ever be expected to produce like results.—*Puritan.*

THE PRAYER-MEETING BY THE ROCK.

Some years ago, two fathers, living in a remote part of the town, agreed to meet weekly to pray, especially for the conversion of their own children, and also for the salvation of their neighbours. They met, each with his Bible, every Sabbath morning at daylight in a retired spot, by a rock half-way between their respective houses. They began in the spring of the year, and continued the meeting for some months —spending the hour each in his closet when prevented by the weather from meeting.

At the first meeting one of them was overwhelmed with emotion; he wept, and was unable for a while to speak. Soon after this meeting began, one of his daughters became interested in religion, and indulged a hope in the mercy of Christ. Presently one of his sons, who knew nothing of the meeting, falling in with the other father, says to him, "Ah, sir! you do not know how we feel." On inquiring, he was found to be in a state of deep anxiety, and soon after was led to give his heart to Christ. In the course of the summer, all the children of these two fathers, except those who were very young, yielded themselves to God. There was one son living at a distance. They had heard nothing from him, but he was remembered with deep interest in their prayers. Soon the son already mentioned determined to visit him. He found him in a state of deep anxiety on account of his sins, and soon had occasion to rejoice with him in the salvation of the gospel.

But the work was not confined to these two families. Before the summer elapsed a revival of religion extended from these families into the two towns near the borders of which they lived, and many in both places were added to the Church of Christ. A son of one of these fathers has since become a successful and beloved minister of the gospel; and all the younger children, as they have grown up, have united with the Church of Christ.

A few months ago, the writer committed the eldest of these fathers to the grave. He had been a pillar in the Church, sound and steadfast in the faith, and always delighting in religious conversation, and especially in speaking of God's wondrous works in the advancing of his kingdom. And when death summoned him, he was ready to be offered. He left eight children, all now heads of families, and all professors of religion. And can a departing saint leave a richer legacy to the world than a troop of sons and daughters who fear God, who will train their own households after them in the ways of holiness, and transmit a godly seed through a thousand generations? And if fathers and mothers, instead of slumbering it away, would devote the dawn of the Sabbath to prayer; if they would pray for their children with constancy and earnestness; if they would unite, with burdened hearts, in seasons of special prayer for them with pious neighbours, we might expect fewer of the children of the Church to grow up to strengthen Satan's kingdom, and the Church to be continually enlarged by the offspring of them that believe.

LENDING TO THE LORD.

Dean Swift was once asked to preach a short charity sermon. He complied with the request. The sermon is perhaps the shortest one on record. We will quote it entire. Text: "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord." Sermon: "If you like the security, down with your money." The effect was electrical. An unusually large collection was taken up immediately afterwards.

A physician who is not a professor of religion, in a neighbouring city, has for many years exhibited an unshaken faith in that declaration. He told me that he has made many experiments on it, and the Lord has fulfilled his words, "That which he hath given will He pay him again," in every case. One of his "experiments" came under my observation.

"It was a bleak and chilling day in the winter of 1847-8. The doctor was going his rounds, and met a poor coloured boy in the street. He was nearly frozen to death. He accosted the doctor, and asked him most piteously for a little money, stating at the same time that his master, an old Quaker, had excluded him from the house, and compelled him to remain in the barn; he could stand it no longer, and desired to go home—twenty miles up the river. The doctor now had the materials for another test of the promise. 'You shall not suffer if I can help you,' was his cheering reply to the boy. He requested him to call at his office, and went to a neighbouring hotel and told the landlord to keep the boy until farther orders. Late in the evening, the boy again appeared at the office, and stated that the landlord had said, 'We don't keep darkies over night.' The doctor immediately started out in search of new quarters, and after some difficulty found a coloured woman who was willing to keep the boy for a few days. In a short time, the river, which had been closed with ice, was open. The doctor paid the bills, gave the boy a crown-piece, and bad him God-speed. That is what he calls lending to the Lord. Now for the payment. When he called at the house of the coloured person to pay the bill, he accidentally met an old lady who scrutinized him closely, and at length said, 'Ain't you Dr B——?' 'Yes,' was the reply; 'but who are you?' 'No matter about my name; I owe you a pound-note which you have long since forgotten, and which I did not intend to pay you till I saw what you have done to that poor boy. The Lord bless you for your kindness! Next week you shall have your money.' She came according to her promise, and offered the money, but the doctor was unwilling to take it, as he had no charge on his books. She forced it on him. He afterwards simply remarked, 'My meeting that woman was not a mere *accident;* the Lord always fulfils his promise. I generally get my capital back with compound interest.'"

The Bank of Heaven is not yet insolvent. Money can be safely invested there. "Ye have the poor always with you."

UNSTABLE PROFESSORS.

Where is the Church that has not to mourn over such members? What minister has not had his heart saddened by their inconsistent walk? At one time they are all zeal, and at another all indifference. Their seat in the sanctuary is filled or vacant, just as the humour takes them. If there is any thing new or exciting, they may be found among the foremost; but the regular and ordinary means of grace are neither appreciated nor improved. Belonging to the stony-ground class of hearers, and having no depth, they shoot up in apparent luxuriance, but soon die out, and never bear any fruit. They have no special regard for their own minister, and are ready to find fault with him on the most trivial occasion. At one time he does too much, and at another too little. They seem to take special pains to wound his feelings, by absenting themselves on occasions when he looks for their presence, and expects their support. They live on the outskirts of Zion, and never seem to get beyond the court of the Gentiles. For the sake of avoiding discipline, they may force themselves to be present at the communion; but they enjoy no sacred fellowship with the rest, and, it is to be feared, have no proper discernment of the true nature of the ordinance. They are extremely sensitive on the ground of personal attention. You must make much of them, visit them, nay, even flatter them, or they will be off to some other society, where they hope for more of this sort of adulation. They have no true humility. Occasionally they will slyly fall into some place of preaching, where the doctrine is any thing but true, and where even the Lord that bought them is denied. How to spend the Sabbath, is often a difficult problem with them. The church where they are bound to go, where their names are recorded, to which they have sworn sacred allegiance, is deserted, or but occasionally visited; whilst the query is, where they can be most entertained, or pass the holy time with the least sense of weariness. The preaching they most enjoy is that which least benefits their souls—which amuses, rather than humbles them. They rove about in search of this kind of Sabbath-day entertainment. "Unstable as water," should be written opposite the names of all such professors. They are a dreadful incubus to the Church of God, a grief to the truly pious—"wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness." It is no want of charity to say, that they give no evidence of conversion.

O ye unstable professors! what is to become of you in the day when the crowns of glory are distributed? Will the cry, "Lord, Lord," save you then? Will not the course you are pursuing plant a thorn in your dying pillow? If the character described belongs to the reader, let the warning be taken. Go back to the church where your violated vows are recorded—to the minister whose heart you have saddened—and there begin your repentance. Take your place under the faithful preaching of the gospel; that which will *penetrate* rather than *please;* and you may hope that if there is mercy for your backslidden or unconverted soul, there, if any where, you will be likely to experience it.

CHRIST ALL, AND IN ALL.

Neither in systematic theology, nor in religious experience, does any man make too much of Christ. Paul says he *is all, and in all.* He says *we are complete in him.* The Scriptures agree in this view. The titles they give to Christ teach as much. He is called the Saviour, Redeemer, Deliverer, Mediator, Advocate, Intercessor, Prophet, Priest, King, Captain, Shepherd, Governor, Prince, Ransom, Sacrifice, Physician, Friend, Brother, the Way, the Truth, the Life, the Door, the true Bread, the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father.

But the Scriptures expressly say, that he "of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." To be in him, is salvation begun. To be with him, is salvation completed. To be like him, is to have a sure pledge of endless bliss. It is better to suffer with him than to reign with any other. His name is as ointment poured forth. He is the bright and morning star, which arising in the soul dispels all darkness. He sometimes shows mercy to kings, but more commonly visits the poor. He is the Lord our righteousness. He is all our salvation. He dispenses all blessings in all worlds. He is Head over all things to the Church. He is the Sun of righteousness, whose light keeps earth visible, else it had long been in the blackness of darkness.

Christian experience teaches the same thing. Every man is dead till Christ gives him life. Who ever loved God or his law but through Christ? Who ever found a covert from the storm but in Christ? Was there ever any other door of escape to any sinner, but Christ? Did ever any man rejoice in hope of the glory of God, and perfect holiness in his fear, but as he had proper views of Christ? If so, who was it? Is he not to every Christian the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely?

He is the centre of attraction to all the redeemed. He is drawing all of them unto him. The gospel is well called the gospel of Christ; for, take Christ out of it, and it is worth nothing to a sinner. No hearty song of holy praise ever ascends to God from any part of earth, but as it is inspired by the love of Christ. Without his name prayer is useless. By the death of Christ is the death of sin. We crucify our sins by his cross. Take a guilty man to the foot of Sinai. Let him hear its thunders and see its lightnings, and he may turn pale and tremble, but he will have an idol even there. Take him to Calvary, and let him behold the love of Christ and the evil of sin, and soon he will be filled with revenge against his sins, which were Christ's real murderers. Did any man ever feel that he deserved damnation, as he who sees the sinfulness of sin in the cross of Christ? We learn that we are the chief of sinners by learning that Christ died for such. No convinced sinner ever felt his wants supplied till he came to Christ. No such sinner ever came to Christ, and wished for any other Saviour. His blood cleanseth from all sin. His grace is all-sufficient. His power is resistless. His truth can never fail.

The adaptation of Christ's work and sufferings to us, proceeds from his having borne our nature. Their wondrous efficacy with God arises from the fact that he was God. Paul calls his blood the blood of God. We may truly call him a divine sufferer. He is the Son of God and the Son of man in two distinct natures and one person for ever. Blessed Saviour! thou art all in all to me.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

A GENTLEMAN who was endeavouring to raise a sum of money for a good object, applied to the late Nathaniel R. Cobb for a donation. Taking it for granted that he must fully explain all the circumstances which rendered charitable contributions necessary, he commenced his story, and was proceeding with the minute detail, when Mr C. interrupted him by saying, "My good brother, what do you want? Just say what is my proportion, and the money is ready."

Thousands of times within the last twenty years has this incident come to my recollection, and always with an instructive import. Especially has it taught me a lesson with reference to prayer. Seldom have I repaired to the throne of grace without a recurrence of the inquiry, "What do you want?" Prayer is the expression of *felt want*. What do I feel? Let me, then, present my petition for the supply. This will concentrate my thoughts and feelings. This will give definiteness to my language. This will render my prayer simple and earnest.

Sometimes, when I endeavour to join with another in prayer, I am reminded of the question, "What do you want?" Many public prayers are exceedingly loose and desultory. How often is it apparent that the petitioner, though he asks for many things, *wants* nothing in particular? His prayer is a service that fills up a prescribed number of minutes in the time allotted to worship; but it indicates no definite desire, no feeling of need, no deep longing of soul for any specific favour. Such prayers do not much help the spiritual mind in its devotions. The truly praying soul will break away, and throw itself directly before the mercy-seat, presenting its own desires, and urging its own requests.

When I read the prayers of good men, which inspiration has recorded, I find them all definite and explicit. It is easy to see *what* was wanted, and *how much* it was wanted. And occasionally I hear a prayer that approximates very near to these models in unity, precision, and brevity. The petitioner manifestly knows what he wants, and why he wants it, and where he must obtain the supply. It is good, with such a leader in devotion, to draw near to God.

THE REASON WHY.

SUPPOSE a prayer-meeting had been appointed at Laodicea. Think you it would have been well attended? Why should it be? None of them felt his need of Divine aid. They were all satisfied with their present condition. They would probably assign as the reason for non-attendance, want of time; but the real reason would be, no such sense of want as required the merciful interposition of God. Is not this the reason why many professors of religion are habitually absent from the meeting for prayer, to ask for gold tried in the fire, that they might be rich? Were they conscious of their nakedness, they would feel the need of prayer, to obtain the white raiment with which they might be clothed. Did they realize their blindness, they would rejoice to come together and ask for the eye-salve that would cause them all to see.

Reader! are you of this class? Then you have the Laodicean spirit, and should earnestly ponder what the Spirit said to that Church.

PLENARY INSPIRATION.

IT may be said, "May not we be permitted, while conceding the miraculous and other evidences of Christianity, and the general authority of the records which contain it, to go a step further, and to reject some things which seem palpably ill-reasoned, distasteful, inconsistent, or immoral!" "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." For ourselves, we honestly confess we cannot see the logical consistency of such a position, any more than the reasonableness, after having admitted the preponderant evidence of the great truth of Theism, of expecting some phenomena as apparently at variance with the Divine perfections; and thus virtually adopting a Manichæan hypothesis. We must recollect that we know nothing of Christianity except from its records; and as these, once fairly ascertained to be authentic and genuine, are all, as regards their contents, supported precisely by the same miraculous and other evidence; as they bear upon them precisely the same internal marks of artlessness, truth, and sincerity; and historically, and in other respects, are inextricably interwoven with one another; we see not on what principles we can safely reject portions as improbable, distasteful, not quadrating with the dictates of "reason," our "intuitional consciousness," and what not. This assumed liberty, however, is, as we apprehend, of the very essence of Rationalism; and it may be called the Manichæism of interpretation. So long as the canonicity of any of the records, or any portion of them, or their true interpretation, is in dispute, we may fairly doubt; but that point once decided by honest criticism, to say we receive such and such portions on account of the weight of the general evidence, and yet reject other portions *though* sustained by the same evidence, because we think there is something unreasonable or revolting in their substance, is plainly to accept evidence only where it *pleases* us, and to reject it where it *pleases* us not. The only question fairly at issue must ever be, whether the general evidence for Christianity will overbear the difficulties, which we cannot separate from the truths. If it will not, we must reject it wholly; and if it will, we must receive it wholly. There is plainly no tenable position between absolute infidelity and absolute belief. And this is proved by the infinitely various and Protean character of Rationalism, and the perfectly indeterminate, but always arbitrary, limits it imposes on itself. It exists in all forms and degrees, from a moderation which accepts nearly the entire system of Christianity, and which certainly rejects nothing that can be said to constitute its distinctive truth, to an audacity of unbelief, which, professing still vaguely to reverence Christianity as "something divine," sponges out nine-tenths of the whole; or, after reducing the mass of it to a *caput mortuum* of lies, fiction, and superstitions, retains only a few drops of fact and doctrine—so few as certainly not to pay for the expenses of the critical distillation.—*Edinburgh Review.*

EARL FITZWILLIAM; OR, HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A FARMER called on the late Earl Fitzwilliam to represent to him that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood where his lordship's hounds had during the winter frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed that in some parts he could not hope for any produce. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury; and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained I will repay you." The farmer replied, that, anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that, as the crop seemed quite destroyed, fifty pounds would not more than repay him. The Earl immediately gave him the money.

As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were most trampled the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." His lordship immediately recollected the circumstance. "Well, my friend, did not I allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?" "Yes, my lord, I find that I have sustained no loss at all; for where the horses had most cut up the land the crop is most promising, and I have therefore brought the fifty pounds back again." "Ah!" exclaimed the venerable Earl, "this is what I like; this is as it should be between man and man." He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer with a check for one hundred pounds, saying, "Take care of this, and when your eldest is of age present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it." We know not which to admire most, the honesty of the farmer on the one hand, or on the other the benevolence and the wisdom displayed by this illustrious man; for while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.

CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH.

THE children of pious parents—those who should be trained up under Sabbath-school and Bible-class instruction, and, what is yet more important, who *should* be enjoying the daily instructions and influence of the *Christian family*—these children are passing along year after year unconverted. The flower of their life is being cursed with sin. They may or they may not be kept within the limits of good morality; the temptations to immorality may be in many cases too strong for the stamina of susceptive youth to withstand without sustaining grace. But whether moral or not, it is perilous to their future welfare to pass through the first twenty years of life unconverted. The minds of children in religious families come in contact with so much truth during their minority, that ordinarily their destiny for life and for eternity is fixed within that period of life. The question whether their hearts shall yield to this truth, or shall not, is decided. It is scarcely possible for any mind to hold this question practically in suspense beyond a limited time. A little practice in resisting the claims of truth augments the power, and hence increases the probability, of making such resistance. With the greatest wisdom, God has made the minds of the young constitutionally plastic—has made the period of their dependence on parental care and training very long; and now, these measures of his providence conspire with the promises of his grace to proclaim earnestly to Christian parents—*Youth is the period of your child's conversion.* This is the day of hope. If you fail now, you can have little hope of success ever after.

Yet there are at this moment thousands of Christian families in our churches, whose children are coming up to manhood without conversion. They become habituated to resist the claims of the gospel; they form habits of irreligious thinking and acting; the hopeful period for conversion glides away; they carry from a Christian home into an ungodly and ensnaring world only a seared conscience, a deep dislike of religious restraints, and a fund of religious knowledge which has mainly if not entirely lost its power to interest, and perhaps utterly its power to move and to melt. Alas! how faint the prospect that such graduates from Christian families will ever retrace their steps—will ever again come into a hopeful state for being influenced by the truth and the Spirit of God! If there be reason to hope in individual instances, is there not still more reason to fear in the mass of cases that such youth will be the worst foes of the gospel—the most unpromising subjects for religious impression!—*Oberlin Evangelist.*

THE RECKONINGS OF ETERNITY.

IN speaking of the profound spiritual lethargy which so widely and strongly prevails among men in view of the solemn realities of the coming world, Dr Chalmers thus discourses:—

"Though creatures of a fleeting and fantastic day, we tread on earth with as assured footsteps, as if, instead of its shortlived tenants, we were to be everlastingly its lords. And the laugh, and the song, and the festive gaiety, and the busy schemes of earthliness, all speak a generation fast locked in the insensibility of spiritual death. Nor do the terrors of the grave shake this tranquillity—nor do the still more awful terrors of the judgment-seat. That day of man's dissolution, which is so palpably at hand, and which sends before it so many intimations, fails to disturb him. That day of the world's dissolution, when the trumpet shall be sounded, and the men of all nations shall awake to the high reckonings of eternity, and this earth, and these heavens, shall be involved in the ruins of one mighty conflagration, and the wrath that now is suspended in this season of offered mercy, shall at length break forth into open manifestation on all the sons and daughters of ungodliness—this day, which, when it cometh, will absorb every heart in one fearful and overwhelming interest—now that it only is to come, and is seen through the imagined vista of many successive centuries, has no more effect than a dream of poetry. And, whether from the dimness of nature's sight to all the futurities of the spiritual world, or from its slender apprehension of that guilt, which in the sacred eye of heaven is so enormous—certain it is, that men can travel onward, both to death and to the judgment, and say Peace, peace, when there is no peace."

RELIGION OF THE HANDS.

"I AM bringing up my daughter," said Lord Byron, "in a Catholic convent; for, if she is to have any religion, I desire that she may have her hands full." How well does this random sneer characterise the religion of which he speaks? It is a religion which gives full employment to the whole man, except the essential part of him. It employs the feet in pilgrimages and processions, the knees in genuflections, the hands in crossing, the tongue in Pater-Nosters and Ave-Marias, the lips in kissing the toes of marble apostles, and the shrines of pictured saints; it occupies the eye with the pomp and circumstance of imposing exhibitions, the ear with its solemn anthems and miseries, and the imagination with the terrors of purgatory; but it leaves the understanding groping in a darkness which it has no disposition to dispel, and the heart weltering in a corruption which it has no means to eradicate.

EARLY INSTRUCTION.

RELIGIOUS instruction should be begun early. The intellectual nature must not be allowed to anticipate the moral; but religious truth must shine forth, and mingle its rays with the early dawn of the mind. Advancement in knowledge of any kind greatly depends upon early cultivation. But the condition of our moral nature is such as to require in a special manner the illuminating, preventive, and quickening influences of religion. "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." The fulfilment of the promise depends upon early beginning, even in childhood; and if the work be postponed there is no promise of success. In the same spirit our blessed Lord left to his church the injunction: "Feed my lambs." "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The Divine love and care of the rising generation are signally illustrated in the authoritative provisions, to instil early into the youthful mind the principles of piety and truth. In direct conflict with this divine method, is the general system of State instruction in this country. The wisdom of the world arrays itself against the wisdom of God.

ONLY ONE BRICK UPON ANOTHER.

EDWIN was looking at a large building which they were putting up just opposite to his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order.

His father said to him, "My son, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers: pray, what might you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No, sir," said Edwin, smiling; "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by laying one brick on another."

"Very true, my son. Never forget it. Just so it is in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world, it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean.

"Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discouraged by great labours. The greatest labour becomes easy, if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of yonder edifice is only one brick on another."

THE MYSTERY OF THE CROSS.

O HOW full of mystery is the death of Christ! Why must the only-begotten Son of God, the brightness of his glory, the express image of his person, become incarnate, suffer, and die? O mystery of mysteries! An incarnate God, a suffering Christ and Saviour! How fearful and terrible must the divine law be, since the *assumption* of its penalty involved such sufferings—filled heaven and earth with darkness! How sad sin must be, since it could only be expiated by such a sacrifice! The cross not only points up to the mysterious heights of divine love, but *down* to the mysterious depths of sin in the human heart. It stands forth equally the exponent of a mysteriously gracious Deity, and of a mysteriously depraved and lost humanity.

Fragments.

FORGET YOURSELF.—True humility does not so much consist in thinking badly of ourselves, as in not thinking of ourselves at all.—*School of God.*

A philosopher, being asked by what means he had acquired so much knowledge, replied, "By not being prevented by pride from asking questions when I was ignorant."

So far as I ever observed God's dealings with my soul, says J. Brown of Haddington, the flight of preachers sometimes entertained me; but it was Scripture expressions which did penetrate my heart, and that in a way peculiar to themselves.

Vanity is satisfied with great words, but pride requires great works.—*Campbell.*

The moment we permit ourselves to think lightly of the Christian ministry, our right arm is withered. —*R. Hall.*

As the light, because of its beauty, is a thing very refreshing and comfortable to them that behold it—as Solomon says, "It is a pleasant thing to see the sun"—so is truth a most delightful thing to the soul that rightly apprehends it.—*Ib.*

God delights to indulge his people, but not to spoil them.

THE HELP OF THE SPIRIT.

BY THE REV. W. S. PLUMER, D.D.

The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities. I never heard a more precious truth than that. To me it would be all in vain that Christ has died, and that salvation is offered, had not the Spirit been poured out. I never should truly repent, or believe, or love, or hope, but for this blessed divine agent. And as he begins, so he finishes the work of grace. He is twice in Scripture called the *Spirit of grace.* There are three reasons of this title being given. *First,* He is gratuitously given to us. We have no claims upon him. His work is no more of debt than that of Christ was. *Secondly,* He is most loving, gentle, and condescending. He is as compassionate and kind as the Father or the Son. He is infinitely gracious. *Thirdly,* He is the author of all gracious and pious affections and views in the soul. Every Christian virtue is "the fruit of the Spirit."

THE SPIRIT. It means the Spirit of God, infinite, eternal, unchangeable. He is called the Holy Spirit, because he is holy, and because he is the author of all holiness among men. He is called the free Spirit, because he acts most freely, and not at all by constraint; and because he cannot be purchased with money, or price, or human merits. He is sovereign, and divides his gifts severally as he will. He is twice called the good Spirit, and well he may be, for in every sense he is good. All his titles are honourable, and show that he is to be greatly feared and loved. He is a divine person.

This Spirit helps. He helps believers. He helps them notwithstanding their infirmities. Indeed their weakness furnishes the occasion for his kind aid and amazing condescension. If a man rejects God's Holy Spirit, God rejects that man. If a man feels no need of the help of the Spirit, he is dead in trespasses and sins, and knows it not.

The Spirit helpeth our infirmities. When and how does he help us? Not by granting miraculous gifts, not by revealing future events, not by imparting gifts of healing, and of tongues; but He helps us in prayer. Blessed Paul is very bold, and says—"The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." He is the great author of all acceptable prayer. He teaches us in the Scriptures, which he inspired, what we ought to pray for. He opens our eyes to understand those Scriptures. And he puts into our hearts longing desires for those good things for which he has taught us to pray. Having given us holy desires, he nourishes, excites, and gratifies them. A good writer says: "He spiritualizes our natural affections, fixes them on proper objects, and enlarges and enlightens their natural activity. When sin is recollected, he awakens anger, shame, and sorrow: when God is represented to the mind in his glory and justice, he overspreads the soul with holy awe and humble fear. When the Lord Jesus and his redemption are upon our thoughts, the Holy Spirit warms and raises our desire and love. We are in ourselves cold and dead to spiritual things: He makes us lively in prayer, and holds us to the work. He begets holy reverence for God, while we adore him. He works in us delight in God, and longing desires after him, fervency and importunity in our petitions for spiritual mercies, submission and resignation to the will of God in temporal things, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and hope in the promises of God, while we plead with God for an answer to our prayers. He also fills us with holy joy and exultation in God, while we recollect in prayer his glories or his benefits, and awakens all the springs of thanksgiving."

No prayer thus offered is unavailing. It always is acceptable to God, and profitable to men. Such prayer is mighty, is effectual. It changes Jacob into Israel. It shuts and opens heaven, it shuts and opens the mouths of lions, it shuts and opens prisons, it shuts and opens the grave. It prevails. It ever shall prevail.

The Spirit helpeth our infirmities by giving us fortitude and peace in the day of trial, sometimes more, and sometimes less, but always according to his wisdom and mercy. The promise is, *As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.* This the Spirit makes good. So he enabled Paul and Silas at midnight to pray and sing praises to God. So he has given to his people in every age, songs in the night season. 'Tis he alone who can inspire the shout of triumph in the midst of exquisite sufferings. He has often done it, and he will do it to the end of the world, in the cases of all that believe.

He helpeth our infirmities in our conflicts with sin and temptation. Were God's people converted, and then left to themselves, the work thus begun would soon be utterly defaced. But *we are changed from glory unto glory by the Spirit of the Lord.* The carrying on of the work of grace in the heart is *through sanctification of the Spirit.* He is the true *well of water, springing up to everlasting life.* He works by enlightening, persuading, and enabling the soul to renewed acts of holiness. He works effectually. When the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord lifts up a standard against him. His standard is mighty. His grace is irresistible. His power is Omnipotent. This is the promise of God,—"I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them."

Believers in all circumstances need the help of the Spirit, and when they seek it aright they shall receive it. "If ye, being evil, know how to give good things to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him!" This is the strongest kind of reasoning known even in Scripture. It is the argument *à fortiori.* It marks all doubts as unbelief, and all unbelief as heinous sin. So that if God call us to very new, difficult, or heavy duties, all we have to do is to obey. He made apostles out of fishermen and publicans. He made the immortal dreamer out of the tinker Bunyan. If he will, he can raise out of the stones children unto Abraham. The Spirit of the Lord is not straitened. He has all resources, all compassions. He is wherever a broken heart is. His ear is ever open to the cry of the righteous and afflicted soul. If you are poor, He can make your poverty not only a means of grace, but also a means of present joy, so that you shall *glory in tribulation.* If you are sick, He can sanctify your sickness, and make your chamber none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven. Many a time, in the saddest outward condition, or when engaged in pursuits full of peril, ere the soul is aware, it is made like the chariots of Aminadab. In short, the blessed Spirit is sanctifier, comforter, and guide to all the saints. Without Him they can do nothing. With Him they can do all things, and suffer all things.

How highly His presence and aid should be prized! How earnestly should we cry to Him for help! How carefully should we put away all malice and evil-speaking, and cherish all those gentle affections and ways which please Him! The Spirit, like the dove, dwells not in strife, and noise, and war.

A MISSIONARY EXCURSION IN FRANCE.

BY THE REV. LEON PILATTE.

PARIS, Nov. 13, 1849.

THE Evangelical Society of France requested me to employ a spare week in making a missionary tour in the departments of Sarthe and Orne, where a new field of labour is opened.

I left Paris on the 31st of October, at six o'clock in the morning, by the road for Chartres. I will not speak of the historical localities through which we passed in order to arrive at the immense plains of the Beauce, the monotony of which the purity of the air and the brilliancy of the sun seem to increase My travelling companions kept up a discussion, but it was impossible to join in their conversation. At half-past ten we arrived at Chartres. I was greatly disappointed at learning on my arrival, that I could not leave under twelve hours for the place of my destination. What shall I do, thought I, in this unknown city? The Lord had prepared me work for the day. As I traversed the silent and deserted streets of the city toward the antique cathedral, I met an old grey-headed Popish priest. I asked him, in saluting him, which was the shortest road. "You are a stranger," said he to me. "Yes," replied I, "a stranger here against my will, having to wait twelve hours for the conveyance which is to take me on my journey." The good man was talkative, and after we had walked some minutes together, "Stay," said he to me, "till I go home; I wish to give you a small volume of poetry which I published some years ago; it will aid you in passing the time;" and, without waiting for my reply, he left me, and soon returned, bringing the volume with him. "Indeed, sir," I said to him, "you are so kind that I am unwilling for you to leave thus, at least until we shall have talked a little more." "Willingly." In two minutes I was seated in the cabinet of the old priest. I quickly introduced religious subjects. "For how long a time," said I to the old man, "have you been devoted to the salvation of souls? There is one question the most serious of all, to which a thousand different answers are given. I wish to lay it before you—*What shall one do to be saved!*" "To be saved!" replied he, hesitating a little; "oh! . . . many things are necessary . . . nevertheless, if one wishes to secure his salvation he can come to a decision." Then followed a truly serious conversation. On his side he showed me (alas! without saying a word of the grace of Jesus Christ) all that Popery requires from its disciples. On my part I showed him the troubles, the anguish of an awakened conscience, that no ceremonies and no works could appease in presence of a holy God. "Ah, well!" he exclaimed, "it is important to do all the Church requires, and leave the rest to the mercy of God." "Ah, sir!" said I in turn, "I know another way and a better, for it procures for me peace of mind—a peace which passeth all understanding." "And what is that?" said he with lively interest. I expounded to him the evangelical doctrines of sin, of grace, and of the assurance of pardon. He listened with pleasure; he approved, though with hesitation. From time to time, struck with the truth, he exclaimed, "Perfect! perfect!" We conversed for a long time. As I expressed to him my opposition to Popery, and my reasons for being a Separate, "No matter," said he, "you belong to the *interior* Church." I exhorted him to read the Word of God, and to quit an infidel Church. When we separated he shook hands with me, saying with emotion, "You are a good young man. God has given you grace." Poor priest, may God now do for you the same by means of the good news which you have heard!

On leaving the old priest I went to visit the cathedral. Two peasants were looking at the façades, and one said to the other, "This building is so old that it must have been built at least 500 years before Christ." I politely corrected his error, and as he remarked upon the solidity of the building, I called to mind and repeated the words of Jesus—"There shall not remain one stone upon another." Starting with this, I related to them the history of the temple at Jerusalem, and spoke to them of the judgment to come and the way to escape it. The two men listened with astonishment, and as I left them, having given them some tracts, they thanked me in an affectionate and serious manner, which led me to hope that my words had not been lost upon them. At last I entered the church. And now can you imagine what it is that occupies the first place in this beautiful edifice, and receives the greatest homage from the popes of the city? It is certainly unique in its kind. It is a small, ugly idol of the Virgin, black as a negress. It is so ugly as actually to produce fear. But in return for this it is covered with gold and precious stones, and its altar is ornamented with numerous votive offerings in memory of the miracles which are attributed to it. I approached a sort of priest, who remained seated in front of the altar from morning till evening, and who combined the functions of a reciter of prayers ordered and paid for, and of a seller of medals, little books, &c., relative to the black virgin.

The following is the conversation I had with him: "Why is this Virgin black, I pray you?" "It is because it is written in Canticles, 'I am black, but I am beautiful.'" "Does this statue yet work miracles?" "Rarely, because there is no more faith." "What was the last?" "It was that of 1832. The Virgin then prevented the cholera from coming to the city. On that occasion was struck the large medal of gold which you see suspended at her feet." "Do they leave the medal here at night?" "Oh no, sir! they are afraid of thieves." "That, however, would be a fine occasion for working a miracle." "Oh, sir! they do not dare to trust to that." "You must get very tired here." "Yes, sometimes." "Well, read these little books, they will do you good;" and I left him some tracts. I have rarely had occasion to see a poor human intellect so stupefied by Romish superstition as was this man's. May God bless the tracts that he has received! But this is a sufficient recital of my visit to Chartres. I left in the evening, and arrived the next day, at eight o'clock in the morning, at the small town of Mamers, the first of the new stations of the Evangelical Society. The inn where the carriage stopped, and in which I had taken lodgings, has an ancient look. It has for a sign written and painted *The Black Head;* and lo, by a singular coincidence, I found, in perusing the historical notes that I had brought with me, this house, where I found a quiet home, was the same where began, in 1563, the violent persecution which destroyed the Reformed Church of Mamers. "They entered," says Thodore Beza, "into the house of *The Black Head*, seized the landlord and his wife, and drove the naked children out of the house, then seized four belonging to the reformed faith who were lodged there." Then follows the recital of the massacre. The times are greatly changed. I felt truly grateful to God as, in order to go to my chamber, I crossed the alley of the hotel, where, according to the chronicles, was perpetrated the murder of the Christian, Yves Husson, whose descendants yet live in the neighbourhood. One thing appeared to me a favourable sign. The first object which met my eyes on entering the large hall of the inn, was a large Bible which the infirm landlord was engaged in reading. I said to him, "Do you know what book it is you are reading?" "Oh, sir!" he replied, "it is the most beautiful and the greatest of all books."

On the day of my arrival, I commenced my missionary work. A meeting had been appointed, and I had the pleasure of seeing from one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons assembled, whose silence and attention seemed to say, "Behold us ready to hear you." It was the day of the Popish feast of the Saints. I took occasion from this to show them the nature and the end of holiness, and the only way of obtaining it. Notwithstanding the extreme inconvenience and discomforts of the place, nothing disturbed this meeting. A lively and serious interest was marked on every countenance. In the evening at seven o'clock, I went two miles from Mamers, to the village of Courgain, where a meeting was appointed. A considerable crowd of men and women stood waiting at the entrance of the place. I went into a large room, poorly lighted by three candles, and in part stripped of its furniture for the occasion. The people gathered around me, and listened attentively to a familiar discourse upon the constant power of the gospel of Christ, in life and in death. When I had finished, an aged woman, and one who they told me had been until then a zealous Papist, came up to me and said, "Heretofore I have opposed what you preach; now I can no longer resist it." A moment after, like a person greatly agitated, she added, "So, then, our mass is not good." "Judge of it yourself," I replied; and I then explained to her the perfection, and the full sufficiency of the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. On hearing me repeat Hebrews ix. 24–28, she was struck with it, and said with visible emotion, "It is true, sir. *Once* was enough." I said to a woman who stood near me, "Well, have you understood me?" "Oh, sir, I am very happy!" and so saying, her eyes were filled with tears.

The next day, the 2d of November, I went to Alençon, the chief place in the department of Orne. It being impossible to hold a public meeting the same day, I got together in the evening, in my room at the hotel, some of those who regularly attended the meeting, and conversed with them for a long time on their salvation. Many of them rejoiced my heart, by the eagerness with which they received the word of God.

Nov. 3d. Public meeting at Alençon. The hall vacated by the Freemasons is the place where the gospel is preached. When I arrived, not only the hall, but the vestibule, the passage-way, and even the outer stairs, were filled with people. I spoke with great freedom upon John v. 21–24. Observing the silence of the audience, you would have supposed it changed to stone; but on all those faces, in all those eyes, what interest, what emotion! "It is a delightful feast for me," said a poor woman to me at the close, "that I have heard this preaching." A workman speaking in a loud voice, said in leaving, "Yes, it is very true, we are bad within." I appointed another meeting for the next Sabbath morning. The same audience, the same attention, the same seriousness in this meeting as in the former. After preaching at Alençon, I returned in haste to Neuchâtel, where I was expected by the middle of the day. The spot chosen for the meeting at this place, was the shade of a magnificent forest, which reached nearly to the village. As formerly, in meetings in the wilderness, the preacher stations himself at the foot of an old oak, and proclaims God the Creator and the Saviour. When I arrived an abundant rain had compelled the audience to seek shelter under a shed open to the wind on every side. I went in quest of them; and there, less comfortable than Paul by the river side (for it was impossible to sit down), I instructed these dear peasants from the history of Lydia. In the evening I returned to Mamers, where a new meeting awaited me, in which I proclaimed to hearers truly hungry and thirsting for the gospel, the necessity, the completeness, and the certainty of salvation by Jesus Christ. Astonishment and joy were depicted upon their faces as I proclaimed this grace, so consoling, and hitherto to them unknown. One happy effect of this preaching was to lead those who did not possess the Word of God to express a desire for it. Many in leaving begged the colporteur to bring it to them the next day. After the necessary repose of Monday, I left on Tuesday morning for Alençon. A friend who met me on my arrival, came full of joy to relate to me the following fact: One of his neighbours, whom he had invited to come to hear the first preaching at that place, had attended, and afterwards said to him, "I would rather hear it preached that there is no God, for certainly there is *none.*" This same man came Saturday and Sunday to our meetings. Saturday morning he met the friend who told me this, and shaking hands with him with an unusual cordiality, said to him, "Ah, how much I desire that this preaching should continue here! How glad I am at hearing what is said in these meetings! Do not fail to inform me when there will be preaching again." Our friend, who himself is in great anxiety about his soul, and who, as the partially blind man, sees men only as trees, said to me with astonishment, "There must be a great change in that man, whose habit has been to say, 'There is no God; nothing can prove that there is a God.'"

Encouraged by narratives of this kind, I preached at our meeting in the evening the truth of God. After having read that admirable chapter, the 11th of Hebrews, I spoke of faith, its nature, its objects, its effects on man. The audience was so large, and all the aisles were so filled with people, that a woman fainted during my discourse. A poor workman and his wife, already converts to Jesus Christ, exhorted me to persevere. As they accompanied me to the hotel, the husband said to me, "How could we give up the faith that God has put in our hearts—faith in Jesus Christ? It is all our happiness, and I know not what would become of us if this consolation were taken from us."

On Wednesday I returned to Mamers. The colporteur told me that a woman, who at the last meeting had begged him to bring her a New Testament the next day, said to him on receiving it, "I have been many times to mass and to the sermons of the curate, but nothing has ever penetrated my heart like that which I have heard at these meetings. My husband feels the same. That produces an effect on us—an effect—indeed we know not what to call it; but for certain we are done with mass, and will never go to it again."

In the evening I preached my last sermon, taking for my text the 32d Psalm. When I had ended, these dear hearers surrounded me, imploring me not to abandon them, but to continue to proclaim to them the truths which did them so much good. I promised to do so, for I could not but believe that God approved of wishes so sincere, and I have the assurance that he will not leave unfinished a work whose beginning is so favourable. The evening of the next day I returned to Paris, fatigued but very happy, as you will believe, from all that I had seen and heard. The movement of Sarthe and Orne differs materially from most of those which I have witnessed in France. Elsewhere I have often seen that what had caused the preaching of the gospel to be received, was far more a violent opposition to Popery than true religious want. Here it is an entirely different thing. They wish to know something truer, more consoling, than the doctrines of Rome; and this it is which brings us hearers. There is nothing of that noisy, excited, light curiosity which we have seen in other places. The hearers are calm, serious, silent. They do not applaud, but they hear in silence, and reflect upon what they have heard. Rarely have I seen such evident proofs of the work of the Spirit of God, and such marked preparation for a true awakening.

The evangelist who commenced this work returned from it exhausted with fatigue. There are six other localities where the gospel is already welcomed, and many others calling for it, and desiring that some one would bring them the truth. But where are the labourers and the resources for this great and good work? May God provide them, and may we water with our prayers this field! Here may we exclaim with the Saviour, "The harvest is great, but the labourers are few."

"YE DID RUN WELL—WHO DID HINDER YOU?"

Yes, ye did run well. Ye began the Christian race with zeal and spirit. The little band of disciples felt their hearts cheered within them when they saw you starting in the good way, and marked the alacrity and apparent heartiness with which you gave your aid to the cause they so much loved. None were more regular in their appointed place in the sanctuary; none more punctual in the hour of prayer and social intercourse; none more ready to speak a word for Christ. Yes, ye *did* run well: most cheerfully do we give you this commendation. But, alas! this is all that can be said in your favour; ye *did* run well. We may not say: "Ye *do* run well." A change, a sad, fearful change hath come over you. Something hath evidently hindered you, turned you back. Your seat is now often vacant on the Sabbath, and seldom filled at the evening prayer-meeting: and when you do venture in, where those that fear the Lord speak often one to another, you choose a retired seat (is it from humility?) and your voice is no longer heard encouraging your fellow-pilgrims to press onward. Why is this? Who hath hindered you? Who? Was it your brethren? No, they rejoiced when they saw you running well. Was it your pastor? He feels too deeply the need of all the fellow-helpers he can get for the truth, to lay a straw in the way of any, even the weakest, of the flock. Was it good angels? There was joy amid the angelic throng when they saw you set your face heavenward. Was it God the Father? He placed heaven, with all its glories, at the end of the race, and bid you run. Was it Jesus? He died that you might run, and so run as to obtain. Was it the Holy Spirit? He first wooed you from the broad way of destruction into the strait and narrow way of life. O no! the thought is blasphemous: it could be none of these. All good men on earth, all glorified saints and angelic spirits in heaven, and, above all, the infinite and incomprehensible Godhead, combined to cheer you on in your course, to influence you to continue to run well. Who then hath hindered you? Certainly an "enemy hath done this." No one that desired your happiness for this life, or that which is to come, would have sought to turn you back, or laid a stumbling-block in your pathway to life. Yes, whoever it was, be assured it was an enemy. O, find him out! Give not sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, until you have found out this enemy that is surely compassing your ruin: and, having made the discovery, show him no mercy, for he deserves none. If he hath hindered you in your way to heaven, he is your deadliest foe; whatsoever may be his pretensions, cut him off for ever.

And now remember, if you had not stopped to parley with the foe, you had not been hindered: with all good men and holy angels, and God himself, on your side, no one, not the arch-enemy himself, could turn you back without your consent. Remember this when you begin the race anew.

Above all, consider how much precious time you have lost while thus hindered. Indeed, what better off are you than if you had never started? You are nearer the judgment; but that you are any nearer the victor's crown may well be doubted. O, arouse thee; start anew in the Christian race? Let nothing hinder, nothing turn you back again: you cannot afford it, you have no time to waste thus. The race is still before you. Time flies with lightning speed. Night, the night of death, comes on apace: soon its shadows will close around you. Fear lest you stumble to rise no more.

THE SABBATH CANDLE.

It is historically related that the ancient Jews, at least after the captivity, were in the habit of lighting in each house a *candle*, just before the sunset that ushered in the Sabbath, called the *Sabbath candle*: in token, it is said, of gladness at the approach of God's day, and in happy symbol, likewise, of the eminent agency of that day in perpetuating and disseminating, among the families of man, the only true *moral* light of the world. The Jews, in this item of custom, as in many others, were scrupulous and punctilious, and, no doubt, not unfrequently highly conscientious and devout. As the last sun of the week hasted to its decline, they also hasted to terminate their secular labours, and to make all needful preparations for a due, decorous, and profitable observance of the appointed period of sacred rest. While the disappearing orb was shooting his last rays athwart the plains and against the hillsides of Judea, the candle in honour of the holy day was lighted.

There is much beauty in this simple Jewish custom, and also much force and importance in its *moral*.

How sadly numerous, alas! are the habitations of mankind, even in Christian lands, which enjoy no light of the *Sabbath candle!* The holy day of rest is *possessed*, but not *observed*. The fashion of surrounding society or other circumstances may occasion a kind of outward *notice* of it, such as is implied in the cessation of the ordinary toil of the week, the putting on of the best apparel, and, possibly, the resort to the public assembly;—but there is no *joy*, or *heart-gladness*, because of the Sabbath; neither any use and improvement of it as a day in which the *soul* is to find its light, health, prosperity, and salvation. How lamentable the state of such households! How criminal are the heads thereof! And how much to be commiserated is the condition of the multitudes of children that are thus *reared*, from unknowing infancy to settled manhood, without the light of a *Sabbath candle*.

But even in families where there is a general intention that this light shall shine, there are not unfrequently great and serious faults concerning it. Oh, how *late* it is, in some avowedly Christian households, ere this candle is *lighted!* Can it be that there is not *gladness* there that the Sabbath has come? Is any one of God's weeks not long enough for man to do his necessary work in, and yet get ready for the Sabbath too? Did the great Divider of times and seasons lack counsel? Oh fie! thou loiterer at Saturday labour, and yet professing to keep all its evening holy unto the Lord! or thou Sabbath morning worker! or thou late riser on the holy day! who seemest to His eyes, if not to thine own, as though *sorry* that the day of rest and of worship had actually arrived! Let us be persuaded better things of thee, and thine house, hereafter.

Again, there are houses in which the Sabbath candle, though lighted, yet burns *dimly* and *darkly*. If the familiarism will be allowed, it seems to need *snuffing*, as though the Sabbath were a dull day, and tedious, and wearisome upon the hands, or as the light of it were not pleasant to the eyes, that it should be much desired. Else, why is the light of this candle so dubious and twinkling? Or why does it, like the lamps of the foolish virgins, so frequently go out *too soon!* God blessed and hallowed a day when he blessed and hallowed the Sabbath; not *some* of the twenty-four hours, but *all* of them. He blessed the *whole* day, and hallowed it. Oh, Christian families! look to your Sabbath candles. Look well to them. See that they are lighted betimes, that they burn steadily and brightly, and that they are not prematurely put out.

Behold, yonder, in a remote hamlet, are collecting a few neighbours and friends under the thickening shades of the Saturday night. Here goes an elder of the church, there a private member; here a lone widow, there a fond father and his child; here a man of advanced age, there a blooming youth; here a cripple on his crutch, there a strong man in his prime: all to lift the latch of the same humble door, and to constitute together one circle. At once they praise, they pray, they read, they hear. They recount the mercies of the past week, and ask the like for the future. They seek a blessing for the day approaching, in their own case and that of others, and pray for the peace and prosperity of Jerusalem in general. How pleasant for them thus to light the *Sabbath candle*—a type of that "candle of the Lord" which shines upon the heads of the righteous; an earnest of that light which alone can gladden the "eventide" of life.

What a darkness succeeds where the candle of the Sabbath ceases to be lighted! Let Ephesus, and Smyrna, and Thyatira, and Sardis, and Pergamos, and Laodicea, and Judea itself, be witnesses. And may not *our* land, or cities, or towns, or villages, be even added to them? And when we look out into the great world, how extended is the darkness that meets the view! And how obvious is the conclusion, at least to the Christian's mind, that the great *lack* in the house of man, is not so much that of the torch of science, or of philosophy, or of civilisation, as of the simple candle of the *Sabbath!*

THE WRONG END OF THE LEVER.

The other day I came across a man who was tugging with all his might at the wrong end of a lever. He was trying to turn up a large stone in that way. But the stone would not be turned up. It was a very obstinate stone, the good old farmer thought. He had no notion of giving up the project, however. So he pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and went to work in right good earnest. Still the stone did not stir; or if it did, it was only just enough to aggravate the man.

What could be the matter? The stone was not a large one. It did not look at all formidable. What was the matter? There happened to be a schoolboy passing that way at the time. He was not much of a farmer, and still less of a mechanic, I should think; but he thought he saw what the trouble was. It did not seem to be so much the lever itself, or the farmer, or the stone to be moved, as in the way the man went to work. The boy ventured to hint this idea to the farmer:—

"Why, my dear sir," he said, "You are at the wrong end of the lever. You haven't *purchase* enough." The good-natured farmer (for he was good-natured, and did not get into a passion because a mere boy, young enough to be his grandchild, attempted to help him out of his difficulty), the good-natured farmer stopped a moment, looked at the matter carefully, and frankly acknowledged that he had gone the wrong way to work. "I wonder what I was thinking of," said he. Of course he shifted his crow-bar immediately, so as to get a good *purchase*. The trouble was all over. The stone came up easy enough, of course.

It came into my mind, while I was thinking about this farmer's mistake in the use of his lever, that certain people—myself included, perhaps—might profit by this blunder. A great many, for instance, use the lever of truth—a very good lever, the best to be had in overturning moral evils; but they do not accomplish any thing, because they take hold of the wrong end of the lever. They have no *purchase*.

Here is a man, who, as I think, is in the habit of wrongdoing every day. Well, I settle down in my mind that I will talk to him, and see if I cannot make a better man of him. I call him hard names. Why not? He deserves them. Every body knows that. I do not mince the matter with him at all. But what I say seems to have no good effect upon him. It makes him angry, and he advises me to mind my own business, assuring me, at the same time, that he shall take good care to mind his.

I see plainly enough that I have been working half an hour or more to no purpose, and that very likely I have made matters worse. Yet what was my error? Simply this: that I spent all my strength at the short arm of the lever. If I had gone to work with a kind and tender spirit, something as Nathan went to work at David, once on a time, and used the other end of the lever, I should have got a good purchase at least, and I am not sure but the stone would have yielded. As it is, however, the trouble-some thing is there yet, and it seems to be settling into the ground deeper than ever.

I know some good people, among whom I can count half a score of ministers, who try very hard to keep bad books and periodicals out of the family circle. There is no end to their talk against these things. It is not their fault, if those who look up to them for advice do not understand what they think of French novels, and things of that sort. Still these publications, like the Egyptian frogs in old times, find their way into the families of these people, in spite of all their efforts, and they cannot keep them out. What is the reason the lever they use is not effective? It is a good lever enough. Yes, but those people are bearing down upon the wrong end of it. They seem to forget one of the plainest laws of moral mechanics, if I may so speak. They ought, in their crusade against this evil, *to find something to put in its place.*

Nature, the old philosophers used to say, abhors a vacuum. Whether there is any sense in that or not, it will not answer to have a vacuum in the place of evils to be rooted out of the family circle. The minds of the young abhor a vacuum, at any rate. Why do not these fathers and mothers see this, and make provision accordingly? These very people, who cry out so loudly against immoral books and periodicals, say they cannot afford to buy books for their children. It was only last week that I heard one of them tell a friend, who asked him to subscribe for a magazine for his daughter, that he could not afford it. He cannot afford it! Well, if he does not afford to furnish reading for those children, they will afford it themselves. They must have something to read. Give them something—something which you can approve, but readable and entertaining as well as useful. Try the other end of the lever.—*Evangelist.*

"IT COSTS TOO MUCH."

That *unkind word*—don't utter it—"it costs too much." You remember the last time you allowed it to escape you. How many times you sighed and wished you had never spoken it. Though it took but a moment to utter it, it marred your peace a great deal longer than that. It escaped lightly from your lips, but it came back again, and haunted you, and weighed heavily upon your spirit. It cost your friend too much, too. It went like an arrow to his soul; and like an arrow, with a poisoned point, it rankled there. Ay, that word cost him many sad hours.

That glass of wine costs too much. You say you only paid a few pence for it. Young man! that paltry sum is not a millionth part of what it will cost you, if you do not take care. You will have to pay for it in health, cheerfulness, character, friends, credit, peace of mind, life itself. Is that glass worth all these? "You are safe enough?" Nonsense! A man might just as rationally talk about safety, when his boat is beginning to go round and round on the outer circle of the maelstrom, as to say he is safe enough when he begins to tipple his wine.

That lance costs too much. You gain something, it is true. Very likely you gain a whole evening's pleasure. But, my friend, you give too much for that pleasure. It intoxicates you. It unfits you for calmer enjoyments. It renders your daily toils dull and irksome. It drives your better genius from your soul—it brings in one to deceive you, to trifle with you, to ruin you. You tell me, "It is not wrong to dance." I admit that it is not wrong in itself. But can you not see that it is wrong *as you practise it*, and is there not something within you that whispers "it is dangerous," too? Has it not cost too much already? Are you not losing your relish for sacred things, the Bible, the house of God, the meeting for prayer? You are paying too much for dancing then. I shudder to think of purchasing such a pleasure at such a price.

That Sabbath excursion costs too much. The last one cost you dearly. It was as much as you could do, during the day, to banish painful thoughts from your mind. And when the guilty pleasure of the day was ended, and the twilight time arrived—the still twilight of Sabbath eve—those thoughts rushed in like a mighty flood, and quenched your joys. You thought of the bargain you made, and called yourself a fool for making it. You thought of earlier days, ere your heart had learned to sin so badly. You thought of a mother, once the guide of your erring feet on earth, now an inheritant of the heavenly world. You thought that from her far-off home she came to upbraid you, to plead with you, and to warn you of your danger. Ah! it was no wonder you thought that excursion cost too much. It did cost too much. Take care! The tempter is coming again. Do not parley with him. Do not listen to him for a moment. Sabbath-breaking costs more than it comes to, a thousand times over.

That little theft costs too much. It is only a half-crown I know; and perhaps it would never be missed. But it will cost you as much as a fortune is worth. "I did not take the half-crown," you say. I am glad of it. But I am afraid you will take it, nevertheless. You have been looking at it with a wishful eye for some minutes. You have been trying to settle the question whether you would be found out or not, if you put the money in your pocket. You have been using all sorts of flimsy arguments to your conscience, to drown its voice. You said it was only a half-crown, and nobody would be any worse for your taking so small a sum. You talked about your salary being so small, and your master being so rich. And you guessed you would refund the money, interest and all, when you got to be rich yourself. I know you did not take the money. But while you were gazing into that drawer, and thinking what it was best to do about that half-crown, you were standing on a fearful precipice. Many a youth has yielded to the tempter, as you were on the point of yielding, and thus entered on a career of crime which proved his ruin. It was a little petty theft that first one. But it cost him dearly. It will cost you dearly, my friend. It may cost you every thing worth living for.

All sin costs too much. Strange that men, sensible judicious men, should ever need to be reminded of this. Strange that men, who are so sagacious in the main in closing a bargain, should purchase pleasure in any form at the sacrifice of virtue, and principle, and heaven. Yonder broker, standing at the corner of the exchange, has just refused to buy a few shares of stock, because he thought it was too dear. He said it would cost him one-eighth per cent. more than it would be worth to him. He was wise perhaps; certainly he was wise if his opinion of the stock was right. He was careful, at all events. But that very man is throwing away a jewel worth a thousand worlds, for a few ounces of shining dust. That young man behind the counter, that young woman attiring for the theatre, neither of whom will buy the veriest trifle if they deem it too dear, are both bartering away eternal life for threescore years of pleasure!—*Ibid.*

ALL THINGS EARNEST.

TIME is earnest,
Passing by:
Death is earnest,
Drawing nigh.
Sinner! wilt *thou trifling be?*
Time and Death appeal to thee.

Life is earnest:
When 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest
Never more.
Soon to meet Eternity,
Wilt *thou* never serious be?

Heaven is earnest:
Solemnly
Float its voices
Down to thee.
O thou mortal, art *thou* gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day?

Hell is earnest:
Fiercely roll
Burning billows
Near thy soul.
Wo for thee! if thou abide
Unredeem'd, unsanctified!

God is earnest:
Kneel and pray
Ere thy season
Pass away—
Ere be set his judgment throne,
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

Christ is earnest,
Bids thee "come!"
Paid thy spirit's
Priceless sum.
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

Thou refusest!
Wretched one!
Thou despisest
God's dear Son!
Madness! dying sinner, turn!
Lest his wrath within thee burn,

When thy pleasures
All depart,
What will soothe thy
Fainting heart?
Friendless, desolate, alone,
Entering a world unknown?

Oh, be earnest!
Loitering
Thou wilt perish:
Lingering
Be no longer—rise and flee;
Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee!
—Independent.

FATHER AND SON; OR, WHAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE?

On new-year's eve, a small company of friends and neighbours were seated in Mr Ripley's parlour. An outcry on the part of a large number of boys in the street, occasioned a pause in the conversation. "It seems to me," said Mr Bruce, "that boys are a great deal more noisy than they used to be."

"There are more of them," said Mr Huston, "than there used to be. My sheep make more noise now than they did when I kept half a dozen, just enough to keep us in stockings and home-made flannel."

"It is true," said Mr Bruce, "that if you get a large number of boys together, they will naturally make more noise than when they are alone; but that is not what I complain of. Boys are worse than they used to be. They are more unmannerly, rude, and deceitful than they used to be."

"That ought not to be the case," said Mr Johnson; "there is a great deal more said and written about bringing up children than there used to be."

"Saying and writing won't answer the purpose," said Mr Rivers. "Parents must put the saying, and the writing (so far as it is true), into action; they must train up their children in the way they should go; do not you say so, Mr Ripley?"

"Yes," replied Mr Ripley, "children want attending to."

"Do you think they receive as much attention from their parents as they did thirty years ago?"

"No, as a general thing, I do not think they do, and there is a reason for it. There is a great deal more business to be done now than there was thirty years ago. It is impossible for business men to give much attention to their children. The matter must be left chiefly with the mothers."

"I do not remember any passage of Scripture which excuses such fathers as may have a great deal to do, from bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

"A man's duty is, in a measure, determined by the circumstances in which he is placed. One thing is pretty certain, that if mothers do not attend to children, they will not get attended to."

"That may be true, but I do not see how it affects the question of duty."

"Just see now how I am situated; I have a farm, and a store, and a factory all to attend to. As soon as I am up in the morning, I must be off to see to one or another of these, and it takes every hour of the day, and pretty late at night, to keep them going straight. I seldom see my boy from breakfast-time one day, till breakfast-time the next day. What can I do in the way of looking after him?"

"Not much, certainly. The question for you to decide, as it seems to me, is, which is worth the most? the farm, the store, the factory, or the soul of the boy? It is plain that you cannot attend to them all. You should, of course, neglect that which is of the least value."

Mr Ripley turned away from Mr Rivers, persuaded himself that he did so in order to avoid the necessity of saying any thing inconsistent with the courtesy required by hospitality. He took some credit to himself for his forbearance in relation to what he termed Mr Rivers' bluntness. He was soon deep in politics with Mr Huston.

Where was the boy to whom allusion was made in the conversation above recorded? He was in a room, over the entrance to which was a sign with the words, "VILLAGE GROCERY." The village grog-shop would have been more in accordance with truth. Had you entered that long, low room, you would have seen a red curtain drawn across the further end, and lights gleaming through the curtain. You would have heard sounds indicating the employment of those who were cut off from the view of the ordinary customers. Had you drawn aside that curtain, you could have seen James Ripley, and three other incipient gamblers, seated round a table. There they remained till nearly ten o'clock, when James came out with a flushed countenance and a swaggering air.

"I say, Jim," said Mr Ames, who sat by the fire-side, in hopes that some one would bestow upon him a glass of liquor, "what would your father say if he were to know where you spend your evenings?"

"He would not say any thing; he has too much to do to attend to a chap of my size."

"The more pity."

"You take care of number one," said James, as he left the room.

"He would make a fine boy if he were looked after a little more closely," said one whose visits to the grocery were occasional, and who, in the judgment of the charitable, *did not drink enough to hurt him.*

"He is in a bad way," said the former speaker, "The old gentleman is making money very fast, but it is a chance if his son does not find a way to make it go faster than it came."

"Perhaps he will do better when he gets older," said the keeper of the grocery," with a smile which partook largely of the demoniac.

"Perhaps he will."

Having spoken these words, Ames gazed long and steady upon the glowing embers. Perhaps he was thinking of his own early days—of his first transgressions and promises of reformation—perhaps he was thinking of the probability furnished by his own dark and bitter experience, that one who had early entered the paths of vice would retrace his steps and return to virtue and happiness. Something like a tear stood in his eye. He rose and went towards the door, then turned to the grocer, and sought in vain to get credit for a glass of rum, and then made his way towards what was called his home.

It may be asked, was Mrs Ripley indifferent to the welfare of her son? By no means. She loved him as a mother must love a son, and desired to restrain him from wandering. When he was quite young, she had exerted a wholesome authority over him; but as he grew older, she shrunk from the attempt while unsupported by her husband. She made a vain effort to retain her influence while she relinquished her claims to authority. With an aching heart, she saw him become more and more regardless of her wishes, and more and more wedded to sin.

The rapidly progressing ruin of the once promising boy, became the theme of general remark. One man was found bold enough to remonstrate with the father for his neglect. He met him in the street. Without any conciliating remarks he inquired, "Do you know where your son spends his evenings?"

"At home with his mother, I suppose."

"You had better make inquiry about it."

Mr Ripley did so, and found to his astonishment, that his boy was never at home before ten o'clock—that often he was out at a much later hour. Further inquiries revealed the manner in which his evenings were spent.

"I will put him in the store, where I can have an eye upon him," said Mr R. He did so; James soon found that his father's eye was upon other objects. He laid his course accordingly, and the only effect of his connection with the store, was increased celerity in his downward course. He procured from the store the means of gambling on a larger scale. This led to a more frequent recourse to the intoxicating cup. Ere he was twenty-one, he was a wandering vagabond.

Many thought it strange that the son of so affectionate a mother, and the inmate of such a comfortable home, should turn out so badly. The farm, the store, and the factory turned out better. What made the difference?

THE GREATEST WANT.

No men in the world want help like them who want the gospel. Of all distresses, want of the gospel cries loudest for relief. A man may want liberty, and yet be happy, as Joseph was; a man may want peace, and yet be happy, as David was; a man may want plenty, and yet be full of comfort, as Micaiah was; but he that wants the gospel wants every thing that should do him good. A throne without the gospel is but the devil's dungeon; wealth without the gospel is fuel for hell; advancement without the gospel is but going high to have the greater fall. What do men need that want the gospel? They want Jesus Christ, for he is revealed only by the gospel. He is all and in all, and where he is wanting there can be no good. Hunger cannot truly be satisfied without manna, the bread of life, which is Jesus Christ; and what shall a hungry man do that hath no bread? Thirst cannot be quenched without a living spring, which is Jesus Christ; and what shall a thirsty soul do without water? A captive, as we all are, cannot be delivered without redemption, which is Jesus Christ; and what shall the prisoner do without his ransom? Fools, as we all are, cannot be instructed without wisdom, which is Jesus Christ; without him we perish in our folly. All building without him is on the sand, and will surely fall. All working without him is in the fire, where it will be consumed. All riches without him have wings, and will fly away. A dungeon with Christ is a throne, and a throne without Christ is a hell. Nothing is so ill, but Christ will compensate. All mercies without Christ are bitter, and every cup is sweet that is seasoned with but a drop of his blood; he is truly the love and delight of the sons of men. He is the Way; men without him are Cains, murderers and vagabonds. He is the Truth; men without him are liars, like the devil, who was so of old. He is the Life; men without him are dead, dead in trespasses and sins. He is the Light; men without him are in darkness, and go they know not whither. He is the Vine; those that are not grafted in him are withered branches, prepared for the fire. He is the Rock; men not built on him are carried away with a flood. He is Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the author and the ender, the founder and the finisher of our salvation; he that hath not him hath neither beginning of good, nor shall have an end of misery. O blessed Jesus! how much better were it not to be, than to be without thee; never to be born, than not to die in thee. A thousand hells come short of this—eternally to want Jesus, as men do who want the gospel. They want all holy communion with God, wherein the only happiness of the soul doth consist. Without him, the soul in the body is a dead soul in a living sepulchre. They want all the ordinances of God, the joy of our hearts, and the comfort of our souls. O the sweetness of a Sabbath! the heavenly raptures of prayer! O the glorious communion of saints, which such men are deprived of! If they knew the value of the hidden pearl, and these things were to be purchased, what would such poor souls not part with for them? They will at last want heaven and salvation; they shall never come into the presence of God in glory, never inhabit a glorious mansion. They shall never behold Jesus Christ but when they shall call for rocks and mountains to fall on them and to hide them from his presence. They shall want light in utter darkness; they shall want life under the second death; want refreshment in the midst of flames; want healing under the gnawing of conscience; want grace, continuing to blaspheme; want glory in full misery; and, which is the sum of all, they shall want an end of all this: for "their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched."—*Dr John Owen's Sermon before the English Parliament in* 1646.

THE BEST TIME TO LIVE.

L.—MOTHER, I wish I had been born in Judea when Jesus was upon the earth.

Mrs A.—What makes you wish so?

L.—It would have been so easy to become a follower of Christ then.

Mrs A.—It would have been easy to follow him from place to place, but not to become his spiritual follower—to become a true Christian. We enjoy far better advantages for becoming Christians than those did who lived in Judea when the Saviour dwelt in the flesh.

L.—Do we enjoy better advantages than those who saw Jesus, and heard his very words?

Mrs A.—Yes. There was nothing in the sight of Christ adapted to save the soul. Those who were saved in those days, looked to him by faith, and that we can do as easily as they could, indeed more easily. We have not as many difficulties in our way as they had. We have not their Jewish prejudices to overcome. We are not exposed to the persecutions to which they were exposed.

L.—But they had the privilege of hearing the very words of Jesus.

Mrs A.—We have the privilege of reading the very words of Jesus. We have probably more of the very words of Jesus than were heard by any one person, unless we except the twelve who were always with him. Then we enjoy a peace and quietness, and advantages for education, to which they were strangers. They heard the gospel occasionally as Jesus passed near; we hear it Sabbath after Sabbath. They had only the Jewish Scriptures, and only few had access to them. We have the whole Bible, and can at any time read in our own language the wonderful works of God. I might mention many more particulars which show that we have better advantages for becoming Christians than were possessed by those who lived in Judea when Christ was upon earth.

L.—I never saw it in that light before. I always thought the people of those times were peculiarly guilty for rejecting Christ.

Mrs A.—If men are guilty in proportion to the light they enjoy, those of Judea were less guilty than those who live in this favoured land. Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum saw a great light, but they had not the light which we enjoy. While we are to be thankful for richer advantages, we ought to be most careful to employ them aright, lest a heavier doom than befell the inhabitants of Capernaum should fall upon us.

L.—On one account I should like to have lived then; I could have ministered to the wants of Jesus. What a privilege it would have been to have him under one's roof!

Mrs A.—You can do the very same thing for him now, or rather what he regards as the same thing.

L.—In what way?

Mrs A.—By ministering to the wants of those who belong to him. "Inasmuch," he says, "as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." In this respect, then, those who lived in the time of Christ had no advantage over us. We can do as much for Christ as they could, and more, for we have greater means; we are possessed of more property than they were.

L.—I do not see, then, but that we were born in just the right time.

Mrs A.—The time appointed by God is doubtless the best time, and the circumstances in which we are placed the best ones for us. We are to do our duty in those circumstances, without inquiring whether others have a harder or an easier lot. We are prone to believe that some other condition than the one in which we are placed would render the performance of duty less difficult. It is not so. Whatever may be our condition, we have the promise, "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be."—*A. D. L.*

HOW TO MAKE A WILL.

Despatch this before thy sickness doth increase, and thy memory decay; lest otherwise thy testament prove a dotement, and so be another man's fancy rather than thy will.

To prevent many inconveniences, let me recommend to thy discretion two things:

If God have blessed thee with any competent share of wealth, make thy will in thy time of health. It will neither put thee farther from thy goods, nor hasten thee sooner to thy death; but it will be a greater ease to thy mind, in freeing thee from a great trouble when thou shalt have most need of quiet. For when thy house is set in order, thou shalt be better enabled to set thy soul in order, and to dispose of thy journey towards God.

If thou hast children, give to every one a portion, according to thine ability, in thy lifetime; that thy life may seem an ease, and not a yoke unto them. Yet so give as that thy children may be still beholden unto thee, and not thou unto them. But if thou keep all in thy hands whilst thou livest, they may thank death, and not thee, for the portion that thou leavest them. If thou hast no children, and the Lord hath blessed thee with a great portion of the goods of this world, and if thou meanest to bestow them upon any charitable or pious uses, hand not over that good work to the trust of others, seeing thou seest how most of other men's executors prove almost executioners. And, if friends be so unfaithful in a man's life, how much greater cause hast thou to distrust their fidelity after thy death?

Lamentable experience showeth how many dead men's wills have, of late, either been quite concealed, utterly overthrown, or by cavils and quirks of law frustrated or altered; whereas by the law of God the will of the dead should not be violated, but all his godly intentions conscionably performed and fulfilled, as in the sight of God, who in the day of the resurrection will be a just God both of the quick and dead.

Let rich men be warned by such examples, not so to marry their minds to their money, as that they will do no good with their goods until death divorceth them. Considering therefore the shortness of thine own life, and the uncertainty of others' just dealing after thy death, in these unjust days, let me advise thee, whom God hath blessed with ability and an intent to do good, to become in thy lifetime thine own administrator, make thine own hands thine executors, and thine own eyes thy overseers; cause thy lanthorn to give her light before thee, and not behind thee; give God the glory, and thou shalt receive of him, in due time, the reward which of his grace and mercy he hath promised to thy good works.—*Lewis Bailey.*

ABSENCE FROM CHURCH.

He has been absent from church for several Sabbaths.

Have you been to see him? Perhaps he is sick. And O how grateful are the attentions of a fellow-member of the church to a sick brother! Do not leave him in his loneliness, uncheered by a word of sympathy or comfort. Go and sit by his bedside, and talk cheerfully to him, and read the Word of God to him; sing some of the songs of Zion, and pray with him. You may do him great good; administer spiritual comfort to his heart, and he will love you more as he recovers, and the religion that prompts you, and the church with which you are mutually connected, will become dearer to him as he realises the precious sympathy which its fellowship evokes.

Have you been to see him? Perhaps he is poor, and wants fitting garments to appear decently in the house of God. It may be a false pride that keeps him away on this account, or it may be the true cause of his absence. It is a cause of more frequent recurrence than many of us are willing to admit. Visit him delicately, kindly. Win his confidence, and inquire like a brother for the reasons. And if this should be the case, interest yourself with your brethren for the supply of his necessities. Jesus will remember your kind interposition, and say to you approvingly, "I was naked, and ye clothed me."

Have you been to see him? Perhaps there is affliction in his family. His wife or child may be suffering, and need his attention at home. He may even be kept from his daily employment by nursing the sick, and thus doubly need your fraternal sympathy and aid. At any rate go and see what is the matter; you may be very useful to him.

Have you been to see him? Perhaps he is a wanderer from the fold. He may have yielded to temptation, and be turning toward the "beggarly elements of the world." He may have become offended at something he has seen or heard. Something may have aliented his affections from the church. Visit him, and evince your interest for his spirituality. Talk to him kindly and faithfully, and you may win him back again. How happy for you, how happy for him, if his wandering feet are checked and turned again toward Zion! "If a brother be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness." "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."

THE CLOCK OF LIFE.

LITTLE Lewis Rollins lives at the large house on the hill, with the pillars before the door. He sometimes rides out on a pony, though he is a very little boy to be on horseback. Lewis is a nice little fellow.

Mr Rollins one day went with his son to the old clock that stood in the hall, to teach him how to find out, at any time, the hour of the day or night. He explained to him that the broad hand marked the hour; the long finger the minutes, and the quick-moving, small, thin finger, the seconds.

Again and again, Mr Rollins repeated his instructions to little Lewis, and was very patient and forbearing with him in the mistakes that he at first made in naming the time. At last little Lewis, to his great joy, was perfect in his lesson, so that he could tell what o'clock it was almost as well as his father.

"And now, Lewis," said Mr Rollins, "that you have learned to know the hour by the clock in the hall, I must draw your attention to another clock—the clock of life. I mean the beating of your pulse; for it may often remind you of the value of time, and the necessity of turning it to good account. Time is worth more than the finest gold.

"'My pulse is the clock of my life;
It shows how my moments are flying;
It marks the departure of time,
And it tells me how fast I am dying.'

"He who lives a day without doing good, loses a day; and he who makes another happy, is sure to be all the happier for it himself.

"I will show you how to lay your fingers on your pulse properly, and you must remember that every beat you have lived a moment longer in the world, and have a moment less to live in it. Truly may we all say, 'Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. Behold thou hast made my days as an hand-breadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee.'—(Ps. xxxix. 4, 5)."

Little Lewis felt that his father had made him much wiser than he was before; and, when he was left to himself, he did not fail to go over, again and again, the lesson which had been taught him. A dozen times in the course of that day was he seen running into the hall to look at the clock-face; and almost as many times was he heard to repeat the words, while his fingers were on his wrist,

"My pulse is the clock of my life;
It shows how my moments are flying;
It marks the departure of time,
And it tells me how fast I am dying."

GOD AN UNFAILING REFUGE.

THE smoothest seas will sometimes prove
To the confiding bark untrue;
And if she trusts the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But thou art true, incarnate Lord!
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify.

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And ask'd for peace with suppliant knee;
And peace was given—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy.

Wordsworth.

FAMILIES NEED REVIVALS.

THE Church, unrevived, makes no progress towards securing the conversion of families not religious. Within and around the territorial limits of every church there are such families, composed of parents and children who are "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, having no hope, *and without God in the world*." It is and should be the mission of every Christian Church to search out such families in the spirit of unfeigned love, and bear to them the glorious gospel. We mean by this something quite beyond sending them a printed Bible, or an appropriate religious tract. We mean that you who know and love the gospel, and possess it in your souls as a living power, should carry its living power to these not religious families *in your heart*. This is easily done, provided your *heart is really full of the gospel*. When this is the case, the living power within you will be transmitted, as on electric wires, to the hearts with which you come in contact. The eye and the tear are gifted with a voice to the heart; your words will be wisely persuasive when love to the soul makes you eloquent. God is wont to befriend such missionaries. He knows how to give them, in such an hour, a word of wisdom and power which even their adversaries can neither gainsay nor resist.

How essential that such missionary work be done! For want of it, how many thousand families in our nation live on year after year, utterly unblessed of the gospel! Scores of thousands rarely come to the assemblies of God's people to hear the gospel; few or none go to carry it to them. Hence they live substantially as if there were no gospel in the land—as if the region of their birth and of their death enjoyed no light from heaven, revealing life and hope for lost man. We do not say of them that absolutely they have no gospel light; usually they have;—enough to be to them a savour of death. They are not saved thereby.

In this point of view, then, revivals are needed. In seasons of revival, aggressions are made upon irreligion. Many a time have our own eyes rejoiced at the sight. Whole families, reached and transformed by the gospel's power, have henceforth made common cause with Christ and with his people. "There was great joy in that city."—*Oberlin Evan.*

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

"The mother gave in tears and pain
The flowers that she most did love;
She knew she would find them all again
In the field of light above."—LONGFELLOW.

THE death of a little child is to the mother's heart like dew on a plant from which a bud has just perished. The plant lifts up his head in freshened greenness to the morning light; so the mother's soul gathers from the dark sorrow which she has passed a fresh brightening of her heavenly hopes.

As she bends over the empty cradle, and in fancy brings her sweet infant before her, a ray of divine light is on the cherub face. It is her son still, but with the seal of immortality on his brow. She feels that heaven was the only atmosphere where her precious flower could unfold without spot or blemish, and she would not recall the lost. But the anniversary of his departure seems to bring his spiritual presence near her. She indulges in that tender grief which soothes, like an opiate in pain, all hard passages and cares of life. The world to her is no longer filled with human love and hope in the future, so glorious with heavenly love and joy; she has treasures of happiness which the worldly, unchastened heart never conceived. The bright fresh flowers with which she has decorated her room—the apartment where her infant died—are mementoes of the far brighter hopes now drawing on her day-dream. She thinks of the glory and beauty of the new Jerusalem, where the little foot will never find a thorn among the flowers to render her help necessary. Nor will a pillow be wanted for the dear head reposing on the breast of a kind Saviour. And she knows her infant is there in that world of eternal bliss.

She has marked one passage in that book—to her emphatically the Word of Life—now lying closed on the toilette table, which she daily reads. "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move, and live; pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none were blest by them, none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Dr Chalmers.*

DEATH AND THE ALEHOUSE.

"AT our village feast or wake," writes one, "there is much drunkenness and rioting. Sunday was heretofore the chief day of gaiety. On a Sunday evening last year, seeing the yard of the drinking-shop full of topers, a person went in amongst them with tracts and offered them at the ale counters. The first tract offered was, 'Are you prepared to die?' The man who took it, read the title aloud and said, 'No sir, I am not.'

"He was asked, 'Is this the place to prepare to die?'

"He said, 'No sir, I think not.'

"He then took up his hat and said, 'I will go off immediately'—took the tract away in his hand, and left the village to go home. In half an hour the yard was clear."

CONSULT THE TOWN-CLERK OF EPHESUS.

"I HAVE heard you say," observes Dr Mather, "that there was a gentlemen mentioned in the 19th chapter of the Acts, to whom you was more indebted than any other in the world." This was the town-clerk of Ephesus, whose counsel was to *do nothing rashly*. Upon any proposal of consequence, it was usual with him to say, "Let us first consult with the town-clerk of Ephesus." What mischief, trouble, and sorrow would be avoided in the world, were people more in the habit of consulting this gentleman!

Fragments.

TIME waits upon the soul early every morning, and says, What wilt thou have me to do to-day? It is a shame to say what the answer is, but it will one day be known.

They that drink away an estate, drink the tears of their sad widows, and the very blood of their impoverished children.—*Flavel.*

THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF THE SYROPHENICIAN WOMAN.

MATT. xv. 21-28; MARK vii. 24-30.

BY THE REV. RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, M.A.*

It is not probable that our blessed Lord actually overpassed the limits of the Jewish land, now or at any other moment of his earthly ministry; though, when it is said that he "departed into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," this may seem at first to favour such a supposition. St Mark, however, tells us that he only "went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon," and the true meaning, which even St Matthew's words will abundantly bear, is, that he came into the confines of that heathen land. The general fitness of things, and more especially his own words on this very occasion, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel," would make it extremely unlikely that he had now brought his healing presence into an heathen land; and, moreover, when St Matthew speaks of the "woman of Canaan" as *coming out* of that district, "of the same coasts," he clearly shows that he has no other intention than to describe the Lord as having drawn close to the skirts of that profane land.

Being there, he "entered into a house, and would have no man know it:" but as the ointment bewrayeth itself, so he whose name is like ointment poured out, "could not be hid;" and among those attracted by its sweetness, was a woman of that country—"a woman of Canaan," as St Matthew terms her, "a Greek, a Syrophenician," as St Mark, meaning by the first term to describe her religion, that it was not Jewish but heathen; by the second, the stock of which she came, which was even that accursed stock which God had once doomed to a total excision, but of which some branches had been spared by those first generations of Israel that should have extirpated them root and branch. Every thing, therefore, was against her; yet she was not hindered by that every thing from coming and craving the boon that her soul longed after. She had heard of the mighty works which the Saviour of Israel had done; for already his fame had gone through all Syria, so that they brought unto him, besides other sick, "those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and he healed them."—(Matt. iv. 24.) And she has a boon to ask for her daughter, or rather indeed for herself, for so entirely has she made her daughter's misery her own, that she comes saying, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil;" as on a later occasion the father of the lunatic child, "Have compassion on *us*, and help *us*."—(Mark ix. 22.)

But very different she finds him from that which report had described him to her; for that spoke of him as the merciful Son of man, who would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, who encouraged every weary and afflicted soul to come and find rest with him. He who of himself came to meet the needs of others, withdrew himself from hers: "He answered her not a word." In the language of Chrysostom, "The Word has no word; the fountain is sealed; the physician withholds his remedies;" until at last the disciples, wearied out with her long entreaties, and seemingly more merciful than their Lord, themselves come to him, making intercession for her that he would grant to her her petition and send her away. Yet was there in truth the worm of selfishness at the root of this seemingly greater compassion of theirs, and it shows itself when they give their reason why he should dismiss her with the boon she asks: "For she crieth after us;" she is making a scene; she is drawing on us unwelcome observation. Theirs is one of those heartless grantings of a request, whereof we all are conscious; when it is granted out of no love to the suppliant, but to leave undisturbed the peace and selfish ease of him from whom at length it is extorted—such as his who said, "Lest by her continual coming she weary me." Here, as so often, under a seeming severity lurks the real love, while selfishness hides itself under the mask of bounty. But these intercessors meet with no better fortune than the suppliant herself; and Christ stops their mouth with words unpromising enough for her suit: "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel."—(Cf. Matt. x. 5, 6.)

But in what sense was this true? All prophecy which went before declared that in Him, the promised Seed, not one nation only, but all nations of the earth, should be blest: he Himself declared, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice."—(John x. 16.) It has happened indeed with others, as with the founders of false religions, that as success increased, the circle of their vision has widened; and they who meant at first but to give a faith to their nation, have aspired at last to give one to the world. But here all must have been known; the world-embracing reach of his faith was contemplated by Christ from the first. In what sense, then, and under what limitations, could it be said with truth that he was not sent but unto Israel only? Clearly in his own personal ministry. That, for wise purposes in the counsels of God, was to be confined to his own nation; and every departure from this was, and was clearly marked as, an exception. Here and there, indeed, he gave preludes of the coming mercy; yet before the Gentiles should glorify God for his mercy, Christ was first to be "a minister of the circumcision for the truth of God, to confirm the promises made unto the fathers."—(Rom. xv. 8, 9.) It was only as it were by a rebound from them that the grace was to light upon the heathen world; while yet that issue, which seemed thus accidental, was laid deep in the deepest counsels of God.—(Acts xiii. 44-49; Rom. xi.) In the form of Christ's reply, as St Mark gives it, "Let the children first be filled," the refusal does not appear so absolute and final, and a glimpse appears of the manner in which the blessing will pass on to others, when as many of these, of "the children," as will, have accepted it. But there, too, the *present* repulse is absolute: the time is not yet; others intermeddle not with the meal, till the children have had enough.

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* In his admirable work on the "Miracles" of Christ.

The woman hears the repulse, which the disciples who had ventured to plead for her receive; but she is not daunted or disheartened thereby. Hitherto she had been crying after the Lord, and at a distance; but now, instead of being put further still, "came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me." And now he breaks the silence which hitherto he has maintained toward her; but it is with an answer more discomfortable than was the silence itself: "He answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." "The children" are, of course, the Jews, "the children of the kingdom."—(Matt. viii. 12.) He who spoke so sharply *to* them, speaks thus honourably *of* them; nor is there any contradiction in this; for here he is speaking of the position which God has given them in his kingdom; there, of the manner in which they have realized that position. On the other hand, extreme contempt was involved in the title of dog given to any one, it being remarkable that the nobler characteristics of the animal, which yet were not unknown to antiquity, are never brought out in Scripture.—(See Deut. xxxii. 18; Job xxx. 1; 1 Sam. xvii. 43, xxiv. 15; 2 Sam. iii. 8, ix. 8, xvi. 9; 2 Kings viii. 13; Matt. vii. 6; Phil. iii. 2; Rev. xxii. 15.)

This at length would have been enough for many; and, even if they had persevered thus far, now at least they would have gone away in anger or despair. But not so this woman; she, like the centurion, and under still more unfavourable circumstances than his, was mighty in faith; and from the very word which seemed to make most against her, with the ready wit of faith, she drew an argument in her own favour. She entangled the Lord, himself most willing thus to be so entangled, in his own speech; she takes the sword out of his own hand, with that sword to overcome Him: "Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." Upon these words Luther, who has dwelt on all the circumstances of this little history with a peculiar love, and seems never weary of extolling the mighty faith of this woman, exclaims, "Was not that a master-stroke? she snares Christ in his own words." And oftentimes he sets this Canaanitish woman before each troubled and fainting heart, that it may learn from her how to wring a Yea from God's Nay; or rather, how to hear the deep-hidden Yea, which many times lies in his seeming Nay. "Like her, thou must give God right in all he says against thee, and yet must not stand off from praying, till thou overcomest as she overcame, till thou hast turned the very charges made against thee into arguments and proofs of thy need—till thou hast taken Christ in his own words."

Our translation of the woman's answer is not, however, altogether satisfactory. For indeed she consents to Christ's declaration, not immediately to make exception against the conclusion which he draws from it, but to show how *in that very declaration* is involved the granting of her petition. "Saidest thou *dogs?* it is well; I accept the title and the place: for the dogs have a portion of the meal—not the first, not the children's portion, but a portion still—the crumbs which fall from the table. In this very statement of the case thou bringest us heathen, thou bringest *me*, within the circle of the blessings which God, the great householder, is ever dispensing to his family. We also belong to his household, though we occupy but the lowest place in it. According to thine own shewing, I am not wholly an alien, and therefore I will abide by this name, and will claim from thee all its consequences." By the "masters" she does not mean the Jews, which is Chrysostom's mistake; for thus the whole image would be disturbed; they are "the children;" but by the "masters," she would signify God, using the plural on account of the plural "dogs," which Christ had used before; in the same way as Christ himself says, "Then the *sons* are free," (Matt. xvii. 29), having spoken plurally before of "the *kings* of the earth," while yet it is only the one Son, the only-begotten of the Father, whom he has in his eye. He, the great Master and Lord, spreads a table, and all that depend on him, in their place and order are satisfied from it—the children at the table, the dogs beneath the table. There is in her statement something like the Prodigal's petition, "Make me as one of thy hired servants"—a recognition of diverse relations, some closer, some more distant, in which divers persons stand to God —yet all blest, who, whether in a nearer or remoter station, are satisfied from his hands.

And now she has conquered. She who before heard only those words of a seeming contempt, now hears words of a most gracious commendation—words of which the like are recorded as spoken but to one other in all the gospel history; "O woman, great is thy faith!" He who at first seemed as though he would have denied her the smallest boon, now opens to her the full treasure-house of his grace, and bids her to help herself, to carry away what she will: "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." He had shown to her for a while, like Joseph to his brethren, the aspect of severity; but, like Joseph, he could not maintain it long—or rather, he would not maintain it an instant longer than it was needful, and after that word of hers, that mighty word of an undaunted faith, it was needful no more: in the words of St Mark, "For this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter."

Like the centurion at Capernaum, like the nobleman at Cana, she made proof that his word was potent, whether spoken far off or near. Her child, indeed, was at a distance; but she offered in her faith a channel of communication between it and Christ. With one hand of that faith she had held on to that Lord in whom all healing grace was stored, with the other to her suffering child—thus herself a living conductor by which the power of Christ might run like an electric flash from him to her beloved. "And when she was come to her house, she found the devil gone out, and her daughter laid upon the bed," weak and exhausted as it would appear from the paroxysms of the spirit's going out; or, the circumstance which last is mentioned may indicate only that she was now taking that quiet rest, which hitherto the evil spirit had not allowed. It will answer so to the "clothed and in his right mind" (Luke viii. 30) of another who had been tormented in the same way.

But the interesting question remains, *Why* this bitterness was not spared her, why the Lord should have presented himself under so different an aspect to her, and to most other suppliants? Sometimes he anticipated their needs, "Wilt thou be made whole?" (John v. 6), or if not so, he who was waiting to be gracious required not to be twice asked for his blessings. Why was it that in this case, to use the words of an old divine, Christ "stayed long, wrestling with her faith, and shaking and trying whether it were fast rooted" or no? Doubtless, because he knew that it was a faith which would stand the proof, and that she would come out victorious from this sore trial; and not only so, but with a stronger, higher, purer faith than if she had borne away her blessing at once. Now she has learned, as then she never could have learned, that men ought always to pray and not to faint; that, with God, to delay a boon is not therefore to deny it. She had learned the lesson which Moses must have learned, when "the Lord met him, and sought to kill him" (Exod. vi. 24); she won the strength which Jacob had won before, from his night-long struggle with the angel. There is, indeed, a remarkable analogy between this history and that last.—(Gen. xxxii. 24-32.) There as here, there is the same persevering struggle on the one side, the same persevering refusal on the other; there as here, the stronger is at last overcome by the weaker. God himself yields to the might of faith and prayer; for a later prophet, interpreting that mysterious struggle, tells us the weapons which the patriarch wielded: "He wept and made supplication unto him," connecting with this the fact that "he had power over the angel and prevailed."—(Hos. xii. 3, 4.) The two histories, indeed, only stand out in their full resemblance, when we keep in mind that the angel there, the Angel of the covenant, was no other than that Word, who, now incarnate, "blest" this woman at last, as he had blest at length Jacob at Peniel —in each case rewarding thus a faith which had said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

Yet, when we thus speak of man overcoming God, we must never, of course, for an instant lose sight of this, that the power whereby he overcomes the resistance of God, is itself a power supplied *by* God. All that is man's is the faith or the emptiness of self, which enables him to appropriate and make so largely his own the fulness and power of God; so that here also that word comes true, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Thus when St Paul (Col. i. 29), speaks of himself under an image, which rested originally on Jacob's struggle, if there was not a direct allusion to it in the apostle's mind, as *striving* for the Colossians, striving, that is, with God in prayer (see iv. 12), he immediately adds, "according to *his* working which worketh in me mightily."

We may observe, in conclusion, that we have three ascending degrees of faith, as it manifests itself in the breaking through of hindrances which would keep from Christ, in the paralytic (Mark ii. 4); the blind man at Jericho (Mark x. 48); and this woman of Canaan. The paralytic broke through the outward hindrances, the obstacles of things merely external; blind Bartimæus through the hindrances opposed by his fellow-men; but this woman, more heroically than all, through apparent hindrances even from Christ himself. These, in their seeming weakness, were the three mighty ones, not of David, but of David's Son, that broke through opposing hosts, until they could draw living water from wells of salvation.—(2 Sam. xxiii. 16.)

THE MERCHANT'S FORTUNE.

"CONGRATULATE me, George," exclaimed a friend, as we met near the great Exchange of the greatest city in the world; "I am just informed of a legacy that will set me going in business, and now I will make a fortune for myself."

"But," said I, "what will your uncle say to it?"

"I do not intend to ask him. He has kept me at his desk at a paltry salary, without a prospect of doing any thing better, until my patience is exhausted, and though he must be as rich as Crœsus, he will not spare a farthing to help me on. But this unexpected legacy is my starting-point; I will be a merchant in earnest now, and no longer a clerk at a merchant's desk."

"Well; but remember that it is, perhaps, by being the clerk at the desk first, that you may become a merchant in earnest at last."

"Ah yes! but my uncle would never let me out of leading-strings if I waited his time. It is astonishing how miserly he gets. The more he has, the more he seems to want. Now I am determined upon this, that as soon as I have realized a moderate competence, I will retire from business, and leave my place in the mercantile world to be filled by some deserving young fellow who wishes to do the same. I will not continue to slave like my uncle, until I can neither see nor hear, nor enjoy any thing but the chink of gold; blocking up the way from young and enterprising men, who only want a fair opportunity to do well in the world."

"I like your notion," said I, "but take care, when it comes to the point, that your generous theory is not forgotten. You know it is said that 'Enough is a little more than one has,' which seems to be your uncle's opinion."

"Oh, never fear! I shall be tempted no further than independence; that attained, I shall be satisfied. But now, what are you going to do?"

"I am off to India;" said I, "and if I return to England, I shall look after you, some years hence, among the country gentlemen, and not among the busy bees of this great hive."

He smiled assent, and with mutual good wishes we parted. "He will certainly get on," thought I, "and I hope success will not spoil him."

He was a fine, high-spirited young man, combining with attractions and qualities which made him a general favourite, the solid advantages of perseverance and industry. Had I then known any thing of the wisdom that "cometh from above," I should have warned him, in the midst of all his fair prospects and generous resolves, to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and first to secure an inheritance in a better world, before his temporary career in this; but I was as heedless as himself, and as anxious to seize any opportunity of what we called "getting on;" the end of our exertions, and the height of our wishes, being self-indulgence at last.

Many years passed away, and on visiting England on leave of absence, I did not forget my friend. We had not maintained much correspondence, and I knew not where he might now be found; but my search was not long or difficult. He was well known as a merchant, and in the heart of the city I found him at his desk in a small inner office, while several clerks were busily engaged in the outer one. But my friend was too busy to welcome me. A cold salutation and a hasty invitation to meet him at home in the evening, when he might have a few minutes' leisure for company, was a sufficient hint that I was an intruder there; and, hurt and disappointed, I withdrew. Resolved, however, that this unexpected chill should not extinguish early friendship, I kept my evening appointment, and in a suit of rooms high above the offices, I visited the home and family of the merchant, and had now opportunity to observe the change which years had wrought. He had reached middle age, and his hair was plentifully sprinkled with grey; his form was shrunk, and his eye was still clear, but not with the sunny brightness of former days; it was with a sharp, keen, searching light, as if ever on the watch to secure advantage, or detect a cheat. His step was quiet, and his voice had acquired a tone of mingled servility and self-sufficiency, which was in strong, unpleasant contrast with the musical remembrances of youthful days. "Well," thought I, "he may have got on, but it has been at the expense of much that was lovely and loveable in himself."

My reception was somewhat more friendly than it had been in the morning, and I willingly accepted the apology conveyed by the assurance, that he was always strict during hours of business, "for," said he, "if I waste time, my clerks will do the same."

I inquired for his uncle. "Oh! he died long ago, loving nothing but his money, which he left to a spendthrift nephew, whom he adopted when I resolved to begin business for myself."

"And prosperity has attended you I find, on which I offer the hearty congratulations of an old friend. But I thought you intended to retire after realizing a certain portion of fortune's favours."

"Why yes, I used to say so, but I was young and romantic then, which is, in other words, ignorant and foolish. I soon realized a moderate competence, for every thing has succeeded that I have undertaken; but I have a family to provide for now, and when I have done that handsomely, I do intend to retire. Besides, business is so completely my habit of life, that I could not be idle while its profits lie before me, as it were, ready for gathering up."

"But do you not think it better for your sons to do as you have done before them, than to leave them independent of their own exertions?"

"Oh, never fear! I shall teach them to work; and I really mean to enjoy myself by and by. A few thousands more in the funds will do no harm; and, let me tell you, it is no despicable thing to look over one's accounts and see the reward of patience, and perseverance, and industry, and know that one need not die in the workhouse."

"But," I replied, "are you not afraid of becoming like your uncle?"

It was a home thrust, and I was sorry to have caused the vexed expression which for a moment changed the self-satisfaction of his countenance. "Excuse me, my dear friend," I added, "but my mind will leap back into the period when we both began the world, and I cannot help remembering your opinions and intentions."

"Very likely; but I told you I was ignorant and foolish then, and have forgotten such nonsense; but, however, do not suppose me a miser. My family have all the comforts of life, and my children are receiving an education suited to the station I intend them to fill. We are in the chrysalis state at present; but when my ledger gives the right figure, you will see us spread our wings for a flight that no one suspects who finds us pent up in this narrow street."

Dissatisfied and disappointed with this money-getting, thorough-going man of business, I departed, pitying the pale complexions and slender forms of his delicate-looking family. I could not presume to find fault with his steady perseverance, his systematic industry, his desire to provide for his family. What then was wrong? I did not know; but I was about to learn a new lesson, and in the prime of manhood to become "as a little child" again.

My pathway in life lay once more across wide waters to the Indian shore, and thither, though I then heeded it not, followed the earnest and unceasing prayers of a fond mother and dear sisters, no longer to seem offered in vain. In a desolate district of that far off land, where no spires point towards heaven, and no pleasant chimes hail the Sabbath day, I learned to worship Him who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, whose throne is heaven, and his footstool earth, whether amidst the rich cities and fair valleys of a British isle, or desert plains and Indian jungles. There came the voice of the hero missionary, and there came with it the irresistible touch of Omnipotent love. The ear heard words it had often heard before, but the inmost heart felt a power it had never felt before; and while the unlettered heathen flung his idols to the moles and the bats, the worldly Briton, kneeling amidst the dark children of the soil, cast himself, the supreme idol of the human heart, as a helpless sinner at the foot of the cross of Christ. The heathen wondered to hear of such a God, and the professing Christian wondered more, that after years of cold neglect he was suffered to hear of him unto salvation at last. I had heard of him by the hearing of the ear, but now I saw him by faith; wherefore I abhorred myself, and repented in dust and ashes.

Twenty years passed away, and I then returned to settle for the evening of my life in my native land, and the richest treasure that I bore from the far-famed east, was the knowledge of God and his priceless blessing. I now knew the secret which distinguishes between things of enduring value, and things that perish in the using; and hoping that twenty years had not left my old friend the merchant in ignorance of the same key to true enjoyment, I once more sought and found him.

With some apprehension I entered the old office, and there he sat at the same desk, in the same absorbed attitude; and, after a look of surprise and doubt, yielded me the same hasty salutation as on my former visit. And there he had sat for those twenty years, until threescore had passed over him, bleaching every dark look, and quenching every spark of light in his eyes, except the one sharp twinkle about gain. Sons now sat where hired clerks had sat before, and fair daughters had grown to womanhood in the close atmosphere of those city chambers.

In the evening I sat with my friend at his own fireside, and soon made the painful discovery, that the unchanged external occupation was a true type of the unchanged heart within. The god of this world had blinded his eyes.

"I quite expected to find that you had done with business long ago," said I, "and that your sons, or some other aspirant after mercantile honours, had made another fortune in your place."

"You do not forget that unlucky speech of mine, George; but the fact is, that I am really thinking of giving up business this year. I have many times intended it before, but such remarkable success has attended my labours, that it was folly to do so. However, I am looking out for a handsome residence some miles from town. I mean to keep a carriage, and live henceforth to enjoy myself. I have toiled long enough now."

"But my dear friend," said I, "have you, in your search after goodly pearls, like the merchantman in the parable, found the one pearl of great price? Have you dealt in that merchandise which is better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold?"

"I have done my duty in the station of life in which I was placed," he replied, "and that is, in my opinion, the best religion."

"It is a lofty boast, indeed," I replied, "and of course you have no occasion to unite with those who publicly confess that they have done many things which they ought not to have done, and left undone many things which they ought to have done!"

"Come, come, you are not serious," said my friend; "I do not pretend to be better than others, though I am not disposed to think myself worse. I have had no time to be as strict as some people in going to church, and so on; but when I have retired I shall of course attend to that."

"Ah, sir!" said one of the young ladies, "papa admits that he is rich, very rich, and yet he only *talks* of giving up business; he will not really do it."

"We shall see," said her father smiling; "but if my business should have made a fortune for you, you will have no reason to quarrel with it."

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" I gently repeated.

"Why, George, you have surely turned puritan," exclaimed my friend; "but do not I tell you that I have nearly done with the mercantile world at least, and shall soon have time to enjoy my ease, for I have honestly earned it."

"And how long do you expect health to enjoy all your good things?"

"Oh, I am very well; never was better. I enjoy excellent health, which I attribute to early rising, regular business habits, and the steady pursuit of one laudable object, which has been to get on honestly in the world. I have done it, and now to watch over the boys a little will prevent me from feeling quite useless and idle."

"I am sure my brothers will not do as papa has done," remarked his daughter in a low voice; "they have been kept so close that they are determined to be free whenever they can."

I thought of the departed uncle, on whom we had commented so freely nearly forty years before, and asked my friend if he had not trodden nearly in the same steps.

"Oh no!" he indignantly replied; "I do not love money for its own sake. I have only laid up for my children, and for the comfort of my old age: I am no miser."

Truly "the heart is deceitful above all things—who can know it?"

But it proved that my friend was in earnest now, and to the extreme delight of his family, the country house was taken, and furnished in a style suited to his ample means, and the most distinguished fashion of the day. A splendid equipage was purchased, and all things were ready for the removal of the household. On the appointed day I called to bid them farewell, and to express my wishes that their true happiness might be based upon a better foundation than any of this world's perishing vanities, however honestly earned.

The carriage was at the door, but strange consternation was in the countenances of the servants. The door stood open, and I entered the house. The offices were deserted, and I ascended to the drawing-room, to be shocked and distressed by the scene of woe which was enacting there.

Amidst the wild horror and anguish of his family, the alarm of servants, the active care of medical attendants, lay the lifeless form of the man who but a few minutes before had been in apparent health, whose prospects were so flourishing, and who was about to begin the enjoyment of his hoarded wealth. He had fallen down in the counting-house, over his treasured books and familiar desk. The appalling fact of death could scarcely be credited by the widow and her children, and they would cheerfully have given the whole produce of his long years of toil, to hear one word from his lips, to feel the throb of one pulsation in his stagnant veins; but all was over, and who could offer consolation? I dared not speak to them of hopes and joys for him beyond the grave. My heart sickened at the thought, and as memory rapidly retraced the few short interviews since we were youths together, my mind rushed further still back, through eighteen centuries, to a season and a scene vividly recalled by this sad event, and I beheld a Divine Teacher and a listening multitude, and he said unto them, "Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? and he said, This will do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods, and I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."

A pompous funeral train followed the body of the rich merchant to the tomb, and the newspapers told of his enormous wealth, and the fortunes of his sons and daughters; and his forty years of "diligence in business" was quoted as an example to young beginners in the world. But of the end thereof to him, who ventured to speak? None could add the blessed testimony of "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;" and his eternal future was a theme on which every tongue, but that of sickly sentimentality or unbelief, was silent as his own cold grave. Forty years of honourable industry, springing from the soil of faith in God and Christ, the heart's true Lord and Master, may be met again without fear or shame by him whose sins are blotted out in the blood of the Lamb; but forty years of toil for gain, unsanctified by hopes beyond the gold, and wishes beyond the self-indulgence it may buy, will leave only their godless record for the eternal condemnation of the sinner at the judgment day.

Pause then, young beginners in this world's absorbing business, and begin with God; for you cannot end in peace and hope without him. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, whose blood cleanseth you from all sin; as your Advocate in heaven who ever liveth to make intercession for you in all your wants and trials; and as your sympathizing Friend and Brother through all your pilgrimage on earth. Step on to this rock of your salvation, where all things work together for good to them that stand thereon, and where alone there is peace, rest, and safety, for "the life that now is," and for "that which is to come."—*Tract Magazine.*

CURE FOR DESPONDENCY.

The proper cure for despondency (aside from the due preservation of bodily health) is activity in doing good. He who, surrounded as he is with daily opportunities of usefulness, wanders off into some lonely field, plants himself upon the top of a rock, leans his chin upon his hands, and begins to muse on the troubles of life, must needs become melancholy enough. Let him go home and engage in some useful employment, and the clouds will of themselves clear away from his sky. The sun shines bright on none but the men who are active in Christ's service.

A SETTLED MINISTRY.

Richard Baxter cites amongst the causes of the success of his ministry at Kidderminster, the fact, that he was settled amongst the same people sixteen years. "For," said he, "he that removeth oft from place to place, may sow good seed in many places, but is not likely to see much fruit in any, unless some other skilful hand shall follow him to water it. It was a great advantage to me to have almost all the religious people of the place of my own instructing and informing; and that they were not formed into erroneous and factious principles before; and that I stayed to see them grow up to some confirmedness and maturity."

Our Prayer.

FROM THE LORD, AND *TO* THE LORD.

[The following verses are intended; *First*, to illustrate the meaning of the Lord's Prayer in the form of a paraphrase; and *Second*, to exhibit that view of its structure which commends itself to the writer's mind, as the result of a careful analysis. The main object kept in view in the composition, has been to convey a suggestion regarding the order and mutual relation of the parts of the prayer. The writer has thought more of the theology and the logic of the hymn than of its poetry, and he requests the reader to do the same, in the hope that thereby the unskilfulness of the versification may not be so painfully felt:]—

Invocation.

Father, in Thee confiding,
Thy child is drawing near;
Father *in Heaven*, Thy creature
Approaches thee in fear.

Petitions.

THY—From God's view-point.		OUR—From Man's view-point.
Thy holy name, Jehovah, Pour forth o'er Nature's night, Till the utmost orb created Reflect the glorious light.	To the Father.	Author of being, well-spring Of every streaming good, Thy creatures' daily craving Supply with daily food.
Thy kingdom, Mediator, Come, onward—onward still, While aught of Earth rebellious Resists thy Sovereign will.	To the Son.	From sin-debts through thy merits, Emmanuel, set us free; That we, forgiven forgiving, May live, and love in thee.
Move, blessed Spirit, over This chaos world anew; As all in Heaven obey Thee, Be Earth obedient too.	To the Holy Spirit.	Spirit, administrator In risen Jesus' name, Or spare the fiery trial, Or purge us by its flame.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
One God supreme, one Lord,
The kingdom, power, and glory,
Let creatures all accord.

I LONG TO GO HOME.

"I long to see home!" cries the sailor, straining his eyes from the mast-head to get a glimpse of the green hills of his native land.

"I am going home," says the shopman, barring his shop windows and locking his heavy door, thinking all the while how tired he is, and how he longs to rest in his snug little sitting-room.

"I must hurry home," says the mother, thinking of her sweet babe in the cradle.

"Oh, how I want to get home!" cries the tired school-boy

"Don't stop me; I will go home," exclaims the little girl, skipping off as fast as her feet can carry her.

How every body loves home! When we are tired, home is the place of rest. When sick, home is the spot to be nursed at. In joy, who will rejoice with us like those at home? In sorrow, where shall we find sympathy like that which we get at home? Home! The poet never spoke more truly than in those words, "There's no place like home."

Have the children who are sitting at their warm firesides, or around the pleasant tea-table—father, mother, brothers, and sisters looking upon them with eyes of love—I ask, have they ever considered how very dreadful it must be to have *no home*, no spot where they love and are beloved? for, after all, the especial charm of home is, that love is there. . Look around your own home, and think how very mournful it would be to have no home at all.

"Where should I go, and what should I do?" you ask. Ah! that is a great question. Where *should* you go? You may think there is no danger upon that point, for you feel very sure that you will always have a home.

Perhaps, then, you will be very much surprised when I tell you, that some day or other you will be turned out of your home. Yes, you will be turned out. And, worse than all, the door will be locked against you. That door, which has so often opened to let you in, will be locked against your coming back.

"Turned out of doors!" you cry. "Never, my father will not allow it."

"But suppose he cannot help it."

"What, will officers of justice come and carry me off? They have no right unless I break the laws of my country, and I don't mean to do that."

"No, the officers of justice will never take you, I hope; but they cannot prevent you from being taken. If your mother should call upon the strongest constable in the world, it would do no good; you will still have to go."

"Oh," you cry, "turned out of my home, my own dear home! Why, where *should* I go?"

"I do not know, but it seems to me it is something you ought to see to."

"Well, but who has any power, any right to do it? Who can, and who will dare do it?"

"It is *Death*, my child. Death is on his way to your house. I cannot tell how near he is. Perhaps he is still a great way off, perhaps close by. He will go in, for nobody can keep him out; he will lay hold of you, and after a few struggles which you will be likely to make, he will turn you out of your home, from the mother who has tenderly watched you from infancy; from your father, who has so often trotted you on his knee; from the brothers and sisters, who have helped you in your lessons, and played with you in the sunshine: the door will be locked against you, and never, never more will your bright eye and strong limbs be seen again in the dear home circle."

"It is very, very dreadful to think about, you say; and you almost shrink from it. What should I do? Where *should* I go."

These are the very questions which I wish you to consider. You are young, I know, and the thought of such a young creature being turned out of its home seems mournful; and it would indeed be very dreadful if there were nobody to take you up, and no place provided for you. Oh, how precious is the thought, that there is a tender-hearted, loving friend, ready to take care of poor wanderers, and a beautiful mansion for them to dwell in! The name of that friend is Jesus, and the beautiful mansion is called heaven. If we can only say, "heaven is my home," we have nothing to fear; for nobody can turn us out, and we shall there be happy for ever—very, very happy, with no pain, no tears, no sin, no good-byes any more. It will be *home* for ever and ever.

But here is a point I wish you to remember: *only the children who fear the Lord, and have their sins pardoned*, are taken up by the Lord Jesus and carried to beautiful new homes in heaven. Think of that, and think of those unhappy beings who, when death turns them out of their earthly homes, have no friend, no refuge, no place of rest. Where will they go? Think of this, and ask, Where shall *I* go? Who will be *my* friend in that solemn hour?

IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"ALL our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Then I must go and stand before God, naked, or covered with filthy rags, or I must seek some better righteousness than my own. I must either be justified without any cause, which is but connivance at sin; or I must be justified by works confessedly imperfect, as all my works are; or I must be justified by the all-perfect righteousness of Jesus Christ. "He is the LORD our righteousness." God made him to be sin for us, though he knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. His righteousness is imputed, not imported to us. It is not infused into us, it is counted to us, graciously giving us a title to eternal life. To go to heaven without any title would be to appear before God as impudent intruders, called by Christ "thieves and robbers." To go there with a title less perfect than the law demands, would argue that the law had once made unreasonable demands, and that God had changed his mind about it. To go there with a title based upon our own merits would be an everlasting denial of our sin and guilt. But "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." "He is made of God unto us righteousness." "He hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." "By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." This is all our hope.

It may well excite wonder that a doctrine so clearly taught in Scripture, and so essential to Christian comfort, should meet with opposition from men. Yet no doctrine has had more blasphemers than this. The motives which have led men to speak against it, it is not for us to pronounce upon. But the pretended arguments adduced against the doctrine of imputation admit of an easy answer. They have been answered a thousand times. Let me present a few extracts from the writings of others, to whom the doctrine of imputed righteousness has been joy and peace.

Cowper says:—"Satan and the world may ask us, 'How can ye be justified by a righteousness not yours?'" We answer, "The righteousness of Christ is ours; and ours by as great a right as any other thing that we possess—to wit, by the free gift of God; for it hath pleased Him to give us a garment, who were naked; and to give us, who had none of our own, a righteousness answerable to justice."

It is sometimes said that the doctrine of imputed righteousness sets aside the fulfilment of the law. But Paul says, that God sent his Son, "that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us; and Dr Gill well says, that "though righteousness" does not come by our obedience to the law, yet it does by Christ's obedience to it. Though by the deeds of the law, as performed by man, no flesh can be justified, yet by the deeds of the law, as performed by Christ, all the elect are justified." Some have said, Where then are the grace and mercy of the Gospel plan? The answer is, "In the whole plan of salvation."

It is all grace and mercy from beginning to end. The whole devising, execution, and application of redemption is the fruit of boundless love to sinners. The crowning of the work in the last day will be with the loudest shouts of grace, grace, unto it. To Christ, who has paid the ransom for us, God's faithfulness and justice bind him to give the heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession; but to those saved, all is from grace. Hervey has these words, "Jesus says concerning his people:—'If they have sinned, I have taken their sins upon myself. If they have multiplied transgressions as the stars of heaven, my Father hath laid on me the iniquities of them all. They are my redeemed ones; I have bought them with my blood; I cannot lose my purchase. If they are not saved, I am not glorified.'"

Mather says:—"God was a God to Adam before he fell; but to be a God to sinners, this is grace. He was a God to Adam in innocency, by virtue of the covenant of works; but he is not a God to any sinner but in a way of free grace. Now that was the covenant 'I will be a God to thee and thy seed.'—(Gen. xvii. 7.) Abraham was a sinner and a child of wrath by nature, as well as others; yet God was his God truly. For God to be a God to them that never sinned, there may be merit; but for God to be a God to those that have sinned, this is grace indeed! They that do not think this is grace need not argument, but piety and prayer."

Indeed, so uniform has been the testimony of the best Christians of all ages to this precious doctrine, that it is no less for a wonder than for a lamentation that any should doubt about it. Christ's imputed righteousness meets the greatest want of an enlightened conscience. It is the strength of all holy joy. It is the life of the soul. Permit me to add a few testimonies to its excellence and preciousness. They shall be brief.

Wilcox says:—"If thou ever sawest Christ, thou sawest him a rock, higher than self-righteousness, Satan and sin, and this rock doth follow thee; and there will be a continual dropping of honey and grace out of this rock to satisfy thee."

Crisp says:—"These are the sure mercies of David, when a man receives the things of Christ, only because Christ gives them; and not in regard of any action of ours as the ground of taking them. Christ is not more rich himself than he is liberal to contribute of his treasures. He makes his people sharers to the uttermost of all that he has."

Bengelius says:—"The law presseth on a man till he flies to Christ; then it says, thou hast gotten a refuge, I forbear to follow thee. Thou art wise. Thou art safe."

Owen says:—"To take up mercy, pardon, and forgiveness, absolutely on the account of Christ, and for the love of Christ, is the life of a believer."

Glascock says:—"The grand design of all false religion is to patch up a self-righteousness for the justification of a sinner before God. The Christian religion teacheth us to seek justification before God by the imputation of Christ's righteousness to us, upon our believing on him. The denial of a believer's justification by such an imputation of Christ's righteousness to him stabs the very heart of Christianity, and destroys all true revealed religion."

Reader, what say you to these things? Is it your chief desire to "be found in Christ?" Is he all your hope and all your salvation? Do you ever dare to make mention of any righteousness but his only? Take heed that you be not found naked. Buy the white linen which is the righteousness of all the saints—the righteousness of Christ imputed to them. Buy it without money and without price.

A COLLEGE REVIVAL.

In the year 1835 the son of a minister became a student of Brown University, Providence. At twelve years of age he had stood beside the couch of a dying mother, whose voice had often told him of Jesus, and whose prayers had constantly ascended for her first-born. The hand which had led him to the Sunday-school was now motionless. With weeping eyes and a sad heart the son saw the coffin placed in the grave. Two years afterwards, at the age of fourteen, he entered the college.

New scenes engaged the attention of the youthful student. His mother was dead. His father, having relinquished the pastoral care of his church in Boston on account of the failure of his voice, was absent on a missionary tour in Asia. More than two years soon passed away.

The last Thursday in February, 1838, was observed by the pious students as a day of fasting and prayer, in concert with many of the followers of Christ. A daily prayer-meeting was held each evening for one hour. The son of a praying mother and of a pious father did not attend, for he was living without hope and without God. One day a friend asked him, "Have you attended any of the prayer-meetings?" He replied, "I have not." The pious student kindly urged him to attend, and added, "Come with us and we will try to do you good." Admitting the importance of religion, he determined to comply with the request, and was present at the evening prayer-meeting. Another pious student accompanied him to his room, and after conversing with him about his sinfulness and need of a Saviour, proposed to kneel down and pray with him. He felt very deeply, and wept much. Feeling himself to be a sinner in the sight of God, he resolved to seek the Lord.

During the succeeding fortnight his feelings rather abated, though he did not give up the subject entirely. At one of the prayer-meetings the speaker urged those that were impenitent to make what he called "ONE HONEST EFFORT for the salvation of their souls." He spoke of their efforts in worldly pursuits, in contrast with their neglect of the undying soul. The remark affected him, and he resolved to make *one* honest effort, and for that purpose set apart the next day—Sabbath—as a day of fasting and prayer.

In the morning the president preached a very solemn discourse in the chapel. The young man retired to his room for prayer. Sins long forgotten rose up before him. He reflected upon particular sins, and tried to humble himself on account of them, confessing them to God. Doddridge's Rise and Progress, the Bible, and the earnest appeals contained in the letters received from his absent father, were read with many tears. The early religious privileges which he had enjoyed made his sins more aggravated. He felt that he had indeed sinned against a just and merciful God. He wished to sin no more. He felt willing to do any thing, or suffer any degree of torture ever inflicted, as an equivalent for the pardon of his sins, for he could not see how he was to be saved by faith.

In the evening he went to a prayer-meeting, which was felt to be the most solemn he had ever attended. Distressed on account of his guilt, he asked the friend who had invited him to attend the prayer-meetings to come to his room, that he might unburden his feelings to him. After giving some directions, he prayed with him. When his friend left, he felt that if ever he obtained pardon, he must do it then, for he could put it off no longer. He felt that if he should perish, it would be perfectly just. He saw that no efforts of his own would avail. There was left but one hope, "The Lamb of God," the crucified Saviour. He prayed for mercy, feeling that though his petitions should not be answered, yet his situation could not be more miserable. No longer did he feel that if *one* effort did not succeed, he would try no more; for now he resolved never to turn back, but if he perished, to perish asking for mercy. His agony was such that he could hardly utter his desires. He could only cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and think of the promise, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

The next morning his mind was calm and tranquil. His first impression was, that he could not have been in earnest on the previous day, but the feeling was entirely different from any ever before experienced. He now felt a love for Christians; the Bible seemed to be a new book; prayer had pleasures never known before. Seeking out his most intimate friend, he proposed a walk, that he might speak of Jesus, and urge him to repent and believe. During the day his joy gradually increased, till he felt greater happiness than he had ever before experienced. It was the joy of pardoned sin.

At the prayer-meeting that evening he arose to tell his fellow-students what God had done for his soul, and to urge them to make "one honest effort" for their souls' salvation. Some wept, and others sang the praise of the Redeemer.

In a few days a little band of ten students cherished the hope of pardon through the Saviour's atoning blood. A young converts' prayer-meeting was commenced, and continued each week until their studies were completed. Six of that little group entered the ministry, and among them the subject of this narrative, who has often from the pulpit entreated sinners to make ONE HONEST EFFORT.

A mother's prayers were answered, though she did not live to witness the conversion of her son. The prayers of Christians, that more labourers might be sent into the harvest, were answered. The conversation of pious friends and the meetings for prayer were blessed.

Christless sinner, will you make *one honest effort* for your own salvation? Is it not a reasonable request? Not indeed that your mere effort will save you But God meets with anxious earnest souls. Do not delay! Life is short. Death is certain. If you intend to repent at some future time, why do you go on doing the very deeds for which you expect at some future time to repent? Is not this course inconsistent? Will you not at least make *one* sincere effort? You need not fear to give up your present enjoyments. If you love Christ, you will no longer desire the pleasures which you now think it a hardship to give up. The withering touch of disease may at any time reach you. You must shortly stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. O throw yourself now at the foot of the cross, and seek pardon for your countless sins against a holy God. Christ is able and willing to save sinners, when they come to him. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Now is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation." Throw yourself upon the mercy of Christ, just as you are. This may be the crisis, the turning-point. Decide, as on a death-bed you will wish you had done. Resolve, O resolve *now!* to make ONE HONEST EFFORT for the salvation of your soul.

"I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

—*American Messenger.*

INFLUENCE OF A BAD BOOK.

If some purifying censor could go through the whole range of the vast compass of English literature, armed with authority and power to expunge at pleasure whatever may be found injurious to Christian morals, or contrary to the claims and the progress of an evangelical piety, the fires of the Caliph Omar would hardly be more sweeping. If any part of such a work be done with success, the performance confers a favour on the whole multitude to whom the English is a vernacular tongue. Such a task of literary purification for many a book, would be a greater miracle and a greater mercy, than the sweetening of the bitter waters of Marah in the desert for the famishing Hebrews. The poisonous influences of moral impurity and error go from a book into the soul; they are not exhausted, like arsenic, on the outward frame, nor confined to a limited period of time. They burn in the mind through eternity. They outlast the fame of the author. Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment, *and some they follow after*. The accursed evils of a licentious book, or of a profane and infidel publication, especially if there be enough of the semblance or reality of genius in it to make it immortal through a lifetime, follow the author into the eternal world as his most damning sins, having thrust other souls into perdition by engendering in them a brood of other iniquities as *their* sins. But in such a case, theirs and his own are alike the author's; and we can conceive no doom more horrible than that to which those miserable beings must be reserved, that into which they must be ushered on dying, who have expended the powers of genius God has lavished upon them, in providing perennial and perpetual fountains of sin in its most alluring forms for all who come after. Dreadful in the eternal world must be the meeting of the author of an infamous, evil, lying book, with the souls that have been helped onward to ruin by the words he left behind him.

And next to the responsibility and guilt of the author is that of the publisher. All hail, we say, to every good book. It is not only so much space in the world of mind and heart well occupied, but it is an aggressive movement against the kingdom of Satan; it is a counter influence and effort against the legions of immoral publications of various hues and banners perpetually issuing from the press.—*Dr Cheever.*

THE PRESENT MOMENT.

How important and solemn are many of the considerations connected with the *present moment* of time!

This moment, I who read these words am either a regenerated soul, pardoned or saved by grace, or an unrenewed sinner, exposed to the wrath of God—a son of the Lord Most High, or a willing servant of Satan—an heir of heaven and eternal glory, or a traveller in the broad road to hopeless perdition.

This moment, whatever be my character, I am in the presence and under the immediate notice of a holy God, whose all-searching eye reads my inmost thoughts.

This moment, the power of that God, prompted by his mercy, upholds *me* in conscious existence, protects and preserves me from death, while some one or more of my fellow-beings is compelled to obey the summons of the "King of Terrors," and hasten to be numbered with the dead.

This moment, a record is made in that book out of which I am to be judged—a record of my present act—a record of what I am intending to do the next moment, and at some future hour—a record of the motives which now actuate me and prompt me to the performance of these contemplated acts.

The passing moment is just now going into eternity, to witness in a case soon to be tried—a case, upon the decision of which my eternal happiness or misery depends.

The present moment shortens the period allotted me for preparation to stand before the great white throne of God and the Lamb, and brings me so much nearer my eternal home; for

> 'Every beating pulse I tell
> Leaves but the number less."

This moment, I am liable to be summoned before the judgment seat of the Searcher of hearts, and give an exact account of my past life and present character; for

> "Dangers stand thick through all the ground
> To push me to the tomb."

This moment, if I am still an impenitent sinner, I am growing more hardened in sin and rebellion against God, and my future prospects are becoming more deeply and fearfully enshrouded in gloom.

This moment, if an unconverted soul, I am turning my back upon the bleeding, dying Saviour of sinners, and deafening my ear to all the touching accents and affectionate invitations of mercy, uttered by the spotless Lamb of Calvary!

This moment, doubtless, some soul is by neglect, or sinful act, dropping the last drop into its cup of iniquity, previous to its being given over to hardness of heart and blindness of mind for ever; and I know not, if I am still unreconciled to God, but that even now I may be passing that critical point beyond which there can be no possibility of my salvation.

This moment, O my soul! awake to action in reference to thine eternal interests; for upon the decisions of THIS MOMENT, thy future and unalterable destiny may depend! "GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER."

MOANING DEATH-BEDS.

WHAT an impressive proof of God's intolerance of sin is the awfulness of death. If he indeed felt our guilt as little as we feel our danger—if his displeasure were a thing as slight and as gentle as our alarm—why so dreadful a visitation upon our species as death? A thing unknown to angels, and from which the whole of sentient nature shrinks, as at the approach of most unnatural violence. If God be as much at peace with the world as the world is at peaceful complacency with itself—why keep up so hard and so hostile a dispensation against it? Or if sin be of as trivial account in the estimation of heaven as it is in the estimation of human society—how should it have brought down such a vengeance upon earth as to have smitten it with a plague of mortality throughout all its borders; and swept off to the hideousness of the grave, all the life, and beauty, and intelligence of its successive generations? That surely is no trifle, which has turned this bright and blooming world into a vast sepulchral abode for men of all ages. Its moaning death-beds, and its weeping families, and its marred and broken companionships—these are all emphatic testimonies of God's hatred of moral evil; for that sin brought all this calamity upon the world, is a principle announced to us in Scripture—and it is the only principle which resolves to us the mystery of death. And when the Scripture announces that after death cometh the judgment—O let us not give in to the treacherous imagination, that he who hath made such fell exhibition of severity in the one, will but in the other manifest and indulge his tenderness. But let us be very sure, that, as death is to every unrepentant sinner but the beginning of his sorrows, so judgment will be to him a second death.—*Chalmers.*

DUTY OF VISITING THE AGED.

"I SOLEMNLY charge you," said a venerable teacher of theology to his class, "to remember the aged members of the Church." The duty of visiting the aged and infirm members of the Church of Christ is not peculiar to ministers. The members of Christ's body sympathize one with another, and it is peculiarly fitting and imperative, that the young and active should contribute to the happiness of the aged and infirm.

The aged love to receive attention at the hands of the young. They rejoice to know they are not forgotten. They rejoice to know there are those who are active in that cause which they love so well—to which their best energies have been given, and for which their prayers still ascend.

Unless we are especially watchful, we shall neglect this duty. Its objects do not meet us in the course of business. They are not seen in the streets. Perhaps they are not seen in the house of God. In their retirement, they are easily forgotten.

We must make an effort to bear them in mind. We must remember they are our elder brethren and sisters in the Lord. The friends of their youth have gone, and left them "lone pilgrims in this vale of tears." They are cut off from the sources of enjoyment which are open to us. Sickness, solitude, decaying vigour of mind as well as of body, commend them to our sympathy.

Let us remember the aged. Let us cheer their lonely hours by friendly visits. Let us tell them what is doing for Christ in his Church. Let us talk with them about that better world which they are soon to enter.

We shall find the performance of this duty profitable to ourselves. The most impressive comments upon divine truth I have ever heard, have been those uttered by aged saints upon passages of Scripture repeated for their especial comfort. We also secure the prayers of those saints, and who can tell how great will be the effect upon our usefulness?

The performance of this duty is most acceptable to the Saviour. He regards all the kindness shown to his children as shown to himself. We know how he feels towards his aged suffering followers. What can be more pleasing to him than that we should entertain similar feelings towards them, and express those feelings by appropriate actions? What actions will receive a surer reward?

PRAYER FOR THE HEATHEN.

How few Christians in our Churches seem really to have the case of the heathen upon their hearts, so as to be impelled by their own irrepressible emotions to linger at the throne of grace and wrestle in prayer, as those who cannot be denied! How rarely do they plead for the outpouring of the Divine Spirit upon the six or eight hundred millions of Pagans and Mohammedans, as they do sometimes for sinners of their own household or community! And how often does it happen even at the monthly concert of prayer for missions, that the whole missionary field abroad is despatched in a very few words, while the burden of the petitions is, the disproportionately magnified wants of the small parish where the meeting is held. Now it seems to me, we can never produce any *great* results until a change is produced in this respect in the Churches at home. Conversions of individuals will occur wherever the gospel is faithfully preached; but we can never expect to see "nations born in a day," until Christians generally get the heathen world upon their hearts, and plead for their salvation as a man would plead for his life. God seems to be saying to his Church, "Be it unto thee according to thy faith." The faith of his people at present is small, and therefore results are small.—*Rev. H. G. O. Dwight.*

WHAT NEWS?

THIS question is very frequently asked, and the answer is commonly listened to with attention. If it have some connection with one's personal interest, it is remembered; if not, it soon passes from the mind. With regard to most persons, the news serve as an amusement for the passing hour, or as furnishing available topics of conversation.

It was not so with President Edwards. He informs us, that he was careful to avail himself of every source of information respecting what was taking place in all parts of the world, that he might perceive the bearings of the same on the cause of Christ. He looked upon this world as belonging to Christ. He regarded the history of the world as the history of redemption. Every event furnished him with an occasion of thanksgiving or of prayer.

The same was true of the apostolic Elliot. When incidents had been related in his hearing, and had formed the subject of conversation, he used to say, "Now let us turn all this into prayer."

The example of these holy men suggest the light in which the news of the day are to be regarded, as furnishing occasions for thanksgiving and prayer. The religious, and even the secular newspaper, may thus become an assistant to devotion. He who takes up his newspaper for the purpose of finding occasions for lifting up his heart to God in thanksgiving or supplication, will find it more and more interesting and valuable. He will render a more perfect obedience to the injunction *to pray without ceasing*, and will see more clearly the hand of God in the government of the world.—*Puritan.*

Fragments.

CHRIST the divine, partook of the human nature that He might make us the human partakers of the divine nature.

"FOLLOW ME."—To follow Christ's example is like walking in a path which the Saviour's previous footsteps have *trodden into smoothness*, and *lighted* with the lamp of his own Spirit.—*Caroline Fry.*

"HE SHALL NOT BE AFRAID OF EVIL TIDINGS."—What we term casualty, is really Providence accomplishing deliberate designs, but concealing its own interposition. How comforting this reflection!—*Hervey.*

OPPOSITE EFFECTS OF CHRIST'S LOVE.—The love of Christ is both uniting and separating. It unites to his people, while it separates from the world.—*Anon.*

FAMILY PRAYER.

BY THE REV. JULIUS C. HARE, LEWES,

(IN AN ADDRESS TO HIS PARISHIONERS.)

SOME among you may perhaps tell me, that you cannot well manage to gather your families together of a morning. Be it so. It would not take up much time. After a few days' trial, you would probably find that you met together for prayer, just as easily and naturally as for meals; and when you had spent a few minutes in prayer, and had called down God's blessing on your labour, how differently, with how much lighter heart, would you go forth to your labour, instead of going forth as you do now, with no other thought than that of the wearisome burden of the day!

Or, if the father of the family goes out too early, the mother may gather her children together, and offer up a prayer in the midst of them, before she sends them to school. Of an evening, too, at any rate, you have plenty of time on your hands. Every evening, before you lie down to take your rest beneath the shelter of the same roof, before you close your eyes, and fold up your thoughts in sleep, you may kneel down together, and pray to God to shelter you and yours with the overshadowing wings of his love, and to watch over you with his all-seeing eye, while you are unable to watch over yourselves. Every evening you may pray, that God will forgive whatever he has seen amiss in you and yours during the past day, and that he will give you understanding to know his will, and grace to keep it, and that he will bless you with refreshing and comfortable sleep, and be with you in your down-lying, and in your uprising.

Surely this is little to ask of you. This, however, is the very least that can be asked—a mere grain of dust, in comparison with the pearl above all price which you are seeking thereby—namely, that once a day, at the least, you gather your family together—they who can do so twice a day are without excuse if they do not—and that you offer up some simple prayer, with one voice and one heart, to God. You who are married, and have nothing but infant children, should do so along with your wives; for remember, so gracious is our Lord, his promise is, to be with those who are gathered together in his name, even if there are but two of them. You should pray to God along with your wives, to sanctify and bless your marriage, and to enable you to bring up your children in his faith, and in his glory. You who have children old enough to understand what you say, should make them kneel down along with you, that they may be trained from their childhood to behold parents daily kneeling in the presence of the living God, and seeking the communion of his Son. Then may you truly hope, that they will be like olive branches round about your table, emblems of peace, like olive branches, and flowing with the oil of gladness. You, again, who have servants, should call them to share in your prayers. It is such a burden for a man to have command, to have to be waited on by another. Let there at least be one moment in the day when this burden is cast off, when the difference is lost sight of, and you all kneel down together as brethren in sin, and brethren in grace, praying each one for the other, and that each may discharge his duty to the other. Surely, if we will not do this much, we can never have said in our hearts: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Surely if we will not do this much, we cannot be clusters of the true Vine; we cannot hope that our families will be among those clusters, with which the Vine will adorn itself when it spreads out its branches through the firmament, and the stars shall drop from their spheres to crown the heads of Christ's saints. Alas! our families are more likely to be among the clusters of the vine of the earth, spoken of in the Revelation (xiv. 18), which the angel shall gather with his sharp sickle, and shall cast into the great wine-press of the wrath of God.

MAXIMS ON PRAYER.

1. So far as we know, prayer forms a part of every system of religion on earth.
2. In proportion as a form of religion is unscriptural, it corrupts and perverts this duty.
3. Hypocrites never really love prayer, and therefore never, for a long time together, practise secret prayer.
4. He who declines prayer in the day of prosperity, will not find it easy in the day of adversity.
5. Prayer not offered in the name of Christ is unavailing. The reason is that he alone is worthy.
6. No time, nor place, nor form, nor posture, is displeasing to God, if the heart is right. If the heart is wrong, all is wrong.
7. He who prays at stated times only, will make but poor progress heavenwards. He who prays not at all at stated times, will soon omit all prayer.
8. The greatest benefit of public prayer is secured, when it makes us love secret prayer more and more.
9. A family that never prays covets misery, and courts wrath. Better no bread than no prayer.
10. Those who would pray aright must come to Christ and say, "Lord, teach us to pray."
11. A prayer that has no faith in it, is like a human body without a soul in it. It is dead and loathsome.
12. Elijah's prayer brought down fire from heaven, because, being fervent, it carried fire up to heaven. —*Thomas Watson.*
13. All repetitions in prayer are not forbidden, but only "vain repetitions."

14. Though God will not hear us for our much speaking, nor for our loud speaking, yet he loves to hear us whenever penitence, and love, and pious fear, carry us to the mercy-seat, though like Jacob we wrestle all night.

16. To pray frequently is to pray fervently.—*Dr Thomas Scott.*

17. He who said that, in prayer, "every thing ought to be expressed in phrases that are painting, and with true eloquence," forgot that a corpse was often more beautifully dressed than the living around it. It is not eloquence, but the heart that God wants. Antithesis and wit may take men by the ears, but they move not God.

18. I never heard of a dying man complaining, that he had wasted any part of his life in hearty prayer.

19. There wants nothing but a believing prayer to turn every promise into a performance.—*Mason.*

20. Never was faithful prayer lost at sea. No merchant trades with such certainty as the praying saint. Some prayers, indeed, have a longer voyage than others, but they return with the richer lading at last.—*Gurnall.*

21. Heartless, lifeless, wordy prayer, the fruit of convictions and gifts, or of custom and outward occasions, however multiplied, and whatever devotion they seem to be accompanied withal, will never engage spiritual affections to them.—*Owen.*

22. Prayer is as much needed in this, as in any former age of the world.

23. The richest saint must be, and is, an humble beggar at grace's door all his days; and Christ is the Lord of the house, and the dispenser of the alms.—*Trail.*

24. The gift of prayer may have praise with men; but it is the grace of prayer that has power with God.—*Dyer.*

25. Thou wilt never have any comfort of his friendship for whom thou dost not pray.—*Parr.*

26. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—*James.*

27. "He [Jesus] spake a parable to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint."—*Luke.*

28. If there was more prayer, there would be more converts and fewer critics, more penitents and fewer sleepers in all our churches.

29. As some devils are cast out by prayer and fasting only, so fit men are brought into the ministry by prayer only.

30. I must pray more. The great error of my life has been in not praying as often and as fervently as I should. I would pray always with all prayer. Revive me, O Lord! Open thou my mouth. Put a live coal on my lips.

RECONCILIATION.

Two celebrated ministers had quarrelled; they refused to speak to each other; when another eminent minister adopted the following plan to reconcile them, after several others had been tried in vain. He wrote and left at the house of each these lines:—

> "How rare that task a prosp'rous issue finds
> Which seeks to reconcile discordant minds!
> How many scruples rise at passion's touch!
> This yields too little, that too much.
> Each wishes each with other's eyes to see;
> And many sinners can't make two agree.
> What mediation, then, the Saviour show'd,
> Who singly reconciled us all to God!"

It is said that upon receiving the lines each minister left his residence to seek the other, and that they met in the street, where a perfect reconciliation took place.

GOD IN THE FORM OF A SERVANT.

What is more glorious than to see him in human form who is the Creator of man? In the mother's womb he is conceived, who is for ever seated in the Father's bosom. Born from eternity from the Father without a mother, he is born in time of a mother without a father. In swathing-bands lies wrapped He who clothes the earth with shrubs and trees, has adorned the heaven with stars, and filled the sea with fish. He, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, is shut in by a narrow *crib*, and nourished on the mother's breast. He grows in wisdom, whose eternity is neither augmentable nor diminishable. He grows in grace, who is the original author of all grace. He whom the whole creation worships, before whom every knee shall bow, is subject to parents. The Lord is baptized by the servant, the God by the man, the King by the subject. He whom the angels serve, is tempted by the devil. He who is bread, hungers; He who is the fountain, thirsts; He who is the way, is weary. Glory allows itself to be put to shame, Majesty to be brought low. Life gives itself up to death.—*Schaff.*

Fragments.

It won't do to pore too long over our blunders. It is by beholding the beauty of the Lord that we are changed into the same image.

When we find God ministering to, and attending upon each of his children, as if he had but one to attend to, how should we endeavour individually to lay out ourselves for Him, as if he had no other child to serve Him!

God often crosses the thoughts of our hearts, that He may perform the thoughts of *His* heart.

THE END.

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